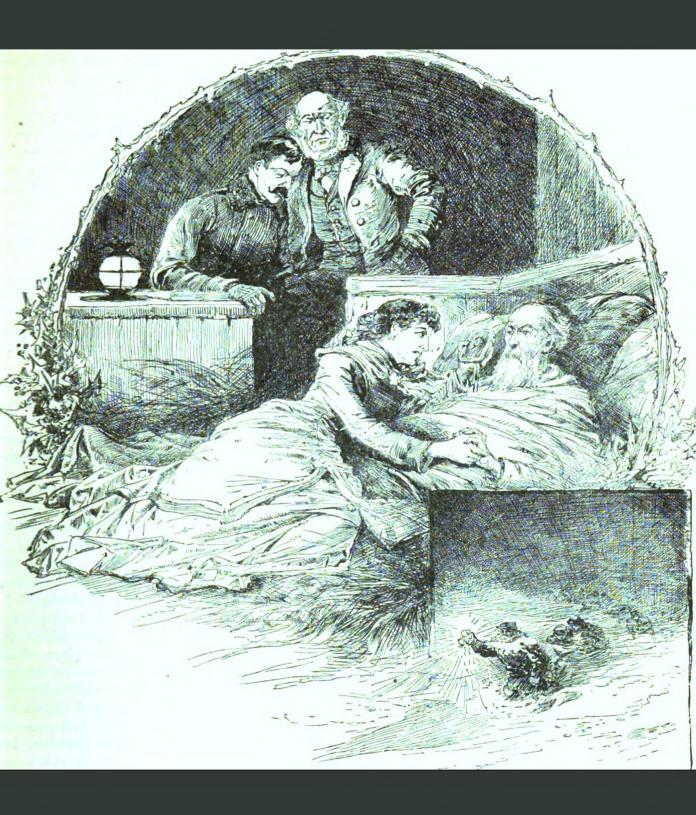
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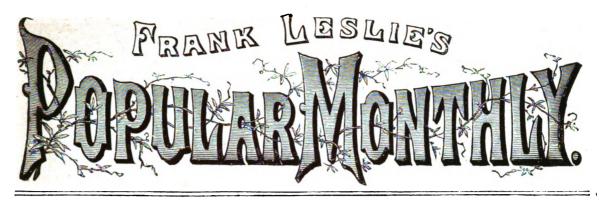
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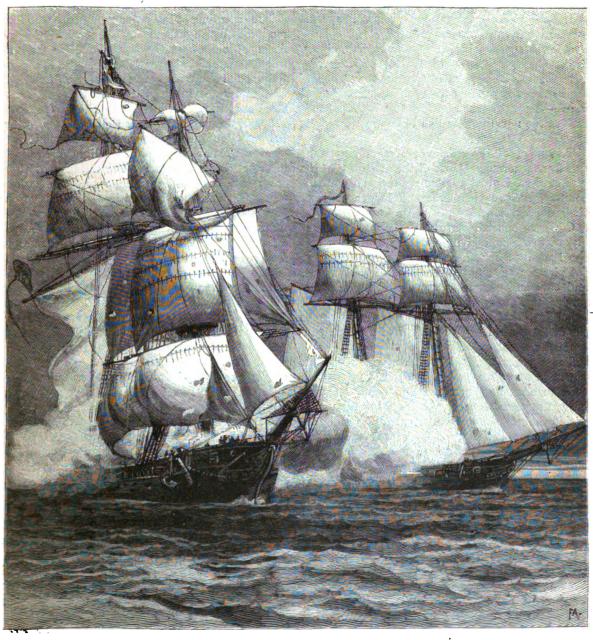
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THE UNITED STATES NAVY AND WEST INDIA PIRACY.—CAPTURE OF THE "PALMYBA" (9 GUNS) BY
THE "GRAMPUS" (12 GUNS).—SEE NEXT PAGE.

Yol. XXIX., No. 1-1.

THE UNITED STATES NAVY AND WEST INDIA PIRACY, 1821-25.

BY LIEUTENANT W. H. BEEHLER, U. S. N.

THE struggle of the Spanish-American colonies for independence was accompanied by lawless depredations on commerce which finally developed into piracy on an unprecedented scale.

The unsettled state of affairs in Mexico, Central America, the Spanish Main and West India Island:; the feebleness of newly proclaimed governments; the internal discord and counter-revolutions; the low state of morals in those communities, the debasing influence of war and the general brutal treatment to which all seamen were subjected at that period, combined to make piratical enterprises prevalent.

A few desperate characters, seeing their opportunity, successfully plundered vessels at the very entrance to the ports, and their success encouraged others, gave them recruits of both men and vessels, and made them so formidable that squadrons of the naval powers had to be sent to repress them.

The news of the existence of piracy and the grossly exaggerated reports of the atrocities of the pirates caused great excitement especially in this country, as our commerce suffered most from their depredations.

Congress enacted statutes prescribing the penalty of death and giving extraordinary powers to the Executive for the purpose of apprehending the pirates; the right to search suspicious vessels, and bays and coasts suspected of being piratical rendezvous, even though beyond American territorial jurisdiction in foreign land, if not under the direct control of the recognized de facto governments.

The Spaniards afforded all assistance in their power, but they were crippled by the contest with their revolutionary colonies, and could only acquiesce in permitting our naval officers to operate within their territory where they had not sufficient force to stop the piracy. This notwithstanding our well-known sympathy with the colonies. A number of privateers were fitted out by the Spaniards to support the Government and also to fight the pirates, but, when opportunity offered, some of these armed vessels occasionally seized and plundered defenseless craft, while others boldly renounced allegiance to Spain and hoisted the bloody pirate flag.

Some of the Spanish governors and alcaldes in remote districts secretly connived at this business, allowed the pirates to refit in port, and in some cases furnished supplies of arms and ammunition in consideration of a share in the booty.

Some merchants in Havana openly boasted of their connection with the pirates, and advertised

the price of watches, nautical instruments and goods stolen by these robbers.

The magnitude of these piratical operations has never been fully ascertained, and it is doubtful if the truth will be revealed by the most diligent research. There were many exaggerated reports published which were subsequently found to have been based upon terrified imagination; and, on the other hand, some of the pirates were lost at sea with all their booty and all knowledge of the vessels they had plundered and destroyed.

The notorious pirate Jean Lafitte, who had rendered distinguished services with General Andrew Jackson at the battle of New Orleans, had 16 vessels and over 1,000 men in his gang. Raphaelina had a fleet of vessels and a formidable host of pirates in July, 1822, in the vicinity of Cape Antonio, at which time he had collected \$180,000 in money alone. Diabolito, Cofrecina. Brown, Gibbs and Irvine were the most notorious pirates. A fair estimate, in the light of available information, would make the number of those engaged in this piracy at least 10,000, of whom over 3,000 were encountered by the vessels of our Navy, which alone captured 1,300 pirates. The number of pirates killed and those who escaped on shore after destroying their vessels cannot be ascertained.

The pirates operated near the vicinity of their rendezvous on shore. They rarely made any extended cruises, but chose points of strategic importance on the routes of commerce. In and among the Keys of Bahama and Florida, Cape Antonio, Matanzas, and Mugeres Island (near the north-east point of Yucatan, Mexico), were some of the most prominent piratical rendezvous.

The number of vessels captured by the pirates might be estimated from a list of 37 ships, brigs and schooners collected from the occasional notes of piracy in *Niles's Weekly Register*, 1821–23. This covers only half the period of time during which piracy prevailed, and is but a small percentage of those captured by the pirates.

The Weekly Register mentions as many more vessels without names and other particulars. A maritime paper would have published complete lists; and judging from the length of time that piracy prevailed, the great number of those engaged in piracy, and the small percentage of their captures enumerated in the Register, it will not be an exaggeration to estimate the prizes captured by the pirates as 500 vessels. The value of the property destroyed by them amounted to about twenty millions of dollars.

Ten thousand pirates are estimated to have been

engaged during the four years; there were probably not many over 2,000 at any one time, and but few who were pirates during the entire period of four years. Probably the average would be 2,500 a year; and if each of the 10,000 pirates obtained the equivalent of \$2,000 (including the cost of his living, armament and reckless extravagance, besides the small percentage realized on the actual value of the goods stolen, and the value of his proportion of property destroyed), the total loss suffered by commerce would amount to twenty millions of dollars.

The comparative value of the property destroyed by pirates will be seen from the fact that the annual cost of the United States Government in 1821 was \$19,785,859, including interest and redemption of part of the public debt.

The most formidable vessels engaged in piracy were the privateers which were fitted out to fight for Spain, and then turned pirates. Among these were the *Paloma*, 6 guns, 130 men; the *Panchita*, 16 guns, 120 men (this was subsequently captured by the United States schooner *Grampus*, 12 guns); the *Pereira*, 8 guns, 80 men; *Burguera*, 4 guns, 60 men; *Flor de la Mar*, 1 gun, 40 men; and *La Carmen*, 4 guns, 50 men.

The brigantine *Pride*, 16 guns, 116 men, under the command of Lafitte, was the largest vessel fitted out specially for a pirate. It is said that the *Pride*, in command of Lafitte's lieutenant, had a desperate fight with an English sloop-ofwar, in which both commanders were killed, and only 16 men left alive on board the pirate, which was finally carried by boarding, and taken to Jamaica, where the 16 survivors were tried and convicted; 10 of them were executed and 6 pardoned.

The great majority of piracies were accomplished by small craft with large forces of men concealed from view of their intended prey. These boats would go alongside of merchantvessels and capture them by surprise. In many cases all the crew would be taken out of the ship and compelled to join the pirates or be murdered. The vessel would then be carried into a Cuban port and sold, or otherwise disposed of for the benefit of the pirates and their agents.

The piratical vessels whose names were ascertained, besides those previously mentioned, were the Cienega, Bandera de Sangre, Moscow, Catalina, Palmyra, Albert, Pilot, Tropic, Mechanic, La Cata, Zaragozana, Larch, Aristides, Lucies and Emmanuel.

The pirates captured by different Navies were: United States Navy, 79 vessels, 62 guns, and 1,300 men; British Navy, 13 vessels, 20 guns, and 291 men; Spanish Navy, 5 vessels and 150 men.

In the Fall of the year 1821 the first accounts of piracies were received in the United States,

and the sloop-of-war Hornet, brigs Enterprise and Spark, and the schooners Shark, Porpoise and Grampus, with three pulling barges, each mounting 1 gun, were sent to capture the pirates.

The Enterprise, commanded by Lieutenant L. Kearney, discovered four piratical vessels in the act of plundering three American vessels off Cape Antonio, Cuba, October 16th, 1821. They were in shoal water, where the brig could not venture. Five boats were armed and sent in pursuit. The pirates were beaten; they burnt two schooners, but the detachment captured the other vessels, including 40 pirates, who were taken to Charleston for trial.

On the 29th of October, 1821, the Hornet, Captain Robert Henley, captured the Moscow, which he sent to Norfolk. On the 21st of December Lieutenant L. Kearney captured a schooner, whose crew of 25 men escaped on shore. He also destroyed the rendezvous of the pirates at Cape Antonio. The official report of Lieutenant J. Ramage describes a brilliant affair with them, as follows:

"United States Schooner 'Porpoise,'
"Off North Coast of Cuba, 20th January, 1822.

"Sir: Having completed the necessary equipments of this vessel at New Orleans, on the 7th inst., and previously having given notice that I should sail from the Balize on the 10th, with convoy, I have now the honor to inform you that I proceeded to sea on the day appointed, with five sail under my protection. On the 15th, having seen the vessels bound to Havana and Matanzas safe to their destined ports, I made all sail to the westward, and on the following day boarded the brig Bolina, of Boston, Gorham, master, from whom I received the following information. That, on the day previous, his vessel was captured by pirates, and robbed of every material they could carry away with them, at the same time treating the crew and himself with inhuman cruelty. After supplying him from this vessel with what necessaries he required, I made sail for the land, and early the following morning (Saddle Hill, on the north coast of Cuba, then bearing S. by E.) I dispatched our boats, with 40 men, under command of Lieutenant Curtis, in pursuit of these enemies of the human race.

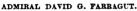
"The boats, having crossed the reef, which here extends out a considerable distance from the shore, very soon discovered, chased and captured a piratical schooner, the crew of which made their escape to the woods. Lieutenant Curtis very judiciously manned the prize from our boats, and proceeded about ten miles to leeward, where, it was understood, the principal depot of these marauders was established. This he fortunately discovered and attacked. A slight skirmish here took place, but as our force advanced the opposition party precipitately retreated. We then took possession, and burnt and destroyed their fleet, consisting of five vessels—one being a beautiful new schooner, of about 60 tons, ready for sea with the exception of her sails. We also took three prisoners; the others fled to the woods.

"In the affair just mentioned, the officers of the expedition state the enemy's loss to be severe. Only one man was wounded in our boats; and it is worthy of remark that this man was one of their own gang, then a prisoner in our possession, and surrounded by our people.

"The destruction of this place will, I trust, be of some

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service. From information by me received, it was their principal depot, from whence they dispatched squadrons to Cape Antonio. These returning loaded with plunder, it was transhipped to Havana in vessels sent from here for that purpose. Stores and materials were collected on the spot, not only for repairing but building vessels.

"The prisoners now on board are recognized by a seaman in my possession, who was one of the crew of the English ship *Alexander*, of Greenock, lately burned by these pirates; and not content with destroying the vessel,



COMMODORE DAVID PORTER.

they inhumanly butchered her unfortunate commander. The seaman in question I retain as an evidence in the case.

"Lieutenant Curtis speaks in the highest terms of the gallantry and good conduct of Midshipmen Pinkney, Kingston and Morris, as also of Dr. Terrill. and every other officer and man employed in the expedition. Nothing could exceed their ardor in pursuit but their enthusiasm in attack; and both affording abundant proof that more would have done had more been required.

"I have manned one of the schooners taken, a very fine



LIEUTENANT L. KEARNEY.



BEAR-ADMIRAL FRANCIS H. GREGORY.

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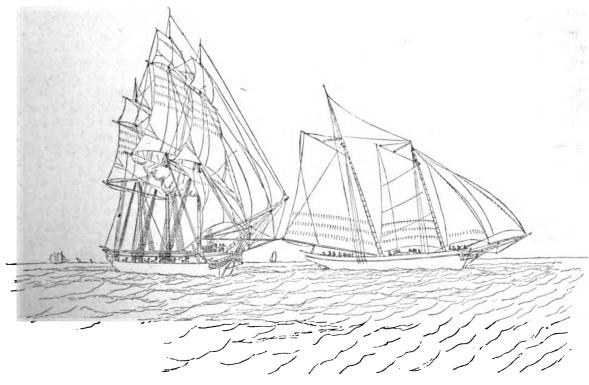
FIGHT BETWEEN THE BRIGANTINE "PRIDE" AND AN ENGLISH SLOOP-OF-WAR.

fast-sailing vessel, and keep her with me. She will prove of great service in my farther operations on this coast.

"I cannot close this letter, sir, without naming to you Lieutenant Curtis, whose conduct, not only in the present instance, but in every other respect during the period he has been under my command, has merited my warm and decided approbation. I have the honor to be, etc.,

"JAMES RAMAGE, Lieutenant Commanding." Hon. Smith Thompson, Secretary of the Navy."

On the same day the brig Spark, Captain J. H. Elton, captured a Dutch sloop engaged in piracy, with 7 men. On 1st March, 1822, the Hornet arrived at Norfolk with a convoy of 22 merchantmen from Pensacola and Havana. On 7th March, one of the gun-boats, the Revenge, captured a barge, but her crew escaped on shore. On 8th of March the brig Enterprise, Lieutenant Kearney,



CAPTURE OF THE SCHOONER "MOSCOW" BY THE "HORNET."

captured a flotilla of pirates, 3 launches and 4 barges, off Cape Antonio, with their crews, numbering 160 men.

In April, 1822, the schooner Alligator, Lieutenant W. W. McKean, captured the schooner Cienega, 5 guns, 30 men, off Nuevitas, Cuba. This vessel was a Colombian privateer whose crew had mutinied at Ragged Island and turned pirates.

The naval force was increased after April, 1822, and for the rest of the year consisted of the frigate *Macedonian*, 36, flag-ship of Commodore Biddle; frigate *Congress*, 36; sloops *John Adams*, 24, and *Peacock*, 18; brig *Spark*, 12; and schooners *Alligator*, 12; *Grampus*, 12; *Shark*, 12; and *Porpoise*, 12. The *Hornet* and *Enterprise* were at home, refitting.

On 1st May, 1822, Lieutenant Richard F. Stockton, in command of the chartered vessel Jane, and detachments of 60 men from the Grampus and Alligator, off Sugar Key, W. I., captured 4 schooners and the British brig Cherub, then in possession of the pirates, with 2 guns and 180 men. One of the schooners was boarded and burnt by Sailing-master Barney, two were run ashore, and their crews escaped, and one was found loaded with the cargo taken from the Cherub.

In June, 1822, Lieutenant M. C. Perry had command of an expedition consisting of his schooner the Shark, two prize schooners of 80 and 20 tons, captured from the pirates, 2 launches, 2 cutters, 1 gig, with 80 men all told and 6 small guns, with which he went in pursuit of the pirate Raphaelina, who had 3 schooners, with 5 guns and 125 men each. He was joined by the Grampus, and captured the pirate schooner Bandera de Sangre and another schooner of Raphaelina's squadron, but all save 3 men of their crews escaped on shore.

The flag-ship Macedonian was obliged to leave the station on account of the yellow fever, and arrived at Norfolk on August 5th, 1822, having lost 76 of her crew (including 10 officers), and 50 of the remainder were sick on her arrival. By the 24th of August the number of deaths had amounted to 103, out of her crew of 360 men.

On the 16th August, 1822, Lieutenant F. H. Gregory, commanding the schooner Grampus, chased a brigantine which hoisted Spanish colors. He suspected her of being a pirate, and demanded her surrender. This demand was answered by a volley from small-arms and cannon. The Grampus fired a broadside, and in about 4 minutes the brig struck. When boarded she was nearly sinking, and had lost one man killed and six wounded. The prize proved to be the Palmyra, 9 guns, 88 men, a privateer, but one of her officers confessed that they had robbed the American schooner Coquette. The prize was sent to Charleston and condemned.

The sloop Peacock, Captain Cassin, arrived at Norfolk in October, 1822, with yellow fever on board, by which she lost 6 officers and 7 men. On the 28th September, at Honda Bay, north coast of Cuba, she, in company with the British naval schooner Speedwell, attacked a piratical establishment at that place, and captured 5 schooners having 13 guns. The crews of four of the schooners escaped in the woods. Two of these vessels were burnt, two were sent to New Orleans and condemned, and the fifth was restored to her owners. The British schooner Speedwell grounded on the bar, and co-operated in the attack by her boats only. They landed and destroyed the place. The pirates burnt one schooner to prevent her capture. Only 18 of the pirates were caught; the gang had several hundred men.

In November, 1822, the schooner Alligator, Lieutenant W. H. Allen, arriving at Matanzas, was informed that an American brig and schooner had been captured, and were in possession of a large gang of pirates at a place 15 leagues east of Matanzas. The master of the brig and mate of the schooner had been sent to Matanzas to procure a ransom of \$7,000 for the two vessels, with the threat that their vessels would be destroyed and their crews severely handled in case of failure to bring the money.

The master and mate were taken on board the Alligator, which sailed immediately to the rescue. At daylight on 9th November she arrived near the bay, and hid behind intervening land, over which they discovered a ship, two brigs and five schooners. One of the schooners, with her decks full of men, was under way, and was immediately chased by the armed boats of the Alligator. The wind was light, and the schooner endeavored to escape up the bay by using her sweeps. When the Alligator's boats arrived within hail, the schooner rounded to, hoisted a red flag, and then commenced to fire shot and grape at the boats. The boats answered with volleys of musketry, and the men at the oars pulled hard to reach the pirate and board. At this time a second schooner, armed and filled with men, came up and commenced to fire on the boats; she passed ahead, and the crew of the first schooner endeavored to escape to her. Lieutenant Allen, in the launch, pulled ahead to intercept them when they returned. The boats then pulled up in the wake of the schooner, and continued firing, when they again took to the boats and escaped to the second schooner. A midshipman in the gig, with four men, boarded and captured the deserted schooner. Allen, with the launch and cutter, went in chase of the second schooner, whose crew was reinforced by 35 men from the first. While chasing under a heavy fire the cutter began to veer off,

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from the obstruction of the killed and wounded The launch was also unable to catch at the oars. the schooner, because of the killed and wounded. Lieutenant Allen had also been wounded by two musket-balls, and died four hours later. The schooner escaped with another heavily armed schooner, but the ship, two brigs and three The Alligator lost schooners were captured. Lieutenant Allen, and 4 men killed and 3 wounded. The pirates lost 14 killed and several by drowning. The first schooner carried one long 12-pounder, two 6-pounders, two 3-pounders and two swivel-guns. The three piratical schooners had in all 14 guns and 125 men. The Alligator's boats' crews numbered about 40, armed with muskets, swords and pistols.

Lieutenant Allen was wounded while standing up cheering his men in pursuit of the pirates. He was a valuable officer, and had rendered distinguished service in the brig Argus when she was captured by the Pelican on the coast of England in 1813. He commanded the Argus in the latter part of the action, after both his superior officers had been carried below severely wounded. He was highly commended for his skill in handling the brig, though obliged to surrender to superior force. After his death his name became the warcry in the boat expeditions against the pirates.

On the 19th November, 1822, the Alligator was wrecked on Carysford reef. Her officers and crew were all saved.

The depredations of the pirates continued to increase, and demands for ransom were frequently accompanied by threats that their hostages would be murdered if the ransom was not paid.

Acts of Congress were passed giving an appropriation of \$500,000 to fit out additional vessels for Commodore David Porter resigned this service. his office as Commissioner of the Navy to take command of a special expedition. He selected and prepared the vessels personally and organized the "musquito fleet." This comprised the steamgalliot Sea-gull, 3 guns (the second steamer in the Navy, the Fulton being the first), and eight small schooners, which Commodore Porter bought for the Navy Department for the sum of \$10,190.

He named these schooners: Fox, 51 tons; Greyhound, 65 tons; Jackal, 47 tons; Beagle, 52 tons; Terrier, 61 tons; Weasel, 53 tons; Wild Cat, 48 tons, and Ferret, 51 tons. Each of them carried 3 guns and a crew of 31 men. He also had the transport-ship Decoy, 6 guns; five barges-Musquito, Gnat, Midge, Sandfly and Gallinippertogether with the regular naval vessels on the station which had been changed, and consisted of the sloops John Adams, 24; the Peacock, 18, and Hornet, 18; the brig Spark, 14; and the schooners Grampus, 12, and Shark, 12.

from Norfolk, 14th February, 1823. Great publicity was given to this expedition, and this fact in itself had a good effect; because many of the pirates ceased their bloody work, while those that remained were afraid to venture far from their rendezvous.

Commodore Porter arrived off Porto Rico, and wrote to the Spanish Governor on the subject of interruptions to our commerce and the illegal blockade of these coasts. On 3d March, 1823, he sent the Greyhound, Lieutenant John Porter, into St. John's, Porto Rico, with that letter. On March 5th, he sent the Fox, Lieutenant W. H. Cocke, into the port for an answer. When the Fox endeavored to enter, she was fired upon by the castle, and her commander was instantly The only satisfaction offered for this insult and catastrophe was the plea that the character of the schooner was mistaken. Governor was profuse in his apologies, and joined in paying every possible honor in the funeral services of Lieutenant Cocke, with the officers of the squadron.

The commodore demonstrated that the Fox had been fired at in a spirit of retaliation, and left the place referring the matter to the Government for action.

The squadron was divided into small detachments, and sent to thoroughly search the coasts of Porto Rico, San Domingo and Cuba. Every bay and inlet and key in all this region was visited, after which the squadron reassembled at Thompson's Island, now Key West, where Porter established a naval depot for a base of operations.

On the morning of the 8th of April, Lieutenant C. K. Stribling (late Admiral Stribling) was sent in the barge Gallinipper from Havana in search of a pirate, which he found three miles off, making in toward the shore. He fired muskets to bring her to, and she replied by a smart fire of round shot, grape and musketry, while working hard to escape. She was run ashore, and her crew, with the exception of one man, escaped. Several of her crew were killed and wounded. The vessel proved to be the schooner Pilot, of Norfolk, a very fast sailer, which they had captured but eight days before. She was armed with one long 12-pounder, blunderbusses and other small-arms. She was commanded by the notorious buccaneer Domingo, who had courteously forwarded mail for Commodore Porter and his officers, that he found on the Pilot when he captured her. He sent a message with this mail that he did not wish to deprive them of opportunity to hear from their friends; he bore them no ill-will, since they were only doing their duty.

On 16th April, 1823, Captain Cassin, in the Peacock, entered Colorados, a harbor noted for Commodore Porter sailed with his squadron | pirates. He discovered a felucca standing out,

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LIEUTENANT RICHARD F. STOCKTON.

and chased her ashore. The pirates escaped. The felucca was a new, well-coppered boat pulling 16 sweeps, and was evidently starting out on her first cruise. Captain Cassin broke up their establishments, and the pirates burned three of their schooners on his approach.

The Grampus cruised in the vicinity of Campeachy from April to July, 1823, and her commander reported as follows:

"United States Schooner Grampus,"
"Thompson's Island, 3d July, 1823.

"SIR: I have the honor to inform you that this vessel sailed from the Balize, on the 24th of April, with a convoy for Tabasco, where she arrived on the 1st of May. Sailed thence again on the 6th, with convoy, toward Vera Cruz; parted with the convoy on the 9th, and arrived at Campeachy on the 13th, where I received information of several piracies committed upon the merchant-vessels of the United States; and that the coast of Yucatan, from Cape Catoche to Lagona, was then infested by several gangs of pirates, who had been guilty of every atrocity imaginable. Finding there were a considerable number of merchant-ships at the several ports upon that coast unprotected, and others arriving almost daily, I continued thereabouts until the 25th of June, scouring the coast up and down; and, occasionally, when any information was had which offered the least chance of detecting these villains, the boats were employed, and sometimes were sent along the coast twenty and thirty leagues from the vessel. On the 22d of May, I chased a schooner ashore to windward of Sisal, which I have no doubt was a pirate, from his appearance and conduct. As it was in the night, and npon a part of the coast where I was not sufficiently acquainted, and blowing fresh upon the shore, I had not an opportunity of completing his destruction.

"On June 11th, I seized a suspicious vessel in the harbor

of Campeachy, and resigned her to the authorities there on that account. This last vessel had just come from New Malaga, or Vigia de Chiguila, a little to windward of Cape Catoche, where the pirates have a very considerable establishment, and came down to Campeachy for the purpose of procuring stores for a vessel then preparing for a cruise.

"Two seamen, who had been held as prisoners at New Malaga, informed me that this gang were sometimes a hundred and upwards in number; that they held possession of a small fort, having two 24-pounders; and that an officer, named Molla, who had been placed there by the Government, had joined them. This was corroborated by the authorities of Campeachy, who requested me to land and destroy the place. The pirates issue from their post in barges, small vessels, and in canoes, hover along the shores, enter the harbors, murder and destroy almost all that fall in their power.

"On the 2d of June, 1823, the American schooner Shib-boleth, Captain Perry, of New York, being then ready for sea, was boarded by a canoe having fourteen of these villains on board. The watch was instantly murdered, eight others of the crew were put in the forecastle, the hatch spiked down, a ton or more of logwood put over it, the head-sails set, the wind off shore, and fire put to the vessel in the cabin. By the most extraordinary exertions, these men broke out in time to save their lives. I arrived while the vessel was burning down.

"The same canoe then proceeded to windward, and two days afterward took the schooner Augustus and John, off Sisal, and burnt her, having turned the crew adrift in a small boat, with every probability of their perishing. The people of the country were much exasperated, and turned out to hunt them from their shores. A party of dragoons having met them, a skirmish ensued, wherein the captain of dragoons and several of his men were killed, and the pirates, taking to their boats, escaped. One of the seamen I mentioned as having been amongst them stated that he belonged to an English schooner, from New Providence, called the Flyer; that the crew, with the excep-



CAPTAIN LEWIS WARRINGTON.

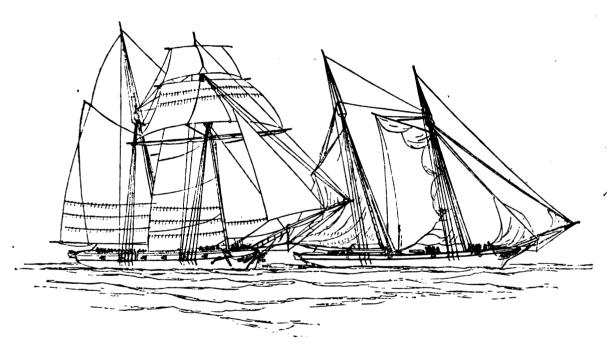
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tion of himself, were instantly butchered. He was detained by them about two months, during which time they had captured nine vessels, some of which were brought in, but the principal part destroyed; and in some instances he was certain that the whole crews were murdered. When he left the place (about twenty days since) they had a Guineaman, with 200 slaves and a large quantity of ivory, and two small schooners, Americans.

An English cutter informed me that the pirates had a direct and uninterrupted intercourse with Havana, by means of small coasting vessels that ran regularly to the ports on the coast, and always touched at New Malaga. Frequently some of them would go up to the Havana, and others of the gang come down.

"That this infernal horde of villains have established themselves at New Malaga I have no doubt; and from the information given me by men of the first respectability at Campeachy, Sisal, and other places on the coast, I believe

and obtained information that some pirates were still lurking about the coast. During that night I kept close. into the land, and on Wednesday, at 10 A.M., discovered an armed barge with sixteen oars, and well manned, in a small bay called Bacuna Yeagua. I immediately sent Lieutenant Dorring with five men, the most my boat could carry, to examine all the boats, there being seven in number. He approached within fifty yards of the barge, when the crew showed their character by opening fire on him with musketry and blunderbusses, which, fortunately, did no other damage than nearly to sink the boat, she having received a ball at the water-edge; five other ones were found in the boat, which, being nearly spent, had struck the water, and innocently jumped into her. My boat, at no time suitable for the transportation of men, and now rendered useless, induced me to take possession of a small coaster that was near, and manned her with fifteen men, and at that time intended to stand.



THE SCHOONER "CIENEGA" CAPTURED BY THE SCHOONER "ALLIGATOR."

that the pirates have been guilty of all the acts as herein stated.

"I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your most obedient servant, Francis H. Gregory,

"Lieutenant Commanding, United States Navy.
"Commodore David Porter, Commanding United States
Naval Forces, West Indian Station."

The schooner Ferret made a cruise on the south coast of Cuba, an account of which is given in the following report:

"United States Schooner 'Ferret,'
"Thompson's Island (Key West), June 25, 1823.

"SIE: Pursuant to your instructions, I left this place on the 14th inst., on a cruise to Trinidad, on the south side of Cuba, in company with the Beagle, Captain Newton. On the second day we parted company, and on the third day I made the Havana (on my way to Matanzas); from thence I commenced a diligent search in all the ports and bays. On Tuesday sent my boat into Canised,

in, if possible, with the *Ferret*, in order to cover the men while they took possession of the barge, which then had the American colors, union down: but, on approaching, found that the channel would not admit of my entering.

"It then blowing very hard, and a heavy sea on, I deemed it proper to recall the coaster, which had like to have gotten ashore, for, had that catastrophe occurred, I question much whether the pirates would have had the gratification of butchering them, as they certainly would have been drowned. The sea was then breaking with great violence over the reef that covered the bay. I was then compelled to resort to making tacks, close in with the reef, and giving them "long Tom" with round and grape (shot) in hopes to destroy the boats—as to killing any of them, it was impossible, for, on the approach of the Ferret, they would completely secure themselves behind the rocks and trees, which hung all around the harbor; but this I was frustrated in by the enormous roughness of the sea, and the wind being on shore prevented me from taking any position from which I could annoy them much. Finding it impossible to do anything, with

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the means then in my power, I stood out to sea, in hopes to fall in with some vessel from which I could get a suitable boat (but I am sorry to say that it was not until next morning that my wishes were obtained), and, if that could be done, to push to Matanzas, to concert a plan with the Governor by which the pirates, as well as their boats, may be taken. I however obtained a boat from an English vessel, and immediately bore up for the same place, which was then but a short distance off. I had not run but a short time when I discovered a Spanish brig-of-war lying to, off the bay, which proved to be the Matae. On the report being sent to the Governor of Matanzas that one of the United States schooners was engaged with the pirates, he dispatched this brig, and at the same time took with him a land force, and had cruised there a few minutes before me, and had taken possession of a small schooner-boat the pirates had abandoned, and which lay on the beach. I sent in my boat after he had left, and ordered a search, when two of the boats I had seen the day I attacked them were found, well sunk, up a lagoon which, upon further examination, extended several miles into the island, and have no doubt but that the large barge is now at the head of it, but not being prepared with boats, I did not think it proper to send my boats out from the Ferret. The two boats I have brought over, and shall await your orders relative thereto.

'· On my arrival at Matanzas, I found my mainmast very dangerously sprung, which has made it necessary for me to return here, but not until I had given convoy to eight of our merchantmen from Matanzas and Cuba.

"I have the honor to be, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant. THOMAS H. NEWELL. " To Commodore David Porter, Commander of United

States Naval Force, West India Station."

The other report is not quite such a literary

curiosity: "United States Schooner 'Ferret,' "PORT RODGERS (Key West), July 23d, 1823.

"SIR: I have the honor to report to you that, after delivering the pirates (some that other vessels had captured) at Havana, I cruised down the coast of Cuba to the windward, as far as Cape Blanco, and examined every creek and harbor. After searching and diving for some time at Artigos (a small hidden river), I found the guns you alluded to in your instructions; also, a new gun-carriage, calculated for a 24-pounder, was taken from the mangroves, where the pirates had carefully hidden it. My vessel being so much lumbered up, I could not bring it; I therefore cut it and saved the irons. The guns taken are five in number - one long 6-pounder, one short 6-pounder, one 9-pounder carronade, and two long 3's, the latter well mounted-and appear to have been very recently placed there.

"I then returned to Havana, and on Sunday last gave convoy to six Americans and one Danish ship.

"I have the honor to be, sir, very respectfully, your "THOMAS H. NEWELL. obedient servant,

"Commodore David Porter, Commanding United States Naval Forces in West Indies and Gulf of Mexico."

One of the most brilliant exploits is narrated in the following:

> "United States Galliot 'SEA-GULL,' "ALLENTON, THOMPSON'S ISLAND (Key West), "July 11th, 1823.

"STR: Having had the honor to report the circum-

orders, prior to our separation off St. John de los Remedios, I have now to communicate, for your information, my subsequent proceedings in the barges Gallinipper and

"After a strict examination of the coasts and islands, from Cayo Francis to Cayo Blanco, in the vicinity of Point Hycacos, whilst cruising in Siguapa Bay, we discovered a large topsail schooner, with a launch in company, working up to an anchorage, at which several merchant-vesse's were then lying.

"Being to windward, I bore up in the Gallinipper, for the purpose of ascertaining their characters, and when within gun-shot, perceiving the large vessel to be well armed and her deck filled with men, I hoisted our colors; on seeing which, they displayed the Spanish flag, and the schooner having trailed up her foresail and commenced firing at the Gallinipper, I immediately kept away and ran down upon her weather quarter, making signal at the same time for the Musquito to close. Having the advantage in sailing, they did not permit us to do so, but made all sail before the wind for the village of Siguapa, to which place we pursued them; and after a short action, succeeded in taking both vessels, and effecting the almost total destruction of their crews, amounting, as nearly as could be ascertained at the time, to fifty or sixty men; but as we are since informed, to seventy or eighty. They engaged us without colors of any description, having hauled down the Spanish flag after firing the first gun; and on approaching to board (our men giving three cheers and discharging their muskets), the pirates fled precipitately, some to their launch (lying in shore, from whence a fire was still kept up), whilst others endeavored to escape by swimming to the land. A volley of musketry directed at the launch completed their disorder and drove them into the sea; but the boats going rapidly through the water, cut off their retreat, with the exception of fifteen, eleven of whom were killed or desperately wounded and taken prisoners by our men, who landed in pursuit, and the remaining four apprehended by the local authorities and sent to Matanzas.

"The larger vessel was called the Catalina, commanded by the celebrated pirate Diabolito, taken some weeks since from the Spaniards, between Havana and Matanzas, and carried to Siguapa Bay, where she received her armament. She had captured nothing, this being the comemencement of her piratical cruise.

"I cannot close this communication without performing a most pleasing task, in reporting the active gallantry and good conduct of my officers and men, none of whom sustained the slightest injury in the action, the result of which is, I trust, sufficient to satisfy you that all under my orders did their duty, particularly when it is considered that we had but 26 men, opposed to a force of piratical vessels well supplied with arms of all kinds, amongst which were one long 9 and two 6 pounders.

"I have much pleasure in naming as my associates Lieutenant Inman, Acting Sailing-master Bainbridge, Dr. Babbit, Midshipmen Harwood and Taylor, and Messrs. Webb and Grice, who obeyed and executed all orders and signals with a promptitude and zeal which could not be exceeded.

"I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedi-W. H. WATSON, ent servant,

"Lieutenant Commanding.

"Commodore David Porter, United States Navy, Commanding United States Naval Force, West India Station."

Lieutenant L. Kearney made an elaborate restances attending the cruise of the division under my port of his operations in the schooner Greyhound,

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with the Beagle in company. He reported that the Governor of Trinidad, unlike most of the Spanish governors at distant ports, had given him a cordial reception and co-operation.

On the 21st of July, 1823, he, with Lieutenant Newton, went ashore near Cape Cruz, and were suddenly fired upon by pirates in ambush, but as they only had their fowling-pieces, they returned to the ships. The two schooners were then warped around the cape to front the rocks, behind which the pirates had been concealed. Lieutenant D. G. Farragut took charge of a party which landed to take the pirates in the rear while the schooners bombarded from in front.

The pirates fled upon the approach of Farragut's party, and could not be pursued. The town was destroyed. They found three guns and a quantity of pistols and cutlasses, with eight boats. A cave about 150 feet deep was discovered near where the houses were, and after considerable difficulty a party of seamen got to the bottom, where was found an immense quantity of plunder, consisting of broadcloths, dry goods, female dresses, saddlery, etc. Many human bones were also discovered in the cave, supposed to have been unfortunate persons who were taken and put to Most of this plunder was taken on board, the rest destroyed. About 40 pirates escaped to the heights, but a number were killed by the bombardment and Farragut's party.

During the month of August, 1823, yellow fever broke out in the establishment at Thompson's Island (Key West), and Commodore Porter and most of the officers and men were prostrated by it. There were 48 deaths in the squadron, including the gallant Watson and Lieutenant Hammersley, Chaplain Adams, Sailing-master Bainbridge, and Midshipmen Bainbridge and Reed.

Piracy by this time had been suppressed to a great extent, and was limited to rare attacks by small parties in boats against vessels becalmed on the coast. Commodore Porter determined to take the survivors of this fever-stricken squadron to recuperate in a cooler climate, and after an absence of two months returned to his station.

This absence tended to revive the spirit of the adventurers somewhat. There was a secret association of desperadoes with merchants and some of the custom-service agents. These prevailed on the Spanish authorities to refuse the American forces the privilege of pursuit of pirates in Spanish territory; but the pirates could not arm and equip any more formidable vessels.

The little "musquito fleet" resumed the arduous work of scouring the coasts, convoying merchant-vessels, and destroying all suspected haunts of pirates.

In the Fall of 1823 the barge Gnat returned from a most arduous cruise among the keys north

of Cuba in search of piratical establishments. On Cayo Roman, Midshipman Hunter was captured by a gang of pirates while on his way to buy some provisions. The pirates took him some distance away, but released him at night. Lieutenant Freelons, commanding the *Gnat*, seized all the boats he could find, invested the island, and remained there six days without capturing any of them. He destroyed 3 of the boats belonging to the pirates, together with a quantity of arms and ammunition they had left behind in their hasty retreat. This gang was being organized under the notorious pirate Antonio El Majorcam, who subsequently confined his robberies to the shore.

In August, 1824, Lieutenant Paine in the *Ter*rier captured a launch with 8 men just after they had plundered a French ship, which he recaptured from them off Hayana.

On October 20th, 1824, Lieutenant C. W. Skinner, commanding the schooner Porpoise at Matanzas, secretly sent a boat expedition from the ship in command of Lieutenant Hunter, to examine the adjacent bays and inlets, long notorious as retreats of the pirates. On October 22d, 1824, Lieutenant Hunter returned with a piratical schooner of 1 gun, 1 new cutter, and 10 other boats; one of these had 3 men on board. They stated that their vessel had been taken by armed men, who had given them that boat in exchange, with a promise of returning in a few days. The next day he discovered a suspicious schooner standing to sea in chase of another vessel in sight. approach the schooner tacked and stood in for the shore, closely pursued by the boats. The crew abandoned the schooner and fled to the woods. where they were sought for some time. The schooner proved to be a pirate mounting 1 gun and small-arms.

From the number of valuable nautical instruments, trunks of clothing, rigging and sails, and three United States flags, and from stains of blood on the cloths and articles on board, she must have robbed several vessels and murdered their crews. No papers were discovered which could lead to identify the name of the vessel or vessels captured. Several articles of clothing were marked "Captain Shaw," a number with initials "A. S." A bag was found lettered, "Brig' Morning Star's Letter - bag." A card, "Mrs. Loris's boarding - house, Charleston, S. C.," and other articles, were found. The 3 prisoners were sent to Matanzas, together with the blood-stained clothing. The schooner was manned, and cruised as a decoy, but piracy had practically ceased in that neighborhood.

The message of President Monroe, December 1st, 1824, had a highly complimentary allusion to the efficient services of the Navy in suppressing piracy:

"The activity, zeal and enterprise of our officers have continued to command approbation. All the vessels have been kept uniformly and busily employed, where the danger was believed to be greatest, except for short periods, when the commander supposed it necessary that they should return to the United States to receive provisions, repairs and men, and for other objects essential to their health, comfort and efficiency.

"No complaints have reached the Navy Department of injury from privateers of Porto Rico or the other Spanish possessions, nor have our cruisers found any violating our rights. A few small piratical vessels and some boats have been taken, and establishments broken up, and much salutary protection afforded to our commerce. The force employed, however, has been too small constantly to watch every part of a coast so extensive as that of the of the towns and transactions of society, and acquire all the information necessary to accomplish their purposes.

"Against such a system no naval force can afford complete security, unless aided by the cordial, unwavering and energetic co-operation of the local governments—a co-operation which would render their lurking-places on land unsafe, and make punishment the certain consequence of detection. Unless this co-operation be obtained, additional means ought to be intrusted to the Executive, to be used in such manner as experience may dictate."

Shortly after this message was read, news was received from Commodore Porter that he had punished the Spanish authorities at Foxardo for their ill-concealed hostility to the American naval



SLOOP-OF-WAR "PEACOCK" CAPTURES A FELUCCA.

Galf of Mexico, and some piratical depredations have therefore been committed; but they are of a character, though, perhaps, not less bloody and fatal to the sufferers, yet differing widely from those which first excited the sympathy of the public and exertions of the Government. There are few, if any, piratical vessels of a large size in the neighborhood of Cuba, and none are now seen at a distance from the land. But the pirates conceal themselves, with their boats, in small creeks, bays and inlets, and finding vessels becalmed, or in a defenseless situation, assail and destroy them. When discovered, they readily and safely retreat into the country, where our forces cannot follow, and by the plunder which they have obtained, and which they sell at prices low and tempting to the population, and by the apprehensions which they are able to create in those who would otherwise give information, they remain secure, and mingle at pleasure in the business | goods supposed to have been deposited there by pirates,

officers engaged in suppressing piracy. His act was disapproved by the Government, but it had the effect of securing the co-operation of the local governments, and piracy ceased.

Commodore Porter's official report is the best account of the affair:

> "United States Schooner 'John Adams," "PASSAGE ISLAND, November 15th, 1824.

"SIR: I have the honor to inform you that, on my arrival at St. Thomas, I was informed that Lieutenant Commandant C. T. Platt, of the United States schooner Beagle, who had visited Foxardo, a town on the east coast of Porto Rico, about two miles from the sea, for the purpose of making inquiries respecting a quantity of dry

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was, after being recognized as an American officer by the proper authorities, there imprisoned and shamefully treated.

"Indignant at the outrages which have so repeatedly been heaped on us by the authorities of Porto Rico, I proceeded to this place, where I left the ship, and, taking with me the schooners Grampus and Beagle, and the boats of the John Adams, with Captain Dallas and part of his officers, seamen and marines, proceeded to the port of Foxardo, where, finding preparations were making to fire on us from the battery on shore, I sent a party of seamen and marines to spike the guns, which was done in a few minutes. as the Spaniards fled on the landing of the party.

"I then landed with 200 men, and marched to the town, spiking on the way the guns of a small battery

placed for the defense of a pass on the road, and reached the town in about thirty minutes after landing. I found them prepared for defense, as they had received intimation from St. Thomas of my intentions of visiting the place. I halted about pistol-shot from their forces drawn up on the outskirts of the town, and sent in a flag requiring the alcalde, or governor, with the captain of the port, the



LIEUTENANT M. C. PERRY.

principal offenders, to come to me to make atonement for the outrage, giving them one hour to deliberate.

"They appeared accordingly, and after begging pardon (in the presence of all the officers) of the officer who had been insulted, and expressing great penitence, I permitted them to return to the town, on their promising to respect all American officers who may visit them hereafter.

"We then returned to the vessels, and left the harbor after being at anchor three hours. As we were getting under way, a number of persons appeared on the beach bearing a white flag, and having with them some bullocks and a number of horses, apparently laden-no doubt a present from the authorities of the place, which they informed me they should send me. There is no doubt that our persons and our

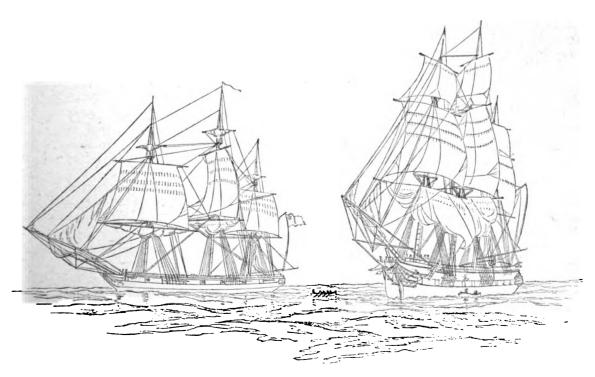
flag will be more respected hereafter than they have been by the authorities of Porto Rico.

"Every officer and man on this occasion conducted themselves in a manner to meet my entire approbation.

"I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

"D. PORTER.

"Hon. Secretary of the Navy."



CAPTURE OF THE SHIP "OBLEANS" BY A PIRATICAL CORVETTE OF FOURTEEN GUNS.

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This report, though it was evidently in harmony with the expressed wishes of the Government, produced an order relieving Porter of his command. He was court-martialed for overstepping his authority, and doing that for which, in any other country, he would have been promoted and highly honored.

The court-martial indorsed the views of the Secretary of the Navy, and sentenced Commodore Porter to be suspended for six months, and the

President approved the sentence.

This result so deeply wounded the feelings of Commodore Porter that he immediately resigned from the Navy. He entered the service of Mexico as Admiral, and served with brilliant success against the Spaniards; but he resigned after the Mexicans had been relieved of external foes, and returned home. He received several appointments in the diplomatic service, and finally died as Minister to Turkey at Constantinople, 28th March, 1843.

Captain Lewis Warrington succeeded to the command of the squadron, which, during 1825, consisted of the frigate Constellation, sloop John Adams, brigs Hornet and Spark, and schooners Grampus, Shark, Fox, Ferret and Jackal, the steam-galliot Sea-gull, the store-ship Decoy, and the barges.

The Ferret was upset in a squall on 4th of February, 1825, off the coast of Cuba; five of her crew were drowned and the vessel sunk. The same system of marine police was continued, and together with the active co-operation of the Spanish local authorities (the real consequence of the Foxardo affair), it was difficult to find any more pirates.

On 4th of March, 1825. Lieutenant Sloat, in command of the schooner Grampus, heard of a piratical sloop in the vicinity of St. Thomas. He fitted out a merchant-sloop, with 2 lieutenants and 23 men, in pursuit. The pirate not suspecting the real character of this vessel, came along-side and opened fire. The sloop returned the fire, and after an action of forty-five minutes, the pirates beached their craft to escape by land. Two of them were killed, and ten captured by Spanish soldiers after they had landed. The notorious pirate-chief Cofrecina was amongst those captured, all of whom were executed by the Government of Porto Rico.

In March, 1825, Lieutenant W. W. McKean, with the steam-galliot Sea-gull and barge Gallinipper, took command of an expedition, with the boats of the British frigate Dartmouth, to search a key reported to be a base of piratical operations.

They soon found a schooner secreted behind trees. A brief action ensued which resulted in a victory. Eight pirates were killed and 19 were captured. The piratical vessel was captured after she had been run ashore.

Her armament consisted of two 6-pounders, five swivel blunderbusses, and arms, etc., for a crew of 35 men. She pretended to carry Spanish papers, but these were false. Cases of American goods were found on board and on shore. Another vessel was captured by the expedition, but her crew escaped.

It was necessary to keep a squadron in these waters, with a view to prevent piracy, for a number of years, but there was no revival of this outlawed trade.

The war with the pirates is one of the brightest pages in the history of the United States Navy, in this as well as in all other operations uniformly successful, though individual operations found them frequently opposed by far superior force of numbers but lacking the *morale* of service in the line of duty.

The British Navy also operated against the pirates, but their vessels were constantly sent off on other duty, and there was no special squadron for the suppression of piracy. Occasional services were, however, rendered by the vessels of the British West India Squadron, which, during this period, consisted of the battle-ships Forte and Gloucester; frigates Dartmouth, Hyperion and Seringapatam; the sloops Carnation, Pandora, Tyne, Tomar, Scout, Grecian and Thracian: the brigs Redwing, Bustard and Kangaroo, and the schooner Speedwell, with four smaller craft. This formidable fleet captured, as already stated, only 13 vessels and 291 men. But the prisoners convicted of piracy were duly executed. Forty-two pirates were hung at Jamaica.

The British gave their prisoners the proper punishment for their deeds. In our country these pirates had the sympathy of a great many people, to such an extent at least that very few were executed, many were pardoned, and some of the pardoned pirates were captured a second time with their former comrades.

Some idea of the desperate deeds of the pirates has been expressed in several of the official reports quoted, but no tales of fiction have pictured their deeds as black as they really were in truth.

At first the reports greatly exaggerated their deeds, and the pirates themselves played upon the imaginations of their captives; but in the course of time they practiced all sorts of cruelty, and tortured their victims with every possible circumstance of horror to make death welcome to the unfortunate sufferers.

The reports of the outrages demonstrate the frightful growth of crime, and the immense value of the gallant services of the United States Navycannot be exaggerated.

The ship Orleans, of Philadelphia, bound from New York to the West Indies, was robbed off Cape Antonio, in September, 1821, by a piratical corvette of 14-guns. Goods to the value of \$40,000 were taken. The marauders appear to have been Spaniards. After robbing the ship, the chief of the pirates penciled, in the French language, a note to a United States officer, a passenger on board the Orleans, as follows:

"AT SEA, AND IN GOOD LUCK.

"Sir: Between buccaneers, no ceremony; I take your dry goods, and, in return, I send you pimento; therefore we are now even. I entertain no resentment.

"Bid good-day to the officer of the United States, and tell him that I appreciate the energy with which he has spoken of me and my companions-in-arms. Nothing can intimidate us; we run the same fortune, and our maxim is that 'the goods of this world belong to the strong and valiant.'

"The occupation of the Floridas is a pledge that the course I follow is conformable to the policy pursued by the United States. (Signed)

"RICHARD COUR DE LION."

The brig Aurilla, of New York, bound from Baltimore to New Orleans, was boarded by two piratical schooners off Salt Key, May 16th, 1822. The pirates compelled the captain and crew to go below, while the captain was examined in regard to the cargo and money on board.

The pirates then ranged in lines, and, having besmeared the windlass with the blood of a chicken, they made each run the gantlet singly, and in such a manner as to lead them to think death awaited them at the windlass, where the blood was evidence of the fate of their shipmates who had preceded them. They secured about \$150,000 worth of goods and money, but they resorted to this individual inquisition in order to ascertain if the captain had informed them truly.

One of the crew was found hid below, and brought on deck. He supposed that he was the only survivor, and to escape the gantlet he pretended that one of the passengers, a Mr. Nickoff, had stowed a box of money in the hold. Mr. Nickoff was called again, and as the money could not be found, he was stabbed in the arms and legs, blindfolded, and, with a rope around his body, was hoisted to the yard-arm and lowered into the sea. Still unable to inform them, as he really had no money, he was pulled up on deck, and left apparently dead. He subsequently recovered.

They confiscated all watches, clothing and everything which could be of any use or value to them. There were a number of slaves, male and female, who were badly treated by them. One of the *Aurilla's* crew was a good carpenter, and he was compelled to go with the pirates, who released the brig to resume her voyage to New Orleans.

The Kingston (Jamaica) Chronicle of August 3d, 1822, contains the following affidavit:

"Personally appeared before me, one of His Majesty's justices of the peace, Hugh Hamilton, mariner, who, being duly sworn, maketh oath, and saith he sailed as mate on board the sloop Blessing, William Smith, master, and had made three voyages from Oracabessa, in this island, to Santiago de Cuba; and that in the return of the fourth voyage, about the beginning of the present month (but cannot name the day), were fallen in with by a long black schooner with black moldings, the name of Emmanuel marked on her stern, and commanded by a white man. with a mixed crew of colors and countries, among whom were English and Americans; that, after bringing the sloop to, the privateer or pirates came alongside, and took out the captain and his son, with all the crew, and carried them on board the schooner, leaving the sloop in possession of his people; that he demanded of the captain his money or his life. The captain persisted that he had none, but proffered him the cargo, which consisted of 100 barrels of flour and 50 tierces of corn-meal; that, on the following day, not producing any money, a plank was run out in the starboard side of the schooner, upon which he made Captain Smith walk, and that, as he approached the end, they tilted the plank, when he dropped into the sea, and there, when in the effort of swimming, the captain called for his musket, and fired at him therewith, when he sank and was seen no more. The rest of the crew were ironed below, with the exception of his son, a boy about fourteen, who witnessed the fate of his father. In the agony of tears and crying, the captain took the buttend of his musket and pricked the boy on the head, thereafter took him by the foot and hove him overboard; that, on the day following this sad event, having previously taken out all the rigging, sails, etc., etc., of the sloop, he set her on fire and burnt her; and, on the same day, gave the crew, consisting of three others and him, this deponent (having stripped us of every article but what we had on our backs), the jolly-boat, with a bucket of water and one biscuit each person, without compass, which we asked for, but were refused, and told to be off or he would sink us. Thus we parted, and in the afternoon of the same day were picked up by the schooner Mary Ann, belonging to Black River, and were landed at Port Morant on the 18th July. HUGH HAMILTON." (Signed)

There are a number of similar accounts of atrocities, wanton cruelty and murder, in total disregard of human life.

The brig Belisarius, of Kennebunk, Me., arrived at the Balize from New Orleans, in April, 1823. When on her voyage from Port au Prince, Hayti, to Campeachy, she was boarded off the latter harbor by a piratical schooner of 40 tons, with 30 or 40 men, who asked for money. Captain Perkins denied having any. They then stabbed him in several places, and cut off one of his arms, when he told them where the money was-200 doubloons-which they took, and proceeded to murder him in the most inhuman manner. He was first deprived of his other arm, and one of his legs. They then dipped oakum in oil, put some in his mouth and under him, set it on fire, and thus death terminated his sufferings. The mate was stabbed in the thigh. They robbed

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the brig of all movable property—anchors, cables. sails, rigging and provisions—leaving them only a little water and provisions. On the way to Balize she was providentially supplied with necessaries by several vessels she met.

The most sickening details were revealed, by sworn statements, showing how captains and passengers were tortured to reveal money and treasure supposed to be on board vessels that these pirates captured.

There are several reports of barning captain and passengers at a stake arranged to torture

ognized in the streets of Havana by one of the crew of the British brig *Industry*, which was robbed by the pirates with whom he served. He was taken to England and tried for piracy before the High Court of Admiralty, and acquitted.

In 1824 he published a little volume entitled, "The Atrocities of the Pirates"—a narrative of the author's unparalleled sufferings among the pirates of Cuba.

This book lacks exact dates and the names of localities, so that it is impossible to find any corroborative evidence of its truth.



DESTRUCTION OF FIVE SCHOONERS BY LIEUTENANT CURTIS.

without killing for some time, but the only authentic account of this act was in the case of the American brig Hannah, 22d September, 1822. After taking cargo, including \$1,000 in specie, they tied up the captain, his brother and five passengers, and roasted them to death by building a ire around them, the crew being severely beaten with swords in order to make them confess that there was money on board.

Mr. Aaron Smith, mate of the English brig Ze vhyr, which was captured by pirates off Cape tonio, July, 1822, was compelled to serve with the pirates to navigate their vessel. He was rec-

A woman is mixed up in the affair, and there is a good deal of romance, with painful details of the acts of inhuman desperadoes.

But his narrative is not to be compared with the duly authenticated reports of the atrocities of the pirates, another evidence that truth is stranger than fiction.

THE really efficient laborer will be found not to unduly crowd his day with work, but will saunter to his task, surrounded by a wide halo of ease and leisure.—Thoreau.



** TREE STRUGGLED FORWARD IN THE DARKNESS AND SNOW SOME LITTLE DISTANCE BEFORE THEY SAW THE GLEAM OF LIGHTS. . . . THE SICK MAN DREW FROM THE TINY CASKET HANDED HIM A DAGUERREOTYPE, WHICH HE PLACED IN HAZEL'S PALM."

A CHRISTMAS IN THE ROCKIES.

BY MARY GRAY UMSTED.

It was growing dark. The air was full of fine snow, whose tiny flakes, hardening in the increasing cold into icy pellets, struck against the car-windows almost as sharply as hail. The wind, which had risen, instead of falling, as twilight gathered, blew from every direction, and whirled the snow-flakes hither and thither. Even if darkness had not begun to inclose the world it would have been impossible to see your hand before you.

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The storm had lasted now for a day and a night, and the progress of the western-bound express on the Northern Pacific Railroad was getting slower and slower as the snow piled itself on the tracks and froze there. Suddenly the train stopped altogether.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the conductor, opening the car-door as little as possible, and thrusting his head inside, "guess we'll have to

stop yer, for awhile at any rate. I'm goin' to reconnoitre and see what kin be done. By the

way, any ladies here?"

"Yes, one," somebody answered; at which, the conductor, giving his head a shake, withdrew it, and the passengers, left to themselves, began to exchange remarks concerning their agreeable situation.

"I don't know exactly where we are," said the mar. who had replied to the question just asked. "We were due at Deer Lodge by eight o'clock to-night, but we've gone so slowly, we can't be near there."

"I should jedge," spoke up a rather roughlooking individual in the corner, "that we were in the heart of the Rockies."

"In the heart of the Rockies!"

This sounded cheerful to the shivering listeners, who eyed each other in silent consternation.

"Think I'll go and investigate things, too," said another man, rising. "I can't sit here quiet."

Two passengers followed him, and the rest waited in dreary silence, too anxious to talk. Now and then they glanced, with respectful curiosity, and even solicitude, toward a solitary woman's figure, hardly visible in the gathering gloom. seemed to the little party an interminable interval, until the door was pushed open and the conductor's face appeared.

"Wal, I reckon we're in fur it," he announced, "Can't git no further to-night—the tracks is packed hard, and the snow's still comin' down."

His hearers looked at each other in dull de-

"What are we going to do?" an anxious-look-

ing individual asked, rather sharply.

"Wal," responded the conductor, "I've been lookin' about. There's a minin' camp a little ways off—guess we'll have to go to it. Pretty rough lot, but it's better than spendin' the night here, an' we'll git somethin' to eat. Sorry about the lady, though, but it can't be helped. Won't be able to move along for several days, specially if this storm keeps on. Have to make the best of Rumsey's-how'll we git her over?"

"Thank you, but I am not afraid," came in a soft voice, but in determined accents, from a shadowy corner, and a sudden flash from the lamp, just lighted by the conductor, showed a girlish face as the speaker leaned forward. was a sail but beautiful face, without one trace of fear showing on it, and the look of perfect confidence which the eyes expressed as she turned them toward her companions touched every man's heart there.

Perhaps it was in answer to this look that an old gentleman, with silvery hair, turned to her

and said. gently: "You are very brave my child. but we will do the best we can to take care of you." "Thank you," she answered, again. "I know

vou will.'

Quite silently the few passengers and the employés—not more than a dozen in all—filed out of the cars at the conductor's invitation, and followed close on his lead. The young lady accepted the arm of her elderly protector, and in spite of brave efforts to keep up, was glad of its support. They struggled forward in the darkness and snow some little distance before they saw the gleam of lights.

"There's the hotel," said, or, rather, shouted. the conductor, in order that all might hear him, indicating, with a gesture, visible only to those nearest, the brightest light, and at the welcome sound of these words, his followers hurried on, and were soon under shelter.

"The hotel," as the conductor and the inhabitants of Rumsey's called it, with the largeness of ideas which belongs to primitive civilization, was a rough, wooden structure in a most undeveloped stage of hostelry, where the miners congregated for drinks. Its one superiority over the surrounding dwellings was its possession of a second story.

The conductor had explained matters to "mine host," a rather hard-featured Irishman, who received his new guests very politely, while the occupants of the bar-room slunk into the corner so as to leave room for the new arrivals.

The young lady clung closer to her companion, shrinking from the curious glances which fell upon her as she stood under the glare of the lamps; but she was not long exposed to this unwelcome gaze, for the landlord at once addressed the old gentleman with: "Shure and there's not much provision here for a lady; the last one—the ingineer's wife-wint home in September, but we'll do the best we kin. Jist come this way."

To the comparative privacy of the upper floor the young girl and her protector were escorted by their host, with many apologies for the insufficiency of the accommodations.

When, at last, the lady and gentleman were left to themselves, the latter introduced himself.

"My name is Barstow—Dr. Barstow," he said. "And mine is Hazel Dean. I teach school in St. Paul," his companion responded, sinking wearily upon the one chair which the room afforded. "No doubt you think it strange I should be here alone at this time, but my mother is ill-dying, perhaps-in Portland. She went with a friend—I could not afford to accompany her. I hoped to spend Christmas with her. They wrote me she was worse—perhaps it will be the —" The girl's voice broke, and her lips quivered. Digitized by Google.

The doctor looked down at her sympathizingly, as he stood in his great-coat, hat in hand, by the window.

"I'm afraid you'll not reach there before Christmas. Let me see—to-night's the 23d. I am very sorry, but I fear we shall have to remain here several days. However, we'll do the best we can to make you comfortable. Is your father living?"

"I—I do not know," came the hesitating answer, while the anxious look on the beautiful, tired face deepened into a cloud of sadness. "I have not seen him for years."

"I beg your pardon," said the doctor, hastily. "I did not mean to be curious."

"I know you did not," Hazel hastened to say. "It is a long story, and a sad one."

"I beg of you, do not distress yourself thinking about it," interrupted the doctor. "I am going to be practical, and see what we can find to eat;" and, as he finished speaking, he descended the ladder and proceeded to carry his idea into effect.

Left alone in the candle-light, the girl gazed about the cheerless room with sinking heart. The walls and roof were of bare shingle, the floor was of planks destitute of covering, and the only furniture was a mattress covered with a buffalo-robe, the pine chair on which she sat, and a wooden box holding her solitary candle, with a basin of What dreary fate, Hazel wondered, had stranded her in this desolate place, when she should have been by the bedside of her dying mother, the only human being in the world for whom, at two-and-twenty, she could really care? Love winged itself with fears, and flew to the spot where she fancied she could see her dear one's pale face. She was startled out of her sad dreams by the appearance of the doctor with

It was hard work to choke down the not very inviting food, but Hazel did her best, and soon afterward her kind friend bade her good-night.

Once more alone, the girl's thoughts turned again to her mother—her despair strengthened by her cheerless surroundings. Tired out at last, she lay down, and toward dawn slept heavily.

The dull-gray of a snowy morning penetrated boldly through the unshuttered windows of Hazel's room, and soon wakened her. She started up, threw off the buffalo-robe, and looked about in a bewildered way until she gradually realized where she was. Then she shivered—the room was cold—she had not noticed that last night. Slowly rising, she looked at the water in the basin; a thin film of ice had gathered over it. With another shiver, Hazel broke through this, and tried the difficult task of bathing. After a little there came a knock on the trap-door, and a voice—evidently Dr. Barstow's—said:

"Breakfast is ready, Miss Dean. There is no body in the bar-room but the landlord and our party. Will you come down ""

"Certainly," she answered, and, not without assistance, descended the rickety ladder.

In the room below, she found her fellow-passengers, seeming now almost like old friends, gathered over breakfast. She felt hungrier than the night before, and was glad to eat a little.

"I have found a job," said the doctor, cheerfully, as he drank his coffee. "There's a man in camp dying for want of a physician—indeed, for want of good care, I fancy. I am going over after breakfast."

"Take keer ye don't finish him altogether," langhed the conductor, who, on the young lady's entrance, had retired respectfully into the background.

"Doctor," whispered Hazel, as that gentleman got into his great-coat, "if there is anything I can do, send for me, please. I am used to nursing. I have taken care of my mother for years. I should be glad of something to divert my mind, and a woman's help may be useful. Will you do so?"

Dr. Barstow looked into the pale, troubled face, and answered, promptly:

"Indeed I will. Good-by."

Then he was gone, and Hazel felt more alone than ever. One of the other men, a Mr. Stone—a clergyman, somebody volunteered the information—accompanied him, while some of the passengers started out, in spite of the storm, to explore, though their obliging host warned them not to go too far.

Hazel sat at the window, gazing out upon the eddying snow-flakes which the whirling winds drove against the pane. She could see little else. The other inmates of the room laughed, or joked, or grumbled, as their tastes inclined, restrained somewhat, in both amusements, by the presence of the slender figure in the plain dark-cloth dress. There was a fire down-stairs, and Hazel did not need hat or ulster here.

More than an hour wore away, when the door opened, and Mr. Stone appeared.

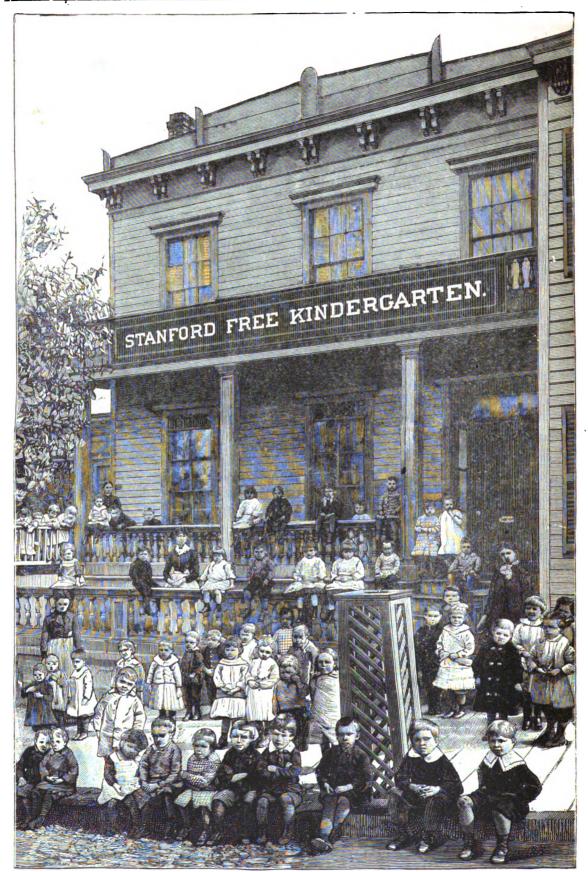
"Miss Dean, the doctor wants you," he said, and the girl rose at the summons with a positive sense of relief.

"I am so glad!" she exclaimed, speaking, almost unconsciously, aloud.

The messenger smiled quietly. He had heard the young lady's story, and knew that the good doctor, divining the anxiety weighing on that young heart, had sent for his nurse as much out of charity to her as to the patient.

It was only a short distance to the miserable shanty which the sick man called home, and Hazel was not sorry therefor. Through the blind-

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THE STANDFORD MEMORIAL KINDERGARTEN, SAN FRANCISCO.
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ing storm progress was very difficult, but they reached their destination at last.

A man of about fifty, looking, in spite of his wretched surroundings and unkempt appearance, like one who at least had been a gentleman, lay on straw, quite unconscious of any one's presence.

The doctor glanced up, with a smile, when Hazel entered. He perceived almost immediately that his new assistant belonged to the helpful order among her sex, and felt that he had found a valuable ally.

"I sent away the miner who was taking care of him—a rough fellow, but good-natured. It seems a young man in the camp—'a rale gintleman, the Irishman described him—had been living with the sick man, whom they call Carlton, before his illness. He took care of him until day before yesterday, when he got frightened and



went for the doctor who lives at ——. They tried here to persuade him not to go, but he would do it. Still, I think we shall be able to pull our patient through, Miss Dean."

"I hope so," was the cheerful answer.

With work to do, all the girl's native courage came to the rescue.

"The young man can't get back for a day or two now," continued the doctor. "It was a good thing I turned up—the sick man needed a physician—and a nurse," he added, with a smile.

The day went by quickly enough to Hazel and Dr. Barstow, for they had plenty to do. Mr. Stone brought them their dinner, and while he was gone, the doctor told her that the young clergyman was crossing the Rockies to meet his intended bride in Portland.

"Poor fellow," the narrator concluded, "he's dreadfully anxious—his time is growing short."

Night gathered about the little shanty. It was Christmas-eve. Hazel thought of her mother anxiously awaiting her—then she thought of the girl expecting her bridegroom. Never mind! It was all for the best now—she was helping some one. If only her mother grew no worse. The fear choiced her. But no! that could not happen—God could not be so cruel!

"It will be the first Christmas my mother and I have ever spent apart," she said, speaking her thoughts aloud. "And it may be her last one," she whispered, but could say no more. Dr. Barstow looked the sympathy which he had no words to express, but just then the sick man's eyes caught Hazel's keen glance. "See, doctor!" she exclaimed. "He is conscious."

They watched all night together, Hazel on the straw once occupied by the absent man, her companions on the floor. At last the girl's tired eyes closed in sleep; when she opened them, she met the doctor's smiling brightly at her.

"Merry Christmas!" he whispered. "Our patient is better—he is asleep."

What a strange Christmas! Hazel never will forget it among all her past or coming Christmases—she can never have another like it.

The storm had ceased, and the sun shone brilliantly over a landscape so enwrapped in dazzling whiteness that hardly an object was distinguishable.

- "They are working at the railroad—soon they will be able to establish communication." These joyful tidings were brought to the doctor and his assistant later in the morning. Hope renewed itself in Hazel's breast.
- "If we could only get to a telegraph-station!" she told the doctor. "I am so afraid my mother will be anxious."
- "I will ride over to-morrow if the road is passable," said the clergyman.

Their patient slept the greater part of the day, but when awake he was, though weak, still perfectly conscious. When dusk came on, the physician insisted that Hazel should go to "the hotel" and sleep; so she wrapped herself up, and stood waiting for her escort, Mr. Stone, to do the same, when the door was pushed hastily open, and a young gentleman entered, followed by an older man. Both were well muffled in furs. As the two arrivals stepped into the room the lamp-light fell full on their faces, and Hazel gave a low, sudden cry. Before any one could speak, the younger of the new-comers sprang forward.

"Hazel!" he exclaimed, in eager, tense tones; and the next instant, regardless of the others, he had folded her to his heart. A moment later, he as suddenly released her, and holding her still, but at arm's-length, asked, impressively: "Have I still the right?"

"Yes," she whispered, and again was clasped close, but only for a second; suddenly recollecting the spectators who stood amazedly regarding the scene, the girl quickly withdrew herself from the inclosing arms.

Then the young man remembered for the first time that they were not alone, and still holding Hazel's hand, faced them all.

- "I suppose you don't understand—at least you don't seem to—fellows. Shall I explain, Hazel?"
 - "Yes," she murmured.
- "Well, you see—" began the young stranger, a slight touch of shyness creeping into his tones, which had still an accent of pride in them. "Perhaps I can best explain matters, and in the fewest words, by saying that Miss Dean is my promised wife, and that I haven't seen her for three years."

"Say, old boy, I congratulate you," came in a feeble voice from the figure beneath the buffalorobe. "But what did you say her name was?"

Then every one remembered the sick man. He had been forgotten in this new drama, and he had been asleep when the two men arrived.

Hazel's lover at once stepped to the bed, and bending over his comrade, said, almost tenderly:

"Forgive me, Carlton; I had forgotten all about you; but this is the girl I promised to marry, three years ago. We parted in anger—a lovers' quarrel—and I came West. I wrote to her afterward, but my letters were returned. She had gone away, nobody knew where. We love each other still, and shall be happy yet!"

"Arthur," Hazel spoke very softly, but distinctly, "I wrote to you, too, but—"

"I never staid in one place long enough to get your letters, dear, I suppose," he interrupted.

"But what did you say her name was, Winthrop?" began the sick man, faintly, trying to raise himself on the pillow, and sinking back exhausted by the effort.

"Dean," answered Arthur, bending anxiously ever his friend; but the two doctors—for the elder stranger, Dr. Barstow had before this discovered, belonged to the medical fraternity—pushed him aside, and would have sent everybody away, had not their patient opened his eyes, and addressed Arthur.

"And what did you call her first?" he managed to articulate, and when the young man answered, "Hazel," he tried to raise himself again, saying, distinctly: "My wife's name was Hazel, and mine is Dean. Carlton was only an assumed name. Let me look at——" The words died on the speaker's lips, and he sank back unconscious.

Arthur pushed the pale and trembling girl on the only seat the place contained, while the two physicians worked with their patient until he clowly came back to life, and opening his eyes, gazed about him. The stimulants which the sick man eagerly swallowed revived him, and once more he tried to lift his head and look at Hazel.

Knowing it would be useless to refuse, Dr. Barstow drew her to the bedside. A strange excitement lent unwonted strength to the sufferer, and supported by the two men, he leaned forward, and gazed intently into the beautiful face before him.

"She is—the image—of—my wife," came, gaspingly, from the anxious gazer, and again he sank back on his pillow, unable to say more.

Dr. Barstow at once poured some whisky down the exhausted man's throat, and this gave him strength to continue.

"Arthur," he said, weakly, "tell them my story. You know it all but my name. Perhaps then my girl will recognize me. She has not seen me for eighteen years."

This man, whom they called Carlton, spoke with such certainty! A sense of conviction began to steal over Hazel, who was trembling so that the thoughtful doctor forced her to take some stimulant.

"Not here," began Arthur, hesitatingly. "Perhaps it would be better to let her recover from the shock;" but his comrade interrupted him with an urgent "Now," and a pleading glance of his hollow eyes, while Hazel spoke almost imperatively:

"Tell me at once. I am quite able to hear it."
Then in a few words Arthur told his betrothed how Carlton had lived, eighteen years before, in Boston—how he quarreled with his wite, and leaving her and his four-year-old girl to shift for themselves, had started for South America. He related, as briefly and tenderly as he could, Carlton's career of dissipation there, as the culprit himself had told it, and then spoke of the years of wandering in the West, the last ten of them spent in a slow struggle toward a new life.

"And he has succeeded in his brave efforts," Arthur ended, triumphantly, "for we have been together for nearly two years, and I can testify My friend has tried, too, to find his wife and child."

Conquering her emotion, Hazel rose and bent over the sick-bed. Surely there were some traces on the face she looked into of a picture which her mother kept among her treasures—a picture of her husband, taken just before his desertion.

Then Dean spoke.

"I think I can convince you, Hazel," he said.
"Open that little box, Winthrop," beckening to Arthur; "the one I gave you to take care of when I was first taken ill."

Slowly, and with shaking fingers, the sick man drew from the tiny casket handed him a daguerreotype which he placed in Hazel's palm. The moment she looked at it she knew it was her mother.

"Father," she whispered, falling on her knees beside the bed.

There was silence for awhile, broken at last by Dean, who looked around, with a gleam of pride in his sunken eyes, and called, faintly:

"Come here, Winthrop; I am so glad; there is only one thing, old boy—I should die nappy if I could see her your wife."

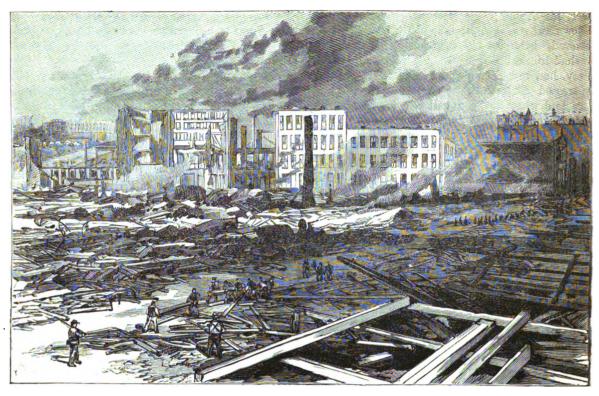
Dr. Barstow glanced at the lovers. "He may not live long," he whispered; then at Mr. Stone: "Here is a minister," he suggested, softly; and looking up, Hazel read in Arthur's eyes the question which his lips dared not speak.

"If you—if my father wishes it," she murmured, and scarcely realizing what was happening, she clung to her lover.

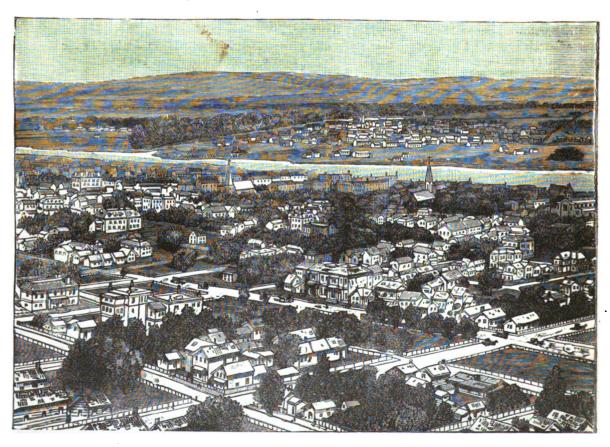
Five minutes later a strangely solemn ceremony was performed at the bedside of Hazel's new-found parent, and when it was over Arthur took his bride back to the hotel.

The day after Christmas, young Winthrop telegraphed to Mis. Dean that her daughter was safe, and the following morning the trains began to run. Dr. Barstow staid with Mr. Dean while the newly made husband and wife went on to the mother, and Mr. Stone joined his betrothed in time for the wedding, as they afterward heard. As Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop got off the train, the conductor shook hands with them, saying: "Arter all, 'twa'n't sech a bad Christmas fur ye;" and a year later, when the long-parted husband and wife, forgiven and forgiving, were together again, and a little of her mother's lost health seemed to have came back, Hazel, happy in Arthur's love, could indeed echo the words.

She is richer, too, in the friendship of the old doctor, as her children will doubtless be by his wealth, and will always bless her strange "Christmas in the Rockies."



SEATTLE AFTER THE GREAT FIRE-PREPARING TO REBUILD.



PORTLAND, OREGON.

A NINETEENTH-CENTURY PILGRIMAGE.

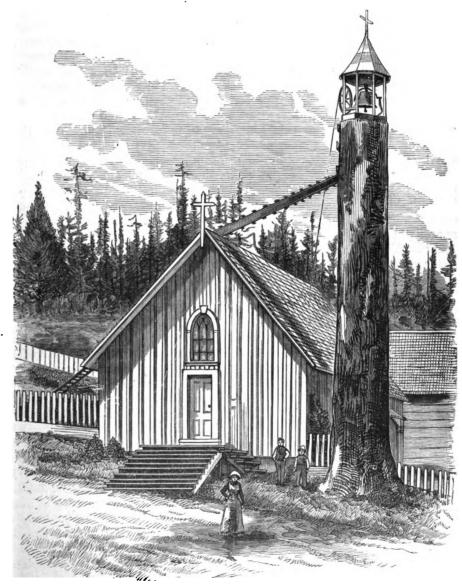
By Louise Seymour Houghton.

There are two points in which it differed from those pilgrimages of the olden time around which such a halo of romance clusters. Both in its purpose and its personnel it was antipodally unlike them. Our nineteenth-century pilgrims were seeking, not their own salvation, but that of other folk—the morally broken-backed and weak-kneed members of society, the criminal, the tempted, the pauper, the sick, and those most pitiful of all human creatures, more sinned against than sinning, the little children of our city streets. And nothing could be more unlike the stern ascetics and melancholy devotees of former days than the band of sturdy, cheery, practical men and women,

with a sprinkling of bright young men and maidens—just enough to keep things moving—who sallied forth from Chicago one rainy night last September, on a pilgrimage to the Sixteenth National Conference of Charities and Corrections, to be held in San Francisco.

There were no peas in our shoes, you may be assured, and fasting was the last thing we thought of. The most luxurious of Pullman cars composed our special train; sumptuous meals appeared, as if by magic, in the very desert; and for all minor matters, was there not with us that kindliest of "personal conductors," Mr. J. M. Hunt, of the Chicago and Alton Railroad? Verily, a nineteenth-century pilgrimage hath its own advantages over those of the olden time.

"Write me as one who loves his fellowmen," said Abou ben Adhem, and thus might the recording angel have written down each one of our pilgrims. There were members of State Boards of Charities, trustees of private philanthropies and officers of penal institutions; matrons of little children's homes, and superintendents of poor farms, and physicians of insane and pauper hospitals; there were Protestants and Catholics and Jews; but there was not one among us who, loving his fellow-men, did not love them first of all for God's sake. The enthusiasm of humanity may do much, but there are few who work for long consecutive years to build up the weak and raise the fallen who do not find that, for their own benefit as well as that of "the



EPISCOPAL CHURCH AND BELFRY, TACOMA, WASHINGTON.

dangerous classes," Napoleon was right when he said that, if there was no God, it would be necessary to invent one.

Philanthropists are proverbially busy folk, and the far-away goal of our journey made it impossible for some to join the pilgrim band who commonly shed much lustre on our Conferences. We missed such men as Frank Sanborn and Bishop Whipple, and President Gilman and General Brinkerhoff and William P. Letchworth; and such women as Josephine Shaw Lowell and Clara Barton-men and women whose utterances in our councils have always been most weighty. But we had with us the honored President of our Conference, Bishop Gillespie of Western Michigan, a man who deems himself to be no less surely serving his Master when he presides over the State Board of Charities than when ruling over the councils of his Church. And we had Mr. Wines, of the Illinois State Board, facile princeps in matters of penology; and Dr. Byers, of the Ohio State Board, humorous and sympathetic, who preaches t) criminals as no other man perhaps since St. Paul has known how to do; and the Rev. Oscar McCulloch, of the Organized Charities of Indianapolis, whose wonderful paper on the Children of Ishmael, presented before last year's Conference in Buffalo, attracted the attention of two continents; and John Glenn, of the Organized Charities of Baltimore, blind, but most open-eyed of soul; and Lucius Storrs, of Michigan, the Executive Secretary of the Conference, to whose indefatigable labors for months before we hardly owed more than for his active co-operation in the impromptu festivities with which the younger pilgrims beguiled our evening hours.

So we steamed out into the west by way of the Chicago and Alton Railroad, and next day found us rushing along the Union Pacific, where it runs through the lovely green, flower-bespangled prairies of Kansas. Their richness, their verdure, their abundant beauty, the vast herds of cattle, the frequent thriving towns, the cheerful country houses, beautiful with osage-orange hedges and rows of cotton-woods and willows, provoked a smile as we recalled to mind that we had crossed that meridian of which, in 1842, the Superintendent of Indian Affairs sagely prophesied as "the limit beyond which civilized men are never likely to settle," and of which he piously opined that "a beneficent Creator seems to have intended this dreary region as an asylum for the Indians"! He would be a lucky Indian who should get foot-hold in Kansas to-day.

On we flew, by day and by night, past the haunt of the prairie-dog and the region of the dug-out, where childhood played merrily around the paternal chimney. An occasional coyote slunk away across the prairie, a silver fox flashed briefly

into view, the broad plain stretched away illimitably under the blue Colorado sky, so very flat as to awake strong doubts whether, after all, the nursery rhyme was right in saying:

"The earth is round, and like a ball Is hanging in the sky."

Then came a brief hour of fêting and feasting at Denver, and a transfer into the narrow-gauge cars of the Denver and Rio Grande Road, and away we sped along the eastern wall of the Rocky Mountains, towering gray, mysterious and majestic above the low range of softly rounded foothills. A sharp ascent brought us to Palmer Lake, a crystal mirror, lying on the exact summit of the Divide, more than 7,000 feet above the sea-level, with two outlets, one flowing northward to the Missouri, the other southward to the Arkansas. The engine stopped, and out poured the pilgrim band to the shores of the lovely marvel—some of the younger folk springing into a boat, only to be recalled by a peremptory whistle.

So we speed across a continent; through the Royal Gorge of the Arkansas, where the awful secrets of age-long conflicts, the birth-throes of a world, are stamped forever on the tortured rocks; through the fair valley where tower the three Collegiate Peaks; over the Great Divide by way of Marshall Pass, where two strong engines drag our short train up the steep inclines, around curves of wondrous daring, breasting precipitous slopes, leaping dizzy chasms, rounding bold spurs, doubling back and forth upon our path, and so attaining at last an altitude of more than 10,000 feet, beneath the extinct crater of old Ouray. The white peaks of the Sangre de Cristo peep over the dun-colored slopes of Mount Shevanna, amid whose deep defiles the mountain sheep still pasture, and the mountain lion watches for his prey. Along the bare hill-sides the old overland-stage road winds in and out. The abandoned Kirby road, highest in the United States, and storied with many a legend of daring outrage, crests the southward mountains. Then down the smiling Pacific Slope we glide, without steam and with all brakes on, to plunge at sunset into the weird recesses of the Black Canon.

In the mountainous stretches of sage-brush plain, we take our ease from scene-gazing. Middle-aged pilgrims visit from section to section, and from car to car, "keeping their friendships in repair," as Dr. Johnson thriftily admonishes, by planting seeds of new acquaintance for future ripening. Jovial Andrew Elmore bustles about, singing, "There's a hole in the bottom of the sea," and pouncing upon candidates for the Brotherhood of Ananias, of which he announces himself president. The young pilgrims make merry, after the manner of their kind, with lively

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talk and decorous flirtations. The Boston girl invites us to a party in her car, with ginger-snaps and olives by way of "sworry." Occasionally, perchance, a brother or sister is caught napping, indulging in one of those brief "twinklings of oblivion," in which gentle Charles Lamb delighted. There is always a laughing group where Dr. Byers, with his grave face, and that wicked little glint of eye, tells his irresistibly funny And when Mr. Wines and Mr. Hart get into the mood for what Alexander Johnson irreverently designates as "swapping lies," no two ministers within the four seas can surpass them. There is a good deal of "shop" talk between whiles. Friendly Visitors exchange experiences with poor-house wardens, and members of State Boards dole out nuggets of pure philanthropic wisdom to appreciative listeners. For, after all, was not this pilgrimage artfully designed to be a sort of preliminary Conference in which our hearts should get well warmed up to the work before us?

There is an oasis in the sage-brush; it is when we pass through Castle Gate (its crenelated top 680 feet above us), into the busy Price River Canon, where tents and booths, open-air fires and mud ovens, and mines and railway embankments, tell of Mormon activities. Then comes fair Jordan Valley and the sparkle of Utah Lake, and far beyond, in the shadow of the Wasatch Range, the huge oval dome of the tabernacle and the four square pillars of the temple, where Salt Lake City lies.

The pilgrims find that as philanthropists they have something to learn of the Saints. Zion is an anscrupulous oligarchy, but there are no paupers within her gates, and her streets are clean.

To the crossing of the Sierras words are powerless to do justice. We had been fairly steeped in sensations, but our overcharged souls could not refuse to thrill as we stood on the car-platform in the dead of night, and made the wonderful passage. Beyond all description was that illimitable scene when we rounded the precipice of Cape Horn, and gazed down 2,000 feet to the river below, and over a multitudinous sea of mountaintops, white with mist and moonlight, to the vague mfinity beyond. When morning dawned we were smid the orchards of the Pacific Coast, and soon were shaking hands with a Reception Committee, come to Port Costa to meet us.

How glad San Francisco was to see us, to be sure! There has been a great rousing of interest in philanthropic questions within the past ten years, and as the National Conference is always found to be a centre, not only of illumination, but of enthusiasm, San Francisco had greatly coveted our presence. An earnest but hitherto tutile effort for the creation of a State Board of Charities would, it was hoped, receive new sup-

port through our influence. The Charity Organization Society, recently founded, looked to us for council, and on many another philanthropic subject San Francisco was in the mental attitude of Rosa Dartle, and "wanted to know."

So it welcomed the Eastern pilgrims as San Francisco knows how to welcome. We had hardly been there an hour when they began showing us the sights—the Seal Rocks and the Cliff, and the Presidio and Chinatown, and initiating us into the fun of those jolliest things in all the Westthe cable-cars. And when evening came, after the more formal meeting in which the delegates had been welcomed by Governor Waterman and Mayor Pond, and Mr. Perkins of the local committee, and their words of greeting had been answered by Mr. Wines and Mr. McCulloch and Dr. Hoyt-after Bishop Gillespie had delivered the annual address, reviewing the history of the National Conference, and showing the relative spheres of public and private benevolence—the meeting was dismissed with a benediction most impressively pronounced by Rabbi Voorsanger, and the whole body adjourned to the parlors of the Occidental Hotel, where a public reception was held, and the freedom of the city, in a manner, tendered to us all.

The real business of the Conference began next morning, and occupied two daily sessions for the seven days following, with the exception of Sunday. On that day the Conference sermon was preached by Dr. Stebbins, of the First Unitarian Church; and a mass-meeting on the subject of Charity Organization was held in the evening. Nearly all the principal pulpits of the city were occupied in the morning by Eastern clergymen, and Dr. Byers went over to San Quentin and preached to the 1,300 state prisoners.

The subjects of the twelve regular meetings of Conference were very much those which usually occupy it: reports from States; from committees appointed to prepare papers on the subjects of prisons, reformatories, alms and work houses, hospitals, insane asylums; on defective and dependent children, paupers, State Boards of Charities and Charity Organization. The last two being of especial interest to San Francisco people, received especial attention. Dr. Byers, in his able report, showed the functions and powers of State Boards, and explained the character of their Thirteen States now have Boards of Charities and Corrections, and several others are moving to secure what experience has shown to be well-nigh indispensable. Much of the most important and best-considered penal and reformatory legislation of recent years is directly due to the action of State Boards. Such laws as those of Massachusetts removing toundlings from asylums to carefully supervised private homes—a

measure which has lessened the death-rate of these little unfortunates from ninety-five to four-teen per cent.—the New York law removing children from alms-houses, and the admirable Michigan laws with respect to dependent and delinquent children, are due to the Boards of Charities and Corrections of those States.

In a city so famed for free kindergartens as San Francisco, the subject of the care and training of little children naturally took a prominent place. It is well known that Mrs. Leland Stanford has contributed more than \$40,000 to the maintenance of this beautiful charity, and Dr.

Oakland gave us an excursion to their beautiful suburban city, driving us to see the Deaf and Dumb Asylum and the State University at Berkeley. The Occidental Mission to the Chinese, the Ladies' Century Club and the Young Women's Christian Association opened their doors for public receptions. The city treated us to an excursion around the far-famed Bay, Major McMurray, in command at the Fort, and Lieutenant Gateman, of General Miles's staff—the idol of the Apache Indians—offering their services as ciceroni, and Secretary of State Hendricks coming down from Sacramento to do us honor.



"THE ANGELUS," BY MILLET (PUBCHASED BY THE AMERICAN ART ASSOCIATION FOR \$110,000).—SEE PAGE 31_

McDonald and Mrs. Lester Norris are hardly less closely associated in this work. The report by Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper, whose name is familiar wherever kindergartens are known as the founder of the Golden Gate Kindergarten Association, was received with deepest interest, and formed the basis of more than one discussion. The interest of the debate centred around the question whether the kindergarten should be made a part of the public-school system or not. Although opinions were pretty nearly equally divided, it was noticeable that those practically conversant with the work were invariably in favor of thus extending its sphere of usefulness.

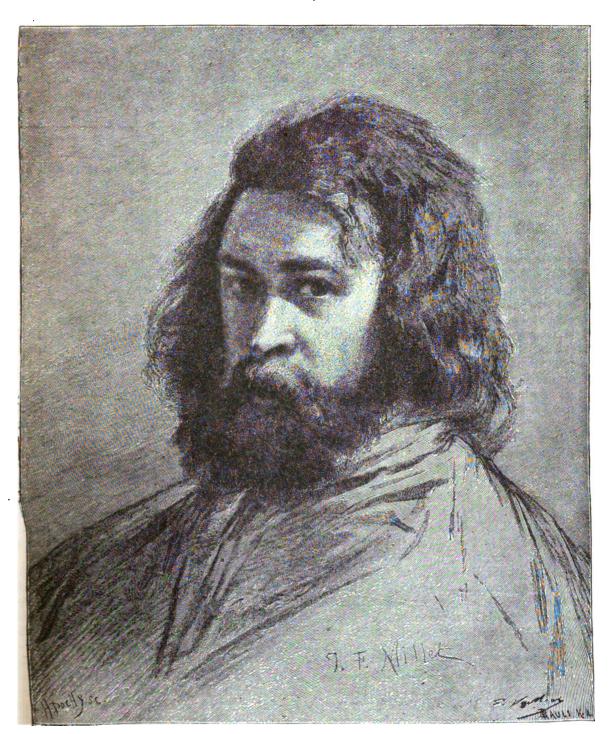
The hos, italities were many. The citizens of

And when the Conference was over, Senator Stanford invited the whole body to his beautiful estate, Palo Alto. He entertained us for an entire day with a sight of the new university which he is erecting in memory of his only son, and of his famous stables.

To sum up the utterances of Conference, they might almost have been resolved into these two: the need of individualization and of co-operation in such work as ours. The convict, the insane, the wayward child, the foundling, are to be dealt with, not in the mass, but as individuals. A quiet home, a mother's care, the encircling arms of love, the appeal to the image of God within, the development of that image in man or woman,

these are the hope of the insane, the orphan, the waif, the criminal, the fallen woman. And for the workers, whether in institution or church or

ble one. In the week of our communing a great warmth had been generated, so that, as Dr. Byers said, if the Conference could have held over home, hearty, cordial, all-embracing alliance and another seven days there would have been a



JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET .- FROM THE ARTIST'S CHARCOAL PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF.

entire co-operation are the only guaranty of efficient work. "All ye are brethren," must be the motto of every one who serves his fellow-men.

genuine philanthropic revival in San Francisco. The speakers were full of bright stories. Bishop Gillespie, in laying down the gavel of president, The last session of Conference was a memora- and introducing his successor, the well-beloved

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for his strenuous opposition, last year, to the proposal to hold Conference in San Francisco, saying that if he had carried his point it would have been the great mistake of his life.

That last hour at Palo Alto, when we waited for the south-bound train which was to carry way a portion of the pilgrim band! How we tried to keep up our spirits under the impending farewell! How we trolled college ditties, and caused the "sounding aisles of the greenwood" to ring with the full-voiced chords of "America"! How we kept back the foolish moisture from our eyes as we sang "Auld Lang Syne"! though to many of us "lang syne" was no more than three weeks old. How sorrowfully we looked for the last time into the speaking, sightless face of Mr. Glenn (the last, we trust, only till we meet again in Conference next year in Baltimore), and gave the last hand-grasp to our bright little reporter, Mrs. Barrows, and waved adieu to the Boston girl, and heard for the last time the cheery voice of our dear old disciple of Ananias, as he shouted from the fast-receding back platform, "There as a hole in the bottom of the sea!"

The depleted pilgrim band was bound Portlandward, whither we had been urgently invited by the Governor of Oregon and the Organized Char-The Southern Pacific Railroad. ities of the city. with true Western liberality, construes its name so generously as not to stop short of the Columbia River. And the line by which it goes there is such a miracle of engineering skia, and carries one through a region of such surpassing beauty, that, philanthropy apart, we should have been loath to turn our faces homeward till we had crossed the Shasta Range to Portland.

As we drew near to Portland on the morning of the second day, Mr. Thomas N. Strong, a prominent lawyer and President of the Associated Charities, and the Mayors of Salem and Portland, came to escort us to the city. With them came a tribute of Oregon fruits-huge water-melons, luscious peaches, fragrant grapes—as generous as the hospitality of which they were a prophecy.

Portland is a lovely city, most beautifully situated on the Willamette River (the reader will kindly emphasize the second syllable). It has already overgrown the broad slope at the waterside, and is beginning to overspread the top of the cliff which rises a thousand feet or so above the valley. A fine road winds above the face of the cliff, but carriage locomotion is too slow for the West, and they are building a cable road which, beginning soberly enough on terra firma, suddenly makes a wild leap to the summit, on trestles I dare not say how high and at an angle of I cannot conjecture how many degrees. We had fairly reveled in dashing up and down the Hun-

Dr. Byers, gracefully made the amende honorable | dred Hills of San Francisco in the cable-cars: but we looked significantly at one another in Portland, and secretly congratulated ourselves that the cable road was not finished. In the abundance of their hospitality they would have had us flying down that awful incline, if it had been. was, they took us to drive over the lovely winding cliff road, and then carried us to their boautiful Children's Home, where the sweet-faced woman in charge is "aunty" to the whole two hundred, and where an enchanting garret, with baby-houses and hobby-horses, well interprets the Portland people's meaning of the words charity

> It was, therefore, not to be wondered at that our three meetings of Saturday evening and Sunday afternoon and evening gathered audiences of from one to two thousan I, that the churches gave their pulpits to our ministers in the morning, and closed their doors for the remainder of the day, and that even the Salvation Army (I think it was) waived in our favor its claim upon the Tabernacle, and suspended its meetings till ours were over.

> The Portland people took us up the Columbia River on Monday—a long day's excursion, in which Mr. Steele and some young ladies of the Alpine Club acted as our especial hosts. river, surely, can compare in majesty with this, as it sweeps grandly down the vast solitudes between miles of giant mountain domes and palisaded cliffs 2,000 feet high. The first frosts had flung a gorgeous robe across the forests, and the intense colors - gold, orange, scarlet, crimson. purple-melting into the lovely background of dun-colored self-cured hav, produced velvety light-and-shade effects which are perfectly indescribable.

> At the last, as we were returning home at sunset, the smoke of forest fires cleared away, and there, above the city, was the white pyramid of Mount Hood, blushing divinely rose-colored in the after-glow.

With no more philanthropic intent than our own pleasure, we flitted by night to Puget Sound, to see those young giants of the North-west, the cities of Tacoma and Seattle. Tacoma, beautifully situated on Commencement Bay, under the very shadow of that loveliest of snow-mountains, Tacoma (called Ranier at Seattle and on the maps), with all her 25,000 inhabitants, had not been so much as thought of ten years ago. True, there is Old Town, which some sixteen years ago bore the name since appropriated by the lasty young cuckoo which has usurped her nest and crowded her out into the suburbs. It is in Old Town-new enough, for all its name-that they boast of the oldest church-spire on the Western Continent. And so, most probably, it is; for, when Bishop Morris, sixteen years ago, built the

little chapel of "Old St. Peter's," he placed it close beside a giant trunk left blackened but upright by some forest fire, and sawing it off atop, perched the tiny belfry thereupon, and there they are, both church and steeple, unto this day.

We went to Seattle by boat on Puget Sound one lovely afternoon, winding our way between the superb masses of the Olympic Range and the forest-clad foot-hills over which Tacoma queens it in white sublimity. Not even Naples is more beautiful for situation than Seattle. But oh, the indescribable bustle and stir and kaleidoscopic movement of Seattle since the fire of last June! Tents and board shanties and half-built walls. derricks and piles of building materials, colored lanterns, electric lights, crowds of laboring people streaming along the incumbered streets, and over all the voices, the movement, the glare, the loud clang, clang and rush and flare of cable-This is the burnt district, and above, on the steep hill-sides, are broad avenues and stately houses, and churches and public buildings, and the great high school standing up against the sky.

We took the cable-cars for Lake Washington, a magnificent sheet of water on the further side of the hill. The stars had all the intense vividness of a clear midwinter night, but there were no unfathomable interstaller spaces: the whole sky was one sparkling expanse of star-dust, most magnificent to see.

There, beside the broad expanse of Lake Washington, beneath that glorious star-glitter, the nineteenth-century pilgrims found their Ultima Thule. Differing so widely from their prototypes of an earlier age, who shall say that their keen delight in the beauty of nature was not as pleasing to God as their zeal for the welfare of men, and that both were not more purifying to the soul than all the austerities by which pilgrims of a former time won their painful way toward holiness and heaven?

MILLET AND HIS MASTER-PIECE.

GAMBETTA, whose many-sided genius embraced an enthusiastic love of art heightened by the subtle appreciation of a born connoisseur, visited the Wilson Gallery in Brussels, in 1873, and wrote down his impressions in a letter which, having but recently come to light, possesses extraordinary interest. "The Wilson Gallery," he says, "is especially remarkable as a collection of landscapes. Among the Flemings, who hold an unobtrusive place in it, we remark with praise the three great representatives of the contemporary French school, Dupré, Rousseau and F. Millet. . . Millet appears with his marked character of a painter of the seasons, the fields and the peasants. | Here are its stages | Sold for 3,000 francs by its

"The Angel is the masterpiece in which two peasants, bathed in the pale rays of the setting sun, bow, full of mystical thrills at the penetrating sound of a bell ringing for evening prayer at the monastery visible on the horizon, compelmeditation on the still powerful influence of religious tradition among the rural population. With what minuteness and yet breadth these two grand outlines of the peasant and his servant stand out on the still, warm field! The task 13 over, the wheelbarrow is there, full of the day's harvest. and they are about to return to the cottage for the night's rest. The bell has rung the curfew of labor, and at once these two dark animals, as La Bruyère would say, stand up, erect and motionless. They are waiting for and counting the strokes of the bell, as they did yesterday, and as they will do to-morrow, in an attitude too natural not to be habitual, before taking the road which leads to the village. The fleecy and melancholy sky which hangs over the landscape shares in the pensiveness which dominates the picture.

"The scene is admirable, and has a wider bearing than the subject. You feel that the artist is not merely a painter, but that, living ardently amid the passions and problems of his age, he takes his share in them, and transports the portion which he has grasped to his canvas. Painting thus understood ceases to be a mere spectacle; it rises higher, and assumes a moralizing and educating róle. The citizen infuses the artist, and, with a grand and noble picture, we have a lesson of morality."

Such was the great French statesman's appreciation, sixteen years ago, of the now world-famous picture, which was "knocked down "at the Secrétan sale in Paris last Spring for 553,000 francs (\$110,600), subsequently to be purchased by the American Art Association and brought to the United States.

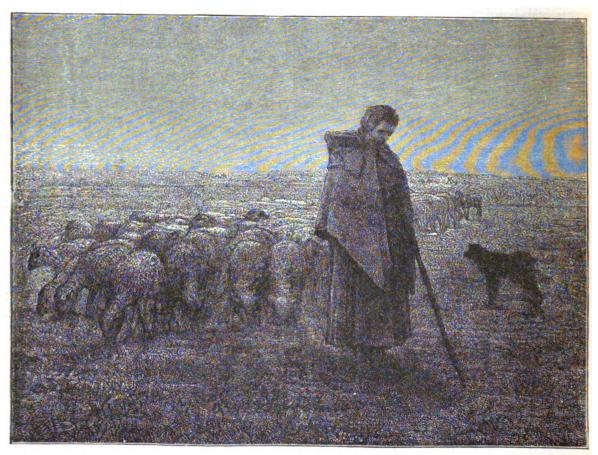
The missing links in the history of "The Angelus" are supplied in the reminiscences furnished by one of the sons of the painter, who reverts to the time when the picture was fresh from the brush: "I was hardly eight years old -it was thirty-four years ago. My father had not succeeded in selling the picture of which there is now so much talk; he could hardly show it to anybody-nobody wanted it. One day, however, an American amateur made an offer, which my father accepted, only too happy at the prospect of receiving some money; but on the next day he received a letter from this gentleman telling him that, having reflected, he would not buy the picture, as it was too small for the price. At last, thanks to M. Sensier, my father sold it for 1,800 francs, I believe, to M. Alfred Feydeau."

From 1,800 to 553,000 francs is a long journey.

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first owner in 1870, "The Angelus" was bought not long after by M. Van Praet for 5,000 francs. Everybody knows how this famous art amateur tired of the masterpiece. All who visited his gallery stopped before "The Angelus," and murmured, "You can actually hear the bell!" This "chestnut," as American boys would call it, so irritated the owner that he exchanged "The Angelus" for another work by Millet, with less sentiment, but not the less remarkable, "A Shepherd Gathering his Flock." M. John W. Wilson, of Brussels, became the owner, and it was at the sale

ning in 1848, when he exhibited "The Winnower"—the picture in which he first showed his purpose to abandon the gallantries of mythology, with their bathing women and swans—all was changed. Millet's talent was defined in 1851, in "The Sower," and in 1853 in three pictures with an original and intense savor—"The Sheepshearer," "The Shepherd" and "The Harvesters"—and a sort of group was formed among the buyers who considered Millet as one of the surest hopes of the new school, and as one of the most incontestable among the coming masters. Still,



"THE SHEPHERDESS."- FROM THE PAINTING BY MILLET.

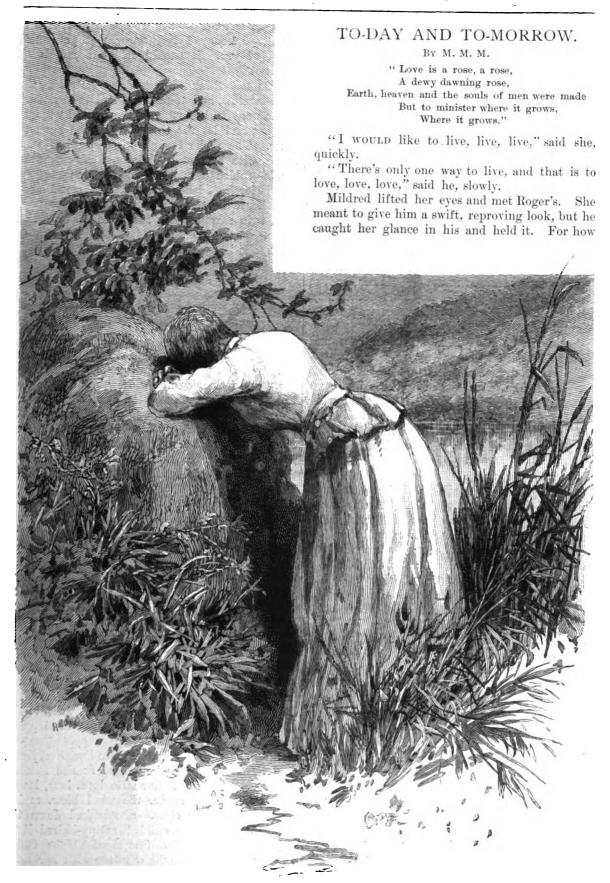
of his gallery, in 1881, that M. Secrétan bought it for 160,000 francs.

The fact that Millet received only \$360 for the work which, less than fifteen years after his death, brought the enormous price named in connection with the Secrétan sale, served to emphasize in the popular mind what Gaston Calmette calls, in the Paris Figaro, "the famous legend of the misery enveloping and strangling at once the great painter and his family."

Beyond doubt Millet was for a long time misunderstood. His early life was painful, his youth was the prey of hard necessity, and some of his first works were sold at mean prices. But beginit is certain that his works did not earn the large sums that we know are now paid for them; and Millet, in his most enthusiastic dream, would never have dared to forecast the destiny of "The Angelus."

Millet, tall, stout, with his wooden shoes, his hair thrown back, exposing an obstinate forehead and blue eyes, his bull neck and his peasant hands, continued his work unwearyingly until his death, in 1875.

The sale organized after the death of the great artist yielded his widow 431,050 francs. A modest pension was also allowed by the Government.



"AGAINST THE SHADOW OF A GREAT GRAY BOCK--THE WIND BLOWING THROUGH THE PINES NEAR BY-RESTED. THE STREAM FLOWED PAST." Digitized by Google Vol. XXIX., No. 1-3.

long? She did not know. She heard a child's laugh in the distance, and a bird's song, and the sough of the wind in the pine-tops; she felt the little curl behind her ear float forward, but he looked at her still. All the tame, weary lifethe long hours of reading, of stitching, of caretaking for the forlorn old invalids, that made up the round of Mildred's duties, faded suddenly away. She forgot them. All before had been chaos: this was creation. A wave of life ran through her. She no longer struggled with his glance, which was growing bolder. When the thrush called again, she smiled; as the breeze blew, she sighed—a long, slow, happy smile of content.

For a miracle had happened. Dull earth had turned into an orb of light, and she touched this glorious circle with her foot, and held her head, as if she were Venus, proudly up in blue ether, and felt herself whirling through space in a swift, triumphant flight.

Again the child laughed in the distance, and Mildred laughed too, lightly.

The man drew nearer. He took her hand. She gave it him. He pushed back her hair gently from her brow, almost reverently; soft, waving hair from a clear, noble brow. At last she could escape his eyes. She closed her own.

"The way to live is to love, dear girl," he said.

She made no reply.

'He stooped and kissed her, first on her brow; and again she heard the thrush in the pine-trees; then—suddenly—on her lips. The great, luminous, whirling orb of light grew misty before her She was blinded; the sounds of Nature were silent. She heard only the beating of a man's heart against her own. The rose she had held in her hand fell. She lived—she loved!

Again, in the distance, the child laughed.

It was a day of days, that day, and they spent it together. Mildred was so alive, that all things were transformed to her. Never before surely so blue a heaven, never so golden a sunlight, never such divine greenness spread over earth. Nature was a rainbow of promise to her. she lived—she loved!

They wandered; they rested. By a stream that babbled, and further along was silent. Flowers grew about them - marguerites, blue grasses and sentinel sumac. Leaves and branches made bowers for them to shield them from the golden sun. They wandered on. Once, as they rested, he left her, and she sat there, silent, smiling, happy, thinking of the flocks of Admerocks rose, gray and moss-covered, under the foot against the gravel. pines. Here they rested once more.

As he left her at her door, she said, lightly: "And yesterday I had never met vou, never heard of you. It should frighten me, but it does not."

"Do not think of yesterday," he said, "but of to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow."

She went to her room. She opened wide her window, and let the thick moonshine flood the There she lay all night on her white couch, with her hands-her long, slim, beautiful hands-folded over her breast, which rose and fell. Her soft hair closed like a cloud about her; her eyes were open, and shone like newly born twin stars shining from the heavens, their

Ah, she lives—she loves!

"Love is a rose, a rose, But a something thorny rose: And the thorns prick all the year. Alas! 'Tis the flower that comes and goes, Comes and goes."

When the sun, the dear old sun, shone again, she slept, and when she wakened, the fresh leaves blowing in at her window drew her to the day-She glanced down the street. Under the elms, back to the right, two doors below, on the opposite side, stood a white, old-fashioned house. It was there that she had met him the day before. Old Mrs. Gardner had said, "My cousin," and she had bowed coldly and carelessly, and he had bowed low. Then he had spoken, and a something in his voice had unsettled her. recalled now that she had gone out that morning in her usual numbed, quiet state of mind, and when he had spoken with her she had changed -had grown suddenly restless, eager, like a bird beating against prison-bars. They had talked together under the old elms that shade the Gardner house, and when she had arisen, half unwillingly, to go, he had sauntered down the pathway to the gate, opened it, let her pass, half bowed, as if to leave her, then suddenly followed -joined her.

They had walked away together, past the cheerless invalid home, on down the lane, over the brook, beyond the mill-pond and the falls, to the little bit of pine-land. There they had stopped, . as if expectant.

She had said: "I would like to live, live, live," and he had replied-she smiled as she remembered —"The way to live is to love, love, love."

The bird sang again, the wind blew, and a child's voice rang clear. She looked down the street, and saw the child, a sunny-haired little girl, gleeful and fair. She stood at the Gardtus. Toward sunset they came to a forest. Great | ners' gate, and beat a light tattoo with her little.

· ---- Papa!" she called. "Papa!"

Mildred looked at her, and her heart softened. "Papa!" cried the child again. "Papa, mamma is waiting for you!" and down the street, in the sunlight, Mildred saw a woman's slight form pacing to and fro.

A man's voice answered the child; a man's step came down the gravel; out of the shadow of the elms stepped a man's figure, tall, lithe, debonair, to match the child, a smile on his face, a thrill in his voice. He lifted the little girl, and held her high in air on his shoulder, like a glorious torch. There they paused in the sunlight of the new day, father and child, pristine in their fresh beauty and strength. And Mildred gazed at them.

The man turned his face toward her. He saw her. His eye brightened. He leaned forward and smiled. Alas and alas! She saw him also. She knew him. Her white hand fell to her side. Again the world was blinded to her. The only sound she heard was the beating of a heart, a broken woman's heart in a desolate woman's bosom.

"Love is a rose, a rose.

'Tis only a faded rose;

The rose is dead. Its leaves are shed.

And here be the Winter snows,

Winter snows."

Later in the day, a numbed and weary creature stole down the river-path to the woods. Against the shadow of a great, gray rock—the wind blowing through the pines near by-she rested. stream flowed past. She thought, in a dazed way, how merciful was God; that she should hear only that sound. No bird's song now, no breeze, no heart-beats; above all, no voice of a child. the river, and it had a quiet, rhythmic song. would put her to sleep soon, she hoped. and over, like a child learning a dreary task, she said all this to herself. Slowly, thoughts formed themselves, clear-cut, incisive, like cameos. terday seemed a carven face, his face, tender, reverent, gentle, beatified by noble love. her own, white, sad, ghastly. To-morrow! She drew herself up hastily, and stood. To-morrow! Ah! A vision of a woman's form rose to her eyes -a silent form, hands clasped, closed eyes, lips sealed over a secret.

That vision would not go. She stood there smiling, for she heard once more the wind blow through pine-tops, and the thrush's song, and in the distance the voice of the child. She glanced about her, and recalled the spot—the gray, moss-covered rock, the shade of a pine-tree, the river flowing by. At her feet lay the faded petals of the rose that had dropped from her hand. She spoke aloud. "I cannot live," she said, "for I must not love."

Slowly, like a vestal virgin in her sacred tread.

she left the shade of the rock and pine, and moved toward the stream.

The child's voice drew nearer; with it, a woman's voice, brisk, merry, happy; and less often, a man's deep tone.

The vestal virgin paused, with her hands crossed prophetically upon her breast. "Mamma, papa," cried the child, "is that an angel?" and she pointed to the slender figure in white pausing in the sunlight, between the deep quiet of the forest and the swiftly flowing stream.

"Hush," said her mother; "hush, my child." The man's voice was silent, and yet Mildred thought she heard the beating of a heart—not the broken heart in the desolate bosom, but another.

The child's voice died away, and the mother's answered. Mildred listened. Their tones seemed to fade in a song, another voice deeper than theirs joining them.

When she was quite alone she stood upon the river's brink and looked about her. Not numb nor despairing now. She was not remembering, nor even trying to forget. This man who had passed with wife and child had faded from her thought. She looked triumphant—no martyr, but victor. She smiled, then sighed, then raised her eyes to Heaven. I have lived, I have loved, I may go," she said.

As she lay—her quiet form—in the old keeping room of the darkened house in the village street, a man passed, repassed, and at last entered. went into the silent room. A fresh fragrance floated in through the window. Her hands are clasped, her eyes closed, her lips sealed. He looked at her—but One looked on him that day! Ah! there are tales that heart's blood cannot pen, nor the souls of men bear to hear. Lucifer fallen! This was he, yet bright as the sun of the morning, as he stood by her grave. The neighbors said: What a kind man the Gardners' cousin must be! He looked so white and haggard at poor Mildred's funeral, and his voice trembled as he sang; for they had asked him to sing for them.

"I guess he's real pious," Miss Gardner's maid had said to her lover the next evening at the back gate. "When I come down-stairs this mornin', at four o'clock, don't you b'lieve that man was on his knees in his bedroom!—I seen him through a crack of the door; an' his wife, she was a-sleepin' jest as quiet an' peaceful, with her hand under her cheek. Real pretty she is. My! He must be awful good, mustn't he, Martin?"

"I don' know," said Martin, a shrewd Yankee farmer-boy. "I'd have to be awful wicked to be a-sayin' my prayers at that time o' day."





By C. HILLS WARREN.

It was not so very long ago when the stages ran between New York and Albany. The introduction of steam-boat navigation on the Hudson restricted stage travel to the Winter months; then the Hudson River Railroad was built to Peekskill in 1849, shortening the stage route to that point; and when, two years later, the road was opened to Albany, the stages were withdrawn.

In New York the terminus of the line was at Courtlandt Street, near Broadway. Afterward it moved farther up-town; and there are many people who still remember the old "Reef Tavern" on the corner of Broadway and Twenty-first Street, where the drivers and their horses rested over night, and passengers booked for their journev to the villages along the river. From that modest hostelry the route lay through Madison Square, east of the clump of willows, to what is now the intersection of Twenty-eighth Street and Fourth Avenue. Here stood the house of Peter Cooper on the east, with Bathgate, the butcher, opposite; making a turn there to the left, the stages rolled into the Bloomingdale Road and followed it, bearing a little more to the left at the Reservoir, on up "Breakneck Hill" and into the King's Bridge Road, which took them across the Spuyten Duyvil Creek, and so off the

wrought a wondrous change along this portion of the old road. The broad fields and well-kept orchards that lined the highway then have been cut up by streets and built upon; the cozy farm-houses and suburban villas are gone, or, like the Jumel and Hamilton mansions, stand hemmed in by solid blocks of brick and stone; and when in pleasant weather the "tallyho" of the coaching club rattles over the new Boulevard, with a swell clutching the

coach-horn with one hand and hanging to his strap for dear life with the other, the feeble notes sound like faint echoes of those brave staging days.

The building of the first bridge over Spuyten Duyvil Ferry was proposed by His Excellency the Governor in 1692. In the same year the Mayor, Aldermen and Assistants petitioned:

"That as Frederick Philipse will undertake to build the bridge at the said place, for the conveniency of all travellers and droves of cattle, at a moderate and reasonable toll, they do therefore humbly pray that if the said Philipse will undertake, in one year's time, to build a good and convenient draw-bridge for the passage of all travellers, droves of cattle, and passage of carts and waggons, for the toll of one penny for every neat cattle, and twopence for each man and horse, and twelvepence for each score of hogs and sheep, and sixpence for each cart and waggon that shall pass thereon, that he may have the preference of their Majesties' grant for the same by having a bridge built there."

In the following year, the fifth of King William III. and Queen Mary, the ferry, island and meadow were confirmed to Frederick Philipse, Lord of the Manor of Philipsburgh, by royal charter, and the toll-bridge which he was empowered to build and maintain was henceforth to be called King's Bridge.

across the Spuyten Duyvil Creek, and so off the Island of Manhattan. But a half-century has to New Haven, in the year 1704, says: "About



TOLL-GATE. Digitized by Google

five o'clock came to Spiting Devil, else King's Bridge, where they pay threepence for passing over with a horse, which the man that keeps the gate, set up at the end of the bridge, receives." And so for nearly a hundred years the revenues of the bridge enriched the great manor through which the highway ran. Then came the revolt of the Colonies, and at the close of the struggle, the confiscation of the Philipse estates by the victorious Americans. Throughout the Revolution the bridge played an important part in the movements of both armies, and while the British occupied New York several engagements took place in its vicinity. Major-general Heath has described these skirmishes in his "Memoirs," and in 1781 he writes:

"The late skirmish was occasioned by the American army's moving down, in order to give the French officers a view of the British outposts near the bridge. A number of Americans were killed and wounded by long shot from the yaugers of the ennemy, who kept up a popping fire whenever they could reach our troops."

The earth-works can still be traced on the hills in the vicinity of the bridge; and a few years ago the remains of a British officer were disinterred on the old battle-ground, with the number of his regiment still legible on the brass buttons of his uniform.

The road beyond King's Bridge is now called Broadway, and the name clings to it for many miles up the river. At first, the traveler is disposed to resent this evidence of metropolitan influence; but as he goes farther the conviction grows upon him that the title is very appropriate. Nowhere else in America can such a road as this be found. For thirty miles it has street-lamps and sidewalks; and everywhere it wears a look of age, substantiality, wealth and refinement. It has, too, an air of exclusiveness. After it crosses the city limits, dips into the bed of an ancient gulley that forms the main street of Yonkers, and climbs the hill beyond, it passes into the villa region of the Hudson.

No homes could be more beautiful. gate-lodges stand guard at the entrance to gravel drives and well-clipped lawns; and the sunlight flashes spitefully from the glass roofs of acres of graperies and conservatories, or kisses the gav borders and flower-beds timidly, they are so very On both sides of the road are rows of forest trees. Elms, willows, locusts and sugar-maples throw shadows across the way, and stretch their green boughs overhead, swaying and nodding gravely to one another in the breeze, while their leaves rustle softly, like the whispered confidences of old neighbors. Creeper and ivy twine about the sturdy trunks, and through the openings in the sylvan wall you catch glimpses of terraced country-seats and the sparkle of the river

beyond. It is a village street all the way to Tarrytown; and Glenwood, Hastings, Dobb's Ferry and Irvington are only accentuation points.

Just below Tarrytown, at the end of a narrow street or lane running down to the river, stands "Sunnyside," the home of Washington Irving. It is a rambling sort of house, suggesting in its appearance an effort to climb the hill at the rear and join the other houses in the village. The gray stone walls overrun with vines, the red roofs and the conspicuous weather-vanes denote plainly its Dutch origin and occupancy. Built by Wolfert Ecker in 1656, the original structure was the stronghold of that bold marauder and his band. and was known as "Wolfert's Roost." During the Revolution its owner was a stanch Whig, named Jacob Van Tassel, and having made himself particularly offensive to the British, they came in his absence and set fire to it, in spite of the spirited defense of the women, who made a gallant fight with no other weapons than broomsticks and kettles of boiling water. But the walls remained, and a new roof soon covered them again; so that when Irving came to live there he found a house rich in memories of that quaint life and people he has written of so charmingly.

All about the village are objects that remind us of the gifted author. Here is Sleepy Hollow, with the quiet stream, which the Indians called "Po-can-te-co" (Run between the hills), still splashing over the dam by the old mill; and here is the church where the luckless Ichabod Crane led the choir on Sunday, and beside it the grave - yard from whence the "headless horseman" rode nightly in quest of his lost skull.

The church is an interesting relic; it has the queerest little weather-vanes atop, a bell no larger than a cow-bell, and the bricks in its door and window-trimmings were imported from Holland. A tablet in the front wall reads:

ERECTED
BY
FREDERICK PHILIPS
AND
CATHERINE VAN CORTLANDT,
HIS WIFE,
1699.

The tombstones are crumbling beneath Time's restless fingers, and it is impossible to decipher the inscriptions upon the oldest of them. Some bear dates as far back as 1750, in old-time text, with many odd and some historic names.

Across the street is the Philips Manor-house, built in 1683. But these old buildings will soon be lost in their new surroundings. Slaeperigh Hol is wide awake now. If kind-hearted Irving were to revisit the place, he would find that the few years since his death have made woful changes. There is a new bridge in place of

the one across which the "horseman" used to ing up the river nearly ten miles, and inland gallop to his unquiet grave; and the clink of hammer and chisel, in a stone-yard close at hand, assails our ears as we stand above those peaceful Dutch burghers who died so long ago.

The "Neutral Ground" of the Revolution embraced nearly the whole of Westchester County, and extended for thirty miles along the river. It was a populous and fertile region, and suffered from the depredations of both armies. See's store, in Tarrytown, was on the "line" in those days, and a famous hostelry, with hitching-posts for fifty horses, and plenty of good cheer for officers and men.

A little beyond the village stands a monument, erected by the citizens of Westchester County, in 1853, to commemorate the capture of Major André. It is surmounted by a bronze statue of a youth, in the half-military, half-civilian dress of that time, grasping the barrel of his musket while he looks off up the road, in expectation of a coming foe. The statue was unveiled September 23d, 1880, on the one hundredth anniversary of the event. Here, by the side of the brook that still ripples across the roadway, lay the "Skinners," John Paulding, Isaac Van Wart, and David Williams, on that clear September morn-They were playing cards and watching for "Cowboys" driving stolen cattle to the British army; but fortune sent a more important capture in the person of the young officer.

The story of Arnold's treason is recalled by many of the scenes in this locality. Ferry he first arranged for a meeting with André (the "Gustavus" of their previous correspondence); and across the river stands Long Cove Mountain, at the foot of which, under cover of the darkness, the meeting finally took place. Here is the bay below Teller's Point where the Vulture lay on the following morning when Colonel Livingstone fired the shots from his little four-pounder that compelled her to drop down the stream, leaving Major André in the midst of his enemies; and just a little above, on the opposite shore, is Tappan, where the trial and execution took place. All the country hereabout is historic ground, the scenery of the Hudson Valley is beautiful, and this happy blending of the historical with the picturesque made a tramp over the old road last Autumn thoroughly enjovable.

On the north side of the flats, at the mouth of Croton River, stands the Van Cortlandt Manorhouse. Its builder was Stephanus Van Cortlandt, who was appointed Mayor of New York in 1677, being the first native of the colony to hold that office. In that year he made his first purchase of land north of the Croton River, and his possessions soon numbered 86,000 acres, extend-

twenty miles, to the Connecticut line. Manor-house, built in 1681, was at first more of a fort than residence; for both French and Indians threatened trouble, and the Lord of the Manor wished to protect his tenants in case of an attack. The solid stone walls, three feet in thickness, are pierced with loop-holes for musketry, that once peered out, like two long rows of scowling eyes, at the forest on all sides. One of these loop-holes is still shown in the wall of the dining-room; the others were plastered over when the fort became a dwelling. Some of the massive tables, quaintly carved sideboards, high-post bedsteads and straight-backed chairs that came from Holland during the life-time of the first owner are still in use, and the furnishing of all the rooms shows excellent taste and an honest pride in the heir-looms of an old family. Ancestral portraits in oil, by the best painters of their day, look down from the walls, and in the dining-room is a half-length of Brant, the Indian chief, with his red sash and a string of wampum hanging over the frame.

The house has a most interesting history. Pierre Van Cortlandt, a grandson of Stephanus, lived here at the beginning of the Revolution; casting his lot with the Colonists, he removed his family and household goods to Rhinebeck for safety; and in their absence "Skinners" and "Cowboys" occupied the premises alternately, pitching coppers against the oaken baseboards and removing the pretty Dutch tiles from the fireplaces for use as plates.

The ferry-house sheltered the soldiers on their weary marches, and many noted men of those troubled times enjoyed the mansion's hospitality until the removal of the family. Among the guests were Washington, Franklin, La Fayette, Baron Steuben, De Rochambeau and the Duke de Lauzun. From its broad veranda Whitefield preached to an immense audience assembled on the lawn, and later, Bishop Asbury occupied the same improvised pulpit.

The earlier owners used the house for a Summer residence only, but for several generations it has been a permanent abode for the family. With the present resident, James Stevenson Van Cortlandt, lives his widowed mother and a sister; and their courtesy and hospitality made the call at the Manor-house * one of the pleasantest incidents of my journey.

Croton is a quiet hamlet, whose inhabitants have been for several generations industriously digging up the fields and pressing the soil into bricks, until it looks as though the place had

^{*}An interesting account of the Manor-house, by Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, in her Magazine of American History, for March, 1886, has been freely used in writing this article.—C. H. W.



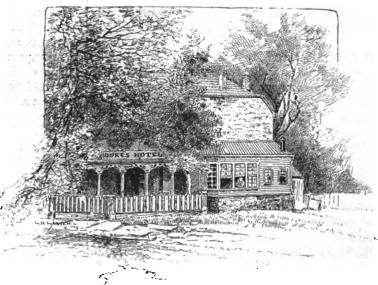
stood a siege, and the enemy had exploded mines all round its borders. Here I found the first post-house. It is a two-story wooden structure, somewhat the worse for wear, with a double piazza running the whole length of the front, in the style popular with builders of country taverns in the last century. A wide hall extends from the front door to the kitchen in the rear, and doors open from it to the sitting-room on the right and the bar-room opposite.

It is the home of Miss Susan McCord, a pleasant-voiced spinster, who was born there; and she remembers well when the stages used to roll up to the door and hungry guests came trooping into the dining-room to partake of her father's fare. He was a popular innkeeper, and when, one stormy Winter's day, a party of legislators, on their way to Albany, were unable to go farther through the drifts, he made them so comfortable

reluctance. There is little of the inn left about the old house now. The grass is growing in the road before the door; for a new street has been cut through the bluff down by the river, and even the line of telegraph-poles that follows the post-road through most of its windings deserts it here for the more direct route of its rival.

Beyond Croton there are more farm-houses, and the landscape begins to look like the real The land is more country. rolling, too, and when I looked from my window in the hotel at Peekskill, on the second night of my tramp, I saw the forms of Dunderberg and Anthony's Nose dimly outlined in the starlight, standing like giant sentinels at the gate-way to the Highlands. And here the true post-road begins. An old man working at the sidewalk before his dwelling, as I started out from the village in the early morning, said, in answer to my inquiry: "Do I remember the post-road? Lord! Yes! That house across there was a tavern in them days, and I used ter take care o' hosses in the stagestables. The road run over Gallus Hill then; this new one to your left has been cut round the hill."

The turnpike, after getting "round the hill," never goes back to the stageroad, but keeps along the river, a fashionable drive for the residents of the handsome villas; while the older road, following an early Indian trail, runs through valleys parallel with the Hudson, but from two to six miles to the eastward. The trail through the Highlands was first utilized by Lord Loudon, in command of the British forces. He simply widened it by cutting down trees here and there; and over this rude wagon-way his baggage, stores and troops were moved to the attack upon the French outposts in the north. A few years before, in 1730, John Rogers had built the first house upon this path. It stood nearly midway between Peekskill and Fishkill, and the host of this pioneer tavern was sure of a guest in any traveler who reached it in the middle of the afternoon, as no one ever resumed his journey after that hour, owing to the danger of traveling over night that they resumed their journey with | in these mountain wilds after night-fall. The old



OLD REVOLUTIONARY PRISON, POUGHEEPSIE.

trail has been long forgotten, and even the postroad is now a time-worn highway, hobnobbing with the fields over crumbling stone walls and dilapidated fences, where creepers climb unchecked, and elder and sumac ripen their purple berries and crimson bobs in absolute security.

During the Revolution a man by the name of

British?—and that's mor'n a hundred years ago. Well, sir, I've seen the very spot up on yon hill where Gineral Washington pinted a cannon at a Britisher comin' across the plain below Peekskill. He was jist naturally boun' to hit him; so he pulled the ball out of the cannon and filled it with buckshot, and tore that Britisher all to pieces."

I thanked the venerable historian, and trudged on, musing upon the comical incidents with which local tradition embellishes the life of a great man. But I soon became accustomed

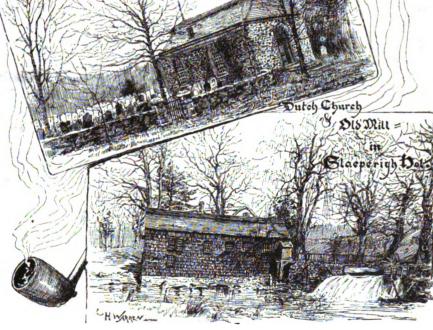
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John Strang was caught in the act of enlisting men for the British Army. His commission was found in his pocket; and he was at once tried, condemned to die, and hanged upon a hill which, in remembrance of his summary execution, is still called "Gallows Hill." From Peekskill, the road runs over this hill, then down to the old church that did hospital service during the same period. Here it turns sharply to the left across the valley, and I was not sure of my route; so I asked an old man, sitting at his kitchen-

unnyside

window, to direct me. "Want the post-road, eh? Well, you're on it. When anybody asks me fer the road I allus says, Look fer the narrerest, steepest, stunniest road ye can find, and that's the post-road."

He was an interesting specimen of the oldest inhabitant. "Yes, boy," he continued, "this is all Revlutionary ground roun' here. You know when Gineral Washington cut loose from the



SUNNYSIDE AND SLEEPY HOLLOW-THE HOME AND BURIAL-PLACE OF WASHINGTON INVING.

to these little fictions. Washington is the hero of many a tale not found in the books, and the number of farm-houses where he has eaten dinner, lodged or had his head-quarters is simply wonderful.

A few miles above Peekskill there is a landmark that bears unmistakable signs of age. It is a deserted house, the last one of a little settlement made early in the last century, and still

known as the Continental Village. The importance of this position, at the main entrance to the Highlands, was appreciated by the Americans early in their struggle for independence. small forts were erected for its defense; one on the high ground north of the village, the other on the road to the river. Traces of these works still remain. Barracks, capable of accommodating 3,000 men, were also built, and the place soon became a depot for military supplies.

In the Autumn of 1777 valuable stores and a large number of cattle were collected here, under charge of Major Campbell. Redoubts, commanding the road, were thrown up, and every precaution available to the small force stationed here was taken for the protection of the stores. on the 9th of October, three days after the capture of Forts Clinton and Montgomery, by Sir Henry Clinton, a body of troops, under General Tryon, attacked the post. The Americans were driven from their works; the inhabitants fled to the hills; and all the stores and every house in the village, with one exception, were burned. This house had been built by an English colonel, and it escaped destruction because its owner was loyal to the King. It is a wooden house, gray with age, and slowly settling under its weight of years. Bats swing from the moldy rafters of the empty chambers; the rotten stair-way groans unuer the lightest tread; and the wide windows, with a few small panes of glass still held in place by the crazy sash, are like the bleary eyes of age, eloquent with a story they cannot tell—the story of Continental Village. A tramway from an unused iron mine in the hill-side curves down to and across the road, great trees are growing in the yard, the garden is full of weeds and bushes, and there is about the whole scene an air of utter desolation.

Putnam does not seem a very desirable county for a residence, but it is a glorious one to tramp through. It is just mountainous enough to make the walking interesting. A level stretch of perhaps half a mile will be succeeded by a good stiff climb, and just as you are getting winded you reach the top of the hill, and there is a view of the valley, with a glimpse of the river through the trees. On one hill-top, in the shade of a pine wood, a band of gypsies were encamped. The kettle boiled on an iron hook stuck in the ground, two rough-looking men were negotiating a horse-trade with a farmer, and a woman was telling the butcher's fortune behind his meat-Probably her prophecies were as valuable as the poor meat he gave in payment; for there was a complacent smile on his fat face when he passed me, a little later.

Scattered along the post-road at irregular intervals are many of the old mile-stones. They are | fied by the Americans during the Revolution.

moss-grown and discolored with age, and the lettering is almost effaced; yet they hold themselves erect, like war-scarred veterans, and do their duty as faithfully as in the days when weary passengers looked for them from the coach-windows.

The third night of my journey found me at an old stage-house in the Highlands, nearly opposite Cold Spring. Although it has not been a tavern since the stage line was abandoned, forty years of domesticity have made few changes in its outward appearance; it cannot disguise the fact that it was once the public-house. The long, low porch and the sheltered balcony across the front, a plenitude of windows and the "lean-to" kitchen in the rear plainly indicate the inn of other

Within, the alterations necessary to fit it for use as a farm-house have been made; but the hall remains as it was built, and in one of the chambers is a characteristic record of staging days, when men traveled leisurely and stopped over night for rest and refreshment. Four jolly comrades had spent a merry evening together, and one of them scratched with a diamond on the glass door of a china-closet a rough sketch of a punchbowl, with this inscription:

Should auld acquaintance be forgot

Ellis niggers fraternity Rose anld Wheelock Feb 1822 Guyon gie's a hand &c

The spirit of good cheer and hospitality has never left the house. Captain James Nelson, the present owner, is well known among scientists as a numismatist and archæologist whose cabinets represent years of intelligent and patient research; and what is, after all, best, his neighbors know him as an honest miller, a good farmer and a generous friend. Happy in his family, studious in his habits, the melody of his life attuned to the purling stream and the drowsy rumble of the mill, his seems the ideal life of an American country gentleman.

Next day I found another old post-house, the home of Beverly Haight. It was built long before the Revolution, and was for many years a tavern on the stage-road. General Washington has eaten at the inn-tables; and the hall-clock has met unflinchingly the gaze of many generations. Mr. Haight, a well-preserved man of eighty-seven, remembers very well the War of 1812. He has seen General Scott and his staff ride by, and long lines of soldiers, sailors, guns and supply-wagons moving along the dusty road to the northern frontier.

From the back door of the house a knoll commanding the valley is in view, which was forti-

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Traces of the earth-works are still visible, and tradition makes it the scene of a disgraceful mutiny, when a body of 700 militia decided to go home, and shot the officer in command who attempted to stop them. All this region possesses The road emerges from the historical interest. Highlands through a notch in the Fishkill Mountains, between the peaks where signal-fires were burned to warn the country folk of the approach of the British; and in the village of Fishkill are two churches that did service during the Revolution. The Episcopal church was used as a hospital; the Dutch church, which bears the date A.D. 1716, was a prison, and is made by Cooper the scene of the escape of Wharton, in "The Spy." In the former building the State Constitution was adopted while the village was temporarily the seat of colonial government.

The Matteawan and Wappingi tribes of Indians once held the fertile plains north of the Highlands; and the name of the latter tribe is perpetuated in a stream that comes down from a spur of the Taghkanic range in the north-eastern part of Dutchess County. At the village of Wappinger's Falls it furnishes considerable water-The influence of the Indiaan tongue is also felt in the word Poughkeepsie, which is a corruption of the Mohican name "Apo-keepsinck" (Safe and pleasant harbor). The first settlement was by the Dutch in the seventeenth century; and the town had become of sufficient importance when Kingston was burned by the British, in 1777, to induce the State Legislature to hold two consecutive sessions there. As it was always called a half-way house on the stage-road, let us stop long enough to visit one of its land-

A building some distance from the river, on Main Street, now called Duke's Hotel, but familiarly known as "the old stone house," or the "Washington house," is intimately associated with the early history of Poughkeepsie. It was the first jail in the place, and during the Revolution it was a prison for Tories and enemies to the American cause. After the war it became an Some of the delegates to that memorable convention of June 17th-July 28th, 1788, stopped there; and when, after the ratification of the national Constitution by her sister States, New York — by a vote of thirty to twenty-seven — reluctantly fell into line, Governor Clinton, the leader of the opposition, signed in the inn-parlor the document that made his State a member of the American Union. All noted guests of the city were entertained there, and a banquet to La Fayette when he visited this country is among the cherished memories of the place.

But the old inn is now a house of undesirable reputation. While alterations have been made

inside, the hall and larger rooms remain as they were built, and the cellar has many of its dungeon fittings. As the inmates believe the cellar to be haunted, it required much persuasion, when I visited the house, to induce one of them to go down with me. At last a guide volunteered.

She lit a lamp, lifted a trap-door in the kitchenfloor, and we went down a narrow flight of steps, littered with rubbish and covered with dust and The door at the foot had evidently been long disused, for it was swung back against the wall; but when I examined it more closely I found that it had a most curious lock. It is made of oak plank, with iron bands across it to give it strength. The clumsy bolt was moved by both lever and a key, from what I could understand of its mechanism. I lost no time in making sketches of it and of the fire-places, and a rude fence and gate of whitewashed bars that divide the prison into two rooms. What a reflection upon the city is the degradation of this old landmark!

From this point the road is, for the most part, level, and excellent for walking or wheeling. The villages of Staatsburgh, Rhinebeck and Red Hook are not especially interesting to antiquarians, although in the Red Hook Hotel there are a mirror and a sideboard from the first steam-boat on the Hudson, and many of the farm-houses were built by early settlers. There is no local pride in these old buildings, and one of the oldest, "the Cooper house," was being torn down when I passed through Rhinebeck. It was named from Dr. Cooper, who lived there many years, and was accustomed to take young men into his home to study medicine. Preceptor and students died long ago; and I looked at the wide window-seats and little fire-places where they sat at their books with a feeling of pity that an ignorant owner should wantonly destroy such a relic of the olden time.

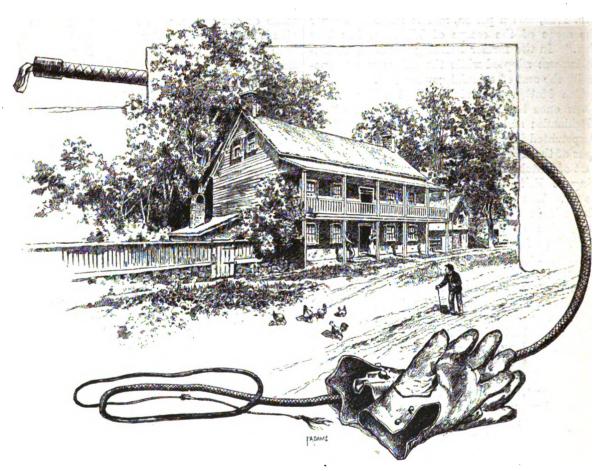
The country north of the Highlands is well adapted to grazing, and there are many apple-orchards. Comparatively little grain is raised, and the methods employed in seeding, harvesting and threshing are decidedly primitive. Oxen are used everywhere; the grain is cradled, and, where the hill-side is very steep, carried down by hand to the cart. When a machine is used for threshing it is a separator only, run by two horses on a railway-power; and I often saw in the barns along the road a farmer and his brawny sons beating out the rye with flails. It is a region of steep roofed barns, well-sweeps and quaint houses, with small windows and double-doors.

There is a fine Dutch flavor about it all, too. Claverack, on a creek of the same name, called by the Dutch "Het Klauver Rack" (Clover Reach). was settled by some of Henry Hudson's men.

They came ashore at the landing which still bears his name, and began to till the rich bottom-lands along the creek. About three miles below the village stands a stone mill, that was built in 1766; it is still in use. The stage-road crosses the stream here, and skirts its bank for a little way. From a bridge across the stream you may see a huge stone, which the villagers say rolls over when it hears the church-bell ring. This tradition seems the most probable of any I heard on the journey.

their sides, in the haze of midday and afternoon, and at sunset, when their peaks purpled and dark. ened and faded until, one by one, the stars peeped over their summits—always beautiful. The Indians called them "On-ti-O-ra" (Mountains of the Sky).

Among the early settlers on the river was a Swede, whose cabin stood on a point or hook a few miles below Albany. He was blest with so numerous a progeny that the place came to be known as "Children's Point" or "Kinder's Nothing better than an Autumn walk over this | Hoeck; and the name is still retained by a vil-



POST-INN AT CROTON.

charming road could be imagined. It is a poem —a pastoral that runs on with new delights in every line, mile after mile. The ugliness of stone walls and "worm" fences is hidden by ivy and grape-vines; golden-rod and purple asters nod from the banks; and fleets of yellow-winged butterflies sail along the wagon-tracks or moor themselves by the mud holes in the ditches. orchards are bending beneath the weight of ripening fruit; the elms and willows join hands along the water-courses; and always in sight to the westward, completing with their perfect outlines the harmony of the landscape, were the Catskills. In the morning, with the mists drifting up lage about two miles back from the landing. From this village to the end of the route the road is not especially interesting. It crosses the "fire plain" of the Mohicans, the ancient seat of their council-fires, and at Schodack Centre it strikes the Boston Turnpike. Six miles more of tramping, and I reached Albany, where the puffing of tugs and steamers, and the clang of bells and rumble of wheels at the railway-station, made a discordant ending to my quiet week on the old post-road.

Do WHAT must be done as gracefully as possible.



A TAP-ROOM, IN THE OLD POST-COACH DAYS.

THE CASA GRANDE, ARIZONA.

SECRETARY NOBLE has transmitted to the Director of the Geological Survey a report by Special Agent Morrison on the condition of the Casa Grande (Great House) ruins in Pinal County, Ariz., with instructions that the necessary steps be immediately taken to repair and protect the ruins under the authority granted in the Act of March 2d, 1889, appropriating \$2,000 for that purpose.

Special Agent Morrison, who was sent to ex-

amine into the condition of the ruins, in his report says that these venerable relics of prehistoric America stand in a great undulating plain, about midway between the station of Casa Grande and Florence, seven or eight miles from the Gila River. He says that the front of the main building measures 66 feet, and the width 43 feet. The height of the first story is 13 feet; the second, 9 feet; and the third and fourth stories are 8 feet each. The

greater part of the upper story has disappeared. The walls are between four and five feet thick, and the material of which they are constructed is almost indestructible concrete made of fine gravel, sand and cement, closely resembling the granulite now used in Washington, D. C.

This was laid in the walls in great blocks. One of these measured 7 feet 3 inches in length, 4 feet 3 inches in width and 2 feet 6 inches in height. The walls both inside and out were plastered with cement, which yet clings to them with wonderful tenacity, that on the inside being as smooth and

glossy as the best hardfinished interiors of the present day. All of the rooms, of which there are four now intact, are of a uniforn buff color which is very pleasing to the eve. The largest of these rooms is 34x9 The extreme feet. height of the building is nearly 40 feet. The lower story is filled up with crumbling débris and the drifting sand of the plain to the height of thirteen or fourteen The holes in which the ceiling-timbers were placed are



A VENERABLE LANDMARK.

plainly visible, but every particle of wood has been carried away by relic-hunters, and the disintegration of the walls has been so rapid of late years, that if measures are not immediately taken to strengthen them the entire mass will soon fall into a shapeless ruin.

The report says that for miles around the mysterious Casa Grande many great mounds, now hardly distiguishable from the desert-sands, bear indisputable evidence of having been, at some far remote period, the abode of busy industries. Mr. Morrison says he is convinced that the Casa Grande was not used either for religious or warlike purposes. The superiority of its architecture—it having outlived all the other structures by which it was surrounded—the numerous small apartments into which it was divided, and the elegance of the interior finish, all point to the conclusion that it was the palace of the king who governed the primitive Americans who inhabited these vast domains ages before Aztec or Toltec.

The most ancient of the traditions of the Pimas and Papagoes, who yet live here where their fathers have lived for centuries, allude to them as "the ruins." The earliest historic record we have of Casa Grande was given by the famous Spanish cavalier and explorer, Cabeza de Baca, who discovered it during his journey across the continent about 1537. A few years later the famous explorer, Don Francisco de Coronado, Governor of New Galicia, who led an expedition into New Mexico, describes the ruins as being four stories high, with walls six feet in thickness. a proof of its great antiquity, he says that the Pima Indians then—350 years ago—had no knowledge of the origin or history of the town which had existed there. It had always been a ruin to them and to their ancestors.

Fathers King and Mange, who visited the place in 1694, found the remains of the great edifice. They also gave an account of twelve other ruins in the vicinity. Father Pedro Fout, in 1777, found them in much the same condition. He describes the main building as an oblong square facing the cardinal points of the compass. The exterior walls extended from north to south 420 feet, and from east to west 260 feet. "We thus see," says Mr. Morrison, "what havoc the storms of 111 years have made, and the necessity for immediate action to save the remnant from complete destruction." The ruins are regarded as one of the most interesting remains of the prehistoric age to be found on this continent.

A MAN should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within, more than the lustre of the firmament of the bards and sages.—*Emerson*.

A FRANK LETTER.

By MINNA IRVING.

OH, Countess Anne! as I sat last night
In your dim. luxurious room,
Where globes of amber and crimson burned
'Mid banks of the rarest bloom,
A breeze from the land of Memory blew,
And the perfume to me slole
From a cluster of pausies, purple-dark,
In a pale pink china bowl.

You looked a queen in your violet silk,
With your breast in a foam of lace,
And a diamond star in your raven hair—
A queen in your high-bred grace!
But I saw the veil of the Past divide,
And the seasons backward roll,
And a girl in a muslin gown instead
Bend over the china bowl

The ivory white of your satin check
Grew roseate for my sake:
Your eyes looked love, and your lips were ripe
With kisses for me to take.
But I turned away from your jeweled arms,
For I thought of the sunny knoll
Where the pansies purple and golden grew
For the quaint old china bowl.

So, gay coquette, you will wait to-night
On the terrace in vain for me,
For I shall go back to my sweet first love
Far over the turquois sea—
To my sweet first love in the muslin gown
As white as her spotless soul,
Who gathers the pansies wet with dew
For the pale pink china bowl.

HENRIK IBSEN.

HENRIK IBSEN, the great Norwegian dramatist, is a solitary man. For twenty-five years he has lived in self-imposed exile from his native No lands call him master; no housecountry. hold calls him its head. In his wanderings over Europe he goes into no society, and in his many temporarary abodes he takes nothing with him that he calls his own. A friend charged with messages to him in Rome could only find him after much patient searching, and though wellknown to many by sight, the author has no intimate friends. "I live to myself," he says, "without friends. Friends are a costly indulgence: they lay on us obligations of speech or silence, like parties in politics. I believe in no such obligations. I belong to no party, and wish to belong to none. I will sacrifice my feelings to the claims of no organized mass, be it party, society or State. From our early youth we are all brought up to be citizens instead of human beings, but we belong in reality to humanity rather than to the State. The expression of our own individuality is our first duty, not its subordination to the interests of the community. I. at least, have

no talent as a citizen, the leader of a school or a member of a party; and there must be thousands like me."

Concerning his manner of working, Ibsen says: "When I am writing, I must be alone; if I have the eight characters of a drama to do with, I have society enough; they keep me busy; I must learn to know them. And this process of making their acquaintance is slow and painful."

MME. DE LESSEPS'S FORTUNE.

MME. DE LESSEPS, wife of the immortal ditchdigger, tells a queer story about fortune-telling. she herself being the heroine of it. Somewhat less than a quarter of a century ago she consulted (as many young ladies do) a fortune-teller who was great in palmistry. This was Adolphe Desbarolles, who was famous in the sorcerers' art. Desbarolles, we may add, died two or three years ago. Desbarolles informed Mlle. de Bragard, as she then was, that she was destined very soon to marry a man whom all the world would envy; who was not a millionaire, but who would become greater than most princes. In four years she married M. Ferdinand de Lesseps.

A PIRATE BETRAYED.

A PROMINENT pirate of the seventeenth century was Captain Charles Vane, the details of whose career would, however, read much like some already given in the lives of earlier free-One incident at the end of his life is presented, to show how much distrust often existed among the pirates themselves. Vane was at last wrecked on a small, uninhabited island near the Bay of Honduras; his vessel was completely lost, and most of his men drowned. He resided there some weeks, being reduced to great While Vane was upon this island a ship straits. put in there from Jamaica for water, the captain of which, one Holford, an old pirate, happened to be an acquaintance of Vane's. He thought this a good opportunity to get off, and accordingly applied to his friend; but Holford absolutely refused him, saying to him, "Charles, I can't trust you on board my ship unless I carry you as a prisoner, for I shall have you caballing with my men, knocking me on the head, and running away with my ship pirating."

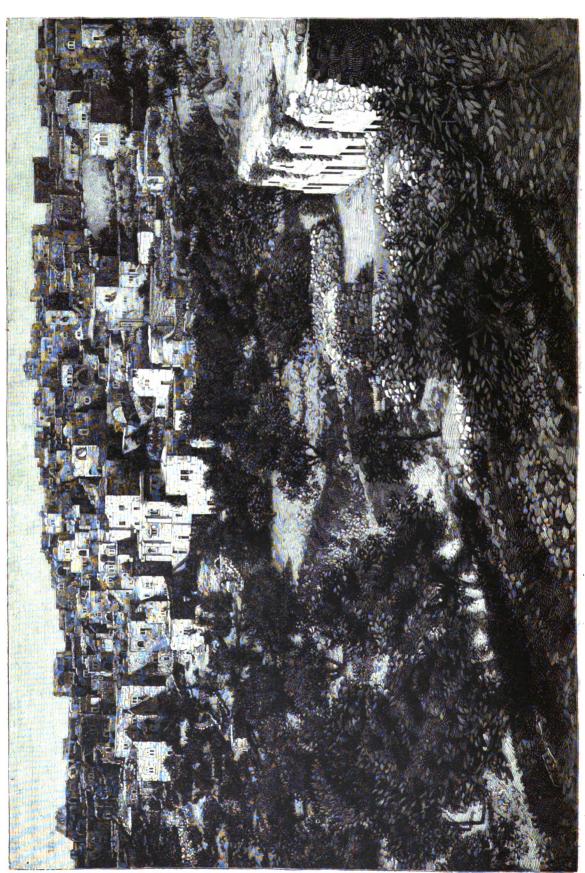
Vane made all the protestations of honor in the world to him; but it seems Captain Holford was too intimately acquainted with him to place any confidence in his words or oaths. He told him he might easily get off if he had a mind to. "I am going down the bay," said he, "and shall please none; if you flatter only one or two, you return hither in about a month; and if I find you affront the rest!—Swift.

upon the island when I come back, I will carry you to Jamaica and there hang you!" "How can I get away?" answered Vane. "Are there not fishermen's dories upon the beach? Can't you take one of them?" replied Holford. "What!" replied Vane; "would you have me steal a dory, then?" "Do you make it a matter of conscience," replied Holford, "to steal a dory, when you have been a common robber and pirate, stealing ships and cargoes, and plundering all mankind that fell in your way? Stay here, if you are so squeamish;" and he left him to consider the matter.

After Captain Holford's departure another ship put into the small island, on her way home, for some water. None of the company knowing Vane, he easily passed his examination, and so was shipped for the voyage. One would be apt to think that Vane was now pretty safe, and likely to escape the fate which his crimes had merited; but here a cross accident happened which ruined all.

Holford, returning from the bay, was met by this ship, and the captains being very well acquainted with each other, Holford was invited to dine aboard, which he did. As he passed along to the cabin he chanced to cast his eve down in the hold, and there he saw Charles Vane at work. He immediately spoke to the captain, saying, "Do you know whom you have aboard there ?" "Why," said he, "I shipped the man the other day at an island where he had been cast away, and he seems to be a brisk hand." "I tell you," replied Holford, "it is Vane, the notorious pirate." "If it be he," replied the other, "I won't keep him." "Why, then," said Holford, "I'll send and take him aboard, and surrender him at Jamaica." This being settled. Captain Holford, as soon as he returned to his ship, sent his mate, armed, to Vane, who had his pistol ready cocked, and told him he was his prisoner. No man daring to make opposition, he was brought aboard and put into irons; and when Captain Holford arrived at Jamaica, he delivered up his old acquaintance to justice, at which place he was tried, convicted and executed, as was some time before Vane's companion, Robert Deal, who was brought thither by one of the men-of-war. "It is clear," says the original narrator, "from this how little ancient friendship will avail a great villain when he is deprived of the power that had before supported and rendered him formidable."

NOTHING is so great an instance of ill-manners as flattery. If you flatter all the company, you



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By ETTA W. PIERCE.

CHAPTER XIII.—HAZEL SPEAKS.

WITH my heart in my throat, I ran out into the passage, and down the stair to the side door, which I found wide open. Here I brought up against Mrs. Steele, who was coming in from the garden, with an ordinary traveling-bag in her hand, and a face as gray as ashes. We both recoiled at the unexpected rencontre. I was the first to recover my voice.

"What has happened in the garden?" I said.

"Martin has been shooting at imaginary thieves," answered Mrs. Steele, coolly. "I suppose the whole house is aroused. He fancied that Vol. XXIX., No. 1—4.

he saw the Blackbird, Joe Bagley, creeping out from the servants' quarters."

As she spoke, Martin himself appeared in the walk, bare-headed, and with his gun still smoking in his hand.

"By my soul, ma'am, 'twas no fancy!" he cried; "I did see the jay, and a woman with him, under the chestnut-trees. What do you call this?" He held up a dark-blue wrap, unmistakably feminine. "I found it lying on the gravel. She got a scare—heard me coming, most likely, and skipped in one direction, and

he in another. I didn't hit him—more's the pity. But take my word for it, if he shows himself again in these grounds by night, I'll let a streak of moonlight into his in'ards!"

Mrs. Steele shook her long, lady-finger playfully at the excited and belligerent Martin.

"That wrap belongs to Jael," she said. "Ah, we understand your zeal against Joe! Positively, that foolish girl must not keep so many lovers in her train, nor allow the favored one to come here at unseasonable hours."

"The woman I saw under the chestnuts," answered Martin, stoutly, "was a full head shorter than Jael. I don't know who owns the wrap, ma'am, but I can swear that the party as wore it was about your own size, and not Jael at all."

Mrs. Steele smiled. It might have been the uncertain light, falling through the open door, and distorting her pale face, but at that moment she looked simply diabolic, and as like the exteacher, Miss Dee, as two peas in the same pod.

"A party about my size? Fie, Martin! You must be dreaming. Jael flew by me into the house not five minutes ago. Come, you have given both Miss Ferrers and myself a great fright—brought her from her bed, I dare say, and me from the plate-closet, where I was just locking up the silver for the night. Here am I, running about with the spoons in my hand." She made a slight rattling noise with the bag that she carried. "Why, if any Blackbird chanced to be prowling near, he might snatch them in a moment, and Colonel Rivers holds me responsible for the safety of his silver."

Martin looked unappeased.

"I sha'n't contradict a lady, ma'am; but I know what I saw, and I'm not dreaming. There's something deucedly queer in this business! I'd be glad to know why Colonel Rivers doesn't arrest Joe Bagley, and charge him with some of his doings."

Mrs. Steele deigned no reply, but took me gently by the arm, and drew me into the house.

"My dear Miss Ferrers," she said, kindly, "you are trembling from head to foot. Come into the dining-room, and let me give you a glass of wine."

I followed her mechanically, and took the glass which she held out to me. At a tall buffet stood Jael, gathering up some pieces of plate. Mrs. Steele advanced, with the blue wrap in her extended hand.

"Is this your property, Jael?" she asked, sharply.

"Yes, ma'am," acknowledged Jael, with a sidelong glance at me.

"You have been in the garden to-night with Joe Bagley?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Mrs. Steele gave me a nod, as much as to say,

"I told you so." Then, with real or assumed anger, she went on:

"Why will you persist in keeping that fellow about you, girl? It is ridiculous for you to imagine that you can improve his morals. You must send him packing, and immediately, or I shall lodge a complaint with Colonel Rivers, and you will lose your place."

Again the girl's sloe-black glance rested on me—again she answered, impassively:

"Yes, ma'am."

I put down the glass of wine untasted.

"Thank you, I am better now," I said, and flew up the stair to my own room, glad that the remainder of the household had not been disturbed by Martin's shot. My door stood wide open, as I had left it in my sudden fright. I ran to pick up the letter and the "marriage-lines," dropped by me at the report of Martin's gun. Neither was anywhere to be seen. The lamp still burned on the toilet-table, nothing had been disturbed in the room; but the precious papers—the incalculably important papers, wherein all my disgrace and sorrow were set forth—these were gone!

I searched the room with a breathless haste. Had some sudden draught of air blown them into a corner? No. Out of the half-open window? I leaned and looked. The broad ledge, the dark walk below, were unflecked by any glint of white. I wrung my hands in horror. My mother's letter, with its dreadful revelations, might be picked up, read by the servants—by the guests—possibly by Sir Griffin Hopewood himself. Maddening thought!

I was overwhelmed by this mysterious loss! Had any person entered my room and abstracted the papers in my brief absence? It was not probable, especially as Mrs. Steele and myself had alone been disturbed. With the first gleam of daylight I would go out and search the shrubbery—I would make cautious inquiries. Meanwhile I must wait.

There was no rest for me that night. story which I had read was the story which I must tell to my titled lover! My first impulse was to tear his ring from my hand. I said to myself: "You, Hazel Ferrers, are the daughter of a thief—a criminal, who ended his own life in prison, to escape justice. You dare not assume his name, for that would involve explanations that could not fail to appall every soul in this house-yes, and you would be expelled from their society like a pariah. Will Colonel Rivers permit the continuation of your intimacy with his ward when he hears your story? Will your beauty, your innocence, avail you now? What will Lady Hopewood, the grand English dowager, say to her son's choice? Will she receive a thief's

daughter as the successor to her honors? And how will it be with Sir Griffin himself? Merciful Heaven! Does the man live who could love you well enough to forget your paternity?"

In such reflections as these the hours of darkness wore away. When the primrose dawn began to flush the east, I bathed and made a fresh toilet—for a woman must preserve the decencies of life under any and all circumstances—and went down into the garden to search for my lost papers. I looked long and carefully, but did not find them. The dressing-bell rang before I returned to the house. As I was passing Miss Carbury's door it opened abruptly, and that estimable person appeared on the threshold, rumpled, disordered, alarmed.

"My dear Hazel," she cried, at sight of me, "pray step into my room a moment—I am quite upset, you see. A dreadful thing has happened—I have been robbed!"

"Robbed!" I echoed, blankly. She drew me into her chamber, which presented a decidedly tossed and tumbled appearance.

"Yes, my dear;" she pointed to an open drawer in her dressing-table. "I dropped my purse in there last night, when I went to bed. It contained five hundred dollars, and a solitaire ring of great value—an heir-loom—which I was about to send to my jeweler to be reset. The diamond, I assure you, was as fine as anything that Mrs. Van Wert possesses. And now, look!—it is gone!"

I peeped into the little drawer, and found it entirely empty.

"Oh, Miss Carbury!" I gasped; "who could have done such a thing?"

"I haven't the faintest idea," groaned Miss Carbury, as she fluttered about me in great excitement. "I admit that I am careless about valuables. It is a great trouble to be constantly locking things up, especially in a friend's house. I am a light sleeper, and yet the thief did not disturb me; and Punch, here in his basket by my side, never made a sound. I have never feared robbery with Punch near. Really it is rery strange! I cannot understand it."

I thought of my own experience of the previous night, and advised her to call Mrs. Steele, and lay the case before her.

"I, too, have been robbed," I said. "Not of money, for I have none, but of papers that are priceless. Wolfsden may be the house of a friend, Miss Carbury, but how could you forget that it is hardly more than a mile removed from the Blackbirds' Nest? That fellow, Joe Bagley, was in the garden last night, for Martin fired a shot after him. I begin to think that he was in the house also. Your window, as well as mine, opens on the Chestnut Walk. He must have made an

entrance through one or the other, while I was at the door with Mrs. Steele."

Miss Carbury rang for the housekeeper. The latter came immediately, and listened to the story, with the serene air peculiar to her.

"You have lost money and a costly jewel," she said, in a business-like tone, "and Miss Ferrers is unable to find certain valuable papers which she left in her room last night. If any person at Wolfsden is implicated in the thefts, rest assured, we will take immediate measures to discover the guilty party. Of course, the servants, one and all, must be searched. I regret exceedingly the absence of Colonel Rivers at this particular time."

Miss Carbury looked at the small, pale woman with admiration.

"What energy!" she said. "I feel sure that you are a woman of resources, Mrs. Steele, and I am quite willing to leave the matter in your hands. Undoubtedly, I owe my loss to those dreadful Blackbirds. Joe Bagley had a confee erate in the garden, maybe, who worked while he wooed."

"It is very probable," assented Mrs. Steele.

I left Miss Carbury talking by turns to the housekeeper and scolding the disgraced Punck for his faithlessness on the preceding night, and went below to find Sergia.

Plainly the Blackbirds had appropriated Miss Carbury's purse and jewel; had they stolen my papers, too? Of what value could my poor mother's story and marriage-certificate be to such creatures? What use would they make of the former? and could I, by any means in my power, induce them to restore my property?

When I entered the breakfast-room I found an unwonted excitement prevailing. Sir Griffin and the professor, each holding a morning journal still damp from the press, were reading and talking in the same breath.

Sergia turned to me, and said: "Another sensation, Hazel dear! The Bullion Bank was robbed on Saturday night or Sabbath morning—perhaps at the very hour when we were listening to Mr. Vivian's sermon on sin—and a large amount in bonds, money and securities taken."

"We have fallen on evil days, commented the professor. "These thieves bored through walls, cut through ceilings, blew up safes, and actually escaped unharmed with all their plunder. The inefficiency of our present police system grows appalling."

"We say the same thing of Scotland Yard," answered the baronet.

"It seems to me," sighed Mrs. Van Wert, with a charming air of wisdom, "that wicked people the world over are far more clever than good ones—more skill and daring are expended in the

cause of evil than in any other. But why delay breakfast, good friends, or impair our digestion with this disagreeable talk? The burglary of the Bullion Bank cannot, even remotely, concern any person in this room, and if our dear, delightful colonel was present, I am sure he would laugh at us all!"

CHAPTER XIV.

THE AUTHOR SPEAKS. '

It was a dismal, eerie night, with a strong wind crying, like a banshee, in the tree-tops.

Down by the river-side—down in that disreputable place called the "Nest," where Heron's mill-people huddled together in squalid proximity, in a low black cottage, with a paintless front turned on a muddy, ill-flavored lane, old Sal Bagley, mother of that precious rascal Joe, stood frying potatoes in an iron skillet, over a fire of coals, and puffing at a clay pipe in her intervals of labor.

The room was small, low, smoke-begrimed—the woman unkempt, haggish, repulsive. A pine table, spread for two, occupied the centre of the floor—on it a kerosene-lamp burned. Odors of tea and bacon mingled with the savory fry in the skillet. Old Sal turned the potatoes with a rusty fork, but suddenly paused and listened, as the wind went screaming by the door. Through its uproar she had caught a sound of approaching footsteps. A moment later the latch was lifted, and on the threshold stood Jael, the waiting-maid of Sergia Pole.

She wore the same blue wrap which Martin had picked up from the garden-walk on the night of the thefts at Wolfsden. A hood, attached to the garment, was drawn over her head. Her black eyes shone like a prisoned hawk's. Old Sal nodded a welcome.

"Come in, lady-bird," she croaked, and the girl entered silently.

"What's up?" demanded the old woman.

Jael closed the shanty-door, then threw back her blue wrap, as though stifling.

"Enough!" she answered. "If Joe is seen again at Wolfsden, I'm to lose my place. Miss Pole has given me strict orders to send him packing. Since the robbery, she looks at me suspiciously."

Sal stirred the potatoes in the skillet.

. "Pooh!" she scoffed; "that big white girl with the yellow hair? She's of no account! Anything else?"

"A police officer has been at Wolfsden—Mrs. Steele sent for him. Colonel Rivers, she said, would never forgive her if she did not take prompt measures to discover the thief. So the man came, questioned everybody, searched the

servants' trunks, and, of course, singled me out as the guilty party. Everything of mine was overturned again and again."

"What did the fool find?" said old Sal, dryly.

"Nothing. Mrs. Steele sat him down to an excellent dinner, and gave him a bottle of the colonel's best wine. He swore that for a trucblue lady he had never met her equal; and then he strutted out of Wolfsden, like a man who had done his duty."

"Go on."

"After that, Mrs. Steele wanted to send to the city for detectives; but Miss Carbury said, 'No'—she would rather wait till Colonel Rivers came back, and let him manage the affair—so there it rests at present."

Old Sal took a long pull at her clay pipe.

"The police have been at the 'Nest,' too, lady-bird—prying about, and poking their noses in at this very door. Here, as at Wolfsden," with a chuckle, "they got nothing for their pains. There were two of 'em, and, gracious Lawd! I wouldn't give the hair of an ass's ears for all the wit held in that pair of skulls—he! he!"

Jael stood up in the low room, with something of the Medusa in her stony, statuesque aspect.

"Do you know what I've come to say to-night, Mother Sal?" she asked, in a hard, cold voice, "I'm going away—I'll stay no longer at Wolfsden—I'll have no more to do with any of you!"

The clay pipe dropped from old Sal's flaccid lips, and crashed in a dozen pieces on the cottage-floor. In sudden consternation she crept up to Jael, and peered into the girl's handsome, dark face.

"Tut! tut!" she cried; "better not kick over the traces, my dear—it's dangerous! You know who holds the lash over you—you know who can force you along the road, whether you like it or not. Take care! You don't belong to yourself—there's a mark set upon you, girl!"

Jael made a wild, defiant gesture.

"Hag!" she stormed, "I acknowledge no authority—I belong to no one—I'll obey no one any more!"

Sal shook her gray, witch-like head.

"So! Try it, lady-bird!—just try to escape your lawful owner, and see how soon you'll be brought to a halt. My word for it, he will hold you fast in the face of Satan himself! Lor', but you're a bold one, to set yourself up against your elders like this!—so sudden, too! You used to be docile enough."

Jael stood like a tragedy-queen, her black brows knitted—her lips blanched and indrawn. "That's true!" she shuddered, stretching out her open palms in the lamp-light. "Look at these hands, Sal, and think of the work they have done! A year ago I didn't mind; but now

longer—I will do the bidding of others no longer! | soothing way. God above! in all the wide world this night I

-now I loathe it all! I will be a bond-slave no | face. She stroked the girl's extended hands in a

"Dearie, dearie, whatever has come over you?"



CAFÉ AU LAIT.

abhor nothing so much - nothing - as my own | she whined. "You can't afford to quarrel with wretched self!"

your bread and butter. We're all birds of a A lively alarm appeared in old Sal's wrinkled feather, dear pet, and you'll gain nothing by

setting yourself up against your own kind. Don't you defy anybody, dearie, and don't talk of quitting Wolfsden, for that can't be, as you know well. Above all, don't go to thinking that you've a conscience, because no Blackbird has any business with such a queer thing!"

Jael's grandly molded body began to shake and tremble. Her voice rose to a shriek.

"Conscience! Oh! — oh! — that word goes through me like a sword!"

Some one who had entered the room, unperceived by either of the women, now came quietly around the table, passed an arm about Jael, and forced her gently into the nearest chair.

"Give her a drop of brandy, mother," said Joe Bagley, cheerfully. "She's as full of hysterics as a fine lady. You see, she's been with that kind so much of late, she's learned their ways."

Old Sal ran to a closet in a corner, poured some brandy in a cup, and offered it to Jael. The girl

dashed the liquor violently on the floor.

"I'm not hysterical, Joe Bagley," she said to the stout, bullet-headed man who was looking down upon her with a sort of rough tenderness, "but my mind is made up. I'm done with the Blackbirds, one and all !—there's the whole matter for you in a nut-shell!"

Joe laughed.

"Nonsense! You can't get on without us, Jael, nor we without you. Come, no shirking, girl, and no treachery, even of the unspoken kind! Can't you see that it's simply impossible for you to blow against the Blackbirds, or even desert them? Why the deuce do you show the white feather at this particular time? By my soul, I begin to think that preaching fellow Vivian is at the bottom of it all!"

She had been trembling a moment before. Now her grand Juno figure became suddenly—rigidly still. On her lips the quick breath was staid—she stared gloomily at the speaker, but did not answer.

"For some time back I've suspected that you was getting more preaching than was good for you," continued Mr. Bagley, in a lively voice. "At the first opportunity, I'll pop Mr. Vivian over for this piece of work."

The statue leaped into life again.

"If you harm so much as a hair of his head," hissed Jael, "you shall rue it till your dying day, and all the Blackbirds with you! I will tell everything that can be told—I will spare no one—no one!"

"Not even your own flesh and blood, eh?" chuckled Joe.

"Least of all, my own flesh and blood," answered the girl, sternly.

His round, beady eyes opened in a perplexed stare.

"Well, you're a rum one, Jael," he drawled, "and a dangerous one, when you fall into a tantrum! Blood will tell, and we know the sort of fluid that boils in your veins. Now, listen to reason, my dear. You won't deny that Mother Sal and I have always been good to you? We brought you up as our own—we never failed to treat you kindly, eh?" Jael gave a sullen nod of assent. "If you go to turning traitor, lady-bird, you'll bring the old mother and me into the blackest kind of trouble. Come, come! you don't really want to do that, I s'pose?"

He saw her face change. Reluctantly she put out her hand.

"You and Sal are all the friends I ever had, Joe," she admitted.

"Then you must stand by us, lady-bird, as we've stood by you in past times," said Bagley; and he began to stroke her strong, shapely hand with an air more deferential than lover-like. "That preaching fellow Vivian is too good-looking for his calling. Pity he wasn't as ugly as the sins he talks about! I don't approve of him in any way. He has a fashion of cramming things straight down one's throat, whether one wants to swallow them or not. From my soul I wish he was comfortably dead and buried—he's too dangerous to tolerate long in these parts. Jael, my beauty"—trying to speak with clumsy playfulness—"I hope you haven't been losing your heart to the handsome parson."

She tore her hand from the man, and laughed in a bitter, mirthless way.

"Women like me have no hearts, Joe," she sneered. "Only the happy and the innocent possess such things. What affinity can light have with darkness, or good with evil? Can you imagine a demon in the pit losing its wicked, miscrable heart to some great, strong angel in paradise?"

He kept his small, narrow eyes fixed sharply upon her.

"Pooh! You are no demon, Jael, and Mr. Vivian is no angel. Talk sense, like a good girl! The colonel's ward, Miss Pole, has a heart, if you have not, and she wears it on her sleeve, too, for daws—yes, and Blackbirds—to peck at! I chanced to be watching her the Sunday she drove to the preaching-ground to hear Mr. Vivian. Just powers! her face told the whole story. As sure as you and I live, Jael, the heiress means to draw the preacher into her not!"

A jealous wrath flamed suddenly in Jael's black eyes. She clinched her hands.

"Miss Pole," she panted, "is no mate for Graham Vivian—the best that lives would hardly be his equal. Moreover, Colonel Rivers is going to marry her—he's off his head about her. She

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Mark my words, she'll-be like won't escape him. Whether she likes it or not, wax in his hands. her fate is fixed."

Joe grinned.

"Do you believe that, lady-bird?"

"I know it !" answered Jael, dryly.

He began to whistle in a soft, exasperating way. Instantly Jael showed symptoms of fresh hysterics.

"Oh! oh!" she cried, "in all the world there is nothing so cruel, so terrific—nothing that goes wrong so often as the thing that people call Love. Don't talk of it any more, Joe," her voice fainting to a hoarse whisper. "I can't bear any more!"

"Bless you, my dear," said Joe, lightly, "I'm glad to change the subject, for sentiment isn't in my line. Draw up, and try a cup of Mother Sal's tea-it will revive your spirits. I've some business matters to talk over with you—that is "-with a sharp, sidelong glance—"if you can be safely trusted, after all the treason you have talked to-night!"

She shrugged her shoulders contemptuously. "I know your plans already, Joe-trust me

you must; whether you like it or not!"

"True enough," he acknowledged, lightly.

Coarse, wicked, unscrupulous though he was, his manner to Sergia Pole's waiting-maid seemed strangely gentle and conciliatory. He coaxed her to draw up to the table, on which the hag Sal had spread the supper; then carefully bolting the door, he seated himself opposite the girl, and attacked the fried potatoes and ruddy bacon with appetite. All the while, however, Joe kept one watchful eye on his visitor. A great coil of her blue-black hair had tumbled upon her shoulders. and seemed to increase her livid look. gloomy eyes were signs and tokens of the jealousy, remorse and despair which Graham Vivian had aroused to tragic conflict in her heart. She did not taste the tea that old Sal poured for her, but leaning her elbows on the table, stared across at Bagley, and waited for him to speak.

Presently he pushed away his plate, and drawing a paper from his pocket, showed her the plan of a house rudely traced on the sheet.

"Do you recognize this?" he said. "It's the Talcotts' villa, just above Wolfsden. Rich Boston nabobs, here for the Summer only. Collins, the inside man, is my jackal. The ladies keep their jewels in a safe built in the wall—faugh! Lucky for us that all women are not such idiots. there is that pretty widow, Mrs. Van Wert, at Wolfsden—she leaves her diamonds and things lying about in jewel-boxes—bless her sweet face! No nonsense about her. Your true-blue aristocrat isn't a-going to burden her mind with vulgar But to go back to the Talcotts. There's | full height.

plenty of silver in the house-old family plate, worth a mint of money—it's all kept in a fireproof closet, at the foot of the main stair. Collins has the key—easy enough to crack that crib!"

Silent as a Trappist monk, Jael listened. "crib-cracker" was her foster-brother. been brought up in his home-educated there in crime. She was familiar with his methods.

"The next house on the list," went on Bagley, in a business-like tone, "is Heroncroft. To-morrow is pay-day at the mills. Heron went to town at noon, and drew the money for his mill-people. He will keep it to-night in a strong-box in his bed-chamber—a second-story room, reached easily from the roof of the porch. The hound Cossack -curse the brute!--sleeps in the main hall--Heron's new groom Jake will attend to him. There's a round sum in that strong-box; I and my pals will carry shooters for the benefit of any fool who may attempt to interfere with us."

"You'll have to calculate upon trouble at Heroncroft," said Jael, in a matter-of-fact way. "Francis Heron is game—he'll defend his money, and it's but fair to presume that Mr. Vivian will lend a hand to help him."

"I dare say. The preacher sleeps in the next room to Heron. We expect shooting, but we sha'n't kill, unless we are hard pushed-we never I confess I'd rather deal with that little game-cock Heron than with the preacher. He's one of your muscular Christians-might be dangerous in a set-to-saints can sometimes fight better than sinners."

She had herself well in hand by this time. She asked, indifferently:

"Anything more?"

"There's to be trouble at the mills next week -a general strike. We've received orders. Something is needed just now to cover up certain operations in the neighborhood—a strike will do it. What's to be expected of a lot of lawless folks, turned idle upon the community? Why, all sorts of misdeeds, of course! We owe Heron one, anyway. He's the sharpest fellow hereabouts. For my own part, I'm devilish suspicious of him. Remember the time we burned the mills, and old Heron—this cock-o'-the-walk's father-in them? You wasn't much more than a baby then?"

Jael nodded.

"I remember—you helped set the blaze, Joe." "So I did," he assented, cheerfully. "I never doted on the Herons - bloated aristocrats, root and branch! I go in for laboring men's rights myself. We are bound to demand an increase of wages—Heron will refuse it; then we'll strike every mother's son of us!"

Jael pushed back her chair, and arose to her

"I must go," she said, throwing on her blue wrap. "I can't stop to drink your tea to-night, Mother Sal. I shall be missed at Wolfsden."

"Let me walk with you," said Bagley.

"Not a step!" she answered, sharply; "unless you are ready to receive a shot from Martin's gun, and involve me in no end of trouble in the bargain."

His good nature vanished, like a mask suddenly dropped. Instantly Joe Bagley looked like that which he really was—a jail-bird—a wicked scoundrel, capable of any mischief.

"Martin be hanged!" he muttered. "He will find himself stretched out in the shrubbery some night, with small prospect of rising again. Look here, Jael—it's of prime importance that we rid ourselves at once of that fellow."

Jael made no answer. Old Sal had pressed to her side, and was smoothing the blue mantle with a caressing hand. The mute action seemed lost upon the girl. These were her nearest and dearest, but she did not appear to prize their affection in the least.

"Come, come, pet," whined the old woman. "Don't you go and get so riled up about things! When is Colonel Rivers coming back?"

Jael twitched her mantle impatiently away.

"I don't know——" she was beginning to say, when Joe leaped up from the table.

"Hark!" he cried. "I hear some one moving up the path!"

The words were hardly out when a rap echoed on the door.

"Get into the closet, Jael!" commanded Bagley. "You must not be seen here."

But Jael defiantly stood her ground.

"Why not?" she sneered. "Is not this the place to which I was consigned in infancy? Shall I be ashamed of it now? Shall I deny my foster-mother and brother——"

"Deuce take you, girl! You are bound to get me into no end of a scrape!" said Bagley; and he seized her by the shoulders, and shoved her bodily into the corner closet. Then he cautiously approached the door.

"Who's there?" he demanded, assuming the defensive at once.

He fully expected some officer of the law to answer—Joe was used to visits from officers of the law, though, to tell the truth, he had a rare talent for escaping their toils. But the voice that now issued from the darkness on the other side of the door was, though firm in tone, sweet and non-aggressive. It simply said, "A lady!"

"My eyes!" ejaculated Mr. Bagley, in great relief. He drew the bolt, and flung the door hospitably open.

"Will you have the goodness to walk in, ma'am?" he said, politely; and into that low,

squalid room stepped a woman—young, beautiful, and already well known to the reader of this history as Hazel Ferrers.

CHAPTER XV.

THE AUTHOR SPEAKS.

"My eyes!" repeated Mr. Bagley, as he looked at his visitor, "but this is an unexpected honor!"

Old Sal retreated hastily toward the closet, and planted her back against it. There she stood, glowering in amazement.

What could one of the Wolfsden gentry want in the house of the Blackbird leader?

"Your servant, miss," said Mr. Bagley, with a ceremonious bow. "Take a seat, miss."

Miss Ferrers declined the courtesy. Her young face, with its "fatal gift of beauty," wore a pale but fearless look. She cast a quick, curious glance around the room, then said to Bagley:

"I am one of the Wolfsden guests who suffered in the late robbery. I have reason to believe that certain property of mine has fallen into your hands. I came here to-night to talk with you about its recovery."

Mr. Bagley opened wide his narrow eyes, then half closed them again.

"It's reasonable to suppose that you are not alone, miss?" he insinuated.

"I am alone!" she replied, with dignity.

"Bless you!" grinned Joe. "You have good courage!"

She looked him full in his ugly face.

"Since I ventured unattended to your house at this hour, you can, perhaps, understand how anxious I am to recover my lost papers."

"Papers!" echoed Mr. Bagley, in a blank tone. "Is that what you've lost, miss?"

She regarded him indignantly.

"You hardly need ask the question, sir!" and drawing from her pocket a thin little purse, she put it on Mother Sal's table. "You are called a bad man, but I cannot think you will be so cruel as to withhold from me things that are of no possible value to yourself. Even a wicked person need not be malicious. I have tried to think of some inducement that I could offer for the return of my property." With the color rising in her face, she touched the little purse. "All the money I have is here. May I ask you to take it, sir, and restore my papers to me?"

Her voice betrayed painful fluctuations of hope and fear. It was no pleasant experience for Hazel Ferrers to find herself in the "Nest" at the hour of nine in the evening, face to face with a rogue, a jail-bird, a man suspected of innumerable petty crimes. Only her burning-desire to regain possession of her mother's letter and "marriage-lines" could have sustained her courage



A RUSTIC WALL-FLOWER.

under such circumstances. Mr. Bagley's ugly countenance straightway became a study.

"Now, bless my soul!" he cried, "may I ask your reasons for thinking that I have your papers, miss?"

"You were in the Wolfsden garden, on the night, and at the hour, of the robbery," she answered.

"Just so!"

"My room adjoins Miss Carbury's. I was there reading the missing documents when Martin fired on you in the shrubbery. Being frightened and confused, I dropped everything, and ran down to the door. When I returned, my papers were nowhere to be found—the thief who stole Miss Carbury's money and ring robbed me also."

"I haven't a doubt of it!" assented Mr. Bagley, cheerfully. "But who was the thief, miss?"

"Yourself!—as all Black River people believe."

He snapped his fingers contempt..ously.

"A fig for the Black River people!—they are a lot of blind bats, miss. I ask you, is it likely that I could stop to enter your room for such trumpery loot as papers, after Martin had sent that shot my way? Does the affair have a professional look to you, miss?"

A sharp cough from the corner closet warned Mr. Bagley that he was treading on dangerous ground. Hazel Ferrers started at the sound.

"Rats, miss!" explained Mr. Bagley, with great presence of mind; "don't notice 'em! You say that I am called a bad man, and that's not far out of the way; but I can tell the truth at a pinch, like better folks. As I live, miss, I never, either on the night of the robbery or at any other time, set eyes on so much as a scrap of paper belonging to you. My word!"—his tone growing decidedly gallant—"if I had anything of yours in my possession, whether valuable or otherwise, I'd give it up gladly for the sake of your beauty and your pluck!"

She drew back displeased.

"You fill me with great perplexity and doubt," she said, in a distressed voice. "I know not what to think. Can you really look me in the face, sir, and deny all knowledge of my lost papers?"

"I can look you in the face with all the pleasure in life, miss; for a handsomer face it was never my lot to behold——"

Crash!

A piece of crockery fell in the closet. The rat with the cough had taken to breaking Mother Sal's dishes. Mr. Bagley looked disconcerted for an instant, but continued, coolly:

"I can do more, miss—I can swear on my honor—and you've heard, I dare say, that there is honor even among thieves!—that I had no part whatever in the Wolfsden robbery. I never set eyes on Miss Carbury's money or ring, or any-

thing else that was lost from the house that night."

He clinched the statement with an oath.

Hazel Ferrers stood speechless with consternation.

"In short, begging your parding, miss, you're barking up the wrong tree," concluded Mr. Bagley, airily. "Take a minute for reflection, and you're clever enough to see for yourself that the party as raided your room and that old girl Carbury's couldn't have been the same that went skipping through the garden, with Martin's bullet in his coat-tails."

He was a wily rogue, but she saw, with a thrill of dismay, that for once he spoke the truth. Joe Bagley was guiltless of the Wolfsden robbery! Who, then, was the real culprit? Who had stolen the story of her father's shame, and Miss Carbury's money and diamond? With quickened breath she faltered:

"I did not suppose there could be any question about the thief—any possibility of a mistake!"

"That thief is a fool who doesn't hedge himself about with a variety of questions!" replied Mr. Bagley, dryly. "I see you're as innocent as a dove, miss, but not as wise as a serpent. You've been misled, and," with a magnanimous wave of the hand, "I forgive you! Pick up your purse—it's no use offering it to me."

Hazel Ferrers put the thin little purse in her pocket, and started for the door. She was pale with disappointment and perplexity—tears shone in her dark eyes.

"I'm mightily obliged to you for this visit, miss," grinned Mr. Bagley. "Born ladies and blazing beauties don't often come to the 'Nest,' and I count it no end of an honor to entertain such under any circumstances. With your courage and your good looks, you've made me your friend for life! Hanged if I wouldn't like to do you a service—such as getting back them lost papers for you——"

Another crash of crockery in the closet brought Joe to an abrupt pause. In a sudden panic, Miss Ferrers darted out of the door without another word, and disappeared in the night. As she did so, Jael sprang from her retreat.

"You blackguard!" she cried, turning angrily on Bagley. "I've a mind to fling every platter in the house at your head, for your insolence to that girl! Oh, but you've a free tongue, Joe, in the presence of your betters! What possessed you to deny all knowledge of the robbery, like that?"

He laughed.

"She was so pretty, I couldn't lie to her, ladybird! You heard her story, eh? Some things have been kept from me, it seems. This is the first I ever knew of any lost papers. Come,

what's the secret? and "—with an oath—"why wasn't I admitted to a share in it?"

"Don't ask me," answered Jael, gloomily; "better inquire at head-quarters."

"By the powers! I would like to call the little beauty back, and bid her talk to your Wolfsden housekeeper. I dare say Mrs. Steele could give her a tidy bit of information on the subject of the papers."

"Send Miss Ferrers to the bottomless pit, but not on any errand to Mrs. Steele," answered Jael. "Good-night, Joe. I'll run after the young lady, and see that she gets home safely. Ten to one, you've frightened her with your insolence."

"Seems to me," said Joe, "you're mightily concerned about that little nobody, Miss Ferrers."

Jael turned on the cottage-threshold, with a queer gleam in her black eyes.

"Just so!" she answered; "I admitted tonight that you and Mother Sal were my only friends, and you are; but I'd walk over both your dead bodies to do that girl a service—yes, I'd see the whole 'Nest' of Blackbirds hurled to perdition sooner than let a hair of her head be harmed! Put all that in your pipe and smoke it, Joe!"

The next moment Jael was out of the house, flying down the lane, in the track of Hazel Ferrers.

The night was dark, but at the first turn in the way her hawk-eyes discovered the figure of Miss Ferrers moving rapidly off toward the high-road.

Jael made no attempt to overtake her—to be seen or recognized by Sergia Pole's friend was something very far from her wishes just then. With a stealthy step she glided after her, a self-constituted guardian, under cover of the darkness. Miss Ferrers hurried by the scattered cottages and bar-room lights of the lane—by groups of bold, bare-armed women and rough, loud-voiced men, quarreling in open door-ways, or lolling on rickety gates, and the waiting-maid followed. Happily, nobody spoke to either.

From the dangerous "Nest" the two passed unmolested, and gained the highway near Heron's Mills. Jael was then but a few yards behind Miss Ferrers; cautiously she slackened her own speed, lest she should be perceived by the other.

"Poor young thing!" Jael muttered to herself; "how did she manage to steal away from the English baronet and Miss Pole, I wonder? It is a long, lonesome walk to Wolfsden, and she is in great distress and disappointment about her lost papers."

On they went, by the open field, where Vivian had preached his Sabbath sermon. Clouds were still flying across the stars; the wind gibbered to the gates of Heroncroft. There she turned,

in the river-side sedge. Densely black against the night loomed the gigantic outlines of Heron's Mills. In a lower story, one red spark, moving from window to window, showed where the old watchman, Bruce, was going his rounds.

Just as Miss Ferrers—a half-dozen yards, perhaps, in advance of the waiting-maid—reached the main gate, it flew wide open; a lantern shone upon the gloom, and Francis Heron drove out of the mill-yard, calling aloud to Bruce:

"Lock the gate after me, man, and let no person inside to-night."

"Yes, sir-yes," answered old Bruce.

Then followed the bang of the gate, the sound of spurning hoofs, and a high-stepping horse, attached to a light buggy, dashed into the road and passed Hazel Ferrers, who shrank instinctively to the side of the way as the animal went by.

Suddenly the carriage stopped. Heron had espied the lonely wayfarer.

"My good woman," he called, in a kind voice, "will you accept a ride up the hill?"

His lantern flashed upon the shrinking figure. Jael, safely concealed in the darkness behind the pair, heard him utter a sharp exclamation. He leaped promptly down into the road.

"Miss Ferrers! Is it you—alone—here?" he cried.

"I have been upon an errand," gasped Hazel Ferrers, and her voice betrayed her fright. "You—you must not think it strange, Mr. Heron."

"I can never think anything strange that you may do," answered the rejected lover, with sturdy loyalty. "You need not feel that you must explain your movements to me, Miss Ferrers."

She struggled hard to suppress her agitation. "Let me confess that I am dreadfully afraid of the darkness and solitude of this road," she answered, trying to laugh. "I would be very glad to ride with you up the hill—that is, if your invitation to the 'good woman' can be extended to me."

With one hand he held his high-stepping horse, and with the other assisted her into his trap.

"I am glad that we met here," Jael heard him say, "for it is hardly safe for you to be abroad in this locality, without an escort."

Then the trap dashed away up the dismal road. "Thank Heaven!" muttered the waiting-maid, "she is safe now—she is always safe with Francis Heron!"

With an air of relief Jael plodded on up the hill in the track of the vanished vehicle.

The way seemed singularly long and lonely this night. Lights twinkled in distant dwellings, but no further sign of life appeared in the dark, empty road. With strong, mannish strides Jael measured the distance, and presently drew near to the gates of Heroncroft. There she turned,

and looked apprehensively back. Perhaps she feared that Joe Bagley or Mother Sal might be pursuing her through the dark; but she saw nothing, heard nothing.

Another moment, and the girl had darted under the trees of Heron's drive-way, and was making straight for the square, red-brick house.

A lamp burned in the porch, and a path of level light led past the smooth lawns, up to the door, where the roses and woodbine swung in intricate tangles against the moist bricks. hurried along this path, knowing perfectly well the danger upon which she was rushing - the black gulf opening under her very feet. The stables were in the rear of the house, and out of sight. She could not tell whether or not Heron had reached the place before her, and she was painfully aware that the groom Jake might be watching her from some coigne of vantage. she looked around, she espied a ray of light glinting through the woodbine from a room which she knew was used as Francis Heron's library. curtain there chanced to be half-drawn. Jael eagerly approached, and with suspended breath peered in at the window.

It was a handsome apartment, finished in oak, and crowded with book-shelves from floor to ceiling. Only one person occupied it—a man, reading at a table, with his straight Greek profile turned toward the window—Graham Vivian.

In repose the sadness of the young preacher's face was quite as remarkable as its strong beauty. One could readily believe that some shadow rested on his life—some sorrow of which the world knew nothing. With the absorbed air of a student, he kept his eyes fixed on the open page, till Jael, gathering courage, rapped sharply on the pane. Instantly Mr. Vivian dropped his book, and starting from his carved chair, advanced to the window. As he flung up the sash, he recognized in the wild, white creature outside one of the servants at Wolfsden.

"Do you wish to see Mr. Heron?" he asked, kindly.

She clutched the sill with nervous hands.

"No. I would as soon speak to you as to Mr. Heron."

"Go round to the porch then, and I will open the door to you."

"I haven't time, sir. You must listen to me here. If I speak above a whisper, I may be overheard. For God's sake, bend down your head a little, sir!"

He looked greatly surprised, but he bent, as she asked.

With her dark face close to his, Jael panted:

"You must watch to-night, sir, and not sleep.
Tell Mr. Heron to discharge his groom Jake immediately—tell him to look out for the money in his pet theory into practice."

the strong-box—the money that he drew from the bank to-day. Keep the dog Cossack under your own eyes, and see that all the windows above the porch are doubly locked to-night."

"Jael!" said Graham Vivian, "who sent you to me with this warning?"

"As the Lord lives-nobody, sir!"

"I should be very dull if I did not comprehend you. There's a robbery afoot. You have, then, ventured here of your own accord, and at your personal peril, maybe, to give information of it!"

She pressed one hand to her heart.

"Personal peril? I care nothing for that, sir. My feet would not take me past the gate of Heroncroft till you were warned. I say these things to you, because I must—because I cannot keep silent—something is tearing the words from me—believe, sir, that I would speak them, if they cost me my life before morning!"

"I do believe it!" he replied.

"Now you must let me go, sir, without another question. You know who I am—you know that I belong, body and soul, to the Blackbirds."

"My poor girl, do not say that!"

"It's true, sir. I am more wicked than you can think. Do as I have bidden you, and keep my visit here a secret, especially from Jake the groom, or I shall be made to suffer."

Graham Vivian comprehended enough of the truth to thrill with compassionate interest.

"You brave girl!" he said. "How can I—how can Mr. Heron thank you?"

He extended his hand.

With an inarticulate cry, she leaned and pressed her lips upon it—wild, quivering lips, that burned him like fire. Then she turned from his grave, astonished eyes—from that open window, and fled like a phantom, past the level lawns and down the drive—off and away through the gate of Heroncroft.

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTE OF DISRAELI.—The late Colonel Tomline, M.P.—who, by the way, was one of the richest men in England—has not a very high opinion of his colleague Disraelf. "Disraeli told me," he once remarked, "that flattery was the secret of his success in life. The higher a man climbed, he said, the higher it could be laid on, until, if one could approach the throne, it might be laid on with a trowel." The gentleman to whom this was narrated by the colonel remarked that Disraeli once gave a capital piece of advicenamely, that scandal should never be replied to, but lived down. "Yes, I know," said the colonel, with a cynical smile, "that was my thunder. I remember him writing it down when I said it, but I thought at the time he was putting

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WINTER.

DELOS.

By RENNELL RODD.

We came to an isle of flowers,
That lay in a trance of sleep,
In a world forgotten of ours,
Far out on a sapphire deep.

Dwellers were none on the island,
And as far as the eye could see,
From the shore to the central highland,
Was never a brush nor tree.

Long, long had her fields lain fallow,
And the drought had dried her rills;
But the vetch and the gourd and mallow
Ran riot on all her hills.

The length of her shoreward level, High bank and terrace and quay Were red with a scarlet revel Of poppies down to the sea.

Rach bloom pressed close on its fellow,
 The marigolds peeped between,
 Till the scarlet and the yellow
 Had hidden the under-green.

Was it here, that heart of a nation,
That first of the fanes of old!
This garden of desolation,
This ruin of red, of gold?

High up from the rock-cleft hollow, Roofed over of Titan hands, The cradle of dead Apollo Still looks to his silent lands.

The sacred lake lies solemn,
In a havoc of fallen shrines,
Where the shaft of each broken column
Is tangled about with vines.

It lives in the dreams which haunt it.
This isle o' the Sun-god's birth.
It lives in the songs which vaunt it

The holiest earth on earth.

But the shrines without note or number Lie wrecked on a barren shore, And the dead ideals slumber Forever and everyore.

So Spring in her pride of pity
Had hidden the marble wraith,
And shed on the holy city
The flower and the sleep of death.

THE METRIC SYSTEM.

ALTHOUGH the metric system of weights and measurements has made no headway in this country outside of school arithmetics, it is stated to be steadily spreading. It is now legally recognized in countries having a population of almost 800,000,000—more than half the population of the world. It is compulsory in countries which contain one-quarter of the entire population of

the world. The strange part of the spread of this superior system of weights and measurements is that such half-civilized countries as Russia, Turkey and British India seem to be more alert to realize and take advantage of its admitted superiority than England or America, with all their boasted genius for adopting the best methods and systems. Shall the turbaned Turk nimbly reckon up his accounts and meters, simply arranged on the decimal scale, while the highly civilized American laboriously figures over the irregular relative proportions of ounces and pounds, feet and yards, gallons, bushels and barrels? How much easier is it to say, "Ten mills make a cent, 10 cents a dime, 10 dimes or 100 cents make \$1," than to struggle with grains, ounces and pounds. Why don't the American people adopt the same simplicity in weights and measures that is followed in money?

OJIBWAY LEGEND OF MESHEKA (THE TURTLE).

BY ELIZABETH TAYLOR.

THE Ojibway legend of Mesheka (the Turtle) and the Noble Prince was given to me last Summer by an intelligent Indian guide at Lake Nepigon, forty-five miles north of Lake Superior. This beautiful lake is ninety miles long and fifty wide, and has more than a thousand islands. Its waters are clear and cold, and contain great quantities of fine fish. The Nepigon River, its outlet, flows into Lake Superior on the north shore, at Red Rock, a Hudson Bay Company post. the anglers, that come from long distances to fish for trout in the river, get their outfit, and Indian guides that paddle them up the river in their birch-bark canoes. These Ojibways have many old legends that have been handed down to them by the old men of the tribe, but they do not like to speak of them freely to the white men, for fear of ridicule, I suppose, to which they are very sensitive. In speaking of these legends, our guide said: "The aged Indians seat themselves around the fire, and after smoking, begin the stories as carefully as they can. It is forbidden to add or to take away from these stories. When the 'Ahde-so-kaun,' or tradition, is going on, no voice is heard. The hearers hold them in great awe and admiration."

I have given the story, as it was told to me, without changing it in any way.

THE LEGEND OF A TURTLE.

There was once a very large "odanuh" (a city) on the west side of a beautiful lake. On the banks of this lake there was an individual residing called Mesheka (the Turtle). The people in

the odanuh were the Pezhekewug (the Cattle); they paid no attention to Mesheka (the Turtle), and scarcely any one went to see him.

These people had a very handsome young Prince; he was white, very active, and a very good runner. They praised him much, and thought there was no being on earth like him. They played a game daily in honor of the Prince, with a song, "Wa-me-te-go-zhe-qu-as, Tah-puh-ke-nah-de-so!" (The prettiest girl cannot compare with him!) The game they played was called the shoe game; it was a favorite of the Indians in ancient times.

One day several young men went to see Mesheka to learn from him whether he would consent to a foot-race. Mesheka went out from his cabin. It was toward evening. He immediately saw that it was too late for a foot-race—that they would not enjoy the fun. The young men only wished to make sport of him; they would like to see the clumsy Turtle run. Mesheka thought a moment, and then consented, and said: "Whoever is beaten shall be killed."

He further told these young men that he should need the best runner. Evidently it would mean the handsome Prince.

Some of the young men reproved their comrades that suggested this, and said: "You do not know what Mesheka is, and what he can do. He may be a first-class runner, for all we know. Do not take anything just as it appears; it may astonish you. It would be a terrible thing if our noble Prince should be beaten and slain."

Mesheka then dismissed all the company; he washed himself and changed his garments, and he tied bells, beads and a pipe-full of tobacco on his legs, and painted himself with "orah-nuhmun" (a medical kind of reddish dye). He had two friends that lived on the same lake where he was. One was about the middle, the other at the east end. He went out to call on them; he came to the first in great haste, who entertained him by giving him some tobacco to smoke during his visit. Mesheka had brought some tobacco especially for him, as a sign of a great message, and that he should accept the plan.

Mesheka began his errand: "The Pezhekewug (the Cattle), wish to run a foot-race with us. I have consented to it."

His comrade laughed at him, and replied: "We cannot run and beat them."

Mesheka answered: "No! no! we shall surely win. To-morrow, when we have the race, I want you to hide in the water; when you see the Prince coming and he is almost opposite to you, you must show yourself, and yell and give a signal. You must then hide underneath the water. When he comes back again, you must give another signal, saying, 'We shall now run our best.'"

His friend said: "I doubt if your plan will succeed."

Mesheka answered: "Do not you doubt or fear. If I should be beaten, you shall not die."

Mesheka went out to his other friend at the end of the lake; when he at last came to the spot, it was almost midnight in midsummer. His friend was quite astonished to see him at that time. Mesheka told him that he was on an important errand.

His friend said: "What is it?"

Mesheka replied: "The Pezhekewug (the Cattle) wish to run a race with us."

"His comrade said: "We cannot outrun them, which is a sure case."

But Mesheka answered: "We shall surely win. You must watch for the Prince to-morrow, in the water here. When you see the noble white Prince, tell him to give a signal to return homeward. You must dress just like myself. Then, when he has given the signal, you must dive down and hide in the water. If you do according as I tell you, we shall surely succeed. The wager is on our lives."

He commanded both his friends to come over and see him the day after the race. He had also brought some tobacco for this last friend, as a sign of a great message and that he should accept the plan.

Mesheka returned directly to his home. When he got back, it was just the dawn of day; he had traveled all night. The trees on the other end of the lake were just visible. He took a nap until almost sunrise, then he washed himself and painted himself afresh with orah-nuh-mun. He also made a post; in the meantime, he had sharpened his knife and repaired his bow and arrows; he had polished his staff also. When he had finished all these preparations, he heard some one tramping to his cabin, who opened the door and said to Mesheka: "Are you ready?"

"Yes," replied Mesheka; "I am quite ready."
The Pezhekewug (the Cattle) had all gathered to see the race. Mesheka put up the goal, and said: "As I live in water, I shall take the water."
"No," answered the Prince, "we shall both see each other, and then it shall be fair play."

Meskeka affirmed that he could not run by land, but he could run by water. "Or else," he continued, "you shall take the water, and I shall take the land."

The Prince did not agree to this, either. There was a discussion for a time, and at last the Prince consented to run.

Both old and young men had previously advised Mesheka to decline the race. To this he would not agree. He told them it was no small matter to arouse and disturb the "Big Indian."

Both Mesheka and the Prince arrayed themselves to run. The signal was given. The

Prince ran, and Mesheka dived down, and went to some log, and hid there; at the same time he peeped out and watched the Prince, who was soon out of sight.

When the middle watchman, the friend of Mesheka, saw the Prince coming on, he gave a signal. The Prince thought it was the very Mesheka that had started with him: they were dressed the same. When he came to the end of the lake he there saw Mesheka again (as he supposed), and said to him: "This is the point where we shall turn back."

sion on the poor Prince. Then the Prince said: "I wish we had seen each other right straight along!"

Mesheka replied: "Did you not see me at the middle of the lake, both going and coming? Did you not see me at the end of the lake?"

"Yes," answered the Prince.

Some of the Pezhekewug cried: "Have compassion on us, and we shall recompense you, O Father Mesheka!"

But Mesheka said, arrogantly, "What we have decreed, we have decreed," and took his



LAKE MEPIGON, SCENE OF THE LEGEND OF MESHEKA

The Prince began to be afraid Mesheka would get ahead of him. When he came to the middle of the lake again, Mesheka (the middle watchman) called out, "This is the point we shall earnestly start from," and yelled at the top of his voice.

When the Prince was about two hundred yards from the goal, he saw Mesheka running toward the post. When Mesheka pushed down the post, the Prince just jumped over him.

A dark cloud rested on all the Pezhekewug. They hoped that Mesheka would have compasbow and arrows and shot at the Prince, who fell and died before all the people.

The Pezhekewug then departed to their own homes. Every one felt deeply sorry for the noble Prince. Mesheka had killed the joy of the nation; the shoe game was ended, that had been kept up in his honor night and day. Mesheka and his comrades skinned the handsome white, the most popular Prince. He gave his companions as much beef as they could carry; he also ate the beef; and hence, "The flesh of the turtle is like beef"—Pe-na-we-dis-ke-ne-mah-quuh-din.



"HE LIFTED HER HUBRIEDLY IN HIS ARMS, DESPERATION GIVING HIM STRENGTH, AND TURNED AND RAN WITH HER AS FAST AS HE COULD, STAGGERING AS HE WENT."

THE TRAMP.

BY WILL LISENBEE.

The slouching figure of a man moved slowly along a dim prairie road. His garments were threadbare, and his general appearance presented a picture of wretchedness and want.

A cold March wind was blowing through the dry, dead grass, and patches of shadow and sunlight were chasing each other over an unbroken waste of prairie.

The man drew his thin coat more closely about him, and shivered as a keener blast than usual swept around him.

"Hit's a perty pass yer come to, Jim Skinner," said the figure in the road. "Ye have been trampin' all day without a bite ter eat, an if ye git anything, yer goin' ter hafter bag—yas. bag!"

And he threw out his hand with a gesture of disdain, and quickened his pace, a flush of shame and humiliation mounting his thin, pale face.

"Who'd a-thought ye'd ever come ter this?" he exclaimed, almost fiercely. "What did yer ever come West fer? Ter git land!—cheap land—land fer almost nothin'! 'Rich land'—that's what they said "—he laughed a sort of choking

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laugh—"cheap land—rich land—buffalo-wallers—alkaly water an' ager!"

There was a look of vexation and infinite disgust pictured on his face as he strode onward.

For six months Jim Skinner had been "holding" a claim, and had battled with all the hardships and privations that fall to the lot of the poor who seek to make a home in the "Great American Desert."

He had lived in a dug-out, worked hard and half starved himself—spent all the money he had, took the ague, and lived in his hut helpless, till at last starvation had driven him forth, weak, half sick and afoot, to look for some kind of work among the cattle-men to gain his daily bread.

Mile after mile he had trudged along, with no sign of habitation to break the monotony, save now and then the rude cabin or dug-out of some poor claim-holder who, like himself, was struggling with misfortunes and battling with want.

It was near the middle of the afternoon. He was now nearing that part of the prairie country which was monopolized by the great cattle-men, and called the "range."

A mile further on was a small cattle-ranch. He felt weak and sick, and knew he could not continue his journey much further without rest and something to eat.

If he could not get work at the first place—he could not go further—he must have something to eat—would he be compelled to beg? He had no money—nothing to give but his clothes. A bitter smile stole over his face. There were no ragmen on the range—

He quickened his pace, and hurried. A few minutes later, he paused in front of a large frame building, surrounded by numerous barb-wire corrals. He stood for a moment in the road, irresolute. If he failed to get work, should he ask for a lodging and something to eat? His face flushed at the thought. Work? What could he do in his present weak condition? Nothing. He turned toward the building.

Dave Foster, the owner of the cattle-ranch, came out of the building and saw the slouching figure standing in the road.

"What are you prowling around here for?" he demanded, casting a look of distrust on the forlorn creature before him.

"I-I'm lookin' fer work," stammered Jim Skinner, hardly knowing how to answer the harsh question.

"A likely story," was the answer. "I guess you are one of those fellows that look for work in the day-time, and other people's cattle by night. Clear out! I've had enough of such as you already."

A hot flush mantled Jim Skinner's face for an instant, and then disappeared, leaving him as pale as death. He tried to speak, but the words stuck in his throat. He mastered his emotions with a great effort. He turned upon the speaker, his eyes flashing, his breath coming in gasps.

"An' ye dare ter say that ter me—ter me!" he spoke with a great effort. "Some time—not now—I'll—make you repent this——"

The words died on his lips.

"Move on!" commanded the cattle-man, gruffly; "and mind how you threaten me, or I may put a bullet thro' you now."

Jim Skinner turned away, sick and dizzy—a tumult of anger and mortification surging through his breast.

"An' this is the way I'm treated, is it?" he muttered. "A tramp—an outcast—branded as a thief—a thief!"

His eyes flashed—his bosom heaved—his breathing became heavy and labored. He shut his hands tightly, and trudged on.

Dave Foster stood for several moments watching the figure of the stranger moving down the road.

"Blast me," he muttered, "if I don't believe

I made a mistake in that fellow, after all. He looks seedy enough, though, for anything; and how's a fellow to tell the genuine from the bogus? I've had so many cattle stolen of late, that I've begun to suspect every stranger I see."

He turned and re-entered the house.

Nearly a mile further on, Jim Skinner came to a small frame house. He felt that he could not go much further. He must stop somewhere soon, or fall by the road-side. He would make one more effort—one more trial—and if he failed——

His face paled—a look of despair came into his eyes. He approached the door of the house and knocked. A man came to the door with a book in his hand.

"I am weak and—and—hungry," he faltered.
"I must stop somewhere. I have no money——"

"This is a school-house," answered the man at the door, shortly, and then closed the door in Jim's face. He turned away, a look of despair on his thin, white face. All the world seemed to grow dark about him. Where would he go next? He hardly knew. He stood in the road, the cold March wind blowing about him, fluttering his tattered garments and sweeping through the long grass with a sharp, hissing sound.

He turned and walked slowly down the road, just as a score of children, released from school, issued from the school-house door and scattered, going in different directions to their homes, where bright fires and happy smiles awaited them.

Why should he struggle against fate? What did the world hold for him? Nothing! Why not die by the road-side, and be done with it? No one would miss him——

A sound of hurrying feet behind him interrupted his reverie.

He turned, and saw a little girl, with a cloud of sunny hair and a bright sweet face, out of which looked a pair of large blue eyes, running after him.

"Please wait, won't you?" she cried, almost out of breath. "I heard you say you were hungry, and—and"—she paused and looked at him timidly—"if you'll take this"—opening a tin pail which she carried in her hand—"some slices of bread and a piece of cake. I wanted one of the girls to come with me, but she said you was an old tramp, and would hurt me. You won't, though—will you?"

He gazed at her a moment, unable to speak. "Hurt you! Heaven bless you, child!" he exclaimed. "Who would hurt an angel?"

His voice trembled. Tears came into his eyes. He sank down in the grass by the road-side, and covered his face with his hands and wept.

She stood looking at him, wonder and sympathy pictured in her large, beautiful eyes. She approached, and laid her hand gently on his

shoulder, and put the pieces of bread and cake in his lap.

"I'm sorry if I made you cry," she said, a touch of tenderness in her voice.

She bent down quickly and kissed him.

"There!" she said. "I'm not afraid of you, am I?"

The next moment she was gone, and hurrying up the road to overtake her companions.

He sat there for some time, trying to eat the pieces of bread and cake she had dropped in his lap, but despair had deprived him of any desire for food.

He walked on slowly, hardly knowing or caring what he did.

The wind was increasing in its fury, and sweeping through the long grass with a weird, dismal sound. Banks of tawny, purple clouds lay along the rim of the horizon, out of which shone a mass of flaming yellow light from the sinking sun beyond. Presently a veil of smoke swept over his head, and a shower of black cinders commenced to fall about him, while the air, all of a sudden, was laden with fumes of burning vegetation. He turned. An awful sight met his gaze.

The prairie was on fire!

Great columns of black smoke were rolling across the prairie; and the red flames, leaping and roaring in the gale, were rushing down toward where he stood, not a quarter of a mile away!

Several school-children came running down the road, and passed, crying with fright as they ran.

Far behind them, her hat off, her long yellow hair flying in the wind, came the little girl who had left him a few moments before, the roaring flames rapidly gaining upon her.

He uttered a groan, and ran toward her as fast as his weak and tottering limbs could carry him.

Every breath of wind was now laden with dense clouds of smoke and heat, and black with flying cinders. He saw her stagger as she ran—then turn partly around and sink down in the road, just as he reached her side.

He lifted her hurriedly in his arms, desperation giving him strength, and turned and ran with her as fast as he could, staggering as he went.

"O God! if I should lose my life," he gasped, "help me to save her!"

A dense cloud of smoke enveloped his form; the heat grew intense; great tongues of crimson flame leaped high in the air, and roared behind him, and mingled their sound with the rushing wind.

Dave Foster, the cattle-man, stood near one of the corrals, engaged in conversation with some cowboys who had just ridden up.

"We've rode all day," one of the cowboys was

saying, "but can't git sight uv any uv the pesky cattle-thieves."

"A suspicious character passed here about an hour ago," answered Dave, "and I wouldn't be sure but he may be one of them."

"I guess h'it won't be very healthy for him if we run across him," said one of the cowboys.

"You bet h'it won't," sanctioned another.

"Guess we'd rope him inter a leetle pardnership with a tree," replied the other, with a harsh laugh.

"What's that smoke coming from?" asked Dave, pointing toward the school-house. "A fire—a fire!" he exclaimed. "My God, boys! the prairie is on fire! and—my little Annie—my child! my child! She will be burnt—Heaven help her!"

He half dragged one of the cowboys from his horse as he spoke, and springing into the saddle, dashed away in the direction of the fire, followed by a half-dozen cowboys.

Every moment the fire was spreading, and great tongues of red flame were leaping wildly against a sable background of rolling smoke.

"Heaven help her !—my child! my child!" moaned the father as he spurred on his horse.

A line of fire was burning slowly against the wind. Onward they swept toward this, their horses rearing wildly as they approached, then leaped through it, and dashed into the black, smoking track of the fire that was sweeping onward with the wind.

The school-house was in flames, but no one near it. They galloped wildly about, hardly knowing what course to take.

"Here!" called out Dave; "they have gone for the patch of newly broken sod yonder. I see some one there now."

They all dashed off in the direction of the strip of sod that lay a little way to the north. They reached the place, and found a little squad of school-children who had made their escape to the place.

".Where is my child?" the father screamed, hoarsely. But no one knew.

"She was coming down the road over there, where we passed her," answered one of the children.

"My God! she is dead—dead!" moaned the grief-stricken father, and galloped back over the road he had just traversed.

On every side lay a black, desolate waste of smoking, ash-strewn prairie.

Suddenly one of the cowboys uttered a shout, and they all hurried to the spot.

In a little ravine by the road-side lay the form of a man, and near him, on a patch of hard sand, stood little Annie, unharmed.

"Thank God! my child is alive!" exclaimed



Dave Foster, leaping from his horse and clasping her in his arms. Her hair was burnt, her face blackened with flying cinders and ashes, but otherwise she was unharmed.

! The cowboys were bending over the prostrate man near by.

"Poor fellow! I'm afraid he's dying," said one of them, in a low voice.

Little Annie began to cry. "Oh, papa!" she sobbed, "don't let him die—he was so good; when they had all left me where I fell down in the road. he came and carried me here." And then she told how he had run with her, while she was only half conscious, to the little ravine, and then taken off his coat and wet it in a pool of water and placed it over her; how he had stood between her and the flames as they swept down upon them, battling with them till it was over, then sunk down by her side.

Water had been brought, and the parched face and hands were bathed.

He seemed to revive, and made an effort to speak.

Dave Foster knelt by his side, and raised his head upon his lap, and held his ear close to the dying man's lips.

"Is she safe?" he whispered, faintly.

"Yes," answered Foster, his voice husky with emotion. "Heaven bless your noble soul!" Then he looked at the face of the stranger closer, and started back. "Oh, my God! my God!" he exclaimed; "it is the man I drove from my door to-day—as a thief—God help me! He must not die—he shall not die!"

He threw his arms about the dying man, and wept bitterly.

"Speak to me!" he cried, chokingly; "tell me that—that—oh, Heaven! he is dead!"

The cowboys stood about with uncovered heads, their cheeks wet with tears.

He was dead.

Strong hands lifted him tenderly, and bore him across the black waste of desolate prairie. Eyes, which a short time before looked upon him with distrust, now filled with tears as they beheld his calm, still face.

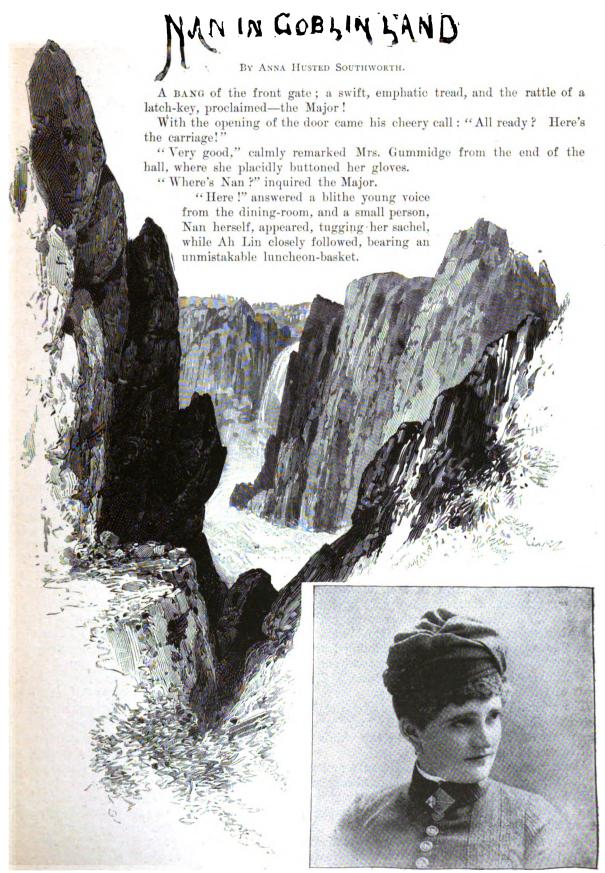
"So death disarms all malice — makes the slave

To look more worthy in his master's eye,

And gives to the still hands across the

breast

A power that envious life to them denied."



CANON AND GREAT FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

"NAN."
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"Ah! That's right!" quoth the Major; then, eagerly: "Now, where are the umbrellas? Fishing-rod did go in the case after all! One, two, three sachels; shawl-strap, umbrellas and hamper! I've checked the beer through to Beaver Cañon! Where's my top-coat? Oh, I see! Have you both taken your sandals? Come on then!" and the energetic Major bustled out to the carriage, where, with our various traps, we were speedily, if somewhat indiscriminately, bestowed.

Ah Lin, that incomparable pagan, bade us "good-by," with the most Celestial grin possible, while we offered a mental thanksgiving that the Chinese Exclusion Bill could not rob us of his matchless service.

For weeks we had reveled in the glorious Utah climate, but always beyond our actual enjoyment, lay the terra incognita, the promised Goblin-land of the Yellowstone.

We were all veteran vagabonds, familiar with sierras, cañons and cataracts, but we had not seen the Geysers, and the unknown is always most alluring, while the seductive circulars of the Union Pacific Road made the way to our paradise one unbroken vista of delight.

Our train left at eleven o'clock. All the afternoon we climbed the heavy grades of that twistified railway known as the Utah Northern. survey was made solely for the convenience of the Mormon settlements, so the road turns and dodges among mountain-spurs, or shoots suddenly across some wide plateau at sharp tangents in bewildering fashion. Except where irrigation and patient toil have wrought their miracles, Northern Utah is a gray, dreary wilderness, but through the beautiful "Cache" valley, the proof of its possible redemption is manifest. Here, clustering villages are set amidst the vivid green of thrifty orchards; there are broad stretches of fragrant alfalfa - fields, purple in their blossoming beauty; gardens, whose roses equal those of Damascus, delighted our eyes, while at every station, baskets of luscious peaches were brought. The thin, rosy skins were almost bursting from very ripeness; the pulp melted at a touch, and we found an exquisite flavor unknown to the fruit of California or New Jersey.

The splendid Mormon temple at Logan dominates all the valley, but no Gentile may know the deeds of darkness done within the shining whiteness of those walls.

At sunset we had reached McCammon, a pretty nook in the mountains, where we changed cars for Soda Springs. At McCammon, the pretty Porte Neuf River, a coquettish, brawling stream, makes an enchanting picture of the narrow valley. A beautiful farm has been created near the station. The cows were lazily crossing the meadows, some horses and colts were grouped beneath the trees,

and Mrs. Gummidge was happily musing, when, through the exquisite sunset hush, came a curious sound, rising and falling in abrupt staccato notes.

"Listen!" quoth Mrs. G. "How strangely that Yankee dinner-horn sounds in these solitudes! It carries me back to Vermont, and—"

Here her eloquence was brutally interrupted by shouts of derisive laughter from the loiterers on the platform. The Major was convulsed beyond all speech, and Nan only gasped out, irreverently: "You tenderfoot! After all the donkeys you have known, too!" Then she laughed again till the tears came. Alas! my Yankee dinner-horn had only been a—bray!

Over miles and miles of desolation sped our train, landing us at Soda Springs when deep darkness shrouded everything. We stumbled across from the station to the really pretty hotel as best we might, and only found out the loveliness of the place in the brilliant sunlight of the morn-The grandest mountains form a giant wall about Soda Springs; the air is bracing, yet soft and fragrantly fresh, while the Springs themselves, like those of many an Old World Spa, hold in their crystal depths such fountains of health that pilgrims flock thither every year in No decorative buildings surround these crowds. You drive to their borders, dip your cups in the foaming, sparkling fluid, vowing each draught more delicious than the last, and developing a capacity for swallowing beyond all precedent. One pool-the largest-is more than sixty feet across, while so potent are its gases that birds flying over drop dead in the midst of their course.

From McCammon we proceeded to Pocatello, where we again changed cars, and drowsily waited for our midnight arrival at Beaver Canon. The U. P. circulars had made no mention of the ghostly hour when the only train would reach this place, but they had told us in glowing terms of the "excellent hotel." The "excellent hotel" proved a wretched disappointment in every particular; and when we surveyed our breakfast, we blessed the Major's forethought in providing our hamper, to say nothing of the beer!

The drive from Beaver Canon to Fire Hole Basin, a distance of 110 miles, is tedious, in spite of the glorious scenery en route; and we had been promised "comfortable Studebaker wagons, drawn by four horses." This promise, translated by experience, meant one antiquated express-wagon, with a very shabby canopy of stained canvas, and the carriage-rugs of hideously dingy patchwork quilts! The seats were so high that Nan had to swing her feet, and there were only suggestions of "backs." At the first shower, wind and rain had their own furious way through curtains whose rents we had not suspected, and our poor horses

constantly claimed our sincerest sympathy. Our | driver at first glance was equally unpromising, for his raiment might have dated from the deluge, but he proved to be the "singed cat" of the fable. To his unceasing kindness, skill and care we were deeply indebted, and Andrews will always be gratefully remembered. Two log-cabins and a corral compose the Camas Station. We reached the place a little after twelve, gladly descending from our high estate. In the first cabin dwelt the ranchman's family. It was patriarchal in numbers, overflowing at every possible aperture, while the last baby but one frantically tried to climb over the board placed across the door-way. The mother, a quick, active woman, with sharp eyes and a sharper tongue, scattered her brood as she opened for us the second cabin. Here were two primitive bedsteads, sacks of grain and salt, heaps of harness and tools, a set of skeleton shelves holding great pans of creamy milk, two very shaky tables, and upon the walls, by way of tapestry, the Sunday garments of the houshold. Like the veteran campaigner that he was, the Major quickly cleared a table, spread a newspaper, and set forth our welcome luncheon. The hostess brought a glass pitcher, tipped into it a whole pan of the delicious milk, and a merrier meal was never made.

Andrews finally interrupted us, saying he was "all hitched up," so we regretfully climbed to our places, facing then toward the grand mountain range where the Snake River has its source. The sense of solitude was oppressive, since for miles and miles we followed the only track in all the wilderness of gray-green sage-brush. So vast were the plains about us that even the sky seemed flattened, as if it were weary of trying to arch over measureless spaces. Directly in our road perpetually recurred great holes dug by the bad-Very frequently Mr. Badger was sitting at the entrance of his mansion calmly regarding our approach, but when we came dangerously near, there was a saucy whisk of the bushy tail, a knowing shake of the head, and a sudden disappearance.

Countless sage-hens stalked among the odorous brush. So rarely are they disturbed, that they are very tame, strutting in such nonchalant fashion that the Major pulled out his revolver. The team halted; there was a flash, a report, and a great gray cock staggered a few paces, then fell, too thoroughly dead to even quiver. The plumage is very beautifully marked, and Andrews said the bird would give us a good supper. We found the flavor was much too herb-like for our taste, so we generously relinquished all share in the dish.

There was little variety during our afternoon drive, except the changing outlines and shadow-

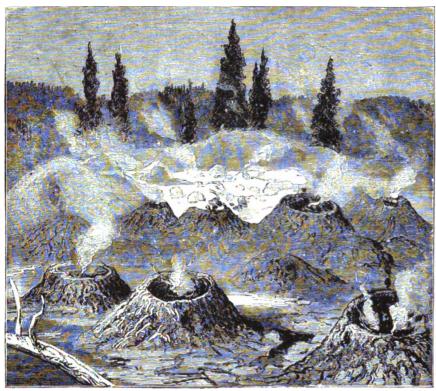
pictures of the far-away mountains, and we only passed one habitation in the whole thirty miles. This cabin belongs to the Ray brothers, whose hunting exploits have made them so famous in both America and England. Just before sunset, from the crest of a hill, we looked down upon Snake River Station, our resting-place for the night.

How I wish I could bring before your fancy the vivid picture that will always remain in my own memory! The broad, shallow river, with waters crystal clear, swept swiftly away, winding among forests and hills, giving sudden, coy glimpses of its shining beauty. Directly in front of the station its blue was deeper than that of the sky; a little above and below, it lay darkened by the shadowing banks. A roughly picturesque foot-bridge crossed from shore to shore, and on the further side stood our log-cabin hotel.

A stalwart ranchman, wearing regulation cowboy costume, came to meet us. Andrews drove to the rude horse-block, but our host's sturdy arms were so much more inviting, that even Mrs. Gummidge, with all her dignity, was lightly swung over the wheel and landed on the log door-step, where she stood in a rapture of admiring delight, broken most unpoetically by an exceedingly fat woman, who opened the door, saying, with a cordial smile: "Walk right inter th' settin'-room, ma'am!" and then we saw what might be accomplished with coarse sheeting and cheap calico.

Over the logs and flimsy scantling partitions, breadths of unbleached cotton were closely nailed. The ceiling was covered in the same way. A cheap painted wash-stand served for a table, and four wooden chairs completed the furnishing. In our bedrooms, we found brilliant calico stretched upon laths for curtains; tin candlesticks, a single chair, a small wash-stand and most unpromising-looking beds. These were better than we feared, since beneath the corn-husk mattress was the blessed woven wire.

The meals were palatable, though no butter or milk was obtainable. The ponderous cups held nearly a pint; the spoons were of tin, and the steel forks had only three tines, but everything was exquisitely clean. Moreover, our coarse tablecloth had not only a wide pink border-it was fringed! What more could we ask? The moon and stars shone brilliantly in the purple sky when we retired, and the air was chill, but we did not dream of awakening to a hoar-frost on the 27th of August. That was exactly what happened, however, for the mercury had dropped below freezing-point. Our host built a rousing fire in the "settin'-room," and the welcome heat soon penetrated our quarters, but we went to breakfast in our ulsters, and were quite ready to credit the yarns told by an engineer the previous evening.



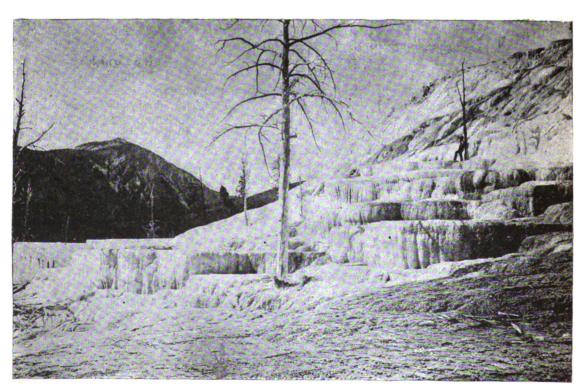
snow-crusts is so firm, that many a time I've run "Wa'al, miss! Yer kin jest everlastingly sing, my lokymotive off'n the track jest fer fun, and | now, can't ye?"

the passengers never knowed we'd left the rails."

At eight o'clock we were once more on our way. The keen crispness of the air was intoxicating; the sun shone splendidly, and the road lay through the forest primeval. Such a crooked, tangled route as it was!

Nan's delight broke forth in song. Her rich, clear voice woke all the echonymphs, who sent back their greeting in softly musical roulades; the sighing pines and the rushing river served for an accompaniment, and when she ceased, our

"Why, bless you," he declared, "in Idyho the | taciturn driver looked round, exclaiming heartily:



PULPIT TERRACE, MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS.

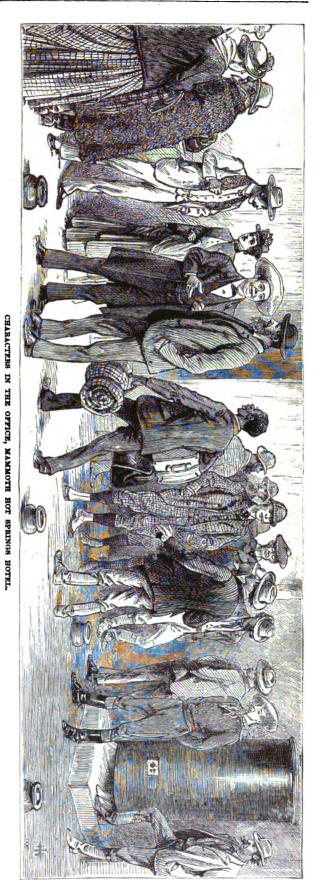
The Snake River frequently crossed our track, but we were quite used to fording, and rather enjoyed the rockaby-baby method of going down, down, downy till we struck the pebbly bed. Sometimes the swift current pressed the wheels till we seemed sweeping down the stream with a dizzying sway, but the horses plodded on, and dragged us safely up the further bank.

Antelope Park lay before us when we emerged from the forest. Its rank grasses, already golden ripe, made it resemble one immense harvest-field; the slopes of the foothills were dark with crowding pines, and before us, snow-crowned, lay the Delectable Mountains of our pilgrimage! The Snake River appeared a shining ribbon threading and binding the billowy stretches of prairie, and the only sounds were those of the rhythmically falling hoof-beats. How endless seemed that long, straight road till we turned once more into a mountain-gorge!

We were due at Manley's at noon, but our poor ill-fed horses could not be urged, so it was long past two o'clock when the welcome cabin came in sight. There we had an excellent dinner, with great goblets of delicious cream, to cheer us on our way.

Steadily upward we climbed for two hours. It was slow work, and when we reached the base of the last mountain marking the great Divide, every one alighted. It makes me breathless now to recall that long, panting pull. Used to forced marching, the Major strode ahead with provoking ease, while our feminine garments annoyed us so constantly, that for once we would have donned Marv Walker's trousers willingly. Half way up, we stood aside to let a troop of twenty horses They looked wonderfully pretty and graceful as they trotted in single file, winding down the steep, zigzag way, and behind them came the wagons of their owners. The flashing eyes, the gleaming teeth, barbaric opulence of ear-rings and gorgeous coloring of raiment marked them gypsies. Some of the women walked with a free, swinging, yet stately gait, smiling a courteous greeting as they passed.

When at length we reached the crest, no one gave a thought to the precedent fatigue. Our elevation was 7.350 feet! and our cyclorama lay beneath us, a hundred miles in extent. Down in the valley on our right gleamed the Henry and Jackson Lakes. From Henry Lake the Snake River trickles away, a mere silver thread, ever widening as it winds toward far Oregon, where it blends with that grand Columbia River of the



Mountain ranges, majestic in their North. amethystine robes, wooed the clouds with their soaring peaks, against the horizon-lines, while nearer foot-hills were either sombre with thick growths of evergreens, or gray with leafless ghosts of trees killed by resistless fires. So far below us were they, that bare trunks eighty feet high looked only like velvet pile smoothly molded over mountain-slopes.

We stood silently gazing, fixing the glorious picture in our hearts, till, with a little tremble of resistless emotion, Nan began the Te Deum. The Major's rich baritone instantly accompanied her, and never in any builded temple has that magnificent psalm been more fittingly sung.

As the last note died away, poor Andrews, wiping his eyes with the back of his rough hand, muttered, in a choked voice: "Thet's jest grand! I never hearn nothin' like it nowhere! Thank ye! Thank ye, miss! The angels must sing like that!"

It was long past sunset when we caught our first glimpse of Fire Hole Basin. The descent thither was so fearfully steep and stumpy, that we were well shaken. Our horses slipped and wallowed in a soil like volcanic ashes; centres of gravity seemed nowhere, yet nothing mattered, for our long-cherished dream was coming gloriously true, and Goblin-land lay at our feet.

From countless hot springs and geysers loveliest wreaths of vapor drifted skyward. I could only think of some wide battle-field from whose batteries the smoke and constant canuonading poured. Vast silvery spaces surrounding these seething springs were like snow-drifts forgotten by the past Winter, which laughing Summer had allowed to linger in her green meadows. Through these great meadows, shining rivers made fantastic curves, and just in the centre of the valley the brilliant red roofs of the hotel cottages put a note of vivid color.

One more ford, a last convulsive effort of our jaded horses, and we gained the log hotel. Here we found the same queer partitions we had seen at Snake River. Mere sheeting covering thin boards, and such wide cracks that every word of ordinary conversation was audible from room to room, while you could easily tell how long your neighbors kept their candles burning.

Ushered to our box-like apartments, the porter immediately brought a brimming bucket of hot mineral water which he described "as soft as silk." We found it all he promised, and later, ordering a bath of the same magical fluid, we were conscious of a distinctly new delight. one can fancy the pleasure of such an experience! It must be tried.

In the common parlor, a distinguished New

his eminence) sat reading—a Seaside Library novel! Three happy-faced Germans came to write and chatter at the same table; his reproving glances made no impression on their Teutonic sensibilities, and every one smiled when he wrathfully stalked out to the office, to reappear with the porter bearing a lamp for his exclusive use. Later, we were very much amused by the messages the great man ordered transmitted over the telephone. His full name was used in each instance: "Mr. -- desires another εoldier sent down to escort his party to the Falls to-morrow morning," etc. "Mr. desires eight rooms reserved at the Falls Hotel; ---- wishes saddle-horses put aside for the exclusive use of his party."

We ought to have been awe-struck, but we were not, and the next morning, when we started for the Upper Basin, we met the soldier detailed for extra escort. Poor fellow! He had ridden forty miles in the night for a nabob's whim, and must farther endure the journey to the Falls that day! yet there was no possible need of other protection on the way between the stations than the regular patrol.

Oh, what a ride we had that morning! Over the forests soared the ceaseless wreaths of snowy vapor, tell-tales of the hot springs which we reached in half an hour. We drove across acres of rock covered with filmy breadths of rippling water, and only left the wagon at the edge of the "formation." This term is constantly used to designate the curious deposit of mineral salts. To those who have trodden its coral-like reefs, the word is magical, bringing a vision of alabaster wrought by elfin fingers in dainty patterns of fantastic foliage and fairy flowering. It was eminently necessary to ponder well the paths of our feet, for the formation was everywhere covered with water. Cold, it would not have mattered much, but boiling hot, the experiment might prove unpleasant. (Mem.—Don't forget your sandals, ladies, when you are going to inspect geysers!)

Andrews shambled ahead in his queer, apathetic teamster fashion, but as he drew near the great Fountain he grew alive, and shouted:

"Ye'd better hurry up! She's gittin' ready ter shewt!"

Having obeyed, we found the great circular pool in wildest commotion. Its sullen growling became now and then an angry snarl; the waters heavily heaved in great swells, then breaking, sent showers of glittering drops far above our heads; but the grand outburst was so delayed that we turned to inspect the adjacent pools.

How infinitely lovely they were! Each had its individual charm of form or color. Some, per-Yorker (whose parade of piety and wealth makes | feetly calm, lay smiling up at the blue heaven;

others lightly stirred, as if sympathizing with the violent throes of the Fountain; but all were so crystal clear that we could gaze far down their pearl - incrusted throats. Reluctantly leaving them, we stumbled along a stony, juniper-bordered pathway to the famous "Paint Pots."

Who would ever imagine that decorous dame Nature could play such mad pranks as those everywhere manifest in the Yellowstone region? Apparently she has held her secret revels here for ages. Fancying the solitude impenetrable, she has cast aside her usual regularity of demeanor, and found delight in contradicting her own laws.

Every one must laugh at the Paint Pots! Comical, fascinating, spluttering, puzzling things! Did you ever chance to hear clothes boiling on a washing-day? Do you recollect the growling rumble of the water among the obstructing linen? -the exultant "pop" and hiss, when the suds at length succeeded in "boiling over"? So sound the Paint Pots! but their struggle to boil over is always abortive, amounting only to little ridiculous explosions, which leave for a few seconds quantities of beheaded bubbles circled by pretty rings. The substance is so pasty that these rings cannot spread more than a few inches, and the growl of defeat goes on perpetually. like our own helpless human nature amid constant failure and disappointment was the impotent commotion!

The largest Pot, or pool, is at least fifty feet in diameter. Fancy an enormous bowl of boiling custard tinted with strawberry-juice, and you have its likeness. Smaller Pots were all about us, seething and spluttering as if they were of vast importance—again very much like fussy little humanities. They were variously tinted, some being greenish, others blue-gray, and one gamboge, but the prevailing color was a bright shrimp-pink.

The Major thrust a long stick into one, and like curious children, we each verified the smoothness of the pretty mixture. No grinder of colors ever reduced his paint to finer texture, and we remembered Silas Lapham. The whole place was sternly suggestive of Pluto's dominion, for the sulphurous exhalations half stifled us, yet we hated to turn away, though we were rewarded the next moment, for the Fountain gave us glorious greeting, sending its magnificent jet so high that, as we gazed, we seemed ourselves transformed into naturalized citizens of Goblin-land.

If the Lower Basin satisfied all previous fancies, the marvels of the Upper Basin astounded us. The "Grotto," the "Castle," the "Lone Star," the "Giant," the "Bee-hive," the "Splendid" and the "Giantess" form a dazzing galaxy of geyser stars, while nearer the hotel, "Old Faithful" dominates all the valley. From the

cone of the "Giant" came no hint of approaching eruption, and the woe of a disappointed hope effaced all the gladness of already accomplished desires. Of course we grumbled a little as we drove away toward the hotel.

"Ye'll be sure to see 'Old Faithful,' anyhow, an' p'r'aps the 'Giant' 'll go off when we come back!" said Andrews, consolingly, but all the way up the road we followed the example of Mrs. Lot, looking backward till our necks ached with the strain. We were not afraid of turning into salt, but we might have become incrusted with "formation."

The site of the hotel was well chosen. its piazza you may overlook all the "Basin," while within a stone's - throw "Old Faithful" comes to time every sixty-five minutes! We had hardly set foot upon the piazza when some one shouted in ecstasy, "By Jove! there goes the 'Giant'!" There was a rush, a mere glimpse of some army-blue trousers, and in a breath the wearer of those garments was in his saddle, tearing down the valley to give general notice of the event. Several camping parties had been waiting four days in the vicinity, while others, who, like the kings and prophets of the hymn, "desired it long," had gone "without the sight." Were we not in luck?

We gave one swift glance at the mighty ascending pillar of cloud, then, scrambling back anyhow to our places, drove rapidly down the hill.

Will any one, who has beheld the "Giant," ever forget the scene? All about the pulpit-like crater lie acres of streaming "formation." but you never think that wonderful till the first overwhelming, paralyzing amazement has passed. Then, catching a long, sobbing breath as you come back to sentient existence, you look about as you might if suddenly landed in the moon, and begin to examine details. Probably you are standing in a pool of water. You did not know it, and would not have cared if you had known it. What was any physical discomfort compared with such a spectacle?

Straight away and aloft shoots the vast column of steam and boiling water, till at a height of 250 feet the splendid jet breaks in cascades of jewelspray, while the vapor still soars, launching affoat great fleets of cloud-ships. The wind snatches the dazzling masses, tears them, blows them in sheet-like drifts, which instantly descend, forming pointed arches like the front of some superb Gothic cathedral, whose silver spire ever towers high in air. Glorious! stupendous! appalling! Our greed of the wonderful was for once satisfied to the uttermost. Sight absorbed all other senses, till the mighty throb, throb of the "Giant's" laboring pulse struck our reawakened hearing.

Then we wandered about the crater, heedlessly

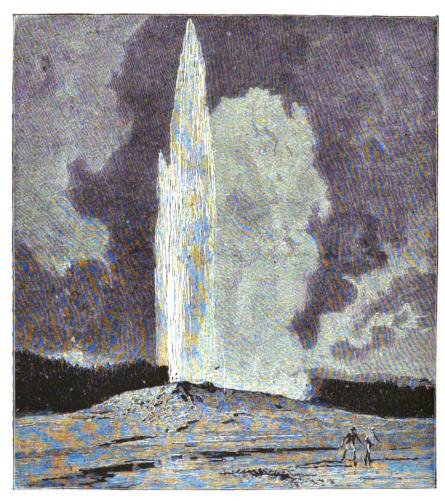
crossing the steaming formation, staring at other groups, as if amazed to find anything or anybody *real*, and wishing for the genius of a Dante to fitly picture the scene.

As usual, Nan broke the general trance, saying, in a tone of intense conviction: "Now I know where the clouds are made! There wasn't one in all the sky when we came, but just look now!"

Surely she was right. The fair heaven was crowded with white squadrons of cloud-ships sweeping away to the west, where they would lie

The principal sight on the way back to Fire Hole was Hell's Half Acre, but we were too weary to examine the place closely. It was once the crater of an active volcano; now it is a prismatic lake inclosing countless boiling springs.

Queen's weather again the next day, if there was a bit of a chill in the air; but that same chill shook out a new manifestation of excellence in our matchless porter. When we were ready to start, John brought a pair of heavy gray blankets which he tucked about us, observing: "The ladies



"OLD FAITHFUL" GEYSER IN ACTION.

in the sunset-harbor till all their sails should be tinted with glowing crimson and gold. Who might guess their final haven?

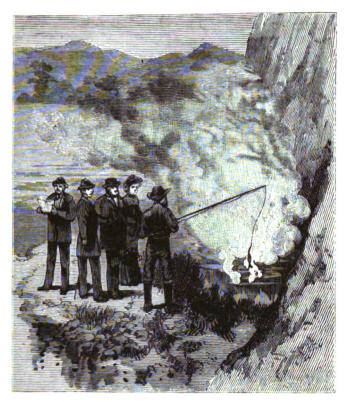
Returning to the hotel, we secured our needed luncheon, and then sat down very near "Old Faithful." True to its reputation, the miracle was wrought "on time." The column is not so immense, nor does it soar quite so high, as that of the "Giant," but oh! how enchanting! It rushes up with a rocket's whiz for 160 feet, and coquets with the sunshine for just five minutes.

will find it awful cold up yonder, and you can bring these back."

It was already "awful cold," and we blessed John with the blessing of those who would have been "ready to perish," but for his kindness.

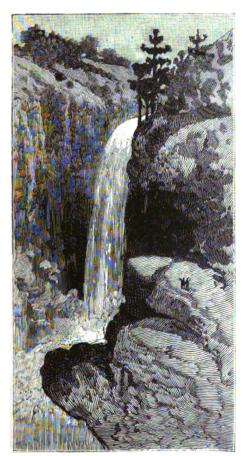
At noon we camped beside Front Creek, a funny little stream of delicious water. At this point we began meeting the Northern Pacific stages. The roomy, well-appointed equipages made the contrast with our own shabby "outfit" very provoking. A little beyond Front Creek

the road branches toward the right. There lies the course to the Yellowstone Lake, but we, who had seen Tahoe, did not care to make the extra day's journey. The Falls were our objective point, and far away glittered the white dome of Sulphur Mountain. At least 500 feet in height rises this hill of solid sulphur. At its base, and close beside our path, we found the loveliest -and-the worst-smelling hot spring ever known. The pool is perhaps 35 feet in diameter. Its borders are gemmed with row



COOKING FISH IN THE HOT SPRINGS.

o'clock. Superb walls of dark-gray granite hemmed the channel on either side; forests of pine and spruce shadowed the swiftly sweeping water, so utterly unconscious how soon every crystal drop would be churned and dashed to vaporous foam. As we neared the hotel, we heard the roar of the Upper Fall, and knew the Grand Canon was almost in view. The hotel was even more shanty-like than any we had seen, resembling very much a primitive boarding - house on Martha's Vineyard in the good old



UPPER FALL.

upon row of suiphur crystals. Brown, red, shrimp-pink and pale-yellow are harmoniously mingled. and in their midst lies the milky-green water. The liquid surges. tosses, rises in foam - crested ridges, then with a hoarse growl uplifts a fountain of exquisite beauty. As you exclaim in admiration, the odor reaches and stifles you. It is so disgusting, so vile, that you will flee at once. Ugh!

We caught our first view of the Yellowstone River about two



OBSIDIAN CLIFFS.
Digitized by GOOGLE

camp-meeting times. We found a mammoth stove of sheet-iron in the general office, and the partitions were the same skeleton things we had known. This time, however, no friendly sheeting covered the cracks and knot-holes, but we only laughed and hung up our extra wraps by way of tapestry. Had we not once, in Colorado, staid at a hotel where the partitions were hardly higher than a man's head, leaving wide spaces to the beams above? We ascertained that the blessed wire mattress was present, and then went out to mount our horses.

The bridle-path follows the very brink of the precipice, but our nerves had been steadied by many a precedent experience among the Sierras, so that the danger was only a new element of fascination. Directly beneath us, over black, ragged rocks, tributary streams dashed their pretty, silvery cascades; at our right, the Upper Fall thundered away, and we caught one glimpse of its rushing whiteness; then we crossed a tiny bridge of tilting poles, and—the marvel of the Grand Cañon burst upon us!

When Moran's picture of this canon was placed in the Senate Corridor at Washington many a skeptical observer remarked that such vivid coloring was impossible in any natural scenery; but in the presence of the real view, the living rocks declare the impotence of any human genius to represent their brilliant tones. I stood again before Moran's picture a few days since. The colors that used to seem too strong were dim and faded compared with those my memory showed me.

The beautiful falls in the Yosemite drop from their awful height over solemn cliffs of black and gray, but the Yellowstone is alone in its gorgeous splendor. Who shall be inspired with phrases that may fitly express the sweep of rapturous emotion when such revelations meet the eye? To try to tell it by any grouping of ordinary words seems absurd; to feel it!—oh! it is to eatch one glorious glimpse of the splendid eestasy an untrammeled soul might know.

After two miles of spasmodic jogging over the very uneven trail, we reached Point Lookout and dismounted. The Point is an odd spur of chalky rock shooting out some twenty feet below the edge of the precipice. In shape and size it very much resembles a ship's bowsprit. The scramble thither was neither easy nor graceful. Only one person could cling or sit at the extreme point where the view was most sublime, and then the daring sight-seer hung directly over the abyss.

A thousand feet below us, in a passion of impotent rage, the river writhed along. It was so lovely in its wrath, however, that we were fain to watch its course and leave the thunder-challenge of the Falls unnoticed. The water is ex-

quisitely green, having the peculiar changeful lustre of rich silken fabrics. For brief lengths it was brilliantly, vividly clear; at the next bend, shadowed and deepened, each ripple crested with foam, it moved onward like some splendid emerald serpent whose scales were edged with silver, and it seemed as if we might hear an angry hiss, but not one murmur reached us.

The plunge of the Yellowstone Fall is 360 feet—more than twice the height of Niagara! Clouds of spray and mist veil more than half its length. Among these, rainbows are everywhere astray, tangling their bright hues in fascinating combinations against the gleaming background of the falling torrent.

Mrs. Gummidge sat as if entranced. All her heart was in her eyes; then, at length, having found her metaphor, she exclaimed: "It looks exactly like the 'Giant' upside down!"

The words had scarcely left her lips when Nan called from the bank: "Mamma! Say! Doesn't the Fall look exactly like the 'Giant' upside down?"

The sun was settling in the west, and we were summoned for the return march, but obeyed with a reluctance only one remove from flat rebellion. The mention of supper seemed a blasphemy. Then, after voraciously consuming that meal—which was a necessary parenthesis in our transport—we walked to the Upper Fall. The stroll was over a woodland path, and the air was delicious with sylvan scents. Great shelves of rock make admirable resting-places upon the very brink of the cataract, where we sat to gloat at our ease over the new revelation.

Then, shivering, we went indoors. We shivered much more the next morning while we made our toilets with benumbed fingers. August and shivering are usually incompatible, but that morning no possible glory of scenery was half so attractive as the hideous sheet-iron stove in the office. Every one crowded round it as if it were a shrine.

By the time breakfast was over our faithful Andrews was ready. The exciting sting of the sunlit outer air was quite another thing from the imprisoned chill of the hotel. It braced every nerve and set all our pulses gladly leaping when we started for the Mammoth Hot Springs over a new path.

Up hill and down dale we went, chiefly following the broad Government road, and reaching Norris Geyser Basin in time for luncheon at another shanty. The geysers here are less notable than those of the Upper Basin. The "Monarch" is the grandest, and we humbly demanded audience of his majesty, but after waiting an hour we left his ante-chamber in disgust.

We passed the great Obsidian ('liffs. Volcanic glass fused and upheaved in grand black masses!

Each successive layer is curiously veined and polished, while the winds of uncounted years have brought to all the crevices a scanty soil, bearing a growth of grass and fern. Broken bits of the curious substance lay all about in shining fragments. Many of them were like agate in their beautiful wavy lines. Past lake and forest and winding brook we went, meeting gangs of road-laborers, whose picturesque camps were half-hidden by trees, and ever nearing the great Snow Mountains.

At one point, called the Golden Gate, we passed between the towering crags of the mountain on our left, and a huge fragment standing like a sentinel tower to guard the pass. Here the coloring was so gorgeous that Nan declared "the rocks had been stained by the sunsets they had faced for ages."

At the last curve, we saw below us the hotels and—the Terraces! It was only three o'clock when we finished the ride at the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel. The building lacks beauty of outline, and its color offends the eye as its awkward name vexes the ear, but it is a hotel—not a log-cabin or a shanty. The piazzas are broad, the corridors are spacious, and tourists have a pleasant way of leaving the drawing-rooms to their upholstered horror, while they gather in the wide central office.

We found our rooms exceedingly pleasant, but we quickly "dumped" our traps, and started for those matchless Terraces. All through the valley the verdure of Summer was still spread, and, in the midst of this, the white levels climbing skyward seemed a celestial stair-way leading to the heaven of our dreams. The splendid succession of steps are as regularly placed as those by which you approach St. Peter's, only the Terraces are so dazzlingly white, and their surface so delicately fluted, that they seem of yesterday.

No wildest fancy of Jules Verne, nor fantastic tale of Oriental invention, ever described anything like the exquisite, fascinating beauty of the scene. Frost-work, lace-work, coral-fret and daintiest porcelain moldings were under our feet, while the apparent alabaster was threaded by ribbons of brilliant color. The purity of the strange place is its greatest wonder till you note the almost invisible films of scalding water constantly flooding the formation. These accumulate, making rivulets so crystal clear that no hint is given of the coloring held in solution, yet every tiny channel has its own vivid tint.

When, at length, we stood breathlessly happy upon the highest level, we were among Nature's crown-jewels. Such bewildering, ravishing grouping of flashing gems set in frosted silver! Each jewel was incontestably of the purest water—a pool of surpassing lucent loveliness. The largest

was a sapphire, circled with rows of brown topaz, pink rubies and crystal; another was an amethyst, nestling in borders of Byzantine mosaic; next, a cluster of fire-opals glowed and paled within a turquois rim; and yonder lay an emerald bound in silver, while aqua marines, with settings of Etruscan gold, were dotted everywhere. Could the vision of St. John at Patmos have been fairer than the scene about us, with the fathomless blue sky bending over it all, and the sunset glory in the west broken by great gates of pearl? We were apparently astray in cloud-land.

We trod lightly along the cloud-paths lest our human feet might crush their dainty tissue, and only when once again in the valley did we recognize how weary were our mortal muscles.

Our last day was occupied by the pilgrimage back to Fire Hole over a road we had not seen.

Crossing the Gibbon Meadows, we saw a sign indicating the Gibbon Paint Pots.

"Oh, the lovely things! I must see those!" cried Nan.

We had only to follow our noses, for the brimstone odor floats far afield. One "Pot" was filled with clotted gore, another was liquid gamboge, while burnt sienna and violet were plentiful. While we stood admiring them, a party of scientific Englishmen came with their usual aggravating coolness in the presence of the greatest marvels. They gave chemical names to all the beautiful colors, speculated on their remarkable qualities, and remarked: "We've seen the same thing in Australia, don't you know!"

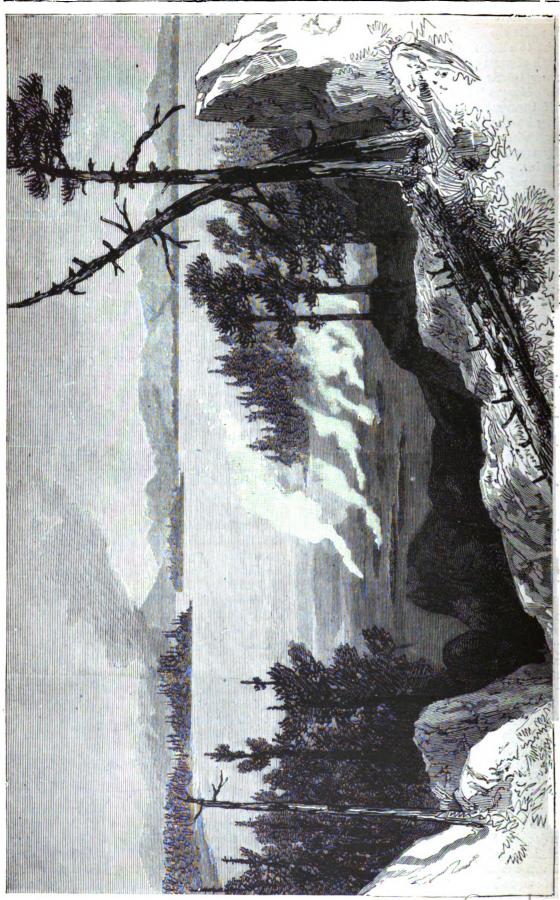
"I don't believe they ever saw anything at all like it!" muttered Nan, with indignation, then she flashed such a glance from her mischievous eyes, that the youngest Briton never looked at the Paint Pots again while she remained, and the Major lectured her for flirting.

Rainbows had been most distinctive features throughout our journey, and a slight sun-shower provided a final spectacle of matchless magnificence. The glorious arch spanned the entire valley, while against the sombre clouds two copies were painted, almost as radiant as the original.

It was sunset when we reached Fire Hole for the last time. The place had now a home-like air. Every hour had brought some freight of gladness; our dream of the Yellowstone had "come true."

All the long way back to Beaver Canon we looked eagerly for the famous Tetons, but they were hidden in clouds. Snows rested thickly on all the mountain-peaks, and a bitter wind moaned its prophecy of Winter desolation, but Nan's eloquence about her "Goblin-land" never flagged. The elves have it to themselves now, but for the sake of our bright fay they had entertained us with cousinly courtesy.







THEE AND ME.—"I TOUCHED HER SATIN SLEEVE, WHISPERING, INAUDIBLY TO ALL EARS BUT HERS, 'REMEMBER, Vol. XXIX., No. 1—6.

"THEE AND ME."

A FLAME FROM A CHRISTMAS HEARTH.

HEAVEN had suddenly opened in the little brown cottage of Grandfather Darling, in Willow Lane.

Mark and Dorothy, sitting in shy silence before the wide, old-fashioned chimney-place, with its Christmas festival of blazing logs, started with a simultaneous movement to replace a falling brand that sent a shower of starry sparks over the hearth. As the work was completed, their hands accidentally touched, and their eyes, as Dorothy looked up, met in one fascinated gaze from which neither could withdraw. Softly, as if by some natural law of shadows, the silhouette figures on the opposite wall blended in one, with interlocked arms and face bent to face.

"Dear, I love you."

It might have been only the ecstatic murmur of the flames drinking the blood of the orchardwood consecrated to the glory of the Christmaseve. Possibly the blending of the figures was only a fantastic play of the shadows, after all.

The fire, eating deeper into the heart of the apple-branches, suddenly burst in a flood of light over the youth and maid, sitting again—she with face down bent, he with eyes eagerly seeking, but no longer finding, hers.

In that blissful swoon of sense, all her blood had rushed back upon her heart, leaving her face shining with a white, still-soul radiance; but now the red current was surging up to the spirals of blonde hair blowing about her forehead, and tingling with strange thrills to the finger-tips of the hand, fluttering like that of a newly captured bird, in that of the suddenly bold lover.

Grandfather Darling, in his favorite nook by the hearth-stone, with his white head bowed upon the hand which had shielded his eyes from the heavenly pantomime before the Christmas blaze, here lifted his serene old face and turned toward Dorothy, who was blushing with holy shame.

"Seems, child, as if she was here to-night," he said, in a soft, reverent way, and sighing tremulously.

"Yes, I hope she is, grandfather," Dorothy breathed, as reverently, but with a new, thrilling inflection of voice that moved him strangely.

He turned and looked at her more closely, with a deep lustre in his still clear, dark eyes.

What he saw was the familiar face, transfigured with a beauty whose inward source his old heart recognized in the faintly renewed thrills of its own love.

"Perhaps thee would like to have me tell thee about our wooing?" he said, seeing beyond the shining outline of Dorothy's face the darker,

more passionate and absorbing background of her lover's.

"Oh, yes, grandfather," breathed Dorothy's flute-tones again.

"Yes, yes, grandfather," echoed the deep bass of Mark Ellis.

The blaze from a thoroughly enkindled branch of wood just then lit up, with a supernatural glow, a portion of the wall opposite grandfather, where hung a portrait to which all eyes suddenly and instinctively turned.

It was that of a young woman, not much older than Dorothy, dressed in the quaint, simple fashion of grandfather's youth; the beautiful face, in the flash and flicker of the firelight, seeming full of the sparkle and flush of life that had kindled its subject fifty years before.

"She—she was more than that," the old lover said, marking the transfiguration of the portrait, which, nevertheless, paled beside the reality of his inner vision.

"She looked like — like Dorothy," suggested young Ellis, paying the highest tribute possible to the lovely portrait.

"Somewhat," asserted grandfather, slowly, and with a mental reservation not in Dorothy's favor. "She was beautiful as—as an angel, children. That is what she was—an angel. I couldn't have lived without her. Yet I came near missing her. I never told thee, did I? We never talked about it—not to others. But now I see—yes, I see thee can understand.

"We were far apart in station. I was but a poor Quaker lad. She was a rich lady. And when I say that, I don't mean only that she was the daughter of a wealthy man, but that she was rich in all the heavenly graces that thee can see faintly imaged there."

And he lifted his hand as in benediction toward the portrait on the wall.

"Yes, grandfather," asserted Dorothy, moving to a low seat by his side, close followed by the lover, who, taking the chair she had just vacated, drew near enough to possess himself again of her hand, as though that were a medium of communication with the divine sphere which seemed to have descended upon them.

"We met as the high and the low," continued Grandfather Darling. "She came sometimes to my flower-market, and I chose for her the richest and fairest blossoms of their kind, presenting them with a hand that would tremble shamefully in spite of me."

"Yes?" smiled Mark, sympathetically, with a thrilling pressure of the hand in his.

"The money that she left for the flowers, which her touch made sacred I could never drop with that of other customers. It fell in a vase consecrated to such use, and I gave it to her church, where I often went, but with the hope of seeing her, taking my part in the solemn responses, that I might mingle my voice with hers. I ought not to tell thee such things. It was very wrong——"

Grandfather Darling paused, a deep flush creeping up to his white hair.

"Dear grandfather," murmured Dorothy, laying her blonde head in tender forgiveness on his knee.

"I see thee can understand," he replied, simply.

"Do not fear," responded young Ellis, assur-

"Sometimes," went on the narrator, "she would ride past my gardens on her beautiful horse, which she sat as a queen on her throne, and then my eyes would follow her till she disappeared from view—ay, and beyond, for I still seemed to see her where she was not.

"One day, a wisp of paper, tossing across the way as she came galloping down the street, fright-ened her horse, which reared so suddenly aside that his fair burden was cast against the stone block by my door. Breathless, I rushed out, caught her in my arms, and bore her in, before another, as I thought, could mark the accident.

"She was white and still as the dead, and all my untold love burst forth in words I had never given to the air before. I even dared to kiss the hand I was chafing, in my passion; and suddenly she opened her eyes and gazed up at me, as though I were of another world.

"Why did you wake me?" she said, at last. 'I thought I had gone to heaven, and I was so happy, because there I should not marry Clay Russell.'

"At that instant the man himself—Clay Russell—rushed in, exclaiming over the danger, the tidings of which a messenger had just carried to him; and he gathered her in his arms and bore her off to the carriage in waiting, leaving me but the burning memory of those eyes that seemed to have opened in my very soul.

"After that, I heard of the approaching nuptials of Esther Stuart and Clay Russell, and I had orders to reserve all my roses and finest flowers for decoration of the church, on an evening in the heart of June."

"Ah! grandfather, that was so hard for thee," murmured Dorothy, tenderly.

"It was the twining of funeral-wreaths for me indeed, my Dolly; but I did my duty well, even to the strewing of the roses in the way of the bridal procession. I could not help it, though—

the thing I did. When I flung my last rich offering at her feet, a strange impulse seized me, and I touched her satin sleeve, whispering, inaudibly to all ears but hers:

"Remember, it is before God!"

"Her face, if possible, turned a shade paler than it was. A smothered cry broke from her lips, and she fell fainting in her father's arms. A wild confusion now ensued, and there was no wedding that evening. A long illness followed, and when Esther Stuart recovered, she declined to marry Clay Russell."

"And then, grandfather?" inquired Dorothy, eagerly.

The old man was silent, but the expression of his face, as he sat gazing into the fire, was one of beatific content.

The young lovers looked at each other with understanding of a memory which could not be babbled about.

To the fancy of each the subsequent events were clear.

"We were married on Christmas-eve, five years later," at length added the old lover, gently. "And always thereafter, on Christmas-eve, we sat by a blazing fire like this, not talking much, but seeming to see further and further into the Kingdom of Heaven. I tell thee now, because I see thee will know."

Another silence ensued — a silence eloquent to the sense of the group beside the radiant hearth.

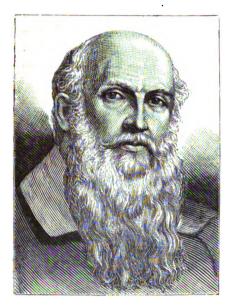
"Strange, how one by one the dear children passed away, as though hastening to the upper world to greet the beautiful one when she came," mused Grandfather Darling, who seemed in the silent interval to have been traveling over the stretch of years between the Then and Now. "And at last there is only three left—Dorothy Darling—the joy of the old man's hearth."

"And the joy of the young man's heart," supplemented Mark Ellis, venturing to touch his lips to the hand in his own.

"Ay," responded the occupant of the great arm-chair, stroking the blonde head leaning against his knee. "But draw out the little round-table, my darling, and lay upon it the dainty china cups and plates that she loved. Bring in some simple cakes of thy own making, and let the kettle sing its song of cheer upon the hearth. We will have a feast of love, my children, and she will come to it."

Between the two tender servitors the order was softly obeyed, the fantastic shadows of the fire-light scarcely banished by the rose-shaded lamp. When the simple preparations were completed, Grandfather Darling bent his head in low invocation: "Lord, evermore give us to eat of Thy bread."

Dorothy's hands trembled like lilies in the wind, as she poured the fragrant tea into the delicate cups, which she touched with reverent memory of her who had loved them. What she and Ellis



FATHER JAHN, GERMAN PATRIOT, AND FOUNDER OF THE TURNER ASSOCIATIONS.

drank therefrom was the nectar of the gods, and the bread they made a feint of tasting was the manna of heaven. What was it to Grandfather Darling, one might only guess by the look that he cast across the table to the vacant place.

When this little rite was completed, and the sacred china restored to its niche beside the fireplace, Mark Ellis, gently bidding good-night to grandfather, who gave him his blessing, turned, as one going from paradise, to meet the hand of Dorothy. He could not have gained the door She followed the guiding touch of without her. Should she not have a worshipful glance at the stars? The stars tell no secrets of worshipful lovers. The solemn hush of a snowbound Winter night reigned without. Overhead, the brave Orion was striding up the steep of heaven with his glory of shining worlds. But the tender Pleiades, in their soft, humid blending of rays, seemed to the upward gazers on this Christmas-eve the truest light of Bethlehem.

"For thee and me!" young Ellis said, with the triumphant sense of possession that belonged to the first lovers in Eden, who felt that for them the glories of the universe were freshly created.

But the words spoken could have been recalled by neither afterward. Even the bliss of them would be lost in the dust-waves of time, for the coarse fibre of clay cannot long endure the raptures of spirit.

As Dorothy came back to Grandfather Darling

again, feeling that the shadows had deepened about the hearth since she left, he signaled her to a seat by his side, laying his old hand kindly on her shining hair.

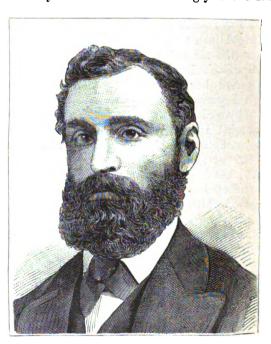
"Thee has chosen well," he said. "Thee will be very happy with the boy, I think; but thee must not expect that the way will be all like this. That it might be, if it were possible to hold thy present state of mind, is true; yet thee will slip down into the common world again, where thee has to live. But as far as thee can, Dolly, try to see thy lover always in the light in which thou seest him to-night.

"And now, sweetheart, if thee will bring a pillow for my head, and lay a fresh branch upon the fire, I will sit here for an hour longer, and dream that I see the lovely apple-blossoms of May unfolding in the blaze. I shall be happiest here. Thee knows—my heart does not always—rest easily when I lie down."

"But, grandfather, let me stay with thee," pleaded the girl, as she swiftly fulfilled his orders.

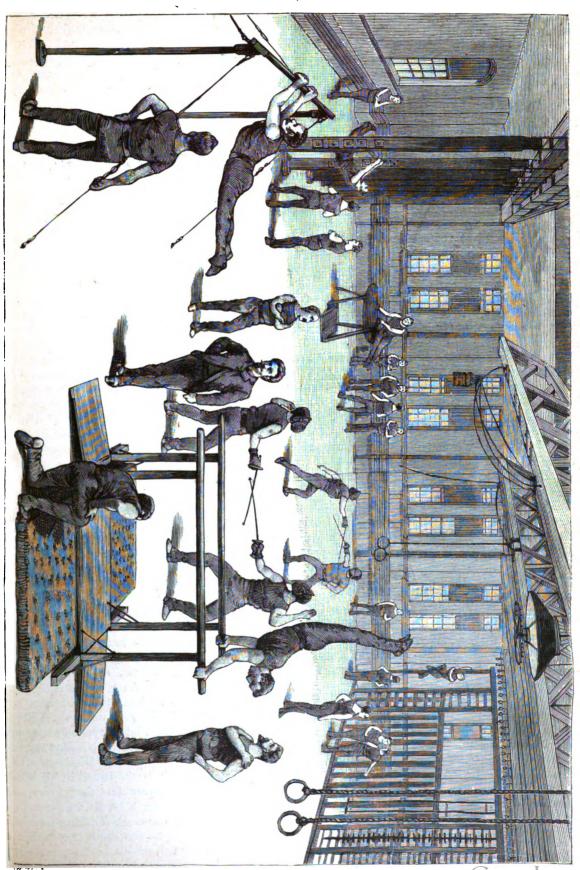
"No, no, child. I have no need of thee. I shall rest more quietly alone for an hour," he said, reassuringly. "Go to thy dreams, dear. They will never in thy life be so sweet again. The Father bless thee! Good-night, my Dorothy."

Dorothy laid her cheek caressingly to the fur-



HON. SIGISMUND KAUFMANN, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE TURNVEREINS IN THE UNITED STATES.

rowed forehead, and, with a murmured goodnight, went out. As the door closed softly upon her, the old man reached out his arms in an ecstasy of longing.



SCENE IN A TURNER GYMNASIUM.— SEE PAGE 88.

"Thou art here," he said, addressing the invisible presence. "This hour is for thee and me!"

Mark Ellis, speeding to Willow-wood early on the following morning, with the desire to leave his Christmas tokens, found, as he divined, the door unfastened after his exit on the previous evening.

Stepping lightly in, he made his way toward the room where the remembered radiance of heaven had burned, thinking to kindle afresh the Christmas fire with reverent hand, and to leave there his gifts for the day.

A strange chill struck to his heart as he passed the threshold, and he stopped short, gazing as

one spell-bound at the scene within.

The radiant flames that he had left had dropped into pale, dead ashes on the hearth, before which still sat Grandfather Darling, his white head lying back against the crimson support of his chair, and the peace and triumph of a holy conqueror showing in his immovable, calm face.

Breaking the spell that for a moment held him, Ellis strode swiftly across the room, and bending over the still figure, laid his hand upon the forehead from which yesterday's lines seemed almost to have wholly disappeared. It was icy cold. He touched the stiffened wrist upon the arm of the chair. It held no pulse. His hand sought the heart which had before this given its warning of the end. The warmth of life had gone out of it, and the wonderful mechanism was stilled forever.

The young man stood trembling in awe and dread before this majesty of death. How was he to save Dorothy from the shock which had unnerved himself?

While he waited, wondering, and uncertain what to do, the door of an inner room softly opened, and the girl, bearing Christmas lovegifts in her hand, looked out with a startled air.

"Why, Mark! Are you here? And grandfather up so early? Why, he gave me no chance to play Santa Claus last night, and I thought— Ah, Heaven!—is—is grandfather sleeping?"

Mark had stepped forward, striving to stand between Dorothy and the sculptured figure in the chair.

"Dearest," he said, taking her in his arms and hiding her face upon his breast, "let me be to you father, mother, sister, brother—all things that love can be on earth. Listen—do not fear! She—she came for him last night—dear heart."

A spasm of trembling ran through the slight form that he held, but the face was not lifted.

The first rays of the morning sun at this moment shot in at the eastern window, and circled

like the halo of a saint about the white head of the sleeper.

Mark Ellis turned softly around, bearing with him the shuddering Dorothy.

"See!" he said, in an assuring voice.

The serene, smiling old face, touched by the full glory of the Christmas-morning sun, seemed transfigured with a celestial beauty.

A great sob broke from Dorothy's heart, on which her hands were closely clasped. She had

no words. She could only gaze.

"So," said the lover, holding her close again— "so shall you and I together—fifty years hence. perhaps—pass quietly, blissfully, into the splendors of the Unseen."

AN OLD DICTIONARY.

By G. L. A.

DR. Johnson's famous "Dictionary" created so great a revolution in English lexicography, that the names and merits of its predecessors have been to a very large extent obscured and forgotten. But there were strong men before Agamemnon, and many industrious and worthy dictionary-makers before Dr. Johnson. About thirty different English dictionaries had been published between the beginning of the seventeenth century and 1755, the date of Dr. Johnson's epoch-making book. Many of these went through numerous editions. One of the most popular among many generations of students of the last century was that Dyche's Dictionary.

Of the author, the Rev. Thomas Dyche, very little is known. He was educated at the Free School at Ashbourne, in Derbyshire, and subsequently worked in London as a school-master. To his old preceptor he gratefully dedicated his first publication. This was a Latin vocabulary, which was probably published in 1709, as the dedication is dated by the author from his school in Dean Street, Fetter Lane, 20th December, 1708. book had reached a fifth edition in 1728. In 1709 he also issued a "Guide to the English Tongue," which contains his portrait in wig, gown and bands, and is prefaced by lines addressed to "My ingenious Friend the Author," by Nahum Tate, the poet-laureate. This work became a very popular school-book, and went through many editions. A few years later Dyche became master of the Free School at Stratford-le-Bow, and about 1720 published a "Spelling Dictionary," which was the last of his books issued in his life-time. The only other biographical fact known about Mr. Dyche is that, in 1719, he was cast in £300 damages for printing and publishing a scandalous libel reflecting upon the conduct of a then wellknown John Ward, of Hackney.

The "New General English Dictionary," with

Digitized by GOGIC

which Dyche's name is most associated was a posthumous publication, given to the world in 1735, when its author had probably been but a few years dead. It is stated on the title-page to have been originally begun by the late Rev. Mr. Dyche, and to have been finished by William Pardon, gentleman. This dictionary was compact, of a handy size, and was sold for the moderate price of six shillings. The sale was large and continuous, the successive editions varying little, save in the necessary alteration of a word or two in the title-page. This, as was then customary, gives a very full and often quaintly worded description of the contents of the book. It is stated to be "peculiarly calculated for the use and improvement of such as are unacquainted with the learned languages," and also to be "for the use of such as have but an imperfect idea of the English Orthography."

The dictionary proper is preceded by an Introduction and an abstract of English Grammar. In the Introduction we are told, in startling contrast to what is now a leading feature in all good dictionaries, that derivations and etymologies are left out of the book, because, first, of their uncertainty, and secondly, "upon account of their Uselessness to those Persons that these sort of Books are most helpful to, which are commonly such whose Education, Reading and Leisure, are bounded within a narrow Compass."

The absence of all attempt at giving derivations is much to be regretted, for many of the old dictionaries contain most amusing etymological "shots." The wildest guesses were made at the origin of words, the inquirer being generally led astray by some fancied resemblance in sound or appearance, while the key to etymology, the history of words, was entirely neglected.

Mr. Dyche, like most of the old lexicographers, includes in his work a large number of articles on persons and places of more or less importance. These form not the least interesting feature of the book. Some of the geographical articles are very long — that on England, for instance, fills nearly three pages. Many refer to very insignificant places, but sometimes contain curious items of information. At Dodbrook, in Devonshire, we are told, there is "a particular custom of paying to the parson tythe of a liquor called white ale." Eastbourne is described as "seated near the sea, and noted for the birds called wheatears, which are caught here in great numbers." Brighton is not mentioned, nor are many places of importance, such as Edinburgh and Paris. Similarly unequal is the treatment of many of the words in the vocabulary proper. takes up a page, consisting almost entirely of an elaborate description of an "Act of Faith," with all its ceremonies, as prescribed and performed

by the Inquisition. "Religion" fills more than two pages, and gives an account of the various religions of the world. "Eye" has nearly three columns, but "ear" only seven lines. Some of the actual definitions are curiously full-for instance, the common word "dodge" is thus defined: "To cavil, wrangle, prevaricate, waver, boggle, shuffle and cut, baffle, flinch, to fly from one thing to another, to hop or skip, to hide." Others are extremely concise: "Rightful" is simply "lawful"; "Dragant"-"a gum so called," and so with many more.

Many of the definitions are quaintly and amusingly worded. "Sand-eels," we are told, are "such as chuse to lie and live in sand." From the eel's point of view, there is probably not much choice in the matter. "Feet" are "the pedestals upon which men or other creatures walk"; "gale" is a "sea term for a currency of air," which is at least a mild way of putting "Labor-in-vain" has an article to itself, and is "any fruitless attempt, such as the washing of a blackamoor white." "Lily-white," we are gravely informed, is a "mock name for a chimney-sweeper." "Deosculation" is "an hearty or eager kissing a person with much affection and pleasure," and "charmer" is "a complimental term applied by lovers to their mistresses." Sometimes the information is rather surprising, as when we are told that "dreary" is "an old word still retained by the poets," and that "sash" sometimes means "a girdle used to tie men's night-gowns with.'

A few unusual words are found. "Foy" is said to be "a treat given by a person to his friends or acquaintance upon his change of, or bettering, his station in life, removing to a new habitation, going or setting out upon a journey. putting on new cloaths, &c." The lovely word "circumaggeration" means a heaping round about. "Anasarca" is "a kind of dropsy, that fills the whole body with pituitous humors," a definition that seems itself to stand in need of explanation. The word "travally," defined as "a particular beat of drum that goes round or through a camp, garrison, &c., in the morning," would appear to be a sadly mangled version of the reveille. Perhaps the most remarkable entry is the following: "Monosceles, people of Ethiopia, whom the ancients reported had but one leg, yet were extraordinary jumpers; they were also called Sciopedes, because their feet would shadow the body."

Some words would appear, from the definitions, to have then had significations other than those they now bear; a bibliographer is said to be "a book-seller, a trader in books," and a novelist, "an admirer of new things or changes, a newsmonger or intelligencer." "Chromatic" is very



DB. H. M. STARKLOFF, PRESIDENT OF THE EXECUTIVE COM-MITTEE OF THE UNITED STATES TURNERBUND, (NOW U. S. CONSUL TO BREMEN).

curiously defined as "one who never blushes, or whose color never changes." The following explanation of "knave" is interesting and accurate: "Knave, when applied to Children, is a familiar word of pleasure; and anciently, signified a servant; so in the old translation of the Bible, it is rendered Paul, the knave of Christ; but now it generally means a cheating, imposing, rascally fellow."

Interesting references to old customs and practices occasionally occur. "Beverage" is defined as "a small treat of wine, ale, &c., commonly claimed by, and given to, a person's intimate acquaintance at the first wearing of a new suit of clothes." At the present day, in some parts of England, the word in this sense and the custom are both still familiar. In Ulster, when a lady wears a new dress for the first time, she is said "to give the beverage of it" to the first person whom she kisses after donning it. Under "faggot," the statement that, "in the Army, it is a term for an ineffective man, who receives no pay, nor does any regular duty, but only appears occasionally at a muster," would seem to suggest a probable origin of the "faggot-voter."

A few slang words are given in Mr. Dyche's Dictionary: "Noose, in the Cant Language, means both to marry and to hang." "Betty," which is still occasionally used for a burglar's

crowbar; "dust," a slang word for money, dating from the seventeenth century; and "kid" for a child, are, with others of a similar kind, duly entered. "Diver" and "diving," which were, in the earlier part of the last century, colloquially used for the pickpocket and his trade, also find places. Gay warns the walker of London streets not to mix with any gathering crowd, for

"Here dives the skulking thief, with practis'd sleight.

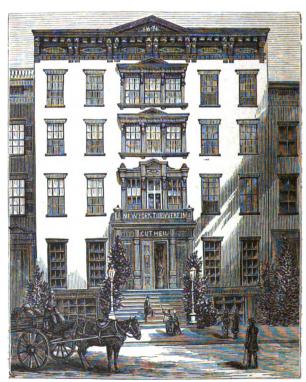
And unfelt fingers make thy pocket light."

One of Dyche's predecessors, Elisha Coles, "School-master, and Teacher of the Tongue to Foreigners," who published a dictionary in 1676, included a large number of slang words and phrases; for, he said, "'tis no disparagement to understand the Canting Terms. It may chance to save your Throat from being cut, or (at least) your Pocket from being pick'd."

THE TURNER ASSOCIATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES.

By Dr. H. METZNER.

As THESE associations, known as the North American Turner Union, find their members almost exclusively among our population of German birth or parentage, few, probably, of our readers have any conception of the objects or extent of this organization, which has more than two hundred and fifty branches, with fine and

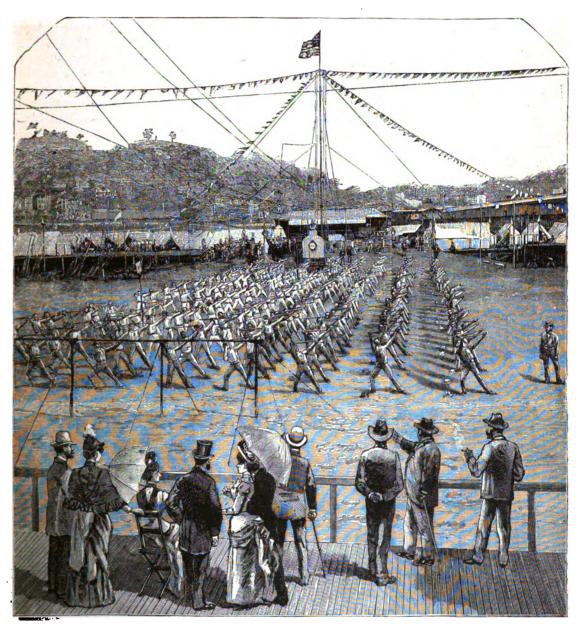


FORMER BUILDING OF THE NEW YORK TURNVEREIN.

well-built halls in many of the larger cities, reaching in value nearly four millions of dollars.

Although primarily intended for gymnastic training of the members, these Turner halls contain also schools for both sexes, in which especial attention is paid to German, natural science, music and art.

needs and deserves care and development as well as the mind is becoming more and more general. Not only men of science, physicians, teachers, etc., insist upon a proper bodily training of our children, but the press is gradually taking up this question. Thus the apparent indifference of the people at large will soon be overcome. A



TURNER FESTIVAL AT CINCINNATI, JUNE, 1889.

Rooms are also provided for chess and other games.

An institution of this character, gradually extending its influence, is one worthy the attention.

It is pleasing to note that the interest our people take in physical culture is rapidly growing in extent and depth. The opinion that the body

full understanding of the matter will become the property of all, and the introduction of a regular course of physical exercises in our public schools and colleges but a question of time.

So far, the public in general looks upon gymnastics, or, rather, upon athletic sports, more as a matter of individual pleasure, or a means to gain distinction and make money, or as reprehensible

because encouraging betting, rather than as an element of general education and development whereby health, strength and all the other beneficial results due to a sound and well-trained body are attained.

To those men who thoroughly appreciate the value of physical training, and are convinced that without it our school-children are fast degenerating into weaklings, we count Mr. James MacAlister, Superintendent of Public Schools in Philadelphia, who, in a lecture on "Physical Training in Education," on October 28th, 1886, in the Academy of Music of that city, said: "Any statement of the scope and purpose of education worthy of consideration must include the whole being of man. It must be made to cover the development and training of his bodily powers, his intellectual powers and his moral powers. Education fails to accomplish its end of fitting man to be a useful member of society if it neglects any one of these parts of his nature. We do not want a mere athlete: we do not want an intellectual prodigy with a weak and sickly frame; we do not want a narrow ascetic who looks with contempt alike upon a well-developed body and a cultivated mind. What the great, living, moving world in which we have to play our part demands, is a man strong in bones and muscles and nerves, active in the play of every intellectual faculty, and free in the exercise of a sovereign will—a whole man, fitted to think, to do and to endure in all the duties and responsibilities which may fall to his lot in life."

Is it not strange that these just ideas should gain ground so slowly, and not arouse at once public attention in the face of the unsatisfactory physical condition of so many of our children? This is to be wondered at all the more because there is an organization based on these very ideas, which has carried them into actual life, and has within the forty years of its existence achieved marked results in this country, although it has seldom received more than a passing recognition from the public.

This organization is the North American Turner Union, or "Turnerbund." The scope and meaning of the Turner Union cannot be understood without a knowledge of the history of German Turning and its founder.

Friedrich Ludwig Jahn was the first of modern German Turners. Known throughout Germany as the "Turn Father," he was a man of strong mind, controlling will and iron convictions. was liberal in all his instincts, and was a German of the Germans. He was a young man in the days when Napoleon I. had his heel on the Prussian's neck. He tried to become a professional scholar, studied philology at universities, and the dark days of 1806, however, his patriotism grew too strong for his habits, and he tried to enter the Army.

He was unable to accomplish his purpose till a few days after the catastrophe at Jena, when he first put on the Prussian uniform and fled with the Prussian Army to Lübeck. Some time later he traveled from city to city, quietly exhorting the people to be true to their oppressed fatherland, and to prepare to sacrifice all they had in the coming supreme effort of Prussia to shake herself loose from Napoleon's grip. In 1810, in a book entitled "The German People," he first developed his great plan of physical culture for the men of the nation. An army of trained German athletes to fight Frenchmen was his ideal. Shortly after the publication of this work, he determined to throw scholarship to the winds and to devote his life to arousing the German people and to developing their physical strength. In 1811 he opened the first public Turning place in Germany on the Hasenheide, Berlin. Turning became popular throughout Prussia, and, under the encouragement of the Government, many public Turning places were constructed after the Berlin model. The defection of York and the King's call to arms emptied the Turning places of Prussia like magic. To a man, the Turners whom Jahn had taught to become strong, to love Germany and liberty, and to hate France and oppression. hurried to the battle-field. Jahn himself led a battalion of volunteers through the campaigns of 1813 and 1814, and in 1815 marched before them into Paris.

In the reactionary period which followed in Germany, Jahn and his Turners had a hard time He and they demanded of the Prussian Government the rights and liberty for which they had fought. They got neither. In 1819 Jahn and many other athletic patriots were imprisoned, and every Turning place in Prussia was closed by orders from Berlin. Jahn was condemned to two years' confinement in a fortress, but was set free at the end of the first year. He was exiled from his home, from the university in which he had been chosen professor, and was forbidden to go within ten miles of Berlin. But in spite of all this persecution, Turning would not down. The men who had suffered as Turners, fought as Turners, and marched into Paris as Turners, had in some way fallen into the habit of associating Turning with love of the fatherland and liberty, and they would not give it up. The old Turning places had been blotted out, but new ones sprang up here and there, at first half in secret, and then openly, till in 1842 all governmental opposition had so completely vanished that King Frederick William IV., in a Cabinet order, spoke of Turnwrote a little concerning words and roots. In | ing as a "necessary and indispensable part of the

education of men." Turning societies were established in the big Prussian towns. Turning places were opened to the public as in the days of Jahn. Four newspapers were published as Turners' organs. Jahn's life-work was all but crowned with success.

Then came the revolutionary days of 1849, when soldiers and citizens fought in the barricaded streets of Berlin, and the Prince of Prussia fled for his life. Many Turners were with the revolutionists, body and soul. Most of them, true to the liberal ideas of their "Turn Father" and their history, approved the reasonable demands of the people, and showed it. After the revolution, the reaction, as in 1816-19, was disastrous to the Turners. They were persecuted and disbanded, till, in 1860, the number of their societies had sunk from 300 to about 90. In 1860 German Turning was born again, eight years after the death of the great "Turn Father," Friedrich Ludwig Jahn. Just fifty years after Jahn began his agitation in favor of liberty and athletics, the first great National Turnfest was held in Coburg. In 1861 the National Turnfest was held in Berlin within sight of Jahn's grave, on the Hasenheide, where he had opened the first Turning place in Germany.

A system of bodily training was introduced into some American colleges and academies as early as 1825 by German professors, friends and scholars of "Father Jahn," the German patriot and founder of the art of gymnastics. Among the first to take the step was the Round Hill School at Northampton, Mass., where Dr. Beck, Professor of Latin, afterward connected with Harvard University, practiced gymnastics with his pupils. It was due to the great efforts of Dr. Follen, a German exile, also engaged at the Round Hill School and Harvard, and supported by the medical staff of the college, who strongly recommended the policy, that a gymnasium was put up at that university in May, 1826. Dr. Francis Lieber, the distinguished Professor of Law in Columbia College, was also a great advocate of gymnastics. But the interest evoked by these disciples of Father Jahn for gymnastics as a part of the education of the young was evanescent.

Gymnasiums were opened in many of our cities, but as a general thing they lacked competent teachers, and those who entered, practicing without judicious guides, frequently injured themselves, and the majority, practicing without plan or system and separately, soon tired of the gymnastic course, which became tedious, and lacked something to interest and stimulate.

Physicians might recommend, but while there were none to direct, no classes, no pleasant and congenial companions, a gymnasium could not thrive.

It needed association, a social element. This came when the great revolutionary movement on the Continent of Europe sent to the United States numbers of Germans well trained in all athletic exercises, who felt here the want of a place to continue the healthful system in a proper atmosphere.

Societies were gradually formed in different parts of the country, and in 1850 six of these societies held a convention in Philadelphia, which formed the Turnerbund. This association at once came into general favor, and with but a brief interruption has gained steadily and spread over the country until it has attained a most flourishing condition.

The development of athletic and outdoor sports in all our educational institutions may, with some show of reason, be ascribed to the popularity given to athletic training by the Turnerbund, as few can hope to win success without a previous scientific training of the muscles.

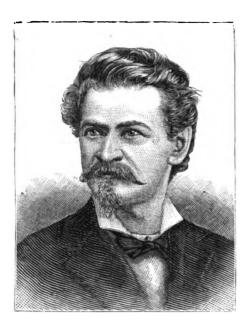
The first Turner associations in this country, made up chiefly of political refugees, were looked upon with some suspicion in the beginning, as being mere pretexts for revolutionary and dangerous organizations.

This soon passed, however, and the Turner associations acquired solidity and permanence. In their methods they differ from the athletic clubs, in the fact that they aim to accomplish a universal and symmetrical development of every faculty of the body by systematic treatment, while the clubs leave everything to individual inclination, and aim at building up specialties.

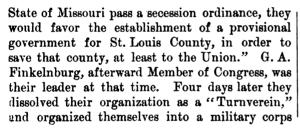
The outbreak of the Civil War, in 1861, arrested for a time the progress of the associations, as many exchanged the gymnasium for more serious struggles.

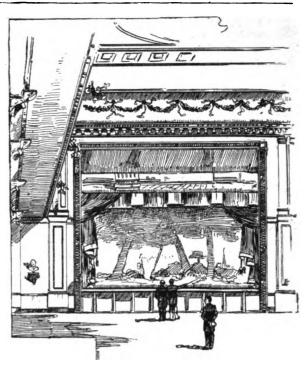
The Turners of New York and its vicinity formed a regiment of their own—the Twentieth New York Volunteers (Turner Rifles)—which was sworn in for active service, 1,200 men strong, on the 6th of May, 1861, under the command of Colonel Max Weber, a German exile of 1848—49. The Turnverein of Washington, D. C., organized as a rifle company, with Joseph (Jerhardt as captain, as early as January 11th, 1861, and offered its services to General Scott for the defense of the Union capital against a sudden attack; but this patriotic offer was not accepted for some months.

Of still greater weight were the measures adopted by the St. Louis Turners. On January 6th, 1861, they passed a resolution, that, "as citizens of the United States, and inhabitants of the State of Missouri, they considered the Constitution of the United States as the best guarantee of a good government, and that they would never shirk their duties as such; but should the



PROF. GEORGE BROSIUS, INSTRUCTOR AT THE NEW CENTRAL GYMNASIUM.

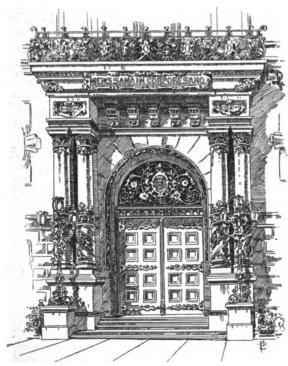




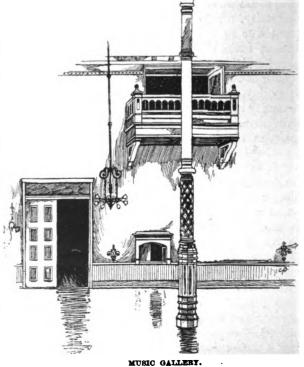
THEATRE AND BALL-BOOM.

for the "protection and perpetuation of liberty and the Union."

Lincoln's call found in St. Louis three fully equipped companies of Turners ready for action. Indeed, they took part in the capture of Camp Jackson by Captain Lyon and General Sigel, and then enlisted in the First Missouri Regiment. The Seventeenth Missouri was also com-



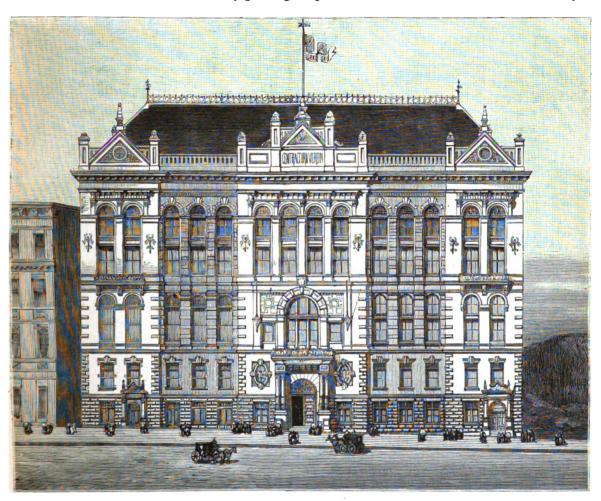
MAIN PORTAL, NEW CENTRAL TURN-HALL.



posed mostly of Turners, as was Colonel McCook's Ninth Ohio. In fact, all this German regiments contained Turners in large numbers, and soon they had their baptism of blood, but the organization of the Turnerbund was suspended, as many members attested their patriotism with their life-blood.

The close of the war was the signal for the reorganization of the Turnerbund. This was accomplished through the efforts mainly of the New York societies, in September, 1864. Since that time the "Bund" has been steadily growing,

own halls. The largest and finest of them is the new Hall of the New York Central Turnverein, on Sixty-seventh Street. It was opened in October, 1889, and is one of the largest clubhouses in the United States, and the best-equipped Turn-hall in the world. It is 175 feet long, 104 feet deep, 6 stories high, and quite fire-proof. It is constructed almost entirely of brick, iron and sandstone. Over the big arched entrance, cut in stone, are Latin words, for which the English equivalent is "A sound mind in a sound body."



THE NEW CENTRAL TURN-HALL, SIXTY-SEVENTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

until now it is spread through the length and breadth of the land. In almost every town and city where a sufficient number of Germans reside there is now a Turner society.

The Turnerbund to-day has 31,869 members, forming 251 societies, which are grouped in 35 districts. Youth of both sexes to the number of 21,829 receive the benefit of a regular gymnastic training, given by 140 teachers. These teachers are all specially trained at the Teachers' Seminary, supported by the "Bund." This institution was originally at Milwaukee, but is now in Indianapolis. Of these societies, 160 have their

High above, on the central gable of the roof, is the inscription, "Central Turnverein."

In the gymnasium a full regiment could exercise at once. Dozens of trapezes, flying-rings and climbing-poles depend from the ceiling and gallery. Long lines of dumb-bells and Indian clubs of all weights and sizes fill the shelves along the walls near the floor. There are vaulting-horses and "bucks," and jumping-apparatus and parallel bars, and horizontal bars and tumbling-mats and weights in such abundance and variety as few other athletic societies can even hope for. Back of the gymnasium is a swimming-bath 50 feet

long and 25 feet wide, through which water from the East River flows. In the second story are the gallery of the gymnasium, the society meeting-room, with seats for 700 persons, and the committee-rooms. The dining-room in the next story has seats and tables for 1,000 persons. the fourth floor is an enormous ball-room, which runs the whole length of the building, excepting 25 feet at one end, occupied by a stage. A wide space at the other end, set off by pillars, will be used as a wine-room and café. When used as a theatre or assembly hall, the big ball-room will seat 2,000 persons down-stairs, and several hunared more in the boxes in the gallery. The building contains ten school-rooms, with a combined seating capacity of 1,000; parlors, a library, a shooting-gallery, six bowling-alleys, cloak-rooms, waiting-rooms, and five bars. Every room is lighted by electricity and gas. A broad marble stair-way with bronze balustrade leads from the main front entrance to the upper stories. cost of the building was about \$700,000; of the lot on which it stands, \$100,000. Much of this money has been raised by means of ten-dollar bonds, which were taken by members of the society.

Perhaps the most characteristic feature of the Central Turnvercin is its school, with about 800 pupils between the ages of six and fifteen. Every day between four and six o'clock these 800 children are taught, in German, speaking, reading, writing, singing, knitting and the like, free-hand drawing and geometrical drawing. In the kindergarten the little tots under six years get instruction in whatever they are old enough to learn. The instruction is given by professional teachers. Every one of the children is drilled in calisthenics, swinging the clubs and exercising on the apparatus twice a week. Even the wee ones in the kindergarten do not escape.

Many societies have formed within themselves singing, amateur dramatic, chess and debating clubs, for the amusement and refinement of the tastes of their members. The higher aims of the Turner Association are laid down in its platform in the following language:

"We, the members of the Gymnastic Societies of the United States of America, propose by a union, under the name 'The North American Gymnastic Union,' to aid each other in rearing a people strong in both body and mind.

"We recognize in the dissemination of culture and the fostering of ethical and moral principles the only means of effecting a thorough reform of social, religious and political life.

"We strive for the development of the republic on a truly humane and republican basis. We therefore oppose most decidedly every attempt to interfere with the liberty of conscience, and also all legislative encroachments that are hostile to the perfection and development of our free institutions." A memorable incident in the history of the "Bund" was its last gathering, or National Turnfest, held in Cincinnati, Ohio, June 22d to 26th, 1889. The Cincinnati Commercial Gazette says about it:

"Mr. Carl Kroh commanded the mass work. It was a handsome sight to see the thirteen or fourteen hundred Turners, all in their loosely fitting gray flannel shirts, and their tight-fitting gray flannel trowsers, that at every motion of their bodies outlined their limbs artistically, go through the special exercises with sticks and bells. The stick exercises, or bar exercises, as the Germans call them, are very beautiful. It is the German Delsarte system, minus the facial expressions. The big classes whirled their sticks, bent forward and backward, and went through all the movements of the exercises like so many automatons. They moved with a unison and harmony that was the very poetry of motion.

"The military manœuvres were equally interesting, the great body of active Turners going through the movements with the precision of machines."

In the contest for prizes, Benno Klein, a member of the New York Turnverein obtained the first prize.

The Executive Committee (called Vorort) of the Turnerbund has for the last seven years been in St. Louis. H. M. Starkloff, M.D., its President, resigned only recently, in consequence of his appointment as United States Consul-general to Bremen. His successor has not yet been elected. Mr. J. R. Bollinger is the Corresponding Secretary, and Mr. R. Boesewetter the Treasurer of the Vorort.

The Teachers' Seminary of the "Bund," of which mention has already been made, was opened for the season of 1889-90 at Indianapolis on July 1st. Former pupils of this institution are now teachers in the Military Academy at West Point, and in the public schools of Chicago, Kansas City, Cleveland, Davenport and other cities.

The Turnerbund has an official organ, which is issued at Milwaukee, under the heading, Deutsch-Amerikanische Turn-Zeitung, under Herman Bappe as editor. A number of societies and districts issue their own weeklies, which contribute to maintain the Turner spirit, and to familiarize the members with the aims and efforts of the "Bund."

In point of numbers, the New York Central Turnverein, though one of the youngest associations, takes the lead. It has now over 2,000 members, and is steadily increasing. Mr. George Brosius, formerly teacher at the seminary of the "Bund" in Milwaukee, is now teacher of gymnastics in New York. A school for the German branches, manual training and a kindergarten are connected with the society in New York. Next to it in membership, but one of the oldest, is the New York Turnverein, founded June 6th, 1850. Its past is almost identical with the history of the "Bund." Its school is the largest of all,

affording to about a thousand boys and girls a regular physical training and free instruction in the German branches, drawing, singing, natural science, ethical culture, and to girls lessons in needle-work. A cadet corps, under Herman Bennecke, is connected with this school. Henry Metzner, who has been a teacher there for more than thirty years, is now Principal of the school. The classes of adults are directed by Mr. Gustav Bojus.

The New York District of the Turnerbund consists of twelve societies, seven of which are located in the City of New York and five in its suburbs. The District comprises 3,621 members, and its schools contain 1,849 boys and 764 girls. S. D. Sewards, LL.D., a member of the Turnverein in Harlem, is President.

TO A PAIR OF SLIPPERS IN THE EGYPTIAN EXHIBITION, PICCADILLY.

BY EDWIN ARNOLD.

Tiny slippers of gold and green
Tied with a moldering golden cord!
What pretty feet they must have been
When Cæsar Augustus was Egypt's lord!
Somebody graceful and fair you were:
Not many girls could dance in these!
When did the shoe-maker make you, dear,
Such a nice pair of Egyptian threes!

Where were you measured? In Sais, or On,
Memphis, or Thebc3, or Pelusium?
Fitting them featly your brown toes upon,
Lacing them deftly with finger and thumb,
I seem to see you! So long ago!
Twenty centuries—less or more!
And here are the sandals; yet none of us know
What name or fortune or face you bore!

Your lips would have laughed with a rosy scorn
If the merchant or slave had mockingly said:
The feet will pass, but the shoes they have worn
Two thousand years onward Time's road shall tread,
And still be foot-gear as good as new!
To think that calf-skin, gilded and stitched,
Should Rome and her Cæsars outlive; and you
Be gone like a dream from the world you bewitched.

Not that we mourn you; 'twere too absurd;
You have been such a very long while away!
Your dry, spiced dust would not value a word
Of the soft regrets that a verse could say.
Sorrow and joy, and love and hate,
If you ever felt them, are vaporized hence
To this odor—subtle and delicate—
Of cassia and myrrh and frankincense.

Of course they embalmed you? But not so sweet
Were aloes and nard as your youthful glow
Which Amenti took, when the small, dark feet
Wearied of treading our earth below.
Look! It was flood-time in Valley of Nile,
Or a very wet day in the Delta, dear!
When your gilded shoes tripped their latest mile;
The mud on the soles renders that fact clear.

You knew Cleopatra, no doubt! You saw
Antony's galleys from Actium come!
But, there! if questions could answers draw
From lips so many a long age dumb,
I would not tease you for history,
Nor vex your heart with the men which were;
The one point to know which will fascinate me,
Is, where and what are you to-day, my dear!

You died believing in Horus and Pasht,
Isis, Osiris and priestly lore;
And found, of course, such theories smasned
By actual fact, on the heavenly shore!
What next did you do? Did you transmigrate?
Have we seen you since, all modern and fresh?
Your charming soul—as I calculate—
Mislaid its mummy and sought new flesh.

Were you she whom I met at dinner last week,
With eyes and hair of the Ptolemy black,
Who still of this "find" in the Fayoum would speak,
And to scarabs and Pharaohs would carry us back?
A scent of lotus around her hung,
She had such a far-away, wistful air,
As of somebody born when the earth was young,
And wore of gilt slippers a lovely pair!

Perchance you were married? These might have been Part of your trousseau—the wedding-shoes;
And you laid them aside with the lote-leaves green,
And painted clay gods which a bride did use:
And maybe to-day, by Nile's bright wa'ers,
Damsels of Egypt, in gowns of blue—
Great—great—very great granddaughters—
Owe their shapely insteps to you!

But vainly I knock at the bars of the Past,
Little green slippers with golden strings!

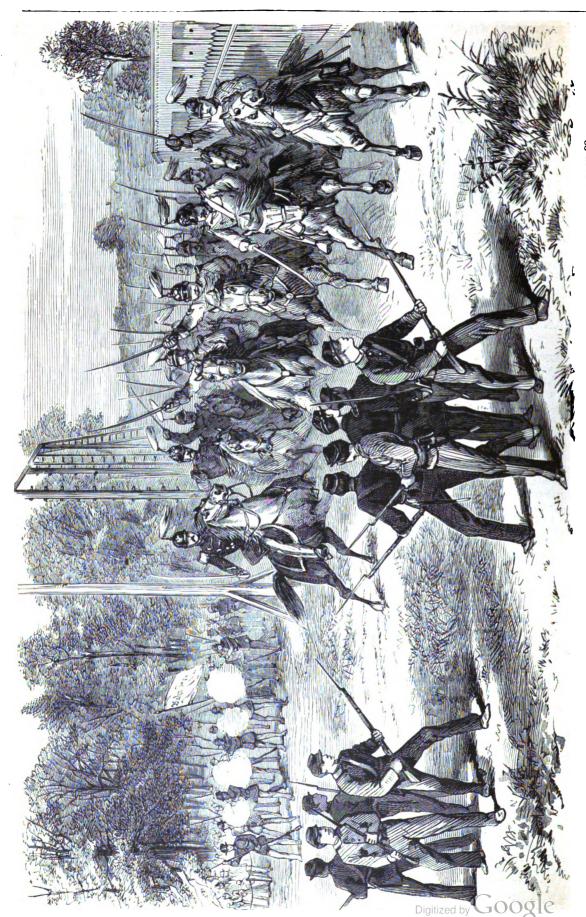
For all you can tell is that leather will last
When loves and delights and beautiful things

Have vanished, forgotten! Nay! Not quite that!
I catch some light of the grace you wore

When you finished with Life's daily pit-a-pat,
And left your shoes at Time's bedroom-door.

You were born in the Old World, which did not doubt;
You were never sad with our new-fashioned sorrow;
You were sure, when your gladsome days ran out,
Of day-times to come, as we of to-morrow!
Oh, dear little Maid of the Delta! I lay
Your shoes on your mummy-chest back again,
And wish that one game we might merrily play
At "hunt-the-slipper"—to see it all plain!

THE future Macaulay will be glad to have this description of the Prince of Wales in the days of his youth: "A yellow-haired laddie, very like his mother. Fanny W. and I nodded and waved as he passed, and he openly winked his boyish eye at us; for Fanny, with her yellow curls and wild waving, looked rather rowdy, and the poor little Prince wanted some fun. We laughed, and thought that we had been more distinguished by the saucy wink than by a stately bow. Boys are always jolly, even princes." The extract is taken from Miss Alcott's Life, just published.





"HALF AN HOUR LATER, SOLOMON LOOKED IN. THERE SAT THE TRIO ABOUT THE LITTLE TABLE, LAUGHING AND TALKING, AND FEASTING AS IF THEY WERE PAMISHED."

HOW COUSIN PETER'S RELICT KEPT CHRISTMAS IN COTASSET.

BY EVELYN HUNT RAYMOND.

"A LETTER for me? Dew tell!"

Curiosity contorted Farmer Biddeford's face as he gave it into the outstretched hand.

"Miss Mercy Bibber,

"Cotasset Centre,

"New Hampshire."

Plain enough, certainly.

"Wall, I'm 'bleeged ter yer fer bringin' it," she said, and closed the door. That was hard lines for Solomon, and, with the perennial coquetry of her sex, Mercy knew it.

She hurried to the kitchen.

"Debby, Debby! Deb-orah!" Vol. XXIX., No. 1-7.

- "Land! I ain't deef. What ye want?"
- "Come inter the settin'-room ter onct. I've—got a letter."
 - "A letter! Who from?"
- "How dew I know? Set right down an' keep still, an' I'll tackle it ter find out."

It took time, but this was the result: Cousin Peter Bibber was dead. (Surprise.) Cousin Peter had been married, and left a widow. (Increased surprise.) He had willed that this relict should be cared for by his far-away cousins during the space of one year. (More surprise.) And, also, that, if they were faithful to their charge, at the

expiration of that time they should each receive the sum of one thousand dollars. (Overwhelming astonishment and loss of breath.)

The possibility of refusal found no lodgment in either sister's breast.

Now came the letter-carrier's revenge.

"Solomon, I reckon ye'll hev' ter hitch up an' go ter the 'crossin' to git her." (Cotasset's "station" was prospective.)

"I ain't no call ter go thet way ag'in ter-day."

"Waitin' ter be coaxed? Wall, I sha'n't coax ye, Solomon."

"Now, Mercy!" interposed Deborah; "gin up, fer onct."

The poor creature had grown tired of the squabbles of these thirty-year lovers, which always ended in Mercy carrying the day.

She did now.

Promptly at half-past three the rusty buckboard was on hand, its occupant anxiously "looking out for the cars when the bell rang."

The engine came to a halt, then thundered away again, leaving a black-robed figure and a pile of trunks on the opposite side of the track. Her back was toward her escort as she surveyed the lonely fields.

Solomon coughed, the stranger whirled. He was so surprised, he staggered.

"I—I—come ter fetch the Widder Bibber, but I reckon she ain't here."

He was answered by a merry laugh.

"I 'recken' I'm the 'Widder Bibber."

"You? Land o' Goshen!"

His astonished face awoke more mirth.

"Do you know Mercy and Deborah Bibber?"

- "I guess. Lived longside on 'em fifty year. Be you tellin' true? Be you—old Peter Bibber's reliet?"
- "My husband's name was Peter. Perhaps-I'm a 'relict'."

More musical cachinnation, m which he could not but join.

- "If you came to meet me, please take me to my destination. It's cold out here in the fields." She sprang into the vehicle.
- "Cotasset Centre is purty consid'able of a place," he explained, as they rumbled along.

"Maybe. If we ever get there."

They did, eventually; with the farmer's brain in a daze, and his passenger's mind stored with the local information her ceaseless questions had extracted.

He chuckled over the prospective meeting between this impossible widow and her new relatives, but was doomed not to witness it. She was out of the wagon and behind the house-door before old sorrel had quite "whooaed up."

"Chain-lightnin,' I swan! I never drempt o' sich a critter!"

Nor had her future guardians, who stood regarding her with mute amaze.

- "I suppose you are my cousins? I'm Betty. I've got to live with you a year, so you may as well say 'How do you do?' and make the best of it."
- "I'm sure I'm glad ter see ye," stammered Mercy; "but I didn't expect—"

"Probably not. I was born to be a surprise. I'm seventeen. I've been married six months, and now Peter's in heaven, and I'm here."

Deborah was so overcome, she sat down and fanned herself with her apron. This astonishing guest had laid aside her sombre bonnet with its widow's cap and streaming veil, tossed her seal wrap into a corner, danced up to the narrow-framed mirror to adjust her fluffy bangs, and cozily settled herself to toast her toes at the fire.

A dream of fairy-land come to New England.

"How did a child like you ever chance to marry my cousin Peter?" asked Mercy, sternly. She had rigid views on matrimony.

"Money"—coolly. "He and papa were partners." For the first her voice had a melancholy cadence. "They fixed it up between them before my father died—he didn't dare leave me alone. I've got such a lot of money besides Peter's; and no relatives in the world, but you two." She nodded brightly. "I didn't mind—not anything after papa."

Deborah crept up and laid her faded hand on the dimpled white one.

"Dear, it's-it's like a love-story."

"With the love left out!" laughed Betty. "It's kind of nice to be a widow."

"Betsey!"

"Betty, please; after my grandmother. I'm very proud of my name—Betty Montgomery Bibber. Peter didn't mind, either. I guess he'd a little rather die. He was all twisted up with the rheumatism."

Protest was useless.

"So we—we aren't 'three little maids from school,' but we're three old maids together! How funny! We must have real good times. Is there a toboggan-slide in Cotasset?"

"A-what?"

"Anything to eat. I'm awful hungry."

The sisters rose with alacrity.

Half an hour later, Solomon looked in. There sat the trio about the little table, laughing and talking, and feasting as if they were famished. And Mercy—she with her "dyspepsy"—a piece of mince-pie on her plate!

Spying him, Betty was up on the instant and had cup and plate laid ready. Resistance again of no avail.

In a week she ruled them all. She had turned the old house topsy-turvy, started warm fires in

every room, invaded the sacred "parlor" and evolved a "hired girl" from somewhere. The sisters scarcely knew themselves as, dressed in their best alpacas "every day," they sat around "taking comfort."

The busy brain under the golden hair teemed with restless schemes, yet they all brought life and pleasure to somebody.

In a fortnight the new-comer had visited every house about, and struck up a sociable friendship in all.

"I didn't know that wus sech a power o' young folks in Cotasset!" remarked Solomon, unrebukedly "laying round" by the kitchen-fire when he should have been splitting wood.

"'Cotasset Centre is purty consid'able of a place," quoted Betty. "Some of its boys and girls are just jolly."

She was wastefully snipping and twisting a great white blanket into something resembling a garment, with her cousins watching in horrified prudence. Pausing, with uplifted shears, she pointed them straight at the delinquent woodcutter.

"You, Solomon! Why don't you get married?"

"Land! How you dew start a feller, sayin' sech pinted things!"

"Haven't you and Cousin Mercy been engaged for a hundred years?"

Mercy bridled. "I ain't never heerd nothin' bout no engagement."

"'Keepin' comp'ny,' then. Well, I've settled it. You two blessed old sillies have wasted thirty years—"

"No, Mis' Bibber; thar' ye're mistook. I've argied an' argied, but she never'd set a day. Allers house - cleanin', er tailorin', er soap - bilin', er—"

"Now, we'll 'sugar-off'! The wedding is going to be next Wednesday night. Mind, you, Solomon, you go and prepare the parson's mind—now—before dinner, or I'll do it myself, after."

"Betty Bibber! I reckon I ain't a-goin' ter git married in no sech a hurry as that! I 'low you kin twist folks 'round wonderful, but when it comes ter 'jinin' in wedlock—that's a ser'ous matter. It's fer life——"

"Not for very much of it, if you wait any longer, Cousin Mercy. Why, you ought to be knitting mittens for your grandchildren! And it isn't 'serous.' Learn from an experienced person like myself!" Out rippled the contagious laughter. "Besides, if you don't treat me right, where's your thousand dollars?"

Mercy blushed and was silent. Two evenings later she was made Mrs. Solomon Biddeford, and was astonished to find the transition so delightfully easy. The dear old innocent became quite

kittenish, while, as for the groom, his face beamed in one continuous smile.

This so disgusted Deborah, that she rose in her piety and labored with the mischievous widow.

"Now, Betty Montgomery Bibber, you've been here a month, an' you h'ain't been still a minute. You've torn'round an' set the house ter one side; you've spent a wicked shame o' money on that air terboggin - shoot, an' you've e'enamost shot the breath out o'all the young folks in Cotasset, let alone some old fools't ought a-knowed better!" glancing contemptuously toward the pair in the parlor. "An' you've rushed an' got folks married in sech speed, 't I h'ain't fairly got my breath yit. I'm goin' ter fix ye some patchwork. It's time ye settled down an' behaved as a widder should!"

"Don't call me 'widder,' Cousin Debby. 'Relict' suits me better. I dote on being a 'relict,' it's so euphonious, and——"

"Betty! don't; it—it kinder shocks me."
When gentle Deborah said "Don't" in that
tone, she always conquered.

Down dropped her strange charge on the ragcarpet, and leaned upon the kindly knees.

"I'm not all nonsense, dear. I don't mean to be dreadful, but—but I can't help it! Can't you see? I'm not a widow any more than you are. This was the way"—counting it off on her white fingers. "Ten o'clock, reciting a geography lesson; eleven o'clock, in the minister's study, getting married; twelve o'clock, Mrs. Bibber, back again at school eating my lunch.

"It was just business, that's all.

"'Uncle' Peter kept his word and I kept mine. I suppose it was for 'the speech of people' they sent for me before he died. He didn't grieve. He always petted me, and said he was glad I was going to have a long and happy life. And I am happy—why shouldn't I be? Only I sometimes wonder what the years will bring me, and then I get restless and must do things! So cut out your patchwork 'ter onct.' Make it a 'blazing star' or some other gorgeous pattern, and I'll just blow the scraps together for a—wedding-gift to you!"

"You disrespectful girl!"

The other moved back, hugged her knees and confronted her saucily.

"Deborah Persis Bibber! That was inspiration. You're just as good and not half so obstreperous as Mercy; you shall be blessed as well as she. You shall have a consort! Bring on your patches!"

Miss Bibber improved the occasion, and Betty was soon sewing with the deft rapidity she gave to every task.

The peace of the quiet, domestic scene in the sunny keeping-room stole over both, and silenced the nimble tongue of one, but moved the other to retrospect.

"There's Mehetabel Stark, now, poor soul! I wonder how she's gettin' on this Winter."

"Stark? That's somebody new. Who may she be?"

Deborah sighed.

"A poor stubborn critter, a 'widder indeed'!"
Betty wisely withheld question.

Her cousin resumed: "She an' Mercy an' me went ter school tergether down ter the little deestrick school-house in the holler. She was Hetty Simpson, an' she married Jim Stark. He wus a fur-away connexion o' old Gineral Stark 't ye read about in yer hist'ry. An' proud! They never had but one child, an' Jim died. Kinder drunk hisself ter death, folks said, tho' I dunno how they knew. They wus thet kind, ef he'd a-wanted ter drink, bin boun' ter, she'd a-fetched the liquor herself and hed him dew it ter hum, under kiver o' the'r own ruf. Wouldn't nobody never seen him a-lyin' round in a bar-rum like a common feller. So nobody never knew more'n they suspicioned.

"Schuyler—that was the boy—he grew up ter be the very apple o' his mar's eye; han'some an' high-sprung, and with great black eyes a-shinin' er a-meltin', jest's he happened ter feel. Arter he got thru college he staid ter hum a spell, then all of a suddent he wus gone, an' Mehetabel wus a changed woman. She looks like a ghost! Nobody knows what the trouble wus, but I'low 'twus sunthin' heart-breakin' ter part them tew—"

"Never mind, dear Miss Sympathy! This beautiful 'square' is done, and it is a blazer! We must hurry up, for you shall be married at Christmas!"

Debby laughed softly. It was safer, she found, not to dispute with her whimsical cousin, who presently went out with a couple of new projects in her brain.

One of them necessitated a call at "the dominie's," whose heart she softened by a liberal donation to his favorite mission, then proceeded to manipulate after her own audacious fashion.

It may be that the good man had previously pondered upon the loveliness of Deborah's character and his own forlorn bachelor estate, and that both had been more prominently in mind since the rumors of that prospective thousand dollars; certain it is, however, that when his merry visitant left him there was a very sizable mental bee buzzing around the dreary study.

Mrs. Stark sat reading in her lonely drawing-room, when a servant entered with a card.

"'Mrs. Betty M. Bibber.' I don't know her."
"I think, ma'am, she is the girl-widow from Miss Mercy's—I mean Mrs. Biddeford's."

The lady smiled. Rumors of that eccentric young woman had penetrated even to her quietude.

"I will see her," she said; but was quite unprepared for the vision that appeared.

A dainty little figure which might have stepped that moment from an aristocratic city street, crowned by a beautiful head and the sunniest face the elder lady had ever seen.

There was no need for the apology Betty had ready against the intrusion.

"My dear, I am so glad to see you! I have known your family always. It is good of you to come and cheer my solitude."

The ambitious height of Cotasset hospitality was an invitation to tea at the Stark mansion—and the visitor staid to tea. Afterward, declining escort, the fearless creature walked home in the moonlight alone.

At the foot of the slope she stumbled over a figure in the snow. Ten minutes later she burst into Solomon's presence, demanding instant aid for a dead or dying somebody, who presently was lying on her own bed in Deborah's best room.

"My stars and garters! It's Schuyler Stark!"
"No matter who! Work—work! We mustn't
let him die! Rub his hands, Mercy—stop crying. You've lost all your snap since you 'gin
up' to Solomon! Won't he ever come with the
doctor?"

At last his "whooa-up!" was heard at the gate, and professional skill aided compassion. Between them they rescued a life.

The doors had been locked for the night, but the late guest appeared, seeking admittance.

"Mrs. Stark has retired."

"I'm sorry to disturb her, but I must."

"In the morning-"

"Don't delay me! Where is her room?"

Instinct, more than reluctant direction, guided her to it, and to the wan old woman sitting desolate before her fire.

Betty's face was pale and strangely solemn as she knelt down. She looked the bearer of some fateful message.

Mehetabel trembled.

"You must put on your warmest wraps and come with me."

"Why?"

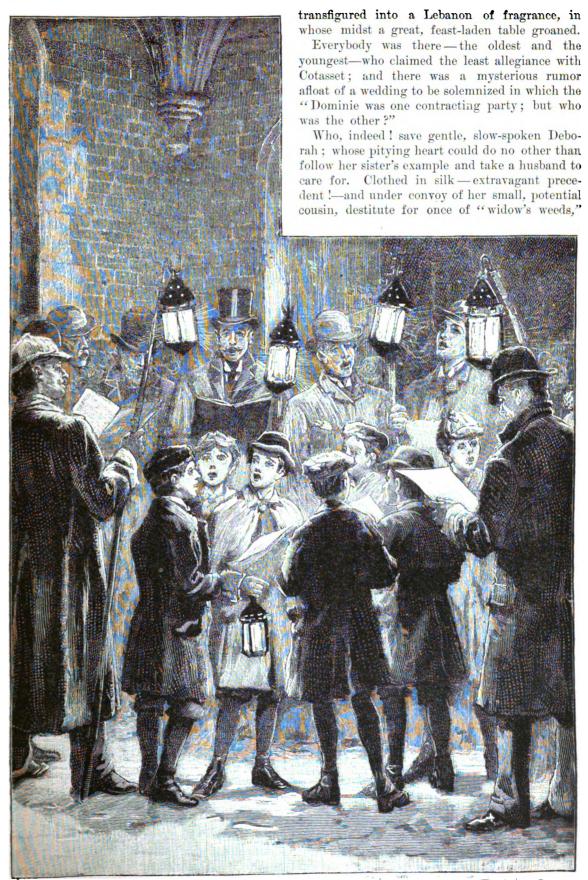
"Because—I have found your son."

She paid no heed to the mother's haughty gesture.

"He is alive. He was almost dead. I found him in the snow, and they took him to my home. He is very weak—you must come—with tenderness."

As a daughter might have done, this stranger cared for and guided the dazed woman into the presence of her boy.

It was Christmas-eve. Not one of Betty's projects had miscarried. The little town-hall was



CHRISTMAS WAITS.

and garbed in a soft white gown, which only Mrs. Stark knew to be rare and costly; her golden head catching the rays from countless candles, her feet and dimples dancing, and her laugh waking joyful echoes in every heart.

In the coziest, warmest corner of all Mehetabel

guarded her invalid with jealous care.

To them, now and then, flitted the radiant creature who seemed the very spirit of Christmas, and whose face would not be brought to a decorous solemnity even when the blushing Deborah stood up to be wed.

Foremost of all the zealous flock in her congratulations, and her offering — a "blazing - star" bed-quilt!

"However did we live at Cotasset without her!" murmured Mehetabel.

Her son bent eagerly forward.

"You like her, mother?"

"I should not be human if I did not love her. She brought you back to life."

"But for her own self—her wonderful bonny self?"

"I love her-for herself."

Schuyler had drawn the girl "relict" away from the rest, and Solomon gazed after them. To his astute wisdom there appeared something significant in the way Betty submitted; in the possessive sort of manner in which she divided the spray of arbor vites in her corsage and fastened a part in the young man's button-hole; and in the action of the proud mother who drew the bright head to her stately shoulder.

"If I ain't mistook," he whispered to Mercy, "thar'll be weddin' number three afore Christmas come agin!"

There was.

AN ARTIFICIAL FATE.

By CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE.

Author of "The Man Outside," "His Missing Years," Etc., Etc.

PART III.

THE NATURAL HARVEST FROM AN ARTIFICIAL SEED-TIME.

CHAPTER XXV.—(CONTINUED).

In a short time the new-comer went to the library of Mr. Rorux; he still supposed it was Mr. Rorux, and waited a little, expecting to be sent for. After a time, finding that Mr. Rorux did not send for him, thinking his business of the greatest importance, being in a hurry to go to the bedsides of one or two patients who were seriously ill, and supposing he should find Mr. Rorux alone, he approached the library, intending to enter and insist upon an interview. Near the library-door

he met Mollie, who informed him that Mr. Rorux had sent word he would be at home in the morn-Mollie looked so confused and uneasy, that he felt sure she was not telling him the truth. though he was astounded to think that Mr. Rorux, in his own house, should have sent him such a message. Mollie went on—he presumed to her own room. He was about to enter the library, without knocking, to demand an explanation, when he stopped short to listen to the sneering and threatening tones of Stephen Ward. heard Horace Gleason accused of murder. heard Stephen Ward promise to keep the guilty man's secret—because it was to his interest to do so; he heard the statement made that Horace Gleason was known to have been within five miles of the scene of the murder on the night it occurred, the evidence of a man, to him unknown, who had been given a ride with him, being threatened—or perhaps he should say mentioned—by Mr. Ward. He had heard Horace Gleason admit the fact of letting some one ride with him that fatal night, which was equivalent, of course, to admitting having taken the ride himself.

Dr. Cady had heard some information as tothe whereabouts of Etta Elveys demanded. That had followed which had led him to believe it had been given—in writing! He had heard Stephen Ward ask Mr. Gleason to smoke a cigar with him, and then to remain during the night. Mr. Gleason had declined; Dr. Cady, watching for his departure, had seen him leave. He identified the prisoner at the bar as the man who had had the interview with Stephen Ward.

Dr. Cady had determined it was his duty to move in the matter, and, as he understood there was a reward offered for the arrest and conviction of the murderer of Hon. Edwin Elveys, and as he wished nothing in the way of reward himself, he had informed a detective agency of what he had learned, trusting that the hope of reward would be all the incentive they would need. He had also sent a note to Mr. Rorux, as a pressure of professional duties made it impossible for him to call at that gentleman's house the next morning.

All this made a deep impression alike on jury and spectators, albeit there wasn't much in it which might not easily have been set aside—under other circumstances.

It seems hardly necessary for me to consider the testimony of each witness in succession, in detail. Let me, rather, summarize what testimony was offered, pro and con, though to do so I must change the order of its presentation, and give the statements of several witnesses in close connection, which were really widely separated in time of testifying at the trial.

That Robert Rorux was absent was deemed un--

fortunate by the prosecution. His testimony, they insinuated, and attempted to show, would have been damaging to the accused. servants of Mr. Robert Rorux were called, and swore that their master had undoubtedly absented himself from home because of the presence of Stephen Ward beneath his roof. One, Tom, knew notices were inserted in the newspapers warning Mr. Rorux of Ward's time of coming; a lying advertisement, so he said, and, in his opinion, prepared and inserted by Stephen Wardhad been intended to bring him home before Ward's departure. All the servants who testified, Tom among them, were too loyal to Mr. Rorux's interest to volunteer any information regarding Ralph Grantley's residence in Rorux's house; and Tom, of course, had his bitter hatred of Stephen Ward, growing out of his hopeless passion for Mollie, to help keep him silent. one of the servants knew why Rorux had desired that nothing be said to Ward regarding Grantley's being in his home—though they might have strong and shrewd suspicions. It was enough for them that he had said so; they would keep silence unless unavoidable questions were askedand none were; is it not remarkable how few pointed questions are really asked, in some cases, when the questioner is really working in the dark?

Mr. Gleason and Mr. Grantley had consulted together, and the younger man had been compelled to acquiesce in the resolve of the older that his identity with Robert Rorux should be concealed, if possible, and as long as possible.

To Mr. Grantley's objection that the sudden revelation of that fact would be damaging, possibly fatal, Gleason had urged that his appearance as a man with an alias at all would probably be fatal, and that such a revelation was not likely to come until everything else had gone against them. So Grantley's request had been added to Rorux's former orders regarding prudence and silence.

Tom testified to the fact that Horace Gleason's introduction had first sent Stephen Ward to visit at Rorux's. He left a strong impression on the minds of the jury that his belief was that Gleason had had some cruel and wicked power over his master. Who had sent the notices to the papers? Why, he, Tom, had done that—which was true enough—as far as it went! No one thought of asking why he had used initials not his own—or if "R. G." meant some particular person—and if so, who "R. G." was. What more natural than that some arbitrary combination should be agreed upon, in a case like that?

Robert Rorux had gone to South Africa, had be? Only one paper had had the news the afternoon of the day when he disappeared. It had

not reached the paper in the way in which that sort of item usually does. Indeed, later investigations had enabled the prosecution to show that the item came pretty directly from Mr. Rorux They showed, too, that none of the usual routes had been taken by Mr. Rorux. They presented such a case to the jury that the inference was strong and natural that Mr. Rorux had disappeared in some other direction than that of South Africa; indeed, the insinuation was strong that the prisoner had feared him as a witness, though he might have possessed some power over him, and had done for him what he had done for Hon. Edwin Elveys-more secretly and successfully! I don't know what might have happened had Mrs. Fox—recently made Mrs. Wolf again not been too busy in the duties of her new home, and in making a man out of the disreputable tramp she had married once more, to give any time to the reading of the newspapers!

Nor do I know just what effect it would have had if Mr. Gleason had risen in court some day, dramatically removed his wig and beard, and said, loudly, "I am Robert Rorux!" All things considered, though, I'm glad he didn't do it.

Stephen Ward was missing, as well as Robert Rorux. But the two cases were not at all alike. The authorities had had knowledge of Ward's whereabouts for about a week after Gleason's arrest; and then—the earth might as well have opened and swallowed him up, for all they could learn to the contrary.

And, as for the man who had enjoyed the nightride by Horace Gleason's side, the prosecution had never had an idea regarding his identity, or where he could be found. All of which would have been unfortunate for the prosecution—if they had needed him. But the fact was, they didn't!

The owner of the livery-stable at which Horace Gleason had hired the team he had driven across the country that fatal night was easily found. He had an accurate and retentive memory. testimony was clear and direct. He had let Gleason the team; he remembered the man's face, and his name; Gleason had come to him in the afternoon — the livery-man would swear to the time to within a half-hour; he had stipulated that he must have the best team in the stablesthe animals with the most speed and the greatest endurance; and he had had them. Offered a driver, for the horses were young and a little inclined to be treacherous, he had declined; when the matter had been urged, he had been angry and petulant in his refusal—a refusal, as the prosecuting attorney said in his address to the jury, "which might have cost an innocent man his life—if we had been so hasty as to arraign an innocent man for this fellow's dastardly crime !"

The owner of the stable to which the team had been taken, in the town to which Gleason had driven, and where Gleason had employed a man to drive them back to the owner, was called upon for his testimony. Less direct and definite than that of the other man had been, more uncertain as to details, such as the time of day, the condition of the horses, the appearance and manner of Gleason, etc., he was manifestly so honest and conscientious, that his somewhat crude and unsatisfactory story made a deeper impression than the other had done. It was morning when Gleason had driven to his stable; the team was tired, as though they had done hard work. But the time he had taken for the drive was from three to four hours longer than would have been needed for the slowest team in his stable, prudently and leisurely driven by himself, to go over the same journey!

All this was crushing—crushing!

Let us consider, next, that portion of Gleason's testimony which related to this night-drive, as well as some closely related matters. We shall find it easier to follow, I think, than if we wait and take his entire testimony as a whole.

If the prosecution had feared that Horace Gleason would attempt to prove an alibi, and that he might apparently succeed, they must have been happily disappointed at the frank ingenuousness of that portion of his testimony which related to the reality or the falsity of that ride of his through the lonely country, and to within not less than five miles of where Edwin Elveys died. Yes; he took the ride—took the ride just as the witnesses had said. He hired the horses, in the afternoon. He did stipulate for the best team; he liked to drive the best that could be found. Was he in a hurry? No. He had arrived at his destination as the witness had said; his recollection would make it a little earlier than did the statement which had already been made, but he might be mistaken; let it go; he did not see that a halfhour, more or less, was going to make any great difference. He had taken all night for the trip; he had not arrived until in the morning.

Had Mr. Gleason given a man a ride? He had. He remembered the circumstance distinctly. But he did not know the man's name, business or appearance. He could give absolutely no description of him. He did not know whether he was young or old, well-dressed or the opposite. He doubted if he had exchanged a dozen sentences with him during their ride. Where did he take in the man? Gleason hesitated. Judge and jury, lawyers and spectators, waited in breathless silence. The man was not in court. No doubt he would never be found. Gleason's word could not be disputed by any one. And it made a great deal of difference, in a case like this, whether he

had given the man the ride in the first part of the journey—or the last.

"I—I am not quite sure," replied Gleason, "but I think I did not take him in until I had passed the nearest point to Riverdell."

A great sighing breath burst from the assembled multitude. There was something of admiration in some faces. "Brave—honest—truthful—plucky," said some of them to themselves. But, then, some one killed Edwin Elveys! and they leaned forward to catch the next question, and listen to the next answer.

He had taken no driver, so Mr. Gleason said, because he wanted a chance to think. But what of the expense thus involved?—sending a man back with the team who must find another way for getting home again? Was money no object to a man whose business compelled him to ride across the country at night instead of sleeping in his bed? It seemed an unanswerable question; perhaps it was not intended that Mr. Gleason should answer it; at any rate he didn't; he didn't try.

But the next questions, and those to which they led, failed to improve the situation in the slightest degree. He had gone alone—to think; what of the situation when he had the man with him? Gleason doubtless answered in haste—to repent as leisurely as the old proverb ever contemplated in the hasty actions to which it has reference. He had taken in the man from motives of humanity, so he said.

"Ah? Was he old? lame? sick?"
Horace Glesson, did not know. He co

Horace Gleason did not know. He could not be sure.

"And did you let him ride far?" He did not remember.

Asked why he was late, he said that he had driven at a slow rate. To explain the condition of the team, he said he had lost his way. He could go, so he said to just where he left the road, go over the ground he had passed over while out of the road he should have followed, and show them exactly where he regained the road again.

"A strange thing, this," the prosecuting attorney reminded the jury, while Horace Gleason shrunk and writhed under the merciless arraignment and the pitiless sarcasm; "a marvelous Here is a man who allowed another man thing. to ride with him, and swears that he cannot remember where he took him into his buggy, what sort of a looking man he was, nor a word that was said between them. But he'll go with you, gentlemen of the jury, if you please, and show you where he left the traveled road, trace for you the way he went when he was wrong, point out to you the spot where he stopped, bewildered and uncertain—though he doesn't remember whether he had the problem to solve alone, or had help

and advice! Do you believe him? Can you? And if not in this, why in anything he has said which has not been more than amply confirmed by other witnesses? Indeed, may we not almost fear that other witnesses have fallen into error-

from iron bars and stone walls, there might be the barest possibility of freedom—and a man in his situation would naturally prefer risking a sheriff's shot to remaining here, waiting for certain death on the gallows! So he would go with honest error-when they confirm anything, no you-to-day! But would he have gone in the



TENDER CHORDS.

matter how trivial, which this trapped rascal has said? He would go with you, gentleman of the jury, to-day! Can you guess why? I see by your faces that you can-that you do! Ah, gentlemen, he is a shrewd man-a cunning one, and who can blame him? Out in the open air, away | no opportunity—as they have had now, as they

past? Would he? Would he have gone in the morning, when murder had had less than twelve hours in which to plan its lie? Would he have gone when rain and snow and frost, and the passing of scores and hundreds of carriages, had had

had had months ago—of erasing forever the track made by his carriage-wheels? Would he? I read your answer in your eyes, gentlemen of the jury, and I read his just doom there as well!"

That is only a little of what the prosecuting attorney said; I shall quote but little from his strong speech. But we must go back and consider some other points in the evidence.

"You claim innocence and ignorance of the murder of Edwin Elveys," said the lawyer for the State; "will you tell us why you were in that part of the country at all? Will you state what vour business was? Will you tell for whom you were at work?"

"I have already stated that I am a detective, and my statement has been amply confirmed; the representatives of the agency which employed me have testified to that. But I can tell you no more than that."

"You cannot bring witnesses to prove that assertion—the assertion that you were employed in the duties of your profession?"

"I cannot."

"The business of a detective is in the service of law, is it not?"

Mr. Gleason smiled, faintly, and with an evident effort.

"Not always. Sometimes it is our duty to shield a man's good name—or a woman's honor!"

"But this, Mr. Gleason, is a matter of life or death. Surely you are free to speak now. Surely you cannot expect the jury to believe your story unless you call witnesses to prove it."

Mr. Gleason shook his head. "There are those in this court-room," he said, slowly, "who know what my business was, and can prove it! But, unless they speak voluntarily, they will not speak at all. One of the duties of a detective is silence; he is paid to take his chances!"

A silence fell upon the great audience, for a minute or two, through which the ticking of the great clock over the judge's head sounded preternaturally loud. Several persons looked askance at their neighbors; others, the possessors, I presume, of unpleasant closeted skeletons, appeared uneasy and uncomfortable. But no one spoke. The appeal, if Gleason was desperate enough to mean it to be one, was a failure. Later, the lawyer for the defense called upon the ones who had kept silence to "speak now, or remember that they must stand before the throne of God, in the Judgment, and tell Him why!"

"Two dramatic appeals, that of Gleason and that of his lawyer," commented the Riverdell *Intelligencer*, in its next issue; "after they had failed, what was there left of the murderer's case?"

Witnesses testified to having heard Gleason say he had loved the woman who became Edwin El-

veys's wife; Gleason admitted all that; he had loved Elaine Vernon; though she were dead, he loved her still.

The prosecution had found some one to testify that Horace Gleason had expressed the deadliest and most undying hatred for Edwin Elveys. Gleason made no denial. He confirmed it all. Indeed, his first attempt at the work of a detective had been undertaken in the hope of finding something in the earlier life of Edwin Elveys which he could use to separate husband and wife. He started to say that he had not known, in all the years between her marriage and the time of her husband's death, where Elaine's home had been—and where her dust lay buried. But he checked himself — to say so could do no good; no one would believe it; in another man's case, he would not believe it himself.

And so, you see, it was no longer true that Edwin Elveys had not had an enemy in the world —so far as any one knew!

He had had one! And every one in the world, as far as telegraphs reached and railways ran, had only to read to know his name!

To have forgotten that he had driven within five miles—or LESS—of the scene of such a tragedy as had been enacted, was absurd on the face of it; and yet, Horace Gleason testified that, from the time of his earliest connection, professionally as a detective, with the Elveys murder case, up to the time when Stephen Ward had accused him, in Robert Rorux's library, of the atrocious crime, he had never thought of his lonely drive in connection with the matter!

Gleason would have had none of the evidence against Grantley appear at all—if he could have helped it; he felt it would be of no use. In the day-time, when the light was on Grantley's face and in his eyes, when he saw him sitting where he could suggest important questions to the examining lawyers, when he saw how anxious he looked and how thin he was getting, he believed in Ralph Grantley-and his innocence; he believed him worthy of the love of Elaine's child; he wished he dared hope the time might come when Stephen Ward would be as worthy of belief. In the day-time, again, in the jail, before court opened in the morning or after it had closed at night, Horace Gleason looked at Ralph Grantley's face-still in the light, ever in the light, though the light might have the shadows of strong bars across it—and believed in him, believed in him with all his soul. But, when night had come, when the lamp was out in his cell, when the glow in the corridor was dim, when there was no light in heaven for him, when he tossed wearily to and fro, now waking to face his dangers and difficulties, now sleeping uneasily, to find them worse in his dreams—he doubted

Ralph Grantley; he came to tell himself, as the trial went on, that one hope—then his greatest hope—and then his only one—was that Ralph Grantley's conscience might be the strongest of any of his powers—that he might confess his guilt before it should be everlastingly too late, even though he waited until an innocent man stood on the drop, waiting to be let fall into eternity! But this was only a night-thought. It was always gone in the morning. And each day he said it would never return again. And each night it did.

So Gleason would have had no testimony offered against Grantley, had it not been that Grantley insisted; and only because he was a prisoner—and Grantley free—did Grantley's will prevail.

There was the quarrel between Edwin Elveys and himself; Grantley told it all, now. And now, no one regarded it as more than trivial, though once the recital of it might have hanged him. A servant, who had listened, as servants sometimes do, testified to having heard what happened; but this testimony made the quarrel of even less importance than it had had on Grantley's own lips.

"A conscientious young man," said the prosecuting attorney, brushing Grantley's evidence aside, "with supersensitive notions as to honor, who has brooded over a few hot words until he imagines they might have been important! As he didn't kill Edwin Elveys—"

And an impatient wave of the hand dismissed the unimportant topic, with the sentence unfinished!

There was the selling of the revolver by Ralph Grantley. But what of it? "An honest man, and a busy one, sells a weapon. Is there any reason for his remembering to whom he sold it? Can you think of any reason, that could have existed at the time of the sale, making it more important that he should remember that, than that he should remember to whom he sold a pound of coffee or a bar of soap? Is it unprecedented for a man to forget? Has not Horace Gleason himself failed to remember the sort of man with whom he rode—on the night he committed his fearful crime?"

Horace Gleason testified to finding the revolver in the river. He told how what the boys had said to him had led him to search there. He laid little emphasis on the matter; indeed, he testified with great apparent reluctance, and gave the shortest possible answers to the questions which were asked him. Ralph's name on the revolver seemed a strong point in Gleason's favor and against Grantlev, and the audience wavered for a little, and the jury appeared stolidly amazed. But the lawyer made it all right in

the end, lengthily and laboriously, watching the faces of the jury to see the effect of his words mirrored therein—while he spent a quarter of an hour—half an hour—three-quarters of an hour—and commenced on the last quarter—in an interesting discussion of absent-mindedness and unconscious cerebration.

Grantley had jumped to the conclusion that the missing revolver had been used in killing Edwin Elveys! The worry naturally attending the forgetfulness of which he had allowed himself to be the victim would, in the opinion of the lawyer, account for all that—and for all that had grown out of it.

Grantley testified that he believed he had not said he threw the revolver into the river, when he had his interview with Horace Gleason at the bridge, and elsewhere that night. He—he couldn't quite remember what he had said, for he was both sick and frightened at that time. He had not been astonished at the finding of the weapon there; he seemed, too, to dimly recall the fact of having scratched his initials—or his name—on the missing weapon. But now he testified positively: He had not thrown the revolver into the river.

Tommy Teller and Pat Peacher were called. Gleason did not ask it. Indeed, he hoped they would not be. And yet, when the first one was sworn, he felt a genuine glow of pleasure in his heart. They would have to tell what Grantley had thrown into the river, that night. They did! It was only a horseshoe! "He was throwing away his luck, you know," said one lad, artlessly, and with evident conviction, "when he did a thing like that. And we liked him too well to give him away to a stranger!"

The prosecuting attorney almost precipitated a crisis in the reference he made to this portion of the testimony in his address to the jury: "Ralph Grantley thought the revolver he sold was used in killing Edwin Elveys," he said, gravely, "and perhaps he does still! I do! He was not surprised at its being found in the river. Nor am I! Three or four hours of time of the night of Edwin Elveys's death have not been accounted for by the cowering wretch yonder, and never will be until he confesses all—this side death, or beyond it! But we, though we know little, may imagine! Suppose he came here, and hurled away the weapon? What likelier thing than that his guilty soul would not allow him to let it remain there? I tell you gentleman of the jury, guilt is a haunting thing; it drives Murder's hand to uncover the concealed dead; it compels the finding and hoarding of evidence against one's own self. I can seem to see this man, disguised no doubt, buying this weapon-

But Ralph Grantley was on his feet then, pale

as ashes, and interrupting—for once—the speech of the prosecuting attorney.

"I will swear," he said, gaspingly and brokenly, "that Horace Gleason, in disguise or out of it, never bought the revolver of me."

"Or sending an accomplice to buy it," blandly continued the lawyer, never guessing how cleverly Grantley had saved Gleason, never imagining how near he had been to having no occasion for finishing his speech. But Grantley knew. And Gleason knew. His beard pulled awry, just then, or his wig displaced, would have marked the beginning of the end! The sheriff hadn't help enough to have saved Robert Rorux, or any one else save Horace Gleason, from the court of Judge Lynch!

Why continue this one-sided history of error and injustice? Is not the end clear and plain? And how could fallible men have done otherwise than was done?

There were, against him, the peculiar circumstances attending the employment, in the Elveys murder case, of Horace Gleason.

He had, by means of a shallow trick, managed to visit Riverdell alone. He had not made himself known to Etta Elveys; he had destroyed the note Ralph Grantley had given him for his father; he had mentioned nothing regarding his purposes to any of the most prominent gentlemen in the town—Black or White or Gray. He had, seemingly, employed his time in manufacturing evidence against the open-hearted young man who had employed him.

There were many to remember the remarkable scene in church, when Horace Gleason had been "overcome by the heat"! The lawyer for the prosecution did not fail to put the jury in mind of it.

The things Gleason had done for Stephen Ward counted greatly against him. This Ward had power over him now; why not then? Was it reasonable to suppose that the interview, a part of which had been overheard by Dr. Cady, was by any means the first one in which Ward had threatened Gleason?

"Ward demanded the knowledge of Etta Elveys's present residence, did he not?" was asked of Gleason.

"He did."

"Do you know where she can be found?"

"I am not sure. I think I do."

"And you told him?"

"I did."

"Well, where is she? Or where do you think she is?"

Horace Gleason hesitated. All were listening. Grantley was leaning forward, waiting for the information he would have given ten years of his life to have obtained. Gleason's thoughts, so far

as they formed themselves into words, ran in this wise: "Last night, I believed Ralph Grantley a murderer and a liar. To-night, I shall think the same. To-day, his face and bearing give such a thought the lie; but I do not know—I do not know. And—and—whether Grantley be innocent or guilty, Stephen Ward needs Etta Elveys; he needs her to save him—to reform him—to make him a man! I—I am going to die; I am going to die soon; it is easy to see how this trial is going, very easy, and the verdicts against men convicted on circumstantial evidence are always more speedy and merciless than are those against culprifs who are taken red-handed; I must diesoon: I must die on the gallows, unless shame kills me sooner. And I dare not die, dare not step into the darkness, pass through the grave, stand face to face with God-not if I have lifted a man up—to let him fall to the earth again; not if I have given a man a promise—and lied to him; not if I have encouraged hope in a man - and failed him; not if I have endangered the safety of a human soul—and let it be even possible for its only hope to be swept away. Unless Stephen Ward marries Etta Elveys, he is lost-lost; and with him-I am lost too. I cannot do it-dare not do it-will not do it. I will not give Ralph Grantley even a chance."

He raised his head. I suppose it would be correct to say he raised it proudly, though the Riverdell *Intelligencer* used the word "doggedly" in its spirited account of the trial. His eyes glistened—and you may take your choice between "bravely" and "insolently." One word is mine; the other is the *Intelligencer's*.

"Well, where is she? Or where do you think she is?" the lawyer repeated his questions.

"I refuse to say," replied Horace Gleason.

"And do you suppose Stephen Ward has gone in search of her?"

"I do, beyond a doubt!"

Need I write more? Need I tell of the questions asked regarding this man's search in the Elveys mansion—his pretended friendship for John Grantley, his evident slavery to the wishes of Stephen Ward?

Need I quote from the masterly summing up of the evidence, free from any intentional prejudice or bias, in the judge's charge?

Need I describe the dignified way in which the jury filed out, to do their duty, catching an encouraging smile, here and there, from Black and White and Gray, and from their satellites and imitators?

The jury was out one hour. It may be that they felt it would be a lowering of their dignity—a lessening of their importance—to return sooner. Possibly they could not bear to think of rendering a verdict until the little world outside had



THE STOLEN DINNER.

had time to decide what they ought to do—and worry lest they shouldn't! I cannot think of other reasons for their delay, for I've been told they deliberated little, and voted—only once! Indeed, in a case as plain as that of the State rs. Horace Gleason, it is hard to understand how duty required of them more than the vote.

The verdict was rendered. Of course, there was, under the circumstances, only one verdict possible. The judge was ready; he had been so certain that he felt no need of delay; events hurried!

Horace Gleason stood up. Asked if he had anything to say why the sentence of the law should not be pronounced upon him, he could only uselessly assert his innocence. He remembered, with a pang, that he had heard that same plea more than once from the lips of men he had hunted down. He wondered, God help him, if there were any among them who had not been liars.

The whole thing seemed strange—impersonal. It was as though, in a dream, he was taking another man's place; it seemed as though waking must come soon. He doubted if he heard all the judge said; some of it was surely no more than a heartless mockery; he remembered little, when the judge had finished, and believed he understood less. But one form of words, awful in their meaning, remained in his memory; one dreadful thing rung in his ears-as he watched the crowd scatter and go, and as he went his way, again, a watchful man close at his side on either hand; one fearful proposition seemed to burn into his brain, in words of fire, as he lay on his hard bed and longed for the slumber that would not come. Was it possible that the judge had spoken those words to him — to him — when he had always meant to do right, and had done wrong only by error? Was it possible? Could it be?

And what did they mean?

And he said them over and over again, the whole night long, as a student of a foreign tongue might have said a sentence which puzzled him:

"To be hanged by the neck until you are dead; to be hanged by the neck until you are dead; to be hanged——"

CHAPTER XXVI.

WARD'S WICKED WISH-AND THE WAY IT WORKED!

MR. WARD assumed Rorux's trust with great cheerfulness. He was, so he informed the lawyer, gratified at the confidence Mr. Rorux had been pleased to repose in him. What more natural than for the lawyer to hint that there was much more in store for him? Can you imagine such a thing as Ward's not pressing the matter? In the end, Stephen Ward had gained much knowledge. He knew that another individual, whose name the lawyer refused to mention, had been given a large sum of money—the amount not being named to him. He knew that the remainder of the vast wealth of Robert Rorux had been bequeathed to him, subject only to a condition which the lawyer insisted was so little likely to be met that it might as well be disregarded altogether.

The lawyer told him the event which would make another the heir was unlikely to happen, but declined to name the condition. He offered to lend Ward money, if he desired it, but Ward declined that, informing him that Gleason—who was not likely to live long—had recently made him his heir.

Finally, under pressure, the shrewd lawyer gave Ward a written statement to the effect that he was Rorux's heir, subject to an unnamed condition unlikely to be troublesome in the future. He had reasoned that Ward's persistence meant that some woman was concerned in the matter; he had reasoned correctly; Ward went home—to Rorux's—with the precious bit of writing—home—to Mollie!

Ward discnarged Tom. After that, having vainly tried to read—to study—to think—he sent for Mollie to come to him in the library. He had not decided that he loved Mollie—or that he loved Etta Elveys—but no matter; he would marry the one—half for revenge on her and Grantley; the other—he would cheat and defraud, lie to and make her loss his fiendish gain. He would marry Etta Elveys, for Gleason would die, doubtless, before he would tell Grantley where he could find her. But now—now—

He sent for Mollie!

He turned the reversed picture on Rorux's wall while he waited, and was appalled to see how much Etta's face resembled that of the dead woman Rorux had loved.

He picked up a book. It was "Frankenstein." He laid it down with a shudder, though the sight of it only confirmed him in his evil purpose.

Well, Mollie came.

And then, he paid her the greatest compliment any man can pay any woman—a compliment, in this case, that was a tacit admission that she could be won, if won at all, only honestly or in a way which counterfeited honesty.

He told her he loved her; he asked her to be his wife.

She did not answer him at first. She hesitated. She did not blush and dimple under his ardent glance. But she did not draw back from him. She was a woman to be pitied—not a heroine, at all; not a woman with much strength of character: not a woman with much besides her

beauty—and the capacity for passion and passion's fruitage, good and bad. She was trying the case in her own mind—her own soul; should she strangle the hopeless love she had for Ralph Grantley, and cast it out forever, or should she keep it and cherish it in secret, live for it and die glad because of it? Or should she marry this man, and live for him?

She forgot, for a little, the wealth he might give her, the luxury he might lavish upon her. She forgot that she had ever laughingly boasted that she cared for that sort of thing, and would have it. But one terrible picture came before her mind, one picture which almost shook her reason; she remembered the danger which had menaced her before Robert Rorux had rescued her—the time when there seemed no honorable escape except by the way of the wharves, and the swift, running tide beneath their borders; she—she could not endure that; she would not; she had rather walk through hell!

Looks and manner had never had so little force in Ward's favor. Never had he looked so little—so mean—so distorted—so misshapen. A half-hour ago, he was straighter, taller, less awkward and repellent. His soul showed in his face, and its dwarfish malignity had assumed control of his body as well. It should have been a warning to her—to any woman; God help her, perhaps it was—for she hesitated!

He laid Rorux's power of attorney before her. He glanced from that to her face. He glanced from her face back to that again.

She read the document, and her cheeks and lips grew white. He had absolute power in this house, to use as he would. He might, if he wished, turn her from the door this very night; and then—what better could she do than seek the wharves, unless she had been in a peaceful home, and a safe one, for so long that she had forgotten the way?

"A threat?" she demanded. There was a hint of scorn in her tones—a new attitude of possible loathing in the posture she took.

"A threat? No." But he turned away his head. Was she not right in doubting him? He was not sure of himself.

She walked up and down the room. She came and stood by the table again. She leaned on it, and looked at him.

- "You've followed me—followed me," she said, incisively, "and you've hinted love before. But you've never spoken thus plainly before. Will you tell me why?"
 - "There are two reasons."
 - " Well ?"

"One is the fact that I must go to Europe within a week; it is for you to say, Mollie, whether I must go alone."

"And the other?"

"That I've been a poor man, with no fortune, no future; that I could not ask you, a servant in this house, to share such a life as mine might be. But now—now—I can ask you to rise from your humble station to become the mistress of this mansion, and the custodian of untold wealth—hundreds of thousands of Collars—perhaps millions." He spread the lawyer's statement of his heirship to the Rorux fortune on the table before her; he caught her roughly by the shoulder and bade her look at it—read it.

She read it through—once—twice—thrice. She looked around her, at the evidences of wealth and culture which met her eye at every turn. She had longed for this sort of thing—prayed for it; she had inherited, from some one—somewhere—a taste for the elegancies and refinements this man could give her; and that, though Rorux had saved her from the dangers of the streets, and honorable poverty's happiest haven at their end—where the streets touch the sea!

Her blood ran riot in her veins; her senses seemed to swim; she loved all that Ward could offer her—all save himself. And was not the love she did have for a man—a good and true man—worse than vain and useless?

How much she could do with money; "how much good, even, and for sweet charity's sake," suggested some lying devil at the ear of her soul. How she would revel in the ease and luxury so freely tendered her; some ancestor had left the love of ease and luxury his sole legacy to all the generations following him—a taint in the blood of the poor, to be their peril and their destruction!

She shut her eyes, and thought—thought. She could not think as well while watching Ward; the wealth did not seem so great, the luxury so grateful, with his glance holding hers.

She opened her eyes, again, and faced the man. After all, with all said and done, she must face the man. It was the man she must marry, if she allowed herself to say "Fes"! not the man's money. It was the man, after all, of whom she must think, not this palace in which she might live, the rare dresses and jewels she might wear, the scenes she might visit in lands beyond the sea. "For better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love, cherish and to obey, till death us do part." Could she do it? Dared she? It was a terrible temptation. But—

She hesitated!

It was a terrible temptation. And I am astounded to find how well she is fighting against it. I thought she gave it all up—and decided the road she would walk in—long, long ago. Did not you?

Ah, well, she is not the first to find faltering footsteps at the beginning of a road—when actual invitation points where fancy, or even stern resolve, have in imagination walked.

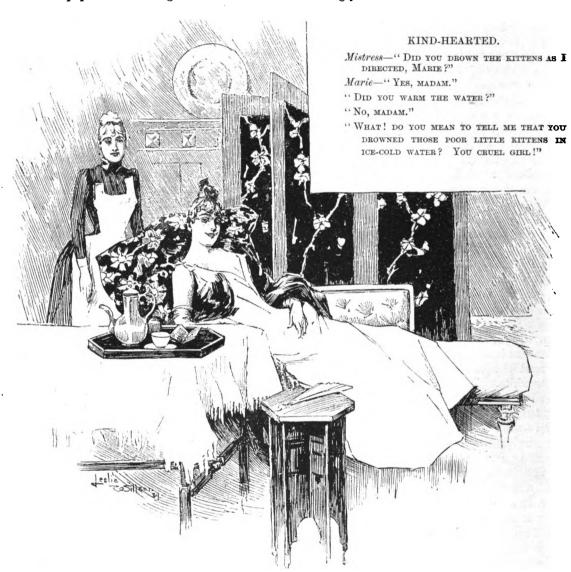
And—— But that will do! I feel all pity and doubt for one who has failed once!

"South Africa — South Africa," so ran her thoughts. She was thinking of what she had read in the paper that evening. She was wonder-

haps they did not then. It may be that the man saw her thought in her face, and answered its unspoken question. The girl started, though, amazed and horrified at what happened. Had she spoken? or had she not? She did not know; she never did.

"South—Africa—South—Africa—"

The man laid his hand on her arm tenderly and caressingly.



ing how long the man would be gone, and what dangers might come to him by the way. Robert Rorux had been kind to her; she could not remember, in all her life, any one who had been so kind; he had saved her—saved her life—or what was better than life; and yet—and yet—

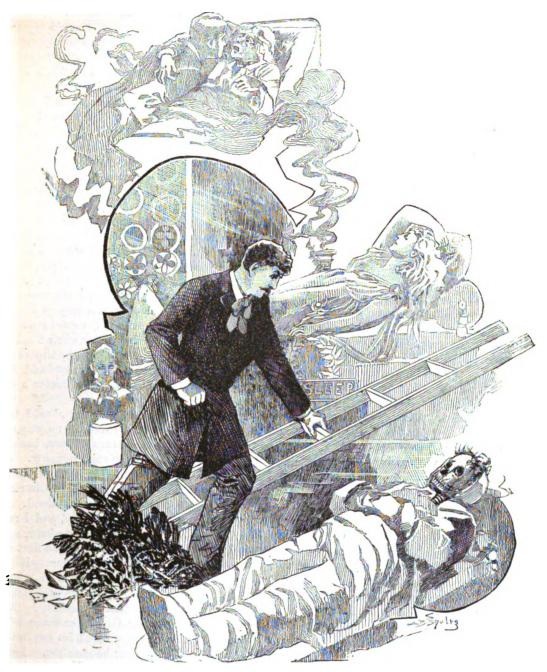
It would be hard, so hard, to sell one's self for a price—and fail of the pay.

"South Africa—South Africa—" She did blem discussed at length at her father not know she spoke. She was not in the habit of letting her lips play traitor to her soul. Per- best national emblem. The chestnut!"

"He will never return — never," he said, quietly; "he has not gone to South Africa; but he will never come back."

(To be continued.)

A LITTLE Boston girl heard the question as to what flower would make the best national emblem discussed at length at her father's table. "Papa," she said, "I know what would be the best national emblem. The chestnut!"



I BAINED THE LADDER, AND AS I DID SO THE BROKEN FRAGMENTS OF THE COUNTENANCE DEOPPED AWAY ON SITHER SIDE; AND IN THE PLACE OF THE ROUGHLY MOLDED FEATURES THERE LOOKED UP AT ME FROM THE HOLLOW IN THE CLAY A GRINNING, HUMAN SKULL."

THE STATUE IN MY UNCLE'S STUDIO.

By Lucy H. Hooper.

"Do NOT forget to go to see your uncle Julius | when you reach Paris, Ralph," said my still pretty and youthful-looking mother, as she stood en tiptoe to give me a last embrace at the Glennsville station prior to the departure of the train for New York.

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France and Switzerland, my health having suffered a good deal from too close application to the duties of my profession, which was that of medicine. I had graduated, with good success, some three years before, and had done well for a young doctor at the outset of his career; too well, I was going abroad for a hurried tour through | in fact, for overwork was telling severely on my.

nerves. So I had made up my mind to a sea-voyage and a season of repose in Europe as the best remedy for my ailments.

My uncle Julius was my widowed mother's only brother, and was older than she by several years. He had developed early in life a great talent for modeling in clay and carving in wood. One of his efforts in the former line, the figure of a Blenheim spaniel, had long formed the chief ornament of my mother's little drawing-room, and was a good deal admired by connoisseurs for the spirit and grace of the pose, and the accuracy of the modeling. He went to Paris full thirty-five years before the date of my story, there to study sculpture. He had met with considerable success in those days, when American artists studying in Europe were far rarer than they are now.

Amongst my mother's most treasured possessions were some copies of the catalogues of the Paris Salon for several consecutive years early in the sixties, wherein the name of Julius Weir figured amongst the contributors to the sculpture department. Then came his crowning success with a statue of "Sleep," a reclining female figure, holding in one hand a cluster of poppies, and shading with the other her half-closed eyes from the light. It was immensely praised and admired, and the Paris illustrated papers of the day gave wood-cuts of it, and the comic papers caricatured it, and, in fact, none of the elements of a popular success were lacking.

This statue was bought by a wealthy American residing in Paris, and it was generally expected that the sculptor would go from one triumph to another, and turn out a rival to Hiram Powers or to W. W. Story. But he did nothing of the kind. After the execution of that much-praised work, he retired on his laurels, only sending occasionally a bust or a bass-relief to the annual Salon. Also about this time he ceased entirely to write home, and all the news that was received from him was brought by stray travelers who chanced to visit his studio, and who described him as livin a sort of hermit-like seclusion, seeing but few callers and visiting no one.

"He never even wrote me a line when your dear father died," said my mother, letting fall a shower of tears at the memory both of her loss and of her brother's indifference. "I declare, Ralph, I sometimes think he must have lost his senses. One of his old comrades—John Rising—told me some years ago that Julius had never gotten over the loss of an intimate friend, an artist like himself, who had rooms in the same studio-building, and who disappeared mysteriously one day, and never was heard of afterward. I think the shock and the sorrow must have unsettled your uncle's mind, for he stopped working, and writing

home as well, just about that time. But you will go to see him, Ralph, will you not?"

I promised my mother that I would try to find my eccentric kinsman as soon as possible after my arrival in Paris. And, in fact, after I had spent a fortnight in sight-seeing and rambling about in the French capital, I looked up my uncle's address in an old Salon catalogue that I purchased for five cents at a book-stall, and started in search of his abode. The studio-building, in which he had lived for over thirty years, was situated on the left bank of the Seine, a good way back of the gardens of the Luxembourg. I had some difficulty in finding it, for the edifice, though considered probably a great innovation and remarkably comfortable and convenient when it was first erected, had become old-fashioned, and had been left far behind in the tide of progress and fashion. It was built in the usual style, having a long corridor on the second floor, with the studiodoors opening upon it, while on the ground-floor were situated various offices for lawyers and architects, besides two rooms for the concierge. These details I learned afterward, for when I asked for tidings of my uncle, I was told by the concierge that he had been taken ill with typhoid fever a fortnight before, and had, by the doctor's orders, been removed to a hospital.

"You see, my good little man," said the old woman, apologetically, "there was no way of having him properly taken care of here, besides the danger of infection to the other tenants. So the doctor had him well wrapped up, and put on a hospital-litter, and carried off to La Charité, and there he is to this hour if he isn't dead. here long? Yes, to be sure I have, and I remember your uncle when he first came here, and the grand supper he gave to celebrate the first admission of one of his works to the Salon. He was a great friend of the poor young man who went away more than twenty years ago and never was heard of afterward. An American? No, he came from Turkey or Greece, or some of those outlandish places. Stay, here's his name written at the foot of a drawing he gave me. Ion-Ion Mazzaris—yes, that's it. A handsome fellow, with big black eyes, and broad shoulders, and a thick black beard. As to talent, not much, I should say. Too fond of smoking, and of drinking beer, and of playing cards. For card-playing, oh, yes! just wild about it. He and Monsieur Weir used to spend whole evenings playing some queer game that Monsieur Mazzaris preferred to any other. They were devoted to each other, like twin brothers - scarcely ever seen apart. when Monsieur Mazzaris disappeared so suddenly Monsieur Weir took it terribly to heart. I should say that he never really held up his head afterward. That's long ago; over twenty years, as I

said before. Yes, it was the day after my Marie took her first communion, and she has been married these seventeen years now, and has a big boy of her own. So you're going—can't stay any longer? Do let us know, please, how poor Monsieur Weir is getting along."

Escaping at last from the full stream of talk of the garrulous old concierge, I bent my steps at once to the Hospital of La Charité. I had some difficulty in obtaining admission to the feverward, but my diploma, and my letters of introduction from several prominent American physicians to their Parisian colleagues, with which I had taken the precaution to provide myself before sailing, finally procured for me the desired permission.

At last I stood by the sick-bed of Julius Weir, and looked for the first time on the face of this much-talked-of relation. It was a ghastly spectacle that I beheld. Mr. Weir was at that time but a little over sixty years of age. He looked fully seventy-five, with his features pinched and his complexion discolored by the action of the fever, and his profuse gray locks, damp and matted with perspiration, straying unkempt over the pillow. My own knowledge of medicine told me at once that there was but little hope of his recovery. He was delirious at first, and could not be made to comprehend who I was or what had brought me there, and in fact only seemed to imagine that I had come to arrest him for some unknown misdemeanor. But in one of the few lucid intervals that his malady afforded him I managed to explain to him who I was, and thereafter he seemed to take a feeble pleasure in seeing me at his bedside. After that I never left him while he lived. I procured for him the privilege of a private room and comfortable accommodations, and did what little I could to brighten the last hours of his existence.

The fever ran its course in the usual fashion of that dire disease. Mr. Weir was often delirious, especially at night. As I sat beside his bed, listening to his wild, disconnected talk, my attention was finally arrested by one topic to which he recurred continually—one scene that he described over and over again. He was playing cards with some one, and his adversary was winning all his money—unfairly, as he declared.

"Not the king—the ace; that's right. So you've won again, my boy? A thousand francs this time. See—I play the queen. No—no trumps; do you call that a fairly taken trick? Lost—yes—I've lost again. Five thousand francs now—and then my watch, and the old chain and seals. So—you've won again—won again—won again."

. Here his speech usually trailed off into inarticulate gabble. But one night he went on mutter-

ing about "a solitary blow—no blood—I've got the money—he cheated me," and other broken phrases of the same nature.

Toward morning the fever suddenly left him, and as is usually the result in such cases, it took all the vital forces with it. He sank rapidly, but before he died, he found strength to look up into my face and to mutter: "I've left you everything, Ralph. Destroy—destroy——" And then he sank back insensible upon his pillow. He never regained consciousness after that, and he died in a few hours.

His will, deposited at the American Consulate, was drawn up in due form, and I found myself possessor of a not inconsiderable fortune. My uncle, for twenty years past, had lived in the most secluded and economical way, and the accumulations of his income, added to his original capital, had swelled the whole to a very comfortable amount. There remained for me, as his sole executor, the task of inspecting and taking possession of the contents of his home, the studio and the bedroom adjoining. But what was it that Mr. Weir had wished me to destroy? Papers—letters—or what? I could not even guess. I was compelled to leave that part of my mission wholly to chance.

It is a solemn thing to enter the abode of one who has died away from home, and to note the traces of daily occupation and every-day life amidst the surroundings—the books whose pages will nevermore be turned by the once familiar hands; the writing-desk whose pens and ink and paper stand ready for use, and which the owner will use no more; the clothes still hanging on their accustomed pegs; and, above all, the visiting-cards in their little case, laid out, ready for use. Nothing speaks so eloquently of death and departure as do these cards. Other things keep their uses and may find owners. New readers may peruse the books, the garments may clothe new wearers, the pens and paper may be pressed into service by new writers; but the visitingcards—those little squares of card-board inscribed with a name that no longer belongs to earth—they have perished with their late possessor, and will soon, too, like the deceased, be only ashes.

Such were the impressions and ideas that passed through my mind as I stood at last, and for the first time, in my uncle's studio. It was a beautiful day in early Summer. The glorious sunshine streamed bright and warm through the lofty window, lending to the pallid forms that peopled the room a vague semblance of life. The studio of a sculptor has this advantage over that of a painter, that all his works in their original plaster are assembled there together. Once a painter has finished and sold his picture, it is taken away, and leaves nothing behind it except perhaps a group

of studies or sketches, or the pale reflection of a photograph. But a sculptor keeps the original form from which the marble copies are taken to be sent forth into the world; his art-children remain with him, and surround him till the day of his death.

In spite of the gay sunlight without, my uncle's studio was a dreary-looking room, though kept, like the plainly furnished bedroom adjoining it, with scrupulous care and neatness, by my garrulous old friend the concierge. I looked with interest on the plaster forms that filled it, the originals of the statues of whose renown we had all been so proud. I passed them one by one in review.

They were very varied in style and subject, and gave me a far higher opinion of the talent of Julius Weir than I had ever possessed before. There was an "Omphale," draped in the lion's skin of Hercules, and leaning on the demi-god's club-a pretty, girlish figure, whose slender grace and delicate beauty contrasted well with those masculine accessories. Another was "Undine," rising from her fountain, holding aloft her dripping draperies behind her charming head. There, too, was the recumbent and graceful statue of "Sleep," with which I had grown familiar through the medium of wood-cuts and photographs. Sevcral of the works had been left unfinished, and amongst them a design for a fountain, a bass-relief representing the "Funeral of Ophelia," and a male recumbent figure, barely shapen in the clay, which seemed to have been destined to form a pendant to the statue of "Sleep."

"Destroy—destroy!" These were the words which rang through my brain as I wandered amidst the white, silent forms. I had searched in vain amongst the small stock of papers of the deceased for some memorandum or letter that it might be advisable to burn. I found nothing that was not totally commonplace and unimportant. And so I took my seat on the edge of the platform destined for the pose of the models, and began to meditate on my farther course of action. As I sat there, my eyes rested upon the male recumbent figure in clay of which I have already spoken. I found myself attracted to it by one curious peculiarity. Unfinished as is was, it conveyed vividly to my mind the idea of a corpse. The other statues - the "Omphale," the "Undine," the slumbering maiden that represented "Sleep"— were one and all alive; they were instinct with vitality. But that nude, scarcely shapen image was that of a dead man.

"My uncle must have intended to fashion a figure of 'Death' to match the 'Sleep,'" I thought to myself, as I rose and went forward to examine it more closely. As I did so, I pushed slightly against a step-ladder which had been left stand-

ing beside the platform. It tottered, toppled over, and the top of it came crashing down on the face of the figure in clay. I raised the ladder, and as I did so the broken fragments of the countenance dropped away on either side; and in the place of the roughly molded features there looked up at me from the hollow in the clay a grinning, human skull.

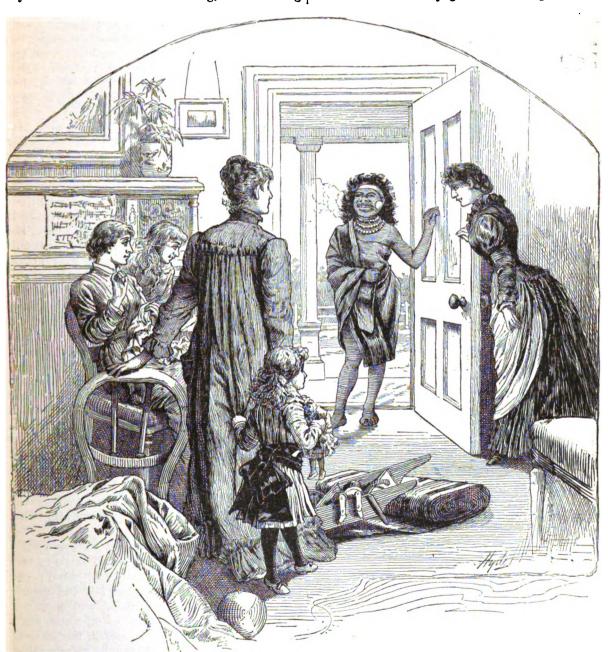
I cannot adequately express my horror at this discovery. I stood looking down, as though fascinated, at the ghastly image of mortality that stared up at me, with its empty eye-holes. After I had somewhat regained my presence of mind, I began to investigate the rest of the figure. The clay, hardened by long years of untouched dryness, was not easily broken away, but I continued to scale off enough of it to find that, not a skull only, but a whole human skeleton, was imbedded in the mass and formed the core of the blockedout statue. Nor was it so much a skeleton as a mummy. The body had evidently been swathed in clay while it was intact, and though the flesh had long since disappeared, the frame was still clothed in a dry and shrunken and dusky skin, the whole forming an image like those of the desiccated monks that are shown to sight-seers in the crypts under the Church of the Capuchins in Rome. The skull was still covered with black curly hair, and the bone on the left temple was splintered as though by a blow. Over that fracture the clay was stained of a dingy-brown that might once have been red-the scarlet life-blood. doubtless, of a human being.

Piece by piece, as children fit together the separate fragments of a puzzle, I reconstructed the tragic story, one of whose personages looked darkly up into my face, and who, silent forever. had yet revealed to me the hidden horror that had darkened my uncle's life. That secret had palsied his hand and weakened his genius, and made of him a lonely recluse, dwelling night and day side by side with the victim and the witness of a moment's crime. I saw it all as though written plainly on that brown, grinning face: the games at cards, and the unvarying success of my uncle's adversary, and perhaps an attempt at cheating discovered, and then a sudden and fatal blow. Then would come memorse and terror, and a swift resolution to hide the corpse. The sculptor's art, and the mass of freshly prepared clay, would furnish the means. The dead man's clothing could readily be destroyed in the stove that heated the studio. And afterward would come an impossibility of getting rid of the statue with the hideous core concealed within its clay; a dread of discovery, or at least of attracting suspicion by any steps that might be taken' to remove or to hide those poor shrunken remains.

As for me, my determination was quickly taken, and easily carried out. I built a rousing fire in the stove, and after breaking away the clay shell that surrounded the shriveled form, I consigned the latter piecemeal to the flames. In pursuing my task I came across a seal ring, still adhering | was no doubt widely grown in the prehistoric

THE ORIGIN OF WHEAT.

WHEAT, which is now the bread corn of twelve European nations, and is fast supplanting maize in America and several inferior grains in India,



NEW YEAR'S DAY AT THE ANTIPODES—THE VISIT OF AN AUSTRALIAN CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

to one of the fleshless fingers. It bore, engraved upon the amethyst with which it was set, the initials I. M. in Greek characters. The clay fragments I tossed into an old wood-box, and had them carted away as rubbish. And that was the end of the strange, unfinished statue in my uncle's studie.

The Chinese cultivated it 2,700 B. C. as a gift direct from Heaven; the Egyptians attributed its origin to Isis, and the Greeks to Ceres. A classic account of the distribution of wheat over the primeval world shows that Ceres, having taught her favorite Triptolemus agriculture and the art of bread-making, gave him her chariot, a celestial vehicle which he used in useful travels for the purpose of distributing corn to all nations.

Ancient monuments show that the cultivation of wheat had been established in Egypt before the invasion of the Shepherds, and there is evidence that more productive varieties of wheat have taken the place of one, at least, of the Innumerable varieties exist of ancient sorts. common wheat. Colonel Le Couteur, of Jersey, cultivated 150 varieties. Mr. Darwin mentions a French gentleman who had collected 322 varieties, and the great firm of seed merchants, Vilmorin-Andrieux et Cie., cultivate about twice as many in their trial-grounds near Paris. In their recent work on "Les Meilleurs Blés," M. Henri L. de Vilmorin has described sixty-eight varieties of best wheat, which he has classed into seven groups, though these groups can hardly be called distinct species, since M. Henri L. Vilmorin has cross-bred three of them — Triticum vulgare, Triticum turgidum and Triticum durum—and has found the offspring fertile. Three small-grained varieties of common wheat were cultivated by the first lake-dwellers of Switzerland (time of the Trojan War) as well as by the less ancient lake-dwellers of Western Switzerland and of Italy, by the people of Hungary in the Stone Age, and by the Egyptians on the evidence of a brick of a pyramid in which a grain was imbedded, and to which the date of 3,359 B. c. has been assigned.

The existence of names for wheat in the most ancient languages confirms this evidence of the antiquity of its culture in all the more temperate parts of Europe, Asia and Africa, but it seems improbable that wheat has ever been found growing persistently in a wild state, although the fact has often been asserted by poets, travelers and historians.

DAUBIGNY, the great master of the modern French landscape school, died in 1878; and an incident of his death-bed gives testimony to his devotion to Corot, dead four years before. Almost his last words were: "Adieu. I am going to see if friend Corot has found me any motifs for landscapes."

An experiment in ocean time-saving has been tried by having the steam-ship City of Rome discharge her passengers at Milford Haven instead of at Liverpool, on a recent voyage out. Milford Haven is the extreme western point of Wales, and it is believed that sailing direct from New York to that point will save from eighteen to twenty-four hours in the passage. It is likely to become the great point of landing between the two countries.

BLUSH ROSES.

By Charles Henry Luders.

In the clear-heard, sweet, silent tongue of thought,
From Legend-land two voices spake with me;
The one: "No roses on the first rose-tree
Wore other hue than white till Eve was brought
Naked to our first father: then one caught

A ruddy shame." The other: "When the sea Bore Venus, ere she crossed the neighboring lea, A red rose, touching her, paled passion-wrought." The first was Purity—forever clad

By holiest love in robes of richest dye;
The second, Passion—made a season glad
Ere from his cheek the fickle flame did fly:

So thou, when brightest blushing, still dost add Unto thy face most beauty for mine eye.

PRACTICAL WOOD-CARVING.

BY LILLIE MARSHALL.

THE simple little contrivance illustrated in our first design is for a table, or shaving-mirror. It takes the form of a book, and properly made, is a very useful and pretty piece of table-decoration.

These are the dimensions: Length over all, 13 inches; width over all, 9½ inches. The end pieces are one inch less than the width; the depth of the book is 1½ inches. The wood used for making the same should be ½ an inch thick. The front end-piece is hollowed out about § of an inch in depth, and represents the leaves of a book, as seen in the finished sketch. The back piece is rounded, and a cut made almost like a table-leaf joint, to allow the panel or cover of the book to work freely. Likewise, there is a little frame which fits loosely inside of the box which is to receive the mirror.

Now for the necessary instruction for a beginner in this very charming art of wood-carving. First, the tools. It is best to begin with a very small outfit at first. Master every tool as you proceed, and learn thoroughly everything that can be done with them.

I select the following as best to begin with. They can be had at a very small outlay: One 5-16 and one 9-16 firmer, or flat chisel; one 6-16 corner chisel, or skew; one 7-16 flat gouge; one 6-16 hollow gouge; a mallet and a pair of iron clamps, No. 14; a piece of oil-stone, and a firm, strong table, such as is used in the kitchen. The above-mentioned tools can be purchased at almost any hardware store, ground and ready for use; if not, they will procure them for you. This is a very small kit of tools, considering that there are over forty different shapes, and nearly four hundred different sizes; yet, as you progress, you can increase your stock to suit the design you are about to carve. Avoid tools made especially for the amateur, as they are invariably bad.

Now, the tools having been purchased, the,

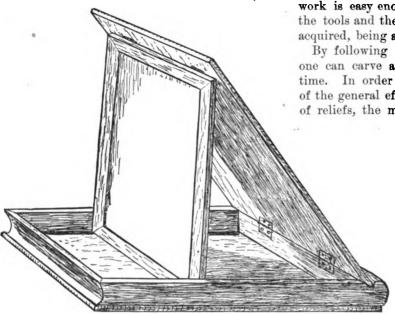
to sharpen them. This is perhaps the most awkward task for beginners, for the tools should be very well sharpened if the work is to be well done. The flat tools are sharpened by rubbing gently backward and forward on the oil-stone at the same angle at which the tools are ground. Do not press hard, or you will have a jagged edge like a saw, and once you get tools in that condition. it is very difficult to get them out of it, unless (as is inevitable, sooner or later) you The curved tools are have them re-ground. more difficult, and require a great deal of pa-They are sharpened in much the same way, only that you have to turn the tool first one way and then reverse between the fingers and thumb as it passes along the stone. Now that we have our tools sharpened, we will commence our first piece of wood-carving.

Procure a piece of common pine, or white wood, which is better, and screw it fast to the table by means of the clamps. Now draw a few lines with a rule; take the curved gouge, holding the handle in the right hand (see Fig. 1), and keeping the wrist on the wood, press gently and guide the tool with the finger and thumb of the left hand. Do not press too hard at first; go gently, and you will remove a thin, straight shaving. Try to cut those shavings as even in thickness as possible, in a uniform straight groove. Cut those grooves all over the board the way of the grain, and by that time you will have made yourself familiar with the gouge. Next comes something a little more difficult. Turn the board ever and make a few circles, and gouge them out round the outside edge; do not make the circle too small, as the smaller it is, the more difficult. After a few hours' practice in this way we will proceed to make our first panel, that of the table-mirror. Take a panel of either cherry or Spanish cedar, nut or pear tree; those woods are close-grained and easy to carve. Now, with a sheet of black, red or blue tracing-paper, you trace off the sketch or design. This is done by first laying the tracing - paper, greasy side down, on the panel; next place the sketch on the top of the paper, design up, and fasten it with a few tacks, so that it remains firmly fixed. sharp-pointed pencil or skewer of hard wood or bone; go over the design very carefully, and this will leave a fac-simile of the design on the panel to be carved. Should the design be too small for your purpose, it can be enlarged by tracing, as described above, on a sheet of gelatine or glazed paper, which is particularly adapted for reproducing a design which is either to be enlarged or decreased. After tracing the sketch on the geletine, go over the lines with printer's ink; wipe the surface so as to remove all the ink that

primary need in wood-sculping is to know how | has not sunk into the lines of the design, and carefully place the sheet of gelatine with the side not drawn upon downward on a basin of cold water; I say on, as it must not be placed in the water, and care must be taken that the water does not cover the upper surface. In an instant it forms for itself a little raised border all round the edge, which prevents the access of the water, and after half an hour the gelatine has acquired its maximum size. If you do not wish to enlarge it so much, you can stop the operation as soon as it is sufficiently expanded.

Now remains the process of raising the sheet of gelatine; to do this, we must pass under it a sheet of tracing-paper, stretched out so that the gelatine does not wrinkle, and then lift it carefully out. To utilize the design thus enlarged, place it upon the table, keeping the tracing-paper with which it was lifted under it. Lay it out perfectly flat, and with a second sheet of tracing-paper on the top carefully retrace the design. Should the reader wish to decrease the size of a design, this can be accomplished by placing it on alcohol, and go through the same process. Now that we have the design on the panel, we come to the actual work of wood-carving. Take the gouge and go round the outside of the design 1/8 of an inch away from the lines, cutting carefully with the grain—say # of an inch in depth, being very careful that the gouge does not slip, as it may cut away the design. This being done, take the flat chisel and "stab" the design out by cutting it all round in a continuous line, sloping the chisel out at a slight angle toward the groove you have previously cut. After this first tracing, or, properly termed, "kurfing," is done, take the flat gouge and hollow out the background by taking off a little wood in short shavings. Do not try to break it away. Should it splinter, cut the reverse way; but try always to cut with the grain.

When the required depth has been reached, 1 of an inch, which is quite deep enough for the panel we give, the details of the ornament have to be filled in and the forms rounded. The necessary modeling should not be finished at once; but a few hours spent at modeling in wax will greatly benefit the wood-carver. The first thing to be done is to invest in a few pounds of modelingwax and half a dozen modeling-tools, which can be procured at any art store. Take a few tacks and drive them into a board of the same size ac your panel, then spread the surface with wax, taking it between your thumb and finger and spread it over the surface of the plank, 1 of an inch thick all over the board between the little tacks which are to keep the wax in its place. You should not try to make the wax even in the first layer, as its every unevenness will serve to keep together that which we may have occasion to lay



SHAVING-CASE, OR TABLE, WITH MIRROR.

on afterward. Then we should outline the large masses of the design, taking care to observe the proportions of length, breadth and thickness.

When this first course of outline is finished, the touching up of the details commences. This is done by the modeling-tools; but the final touches need not yet be given. It is only when everything is finished that the broad, jagged edge of the modeling-tool will be used to unite the surface flatness, while the round part will serve to polish up the rounded parts, or finally the flat side will work is easy enough as regards the handling of the tools and the wax, and with practice is soon acquired, being a great benefit to the carver.

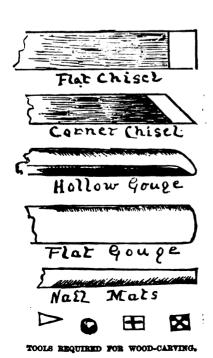
By following carefully these instructions, any one can carve an effective relief in a very short time. In order to take good stock with the eye of the general effect of the design and the value of reliefs, the model and the design to be exc-

cuted should be so placed that the light may determine in a decided fashion the effect of light and shade. For this purpose the lower part of the window should be covered with a thick curtain, so that the light may fall at an angle of about 45°.

Our next piece of wood-carving, should the latter be successful, is a table receptacle for matches, which can be executed in wood, or metal repoussé, or wood and metal combined-that is to say, the sole and heel of

the shoe can be carved in mahogany, and the upper striking surface and match-receptacle can be made of thin sheet-brass, the design being punched out. This we may speak about in a future paper. Wood-carving being the lesson now, we will proceed to make it of mahogany.

Get a piece of wood 3 inches square and 7 inches long; fasten this to the table with the clamps. Now take a saw, and saw down the side of the heel. The uppermost side of the wood we intend to represent the sole. Next take a gonge, cut out the sharp outlines of the design. All this and gouge out the base of the shoe; then mark





out the shape of the sole, and saw off the surplus wood. Now trim into shape, rounding up the heel. This being done, turn over the wood, and proceed likewise for the match-receptacle. Saw away the surplus wood from the sole, leaving it boring out the receptacle for the matches, then rub with a rag saturated with boiled oil, and the shoe is finished.

The "Butterfly" design can be made either in wood or metal. If in wood, it will make a pretty about f of an inch thick; make the surface nice ornament for the fire-place in the Summer, or



CARVED TOP OF SHAVING-CASE, OR TABLE.

Trace on the design and carve. The matted surface on the background can be made with a large nail which has been filed at the point crosswise, making several little points or diamond shapes (see sketch of tools). This being done, shape up the back of the shoe, trace on the

preferably in metal for a Winter fire - screen. The fire-screen will require two legs at the back for it to stand on. Those are made of stout sheet-brass, taking a strip, say, 12 inches long and 2 of an inch wide. Twist one end up into a scroll, punch two holes about an inch apart at design, and proceed as before. Now finish by the other end, and screw, rivet or solder on.

GEOGRAPHICAL NEWS.

BY GEORGE C. HURLBUT, SECRETARY OF THE AMERICAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

THE INTERNATIONAL GEOGRAPHICAL CONGRESS, held at Paris in the first week of August, 1889, was the fourth of the kind. The others were, that of Antwerp, in 1871; that of Paris, in 1875; and that of Venice, in 1881. Besides the interchange of views and the reading of original papers, the work of these Congresses is limited to recommendations of the methods likely to advance geographical science, and discussions of the practical applications and ways of utilizing the facts of geography in education and in daily life. The resolutions of the Paris Congress which seem to have the widest bearing were the following: That maritime States should agree to employ the same instruments for making experiments, and should follow the example of the United States in publishing periodically maps of the ocean currents; that, considering the disastrous results that follow on the destruction of forests, it is hoped that nations which are still provided with forest land will protect it, and that those whose woods are imperiled will take prompt measures to save them; that when explorers visit new countries, they are not to consider themselves free to bestow names on natural features, unless the land is destitute of native inhabitants. The question of a prime meridian, concerning which the Scientific Congress at Washington some years ago failed to agree, was again brought up at Paris on the proposition of Father Toudini to adopt the meridian of Jerusalem. The votes were 12 for Jerusalem and 12 for Greenwich; and this practically mettles the matter in favor of Greenwich, which, if not an ideal starting-point, is, at all events, the one most familiar to the immense inajority of students and seamen.

SPITZBERGEN.—The Bremen Geographical Society, in the Spring of 1889, sent out Dr. Kükenthal and Dr. Walter to the Arctic. They began, but were unable to complete, a circumnavigation of Spitzbergen, and took soundings in Olga Straits, where the greatest depth found was 873 feet. The greatest discovery made was that of a strong current flowing through the Olga Straits from north to south.

NORTHERN AND CENTRAL ASIA continue to attract a number of adventurous explorers, mostly Russians. Mr. Grum-Grimailo writes from the Chinese frontier in Soongaria that the Spring and early Summer had been very cold on the Alatan Mountains, and that in May the snow was still lying at 7,000 feet above the sea, and this in lat. 43° N. Captain Grombtchevsky was on the high table-land of the Pamir in early June, and meant to enter the Afghan country to the west.

Presia attracts just now a great deal of attention from both Russian and English travelers and agents. The travels of the Shah in Europe have also drawn towards his empire the notice of the Germans, previously somewhat indifferent to Western Asia. In 1888 the Shah opened to commerce the Karun River, the only navigable water-course of the empire, and not practicable for ships of any considerable size beyond Ahwaz, not more than 100 miles in a right line from the Persian Gulf. The English are the most active in utilizing this route to the yet undeveloped commerce of Persia.

New Guinea.—This enormous island is now divided into three colonies: Dutch New Guinea, which embraces almost exactly the western half, and British New Guinea and Kaiser Wilhelm's Land, which occupy, the former the southern and the latter the northern portion of the eastern half. The Germans have been more energetic in exploration than the English; but the expedition of Sir

William McGregor, during the past Summer, achieved some remarkable successes. With eleven attendants he crossed Mount Musgrave (so named by himself) at a height of 7,000 feet, and on the 9th of June began the ascent of Mount Owen Stanley. The summit was reached on the 11th. As high as 8,000 feet the atmosphere was moist, but above that point the air was dry and bracing. The natives found at this altitude wore head-dresses adorned with shells, that came from the east coast of Kaiser Wilhelm's Land, a proof that there were practicable routes across the range. A number of new plants were found, and a new animal, like the Australian native bear, was taken. It was 3 feet 6 inches in length, with a tail 18 inches long, and weighed about 40 pounds. The highest crest of Owen Stanley Range was named Mount Victoria. It is a mile and a quarter long and 13,121 feet above the sea; the loftiest mountain, therefore, yet known in the Pacific south of the equator. Eleven other peaks were measured and named by Sir William, who exercised his rights as administrator without much regard to the feelings of the mountains. Many icicles were found on the top of Mount Victoria, and the sky was cloudless day and night. The natives, it was found, regularly hunted on some of the peaks at an elevation of nearly 10,000 feet. There was no timber within 1,000 feet of the top of Mount Victoria.

ALASKA AND BRITISM COLUMBIA are yet very imperfectly explored. Even so prominent a feature as Mount St. Elias, the highest peak, there is every reason to believe, in North America, is still in dispute between the geographers of England and America. It stands on the very line between the American and the British territories, and some part of it may be actually to the eastward of the line. The discussion about it has lately taken an interesting and even personal character. Mr. Seton - Karr, who is chiefly known as a traveler for the sake of traveling, has made, in a book recently published, a definite charge against Professor George Davidson, who is at the head of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey on the Pacific Coast. Mr. Seton-Karr affirms that Professor Davidson has given several different and contradictory positions to Mount St. Elias, each new position bringing it more clearly to the American side of the boundary. Professor Davidson, in a letter to the Royal Geographical Society, has brought Mr. Seton-Karr to book, and has proved by dates and figures from the Pacific Coast Pilot that his critic has made in every case a charge that was the result either of ignorance or of willful misrepresentation. Mr. Seton-Karr is left to take his choice, and meanwhile it is certain only that the peak is practically, if not absolutely, an American mounttain. The most important recent journey in British Columbia is that made by Dr. George M. Dawson, of the Canadian Natural History and Geographical Survey. He surveyed and mapped part of the country about the Upper Yukon, or Pelly, River, and he records his belief that the Yukon is by no means as large a stream as it was supposed to be. He thinks it decidedly inferior, for length and volume, to the Mackenzie; and he considers that Lieutenant Schwatka, whom he treats with respect, had not the means of checking his exaggerated estimate.

An apparent disappearance is a phenomenon that seems to have taken place with some rivers. Captain John Page, of the Argentine Navy, mentions that the Upper Paraguay, as if absolutely lost for many miles, has been known to flow beneath a matted covering of living and dead vegetation several feet in depth. In the year 1858 one of these growths, under the influence of an extraordinary inundation, broke loose and drifted two thousand miles, bringing up at Buenos Ayres, with many animals and reptiles that had taken refuge upon it.

LITERARY MEMORANDA.

It is undeniably the novel, at the present day, through which the literary appeal to general imagination and general sympathy is chiefly made; and the class of fiction-devotees-a class which must be growing larger and more comprehensive day by day—are to be congratulated upon the rich abundance so zealously provided for them. Among the new novels at hand, Mrs. Catherwood's animated and picturesque "Romance of Dollard" (The Century Co.) is notable for having broken new ground, its scene being Canada, and its foundation an exploit which Francis Parkman, in his preface, calls "one of the most notable feats of arms in American annals." while most of the chief personages of the tale were actual men and women two and a quarter centuries ago. The Century Company has also published in book-form a collection of popular magazine stories of Harry Stillwell Edwards, under the title of "Two Runaways." These stories are illustrated by E. W. Kemble, the most refined and subtle of delineators of negro characters. A novel which, without being a "juvenile," will especially delight young girl readers, is Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood's "Sweetbrier" (D. Lothrop Company), which treats of the fascinations, duties and distractions of "society" with rare tact, knowledge and grace. Brentanos publish, in their popular "Granite Series," Gustave Haller's sweet and touching Alsatian romance of "The Bleuet," translated into English by M. de Lazare; and "Priest and Puritan," an anonymous story of a Catholic priest and a Methodist clergyman working side by side in a New England town, and at length brought to a mutual understanding and friendship through the instrumentality of the young people whose love affairs furnish the mentimental motive of the narrative. A Mexican hacienda is the scene of "Chata and Chinita," a vivid and dramatic story of life in our sister republic, by Louise Palmer Heaven (Roberts Brothers). From the same publishers we have "Just Sixteen," a new series of those charming tales which Susan Coolidge writes with the younger circle of readers especially in view. James Pott & Co. publish, in a dainty fleur-de-lys cover, "A Snow Flower," by Hester Day-a story of life in London, full of feminine character and refined comedy. Miss Lucia Ames's "Memoirs of a Millionaire" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is a very readable story, considering that its real motive is to emphasize, by example as well as precept, the responsibilities of wealth, and to indicate how it may be most wisely employed by American citizens to whom its stewardship has been intrusted. The suggestions of this book are noble, and eminently practical—even to the extent of giving plans and specifications for the model tenements described. "Judge Lynch" (Belford, Clarke & Co.) is a necessarily sensational but graphic and well-written romance, by George H. Jessop, dealing with the California "vigilance committees." A pronounced dramatic cast is given to the narrative, through the fact that Mr. Jessop aimed, in collaboration with Brander Matthews, to produce a novel and a play at the same time. A score of the best of Ed. Mott's famous dialect stories about "b'ars," panthers, snakes, men, and other quaint and curious denizens of Pike County, Pa., have been published also by Belford. Clarke & Co., under the title of "The Old Settler, and his Tales of Sugar Swamp," which deserves success.

In the unique and peculiarly fascinating little book, entitled "From Over the Border" (Charles H. Kerr & Co.). Mr. Benjamin G. Smith has used the form of the novel or romance as a vehicle for the more effective presentation of ideas and speculations of a nature quite distinct from what is commonly regarded as the proper material of fiction—much as the author of "Looking Backward" gives

us, in the guise of a story, a book whose main business is a fantastic forecast in the domain of social science. Mr. Smith, however, is a poet, and evidently a mystic of the Swedenborgian type, whose dreams exercise a potent influence over his views of every-day life on earth, while at the same time his mundane experiences enter materially into his conceptions of a future state of existence. His aim, in the work now before us, is to cast light upon what he regards as "the normal life of man"—that is to say, a life ordered in accordance with the doctrine "that death is but the beginning of a higher life, and that at the close of man's earthly career he enters upon another, which may be of a far superior order," and "that this life is but the first link of an interminable chain, and that immortality in ever-widening vistas is an inevitable logical conclusion from a true idea of God." The adventures and enlightenment of a human soul in one of these "vistas" is depicted in a style of singular grace and charm; while the precepts and the poetry embodied in the narrative possess an attractiveness quite independent of their doctrinal bearing.

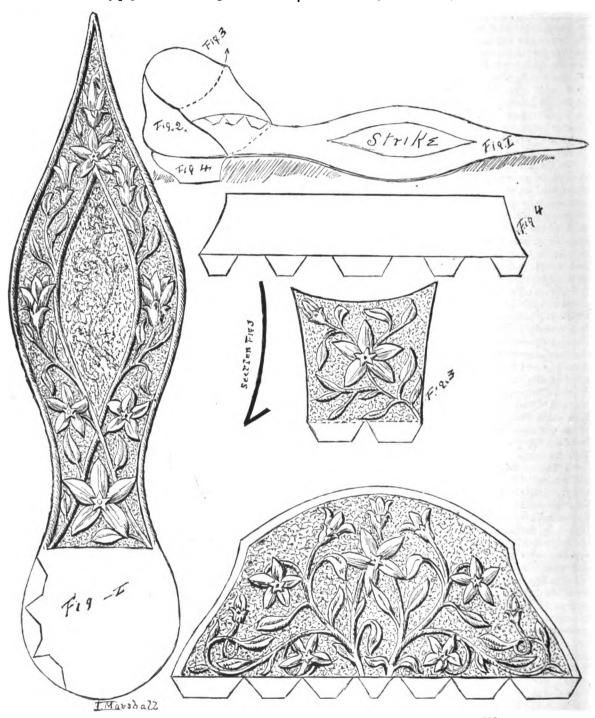
VICTOR HUGO'S declaration that "this is the woman's century," furnishes an appropriate title-page motto for The Woman's Cycle, the new fortnightly journal established and conducted by Mrs. J. C. Croly ("Jennie June"). This interesting new-comer into the field of periodical literature aims to represent the life-particularly the associative life-of the modern woman, its interests and working activities, literary, social, educational and industrial. No better guarantee of success in such an enterprise could be desired than the fact that the work is inspired and directed by a woman so intimately and so actively identified with the spirit of the age as is Mrs. Croly. In the numbers of the Woman's Cycle which have thus far appeared, club work and records, feminine politics, art, literary and dramatic criticism have a generous apportionment of space; biographical articles, helpful essays and bright correspondence from the European capitals are attractively interspersed; and the extended directory of women's clubs throughout the United States and abroad serves at once to show what a field there is for such a journal as the Cycle, and how admirably that demand is met.

EDWARD BELLAMY'S literary embodiment of his remarkable social-science vision, bearing the somewhat misleading but now familiar title of "Looking Backward" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is ostensibly a novel, and has actually a cleverly constructed frame-work of "story"; yet there is scarcely a touch of human nature in all the three hundred odd pages of the book. Julian West, the young Bostonian who emerges from a trance to find himself in the year 2000, under a socialistic régime the like of which nineteenth-century philosophy had not dreamed, is, after all, only a well-draped lay figure. Dr. Leete is a convenient mouthpiece; and the people of the new Utopia are, inferentially, self-regulating machines. The ideas, however, which all this elaborate machinery is set up to illustrate, have a not remote bearing upon the great social problem which civilization is ever growing more eager to solve; hence the avidity with which a vast number of readers have swallowed Mr. Bellamy's gilded pill.

The young folks come in for an unusually large and brilliant share of this season's literary production; and, judging from present appearances. Santa Claus will make his rounds on Christmas-eve in the guise of a festive colporteur. The lists of "juveniles" nowadays include, besides novels and short stories, books of travel, art-works, character-sketches, and volumes of verse, to say nothing of the mighty host of "annuals" and bound volumes of the standard magazines for girls and boys. For richness

and beauty of colored illustrations, the volume entitled "Round the Hearth" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) seems to deserve the palm over all rivals of its kind. It was printed in Nuremberg by some species of chromo-lithographic process which makes every page beautiful enough to frame for

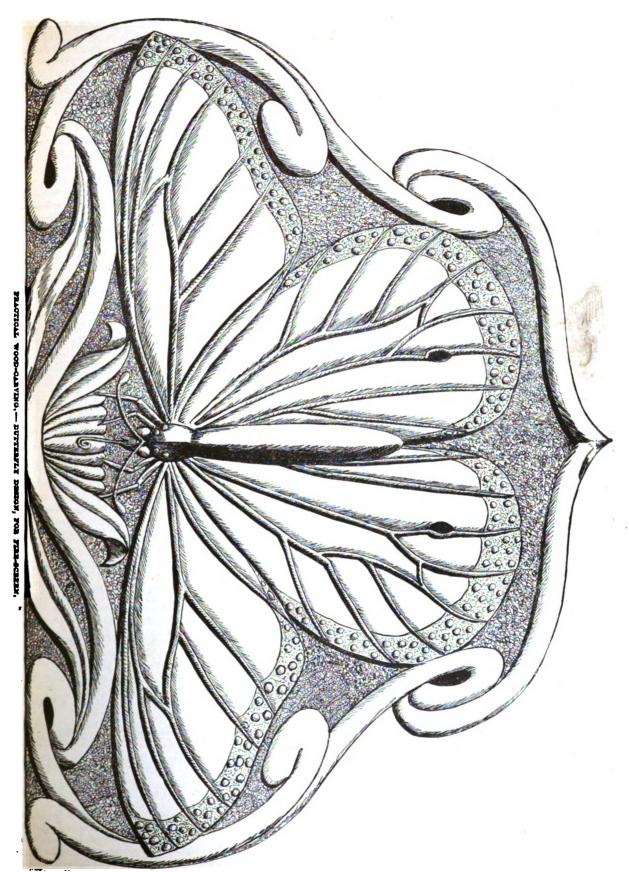
domestic life by the author of "Miss Toosey's Mission"; "Flipwing the Spy," a most entertaining story by Mrs. Wesselhoeft, in which the action is taken chiefly by a clever bat named Flipwing, and other birds and animals: and "The Kingdom of Coins," a tale for children of all



PRACTICAL WOOD-CARVING.— SLIPPER DESIGN, FOR MATCH-RECEPTACLE.— SEE PAGE 118.

its picture. The verses, all fresh and bright, contain some of the sweetest things ever written for children. Mary D. Brine's "Christmas Rhymes and New Year's Chimes," also issued by Dutton & Co., with copious and elaborate illustrations, is certain of popularity. 'Roberts Brothers publish "Lil," a charming tale of English

ages, in which good and bad pennies, nimble sixpences slow shillings and other coins of various denominations are the characters. Amongst the attractive new juvenile books of the D. Lothrop Company are "Three Little Maids," not exactly "from school," but in the nursery and all about the neighborhood of a jolly little English



country villa; "Lotus Bay," the chronicle of a Summer on Cape Cod, and all it taught a group of gay and inquisitive young people; and J. T. Trowbridge's manly story of boy-life on a New England farm, entitled "The Adventures of David Vane and David Crane." "The Rectory Children," with illustrations by Walter Crane (Macmillan & Co.) is the latest of Mrs. Molesworth favorite English story-books for children, which no less an authority than Swinburne, the poet, declares to be "worth a shoal of the very best novels dealing with the characters and fortunes of mere adults." Palmer Cox's mischievous little sprites, the Brownies, familiar through St. Nicholas, are all in "The Brownies, their Book" (The Century Co.), making something quite unique amongst holiday publications. The Century Company also publishes a collection of the delicious "Uncle Remus" stories, under the title of "Daddy Jake, the Runaway," inimitably illustrated by Kemble. The book is a veritable classic. of Hezekiah Butterworth's Zigzag books, which need no introduction to young readers, is "Zigzag Journeys in the British Isles" (Estes & Lauriat), fully illustrated as ever. "The Red Mountain in Alaska," by Willis Boyd Allen (Estes & Lauriat), gives an account of a trip taken by a gentleman and his family from the eastern part of the United States to Alaska, partly in search of a mountain supposed to contain valuable minerals. Mr. Allen has given an excellent idea of this little-known country, at the same time interweaving an exciting and interesting narrative of adventure; and the book is illustrated with engravings made from original drawings. Chief amongst the annuals are: "Frank Leslie's Christmas Book" (Mrs. Frank Leslie), with its Fauntlerov illuminated cover, colored frontispiece, and 248 pages of choice stories, jingles. anecdotes and engravings; "Lothrop's Annual" (D. Lothrop Co.), filled with the work of some of the best American authors and artists; the "Little Ones' Annual" (Estes & Lauriat), being the cream of a whole year's pictures and reading matter in Our Little Ones and The Nursery, bound in an exquisite cover; English "Chatterbox" (Estes & Lauriat), an old and welcome acquaintance; and "Babyland" (D. Lothrop Co.), for very young readers, who want easy words, large print, and no end of pictures.

In "Our Christian Heritage" (John Murphy, Baltimore), Cardinal Gibbons takes up the challenge of agnosticism, and discusses, in a broad and temperate spirit, the foundations of the Christian faith, and the assaults that have been made upon it. The book is not addressed chiefly to Roman Catholics, but to the large class of persons who have become "estranged from the specific teachings of the Gospel," or are indifferent even to "the truths of natural religion underlying Christianity." The Cardinal cordially holds out the right hand of fellowship to Protestant writers, "so long as they unite with us in striking the common foe."

HALF-A-DOZEN of Thomas Wentworth Higginson's outdoor essays, printed in a large oblong folio, illustrated by more than fifty sympathetic studies of landscape and animated nature by Irene E. Jerome, and bound in gold covers, makes one of the most sumptuous art-books of the season. It is called "In a Fair Countrie," and is published by Lee & Shepard.

OWEN MEREDITH'S sweet poem, "The Earl's Return," published by Estes & Lauriat as a holiday book, has fifty-five illustrations, from studies made in Normandy especially for this work by the artist, W. L. Taylor.

THE poems of Richard Watson Gilder have been published by the Century Company in three separate books,

whose dainty elegance seems an appropriate expression of the fastidious taste of this typical poet of nineteenth-century American culture. The divisions are, I., "The New Day," the love-poem in songs and sonnets which won Mr. Gilder his youthful reputation; II., "The Celestial Passion," including his contemplative and religious pieces; and III., "Lyrics," embracing his more recent and miscellaneous work, some of which is familiar through magazine publication.

WILLIAM R. JENKINS, the New York publisher of French and other foreign classics, has given to students, teachers and readers of French literature an invaluable work, in "Les Poètes Français du XIXe Siècle." In this anthology are represented nearly a hundred of the modern poets of France, from Chateaubriand, Béranger, Victor Hugo, Musset and Gautier, down to Coppée, Deroulède, Bourget, and a score of other youthful contemporaries. The selections have been made with admirable taste and judgment, and furnished with biographical notices, explanatory notes, etc., by Professor C. Fontaine, of the Washington High School.

MARGARET DELAND'S "Florida Days" (Little, Brown & Co.) is as enjoyable as a trip to that sunny State—much more enjoyable, in fact, than the average trip thither; for to how many tourists, how many sojourners, or even natives, are revealed the varied and subtle charms to which the author of "John Ward, Preacher," is so susceptible, and whose impressions she conveys with such admirable felicity of style? Pictures in profusion—colored plates, etchings, and dainty "process" reductions of india-ink drawings after the French style—form a fitting complement to the text, and make the book a delight to the artistic soul.

THERE is a batch of brand-new fairy-tales in the book-market. It is entitled "Swanhilde," and has been adapted from the German by Carrie N. Horwitz (D. Lothrop Co.) The stories number a round dozen, all novel and delightfully told, with pretty little pictures in sepia scattered all through the text.

"A FEW MORE VERSES," by Susan Coolidge, are issued by Roberts Brothers, in a beautiful little white-and-gold volume. They are earnest, musical, faithfully reflective of dreaming and aspiring moods.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

FICTION.

Sweetbeier. By Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood. 262 pp. Illustrated. Cloth, \$1.25. D. Lothrop Company, Boston.

Chata and Chinita. By Louise Palmer Heaven. 475 pp. Cloth, \$1.50. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

A Snow Flower. By Hester Day. 160 pp. Cloth, 35c. James Pott & Co., New York.

JUST SIXTEEN. By Susan Coolidge. 304 pp. Illustrated. Cloth, \$1.25. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

LOOKING BACKWARD. 2000—1887. By Edward Bellamy. 337 pp. Cloth, \$1.00. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York.

MEMOIRS OF A MILLIONAIRE. By Lucia True Ames. 325 pp. Cloth, \$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York.

PRIEST AND PUBITAN. 192 pp. Paper, 50c. Brentanos, New York.

Two Runaways, and Other Stories. By Harry Stillwell Edwards. Illustrated by E. W. Kemble. 246 pp. Cloth, \$1.50. The Century Company, New York.

THE ROMANCE OF DOLLARD. By Mary Hartwell Catherwood. 206 pp. Illustrated. Cloth. \$1.25. The Century Company, New York.

LE BLEUET. By Gustave Haller. With an Introduction by Georges Sand. Translated into English by M. de Lazare. "The Granite Series." 169 pp. Paper. 25c. Brentanos, New York.

JUVENILE.

THE ADVENTURES OF DAVID VANE AND DAVID CRANE. By J. T. Trowbridge. 204 pp. Illustrated. Cloth, \$1.00. D. Lothrop Company, Boston.

8WARHILDE, AND OTHER FAIRY TALES. Adapted from the German by Carrie Norris Horwitz. Illustrated by D. J. Bridgman. 308 pp. Cloth, \$1.50. D. Lothrop Company, Boston.

THE RECTORY CHILDREN. By Mrs. Molesworth. Illustrated by Walter Crane. 212 pp. Cloth, \$1.25. Macmillan & Co., New York and London.

Lin. By the Author of "Miss Toosey's Mission." 301 pp. Cloth, \$1.00. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

FLIPWING THE SPY. By Lily F. Weisselhoeft. Illustrated by Miss A. G. Plympton. 277 pp. Cloth, \$1.25. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

THE RED MOUNTAIN OF ALASKA. By Willis Boyd Allen. 348 pp. Illustrated. Cloth, gilt, \$2.50. Estes & Lauriat, Boston.

ZIGZAG JOURNEYS IN THE BRITISH ISLES. By Hezekiah Butterworth. 320 pp. Illustrated. Illuminated boards. \$1.75. Estes & Lauriat, Boston.

THERE LITTLE MADS. By Mary Bathurst Deane. Illustrated by F. O. Small. 311 pp. Cloth, \$1.50. D. Lothrop Company, Boston.

Lows Bax. By Laura D. Nichols. 211 pp. Illustrated. Cloth, \$1.50. D. Lothrop Company, Boston.

THE KINGDOM OF COINS. By John Bradley Gilman. Illustrated by Frank T. Merrill. 82 pp. Illuminated boards, 60c. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

Babyland. Vol. XIII. (for the year 1889). 104 pp. Illustrated. Illuminated boards, 75c. D. Lothrop Company, Boston.

Frank Leslie's Christmas Book, 1889-90. 248 pp. Illustrated. Illuminated boards, \$1.00. Mrs. Frank Leslie, New York.

LITTLE ONES' ANNUAL, FOR 1890. Edited by Oliver Optic. 384 pp. Illustrated. Illuminated boards, \$1.75. Estes & Lauriat, Boston.

LOTHROP'S ANNUAL FOR 1890. 251 pp. Illustrated. Illuminated boards, \$1.50. D. Lothrop Company, Boston.

CHATTERBOX, 1889-90. 412 pp. Illustrated. Illuminated boards, \$1.25. Estes & Lauriat, Boston.

THE BROWNES, THEIR BOOK. By Palmer Cox. 144 pp. Illustrated. Illuminated boards, \$1.50. The Century Company, New York.

DADDY JAKE, THE RUNAWAY; AND SHORT STORIES TOLD AFTER DARK. By "Uncle Remus" (Joel Chandler Harris). Illustrated by E. W. Kemble. 145 pp. 11-luminated boards, \$1.50. The Century Company, New York.

ROUND THE HEARTH. Pictures and Verses. Printed in lithographic colors. Illuminated boards. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

CHRISTMAS RETURES AND NEW YEAR'S CHIMES. By Mary D. Brine. Illustrated. Illuminated boards. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

RELIGION.

THE FAITH AND ITS POUNDATIONS. Addresses by Minot J. Savage, Samuel R. Calthrop, Henry M. Simmons, John W. Chadwick, William C. Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones. 170 pp. Paper 50c. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.

Two Books of The Bible, Briefly Analyzed. By A. Schultze, President of the Moravian Theological Seminary. 40 pp. Paper, 20c. H. T. Freueauff, Easton, Pa

OUR CHRISTIAN HERITAGE. By Cardinal Gibbons. 523 pp. Cloth, \$1.00. John Murphy & Co., Baltimore.

From Over the Border. By Benjamin G. Smith. 238 pp. Cloth, \$1.00. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago and New York.

BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY AND LETTERS.

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT: HER LIFE, LETTERS AND JOURNALS. Edited by Ednah D. Cheney. 404 pp. Illustrated. Cloth, \$1.50. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

Jane Austen. By Mrs. Charles Malden. "Famous Women" Series. 224 pp. Cloth, \$1.00. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

THE HEROES OF THE CRUSADES. By Amanda M. Douglas. 349 pp. Illustrated. Cloth, \$1.50. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

ENGLISH LANDS, LETTERS AND KINGS. From Celt to Tudor. By Donald G. Mitchell. 327 pp. Cloth, \$1.50. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

A COLLECTION OF LETTERS OF DICKERS. With Portrait and Fac-similes. 252 pp. Cloth, \$1.25. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

GIFT BOOKS, ART AND HOLIDAY NOVELTIES.

IN A FAIR COUNTRIE. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Illustrated by Irene E. Jerome. 99 folio pages of text, and 55 full-page illustrations. Gold cloth, \$6.00. Lee & Shepard, Boston. Charles T. Dillingham, New York.

THE SECRET WAY. A Lost Tale of Miletus. By Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer. Illustrated by F. O. Small. 86 pp. Cloth, \$3.00. D. Lothrop Company, Boston.

THE EARL'S RETURN. By Owen Meredith. Illustrated by W. L. Taylor. Cloth, gilt, \$1.50. Estes & Lauriat, Boston.

ABTISTIO NOVELTIES, IN COLOB: "Hurrah for the New Year" (Boudoir Calendar for 1890); "One Merrie Christmas Time"; "A Happy New Year to You." Printed in imitation of water-color painting, on ivory cardboard, gilt-edged, with ribbon bows, silver chains and rings. In box. 75c. each. "Our Baby's Book," \$1.50. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

Music.

Young Prople's History of Music. By James C. Macy.
With Portraits, and Short Biographies of Famous
Composers. 135 pp. Cloth. Oliver Ditson & Co.,
Boston.

A BIRTHDAY BOOK OF MUSICIANS AND COMPOSERS. Edited by Gertrude H. Churchill. Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston.

YOUNG FOLKS SONGS, WITH GAMES. Arranged and Compiled by P. J. Lammers. 55 pp. Boards, 50c. George Willig & Co., Baltimore.

VOCAL SCIENCE. By Agnes Goodrich Vaille. 96 pp. Limp cloth. Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston.

FAREWELL, MY DARLING. Ballad. By Alfred Singer. 40c. Widmer & Singer, New York.

OUTING AND TRAVEL.

FLORIDA DAYS. By Margaret Deland. Illustrated by Louis K. Harlow. 200 pp. Cloth, \$4.00. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

A SUMMER IN A CARON. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. 272 pp. Illustrated. Cloth, \$1.50. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston & New York.

POETRY.

PORMS OF RICHARD WATSON GILDER: I., "The New Day"; II., "The Celestial Passion"; III., "Lyrics." Paper, \$1.20. The Century Company, New York.

A Few More Verses. By Susan Coolidge. 257 pp. Cloth, \$1.00. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

LES POETES FRANÇAIS DU XIXE SIECLE. Edited by C. Fontaine, B.L., L.B. 395 pp. Cloth. William R. Jenkins, New York.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE KINGDOM OF NATURE: AN ILLUSTRATED MUSEUM OF THE ANIMAL WORLD. Edited by Mrs. Frank Leslie. 512 pp. Sheepskin. The People's Publishing Company, Chicago. The M. W. Hazen Company, New York.

Sixth Annual Report of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor of the State of New York.

THE EIFFEL TOWER. By Gaston Tissandier. 96 pp. Illustrated. Bromfield & Co., New York.

JANUARY.



VOL XXIX.—No. 2.

FEBRUARY, 1890.

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BRAZIL AND THE BRAGANZAS.

By George Makepeace Towle.

November 14th and the succeeding days, was a publican feeling existed in Brazil, or that any

THE revolution which, like thunder out of | remarkable event in more than one respect. The dear sky, broke out in the Empire of Brazil on outside world had no suspicion that a strong re-



DOM PEDRO II. AND TERESA CHRISTINA, THE DEPOSED EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF BRAEIL Digitized by Vol XXIX., No. 2-9.

dissatisfaction was felt at the course of the aged Emperor, who had reigned in peace and prosperity for well-nigh fifty years. The revolution, moreover, was notable for the swiftness with which it succeeded, and for the absence of riot and violence during its brief progress. It appeared that the Emperor had no partisans, even in his own capital, to strike a blow for him; nor does the Emperor himself seem to have for a moment thought of resisting the revolutionary tide. He neither presented a bold front to his antagonists, as did Louis XVI., nor did he flee away from them, as did Charles X. and Louis Philippe. He simply awaited the good pleasure of the successful chiefs of the republican party; and when their good pleasure was that he should set sail for Portugal, set sail he did, without a word of remonstrance, or even of regret.

Thus quickly and quietly passed away, for the time, at least, the only monarchy remaining on either American continent; thus was the circle of American republics made at last complete, by the memorable accession to them of the United States of Brazil. Of course no prediction can now safely be made as to the enduring qualities of the new Government; but it is at least important to note that for a certain period monarchy, as a political institution, has been absolutely repudiated from the Canada line to Cape Horn, and that the republican principle has been accepted and adopted throughout the area of the self-governing American nations.

This sudden and complete change of political condition attracts the attention of the world to the great South American State, and lends a fresh interest to its past and present. A country which embraces nearly one-half of a vast continent, which stretches three-quarters across that continent from east to west, whose northern regions lie across the Equator and whose southern provinces fall southward of the Tropic of Capricorn, is important enough to engage the study of all who desire to know our world as it is.

The Brazilian coast became known to Europeans within eight years after Columbus discovered the West Indian Islands, and within three years after Vasco da Gama, doubling the Cape of Good Hope, discovered the sea-route to Hindo-Indeed, it was Vasco da Gama's adventurous countrymen - men of that great maritime State of Portugal which just then was in the zenith of its exploring and colonizing energieswho first caught sight of the long level coasts of Central Brazil, behind which bold bluffs and mountains ranged themselves; who moored off Cape St. Augustine, and lay by in the broad, island-studded bay which conducts to the Amazon. It was by accident, at that time, that Portuguese ships found themselves on this Brazilian coast. Nevertheless, in the hurried greed which was characteristic of the maritime nations then, Portugal hastened to lay claim to the whole country; and a little later, when further discoveries had been made, maintained her right to Brazil from the De la Plata on the south to the Amazon on the north.

Thirty years after the first accidental discovery. Portugal planted her first colony on the Brazilian shores. But her supremacy was not, at that time, destined long to endure undisputed. About forty years later, Portugal fell under misfortunes, the results of which are still apparent to-day, after the lapse of three centuries. Struggles for the throne resulted in anarchy in Portugal; and anarchy left the way open for Spanish conquest and ascendency. Portugal became an apparage of the warlike and cruel Philip II. But Philip II. was at war with another great maritime people—the Dutch; rivals of Spain, Portugal and England in exploration and distant aggrandizement. So when Portugal became a part of the Spanish dominion the Dutch sailed off westward and, with little resistance, took possession of Brazil.

Brazil continued a dependency of the Dutch for some seventy years. Meanwhile, Portugal was recovering her independence from Spain. In 1640 the Spanish yoke was thrown off, and the Duke of Braganza, the heir of the ancient Portuguese house, was placed on the throne. The independence of Portugal was formally acknowledged by Spain in 1668. In 1654 Portugal succeeded in driving the Dutch out of Brazil, and regained possession of that chief jewel of her crown. It was destined, a century and a half later, to be a refuge for her exiled monarch and princes.

This happened as a consequence of the great wars of Napoleon early in the present century. The invasion of the conquering Corsican could not be withstood by Portugal, which was in a state of political weakness and military decay. Dom John VI. was King of Portugal in 1807, the time of the invasion. Finding himself unable to retain his throne, he betook himself, with all his family, across the Atlantic, and established his abode at Rio de Janeiro, the Brazilian capital. With him was his eldest son, Dom Pedro. young prince, in 1817, married the Princess Leopoldine of Austria, who was the mother of the Emperor who has just been deprived of the Brazilian throne. For fifteen years the exiled Dom John remained in Brazil. He then returned and resumed the Portuguese throne, leaving his son Dom Pedro as regent of the American depend-Brazil had been declared a kingdom, and the Brazilians were now resolved to become altogether independent of Portugal. With this aspiration the regent Pedro sympathized, shrewdly

Digitized by GOOSIG

suspecting that he would be the head of the new nation. A "National Congress" assembled at Rio de Janeiro soon after Dom John's departure, and Dom Pedro was declared to be "Perpetual Defender of Brazil." He at once issued a proclamation, asserting the independence of Brazil, and immediately thereafter was elected "Constitutional Emperor."

It appears, however, that this conversion of Brazil into a hereditary empire was not altogether pleasing to all its people. Already, sixty years ago, a republican spirit of an aggressive character existed in that country, and the republicans of that period caused the new Emperor no little Revolts took place, with the purpose of making Brazil a republic. While they were put down, they kept the country in a state of agitation and disorder. Dom Pedro himself was a man of imperious temper, willful and stubborn. The period of his reign did not promise well for the stability of the empire, or for the good order and prosperity of the country. His father, Dom John, died at Lisbon in 1826, and Pedro was now King of Portugal. Against the protests of his Brazilian subjects, he crossed the Atlantic to assume his European crown. But it was not his intention to remain there. He only desired to assert his right. So, after reigning for a brief period at Lisbon, he resigned the throne of Portugal in favor of his daughter, who became Maria II. Pedro then returned to Brazil and resumed its crown. But he was unpopular, and he found a host of troubles on his hands; and after reigning five years longer, he abdicated the Brazilian crown, and retired, in 1831, from the perplexing business of kingship altogether. To follow Pedro I. to the end—he returned to Portugal, where he found that his brother Miguel had usurped the throne. He succeeded in driving Miguel out, and in restoring his daughter, Queen Maria, to her royal rights, and very soon after died.

Pedro I. had given up his crown, in 1831, to his son Pedro, then a child about five and a half years old; the same Pedro who has now—sixty years after—sought refuge in the land of his European ancestors. This prince, so early thrust upon a throne, united in his veins the blood of the most ancient royal houses of Europe—of Bourbon, Braganza and Hapsburg. As the eldest son of the eldest branch of Braganza, he was, and is still, the legitimate monarch of Portugal; but the grandson of his sister Maria reigns at Lisbon.

For nine years after his accession, the Government of Brazil was committed to a regency, and was in a condition of unrest, and sometimes of danger, arising from still surviving republican discontent. In 1840, however, the boy Emperor, now fifteen years of age, was declared mature enough to assume in person the reins of State,

and became Emperor in fact as well as in name. Pedro had two elder sisters, besides the reigning Queen of Portugal, who were very assiduous in directing his studies and forming his character. One was the Princess Januaria, who afterward married a son of the King of Naples; the other was the Princess Francisca, who, in 1843, became the wife of the Prince de Joinville, son of the then reigning King Louis Philippe of France. The Emperor Dom Pedro himself was married in 1843, at the early age of eighteen, to the Princess Teresa, a sister of King Francis I. of Naples. Thus, Dom Pedro became the uncle, by marriage, of his sister Januaria.

The reign of Dom Pedro has extended over the long period of forty-nine years, and has been the longest reign of any living monarch with the sole exception of Queen Victoria. It is safe to say, too, that no ruler of any nation has been more liberal, enlightened and progressive. Though not revealing great powers or originality of intellect. Dom Pedro has shown himself to be emphatically a man in sympathy with his day and generation. He has ever placed before himself the loftiest political ideals. He has been an indefatigable student, not only of politics, but of the arts and sciences. His absorbing aspiration has been to obtain for Brazil the best practical results of modern civilization. To this end he has traveled to far nations, has taken every pains to examine and observe, and has persistently pursued the most practical improvements. Fond of learning from his youth, and loving hard work, he may fairly be said to possess a reputation for knowledge and character unique among crowned potentates. That he is an accomplished scholar may be inferred from the fact that he has at fluent command the English, French, Spanish, German and Italian tongues. He is acquainted with the modern literature in all these languages; and I terature has long supplied him with a favorite recreation, as well as an acquaintance with literary men in many parts of the world. Tall and sturdy of frame, he still, at nearly seventy, is an expert horseman, and a constant practicer of athletic exercises. While still reigning at Rio de Janeiro, he was constantly seen in public, going about freely and in a democratic manner among his people. Twice a week he held public receptions at his palace, to which subjects and foreigners were alike freely admitted. He was always active, and even eager, in his encouragement of industries, of public works and of navigation. But perhaps Dom Pedro's chief title to the respect of mankind is derived from the courage, the persistency and the final success with which he labored to rid his country of the blight and stain of slavery. Thirty-five years ago he was able, by the exercise of his power, to put an end

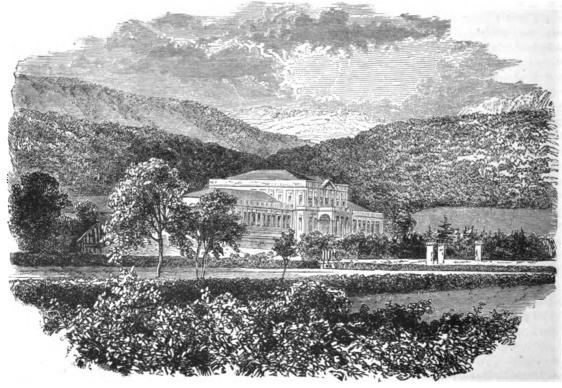
to the slave-trade, which for centuries had flourished in Brazil. It was a longer and a harder task to get rid of slavery itself, planted as it was in the very heart of the agricultural system of Brazil. However, the Emperor was able, in 1871, to take a first important step in that direction. By his influence an Act was passed in that year by the Brazilian Parliament, to the effect that all children born of slave women should be free, though they were still bound to serve the masters of their mothers as apprentices until they were twenty-one years of age. Since that time, however, various gradually broader laws have been passed by Parliament, all



GENERAL DA FONSECA, LEADER OF THE REVOLUTION AND PRESIDENT OF THE BRAZILIAN REPUBLIC.

looking to final and complete emanciantation.

In 1885, a Bill was passed providing for the gradual freeing of the slaves, on the basis of paying the owners the value of their human chattels with State funds. At the same time a full registration of the slaves was made, and no owner could hold a slave who was not thus registered. The number of slaves remaining in Brazil in 1887 was 700,000. valued at something like \$500,000,000. By the next year this number, under the operation of the emancipation law, had been reduced by more than 2,000. Meanwhile two of the provinces of the empire — those of Cears

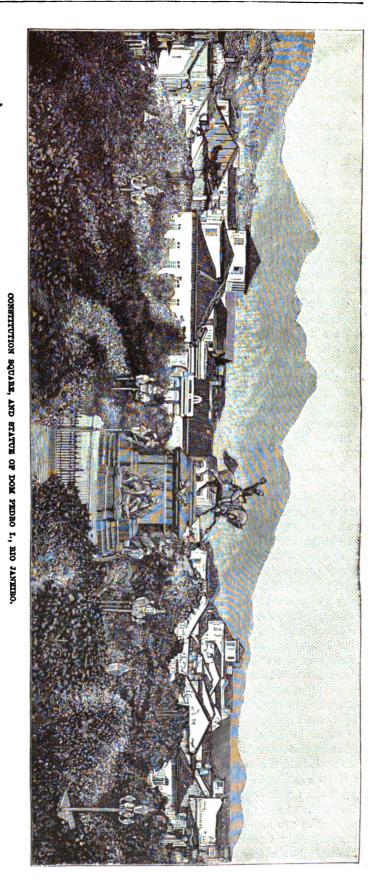


THE PALACE OF PETBOPOLIS, NEAR RIO JANEIRO, WHERE DOM PEDBO RECEIVED HOTIFICATION OF HIS DEPOSITION.

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and Amazonas—took the matter in hand, and by a single legislative stroke abolished slavery within their limits. Early in 1888 a ministry acceded to power distinctly pledged to accomplish complete emancipation. A law to that effect was speedily passed by both Houses, and the liberal Emperor gladly and promptly affixed to it his sign-manual. Soon after the Emperor fell ill, and his daughter and heiress, Isabel, was installed as regent. She it was who issued the Brazilian proclamation of freedom, declaring slavery abolished forever throughout the empire, and repealing all previous laws on the subject. Thus all owners of slaves at the date of the proclamation lost the right to claim payment for them; and the Imperial Legislature, by a specific Act, refused such payment. \mathbf{The} immediate result of this great Act was to very largely increase the immigration from Europe to Brazil.

Of course all these steps toward emancipation were resisted, one by one, by the planters, especially those dwelling in Northern Brazil, in the neighborhood of the Equator. It is worthy of note that, until the final decree of Isabel, the masters had been compensated for the loss of their slaves. But that final decree made no provision for paying the masters of the last batch of slaves which it made free. Herein, then, we find one of the controlling causes of the late revolution. The recent slave-owners became exasperated against the Government; and although far from being republicans at heart, there is no doubt that they joined with the republicans to overthrow it. No doubt, too, this feeling of hostility on the part of the planters was in some degree due to the fact that it was Isabel, and not the Emperor Dom Pedro, who struck the final blow which made them poor. One other cause of the revolution was the unpopularity of the heiress to the throne, and, more especially, the unpopularity of her husband. Isabel, who is now forty-three years of age, was married at eighteen to the Count d'Eu, the eldest son of the French Duke de Nemours and grandson of King Louis Philippe.



The Count d'Eu has been described as extravagant, reckless, idle and dissolute. He has interfered more or less obnoxiously with the Government when his wife has been acting as regent. He has been a worse than useless incumbrance on the empire; and dislike of him has been reflected on Isabel, who has remained much under his marital influence. In any event, it is not probable that Isabel could ever have succeeded her father on the throne. If the house of Braganza is ever restored in Brazil, it will be in the person of her son, Dom Pedro, who is now fourteen years old.

The Government established in Brazil at the time that it became independent, though Imperial in name, was Constitutional in substance. The organic law, adopted in 1824, and amended ten years later, provided that the provinces of the empire should exercise self-government in local affairs, and this right has been confirmed by the revolutionary régime, which has declared Brazil to be a federal union.

At the same time the Imperial Constitution created four branches of government—the executive, legislative, judicial, and the royal prerogative. Since, aside from the last, these powers still remain under the republican form, it will be interesting to see how they are constructed.

Brazil followed the wise example of almost every modern constitutional State, large or small, in dividing the legislative power between two Houses. The Brazilian Upper House called, as with us, the Senate, is composed of sixty members, all of whom must be forty years of age, and must have an income of \$800 a year. Senators are chosen in rather an unusual way. Electoral colleges are specially assembled, and these nominate three candidates for a Senatorial vacancy; and from these three the Emperor has had the right to make his choice. Senators, moreover, hold their seats for life. It is thus apparent that the Brazilian Senate is a more stable and conservative body than are the Upper Houses of most constitutional nations.

The Lower House, or Chamber of Deputies, is composed of one hundred and twenty-five members, who are chosen directly by single districts, and whose regular term is four years; but since the right to dissolve the Chamber rests in the hands of the Executive, it is rarely that a Chamber survives to the end of its regular period. To be eligible, a Deputy must have an income of at least \$400 a year—not a very stringent qualification. Minors and servants are ineligible; priests and monks are also excluded from the Chamber. Formerly only Catholics were allowed to sit as Deputies; but a few years ago, by the initiation of the good Emperor Pedro II., the doors of the Chamber were thrown open to Protestants also.

Like our own Congress, and unlike the British Parliament, the members of both branches of the Brazilian Legislature receive salaries. The Senators receive \$4,500 a session, and the Deputies, \$3,000. The suffrage is only limited by a property qualification, it being required of a voter that he shall have an income of at least \$200 a year.

The powers and duties of the two Legislative Houses are very similar to those existing in other constitutional countries. With the Lower House rests the right to originate measures relating to the finances, to the army and navy, and to the selection of a new ruler, in case of a vacancy in The Senate, on the the chief executive chair. other hand, has the attributes, like our Senate, and like the British House of Lords, of a court of impeachment. It further was empowered with the right "to take cognizance of offenses committed by members of the Imperial family; a power unique, doubtless, in the structure of a monarchical State. The Senate also has the right to summon the Chamber of Deputies, in case of the failure of the Executive to do so within the period specified by law.

What changes may take place, under the new order of things, in the powers and responsibilities of the Executive, and its relations with the other branches of the Government, cannot be foreseen. The Emperor is gone, and with him the laws which were applicable to his position as an hereditary sovereign, ruling over an Imperial monarchy. In his place will be the President of the United States of Brazil. But in the Emperor's hands were placed rather larger powers of prerogative than is usual in constitutional States. He could choose his ministers, and, in a limited way, the national Senators; he could withhold, for a time, his approval of measures passed by the two Houses; he could dissolve the Chamber, and he could grant both general amnesties and individual pardons. With him rested the appointment of bishops, provincial governors, judges and magistrates; the declaration of war or the conclusion of peace, and the general execution of the laws.

Two administrative bodies, the Council of State and the Ministry, aided the Emperor in the fulfillment of his executive functions. The Council of State was merely a consultative body, with no power of action. Comprising twenty-four members, men of dignity and rank, it was entirely nominated by the Emperor, the members holding their places for life. They were only summoned on extraordinary occasions, when the Emperor needed wise counsel as to important matters or measures. The Ministry, modeled evidently on that of Great Britain, comprised seven persons, who were each at the head of a great executive department, as well as responsible advisers of the

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Emperor. "The Brazilian ministers," says a recent writer, "are responsible for treason, corruption, abuse of power, and all acts contrary to the Constitution, or the liberty, property and security of the citizens. From this responsibility they cannot escape upon the plea of orders from the sovereign."

As has been said, Brazil is divided into twentyone provinces, each of which enjoys all the privileges of local self-government. The central power
nominates the governors of the provinces, and
each province has also a local legislative body,
which is chosen by the electors, and sits for two
years. To this body is committed all local affairs, such as education, police, local justice, roads
and local taxation.

Turning now from the history and political asnect of Brazil, let us see what is its social, economical and industrial condition at the present The reader will not, perhaps, be surprised to know that this great South American State occupies an area very nearly as large as that covered, on the northern continent, by our own republic. That area is at least 3,000,000 square miles. But when we come to consider the numbers of the populations of the two countries, a very great contrast presents itself. It is fair to say that at this moment there are 60,000,000 of souls on the soil of our republic. In Brazil, the highest estimate of the population only reaches the figure of 14,000,000, and this probably exceeds the truth. So that in Brazil there are not more than three inhabitants to the square mile. sort of a population that of Brazil is, moreover, may be inferred from the history of the country. Descendants of Portuguese and Spaniards are doubtless in the majority; but there are also probably 2,000,000 of negroes, former slaves; 250,000 nomadic Indian aborigines; and an indefinite number of half-breeds, of mixed Indian and European blood. Brazil is essentially a rural nation. It has but few large cities. The largest is the capital, Rio de Janeiro, which had a population, three years ago, of about 350,000. Next in size come Bahia, with 140,000, and Pernambuco, with 130,000. There are only six other cities with a population of over 20,000.

The material resources of Brazil are very large, larger in their possibilities than in their present range of value. The interior still remains, to a great extent, to be developed by railways, and other agencies of communication and convenience. With an area very nearly as vast as that of our own United States, there were, in 1888, only about 5,000 miles of railways in actual operation. But there were some 2,000 miles more in process of construction. The State owns about one-half of the railways. The most important of these is that named after the Emperor himself,

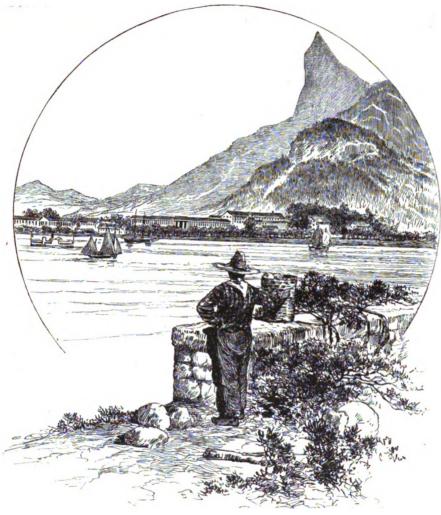
and designed to connect the coast with the provinces of the western interior. The Brazilian railways, indeed, have been a costly luxury to the empire, compelling its finances each year, for several years, to reveal an annual deficit. But Dom Pedro was resolved, at any cost, to establish this most important means of developing the country. The State has continually guaranteed the interest on railway bonds, its total guarantee, three years ago, amounting to some \$90,000,000. Of telegraphic lines there are some 7,000 miles.

It need not be said that the most valuable of the productions of Brazil, especially to our own country, is its coffee. The total exports of this cheering commodity reaches a figure of something like \$100,000,000; of which one-third comes to the United States, and another third goes to Great Britain, though Brazil levies upon the product an export duty. Next in value comes Brazil's production of sugar, to the annual value of some \$8,000,000. Cotton follows close behind, while tobacco, india-rubber (the second export in value to this country) and hides are sent abroad to the annual value of about \$2,500,000 each.

In view of the Pan-American Conference, it is worth noting that Great Britain and France absorb a large share of the trade of Brazil, as far as imports are concerned. Great Britain takes nearly one-half of it, while France takes eighteen per The principal articles thus imported from Europe are cotton manufactures, woolen goods, wines and spirits, preserved meats, coal, linen goods, iron and steel. It is easy to see, by this list, how, by proper adjustments of the tariff, the United States might acquire a trade with Brazil of great value. These importations are made in spite of the fact that Brazil maintains on all articles of English make a tariff duty averaging forty-five per cent. The total exports from Brazil do not fall far short of \$130,000,000, which exceeds the imports, amounting to \$100,000,000. It will be seen that more than one-half of the Brazilian revenue is derived from coffee alone. Immigration, as has been said, has been greatly encouraged by the manumission of the slaves, and the consequent opening of the labor market to free competition. Especially have the German residents of Brazil rapidly increased, so that in certain portions of the country there are large and important German colonies. It is interesting, however, to note that, in recent years, the Italians have supplied more immigrants to Brazil than any other nation. Next come the Portuguese, who naturally repair to a country settled and ruled over by their kinsmen.

The financial condition of Brazil is far from sound. In the last fiscal year, the expenditures exceeded the revenues by upward of \$7,000,000. The most important receipts of the Treasury are

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HOSPITAL FOUNDED BY DOM PEDBO, ON THE BAY OF RIO JANEIRO

derived from the import duties, which yield a revenue of \$42,000,000 annually. Next come the duties on exports, reaching a figure of \$8,000,000. Naturally, under the energetic reign of Dom Pedro, public works made the largest drain of expenditure on the Treasury. In the last years, about \$24,000,000 were spent upon this item alone; and in the same period there was an extraordinary expenditure of about \$10,000,000 on railways. The total debt of Brazil, internal and external, is scarcely less than \$500,000,000. In consequence of the issue of paper money, gold and silver are said, to a large extent, to have taken wings from Brazil, as they did from this country at the time of the Civil War. The circulating medium to-day is Government paper, which is not redeemable, and which has steadily gone down in value. One of the chief tasks of the new republic must be to provide for the contraction of this currency, and luring back the credit which seems to have fled.

By the enlightened policy of Dom Pedro, complete religious toleration is established in Brazil.

It was not always so. In the early years of the empire, the priesthood of the established Church were allpowerful, and they used their power sternly and intolerantly. Protestants were excluded from office, and even from the electorate. Now all the offices of power and trust are thrown open to men of every creed, and to men of every nationality who choose to acquire citizenship. Still, the Roman Catholic remains the established religion of the State. The clergy of that Church are still paid from the General Treasury, and the Government also provides funds for the building of religious edifices. It is worth noting, however, that the Government also supports clergymen of dissenting sects. Inder the empire, the sovereign nominated



PRINCE DOM PEDRO AUGUSTUS, GRANDSON OF THE EX-EMPEROR.

however, it is fair to

say that Dom Pedro

labored with such re-

sources as were at his

hand. He established

the general control of Brazilian education

in the central power. and caused to be

founded two schools

of medicine, two of law, a military and

naval school, a school

of mines, and a tech-

nological school, all

supported by public

funds. It is a re-

proach to Brazil that

there is as yet no na-

tional university. Ed-

ucation, for the most

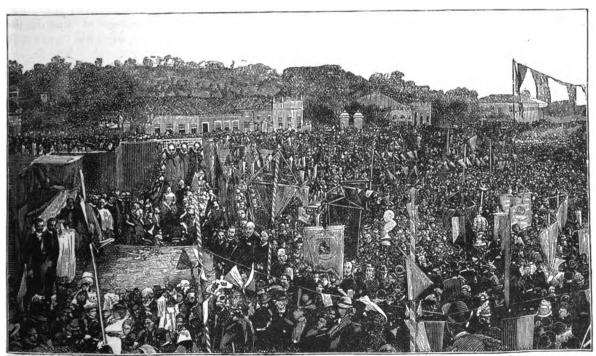
part, is left to be dealt

with by the various

the bishops of the State Church to the Pope, who confirmed them; and the Emperor had also the power to veto any ecclesiastical acts promulgated by the Church authorities. The country comprised a single archiepiscopal province, presided over by the Archbishop of Bahia. There were, besides, 11 bishops, 12 vicarsgeneral and 2,000 The great curates. mass of the population of Brazil is Catholic, for it is estimated that of all other denominations put together there are less than 30,000.

Education lags in Brazil. Over 84 per cent. of the population - comprising, of

provinces; and some of the provinces have been enlightened enough to make prim-PRINCESS ISABEL, LATE REGENT OF THE EMPIRE ary education, at least, OF BRAZIL compulsory. Primary course, nearly all the negroes and Indians, and education has, moreover, been made free by the many of the half-breeds—are unable to read and General Government. The total number of schol-With this vast and difficult problem, are in all the educational institutions, public and



OPEN-AIR MASS OF THANKSGIVING FOR THE EMANCIPATION OF THE SLAVES, CELEBRATED AT THE PLAZA DOM PEDRO, RIO JANEIRO, JUNE, 1888. Digitized by Google

private, of high grade and low, are not much over 500,000; though nearly 2,000,000 are of the school-going age. It may be added that the Brazilian Government spends only \$200,000 or \$300,000 a year on education. From all these facts, it appears that in the great country of Brazil there is vast room for industrial, moral and intellectual improvement.

A POEM BY DOM PEDRO II.

[The subjoined was composed by Dom Pedro many years ago for a lady's album.]

If I am pious, clement, just,
I am only what I ought to be;
The sceptre is a mighty trust,
A great responsibility;
And he who rules with faithful hand,
With depth of thought and breadth of range,
The sacred laws should understand,
But must not, at his pleasure, change.

The chair of justice is the throne;
Who takes it, bows to higher laws;
The public good, and not his own,
Demands his care in every cause.
Neglect of duty—always wrong—
Detestable in young or old—
By him whose place is high and strong
Is magnified a thousand-fold.

When in the east the glorious sun
Spreads o'er the earth the light of day,
All know the course that he will run,
Nor wonder at his light or way;
But if, perchance, the light that blazed
Is dimm'd by shadows lying near,
The startled world looks on amazed,
And each one watches it with fear.

I, likewise, if I always give
To vice and virtue their rewards,
But do my duty thus to live:
No one his thanks to me accords.
But should I fail to act my part,
Or wrongly do, or leave undone,
Surprised, the people then would start
With fear, as at the shadowed sun.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF DOM PEDRO II.

Dow Pedro II., the exiled Emperor of Brazil, has been famous among monarchs alike for his democratic views and practices, and for his studious tastes. His life has been a patriarchal one, and he has won universal esteem for his public and private qualities. The knowledge of many languages was but a small part of the scholarly acquirements of the Brazilian monarch, who was as much of a savant as of an Emperor, and who had been received, not on account of his title, but as a reward for his numerous scientific works, as a member of the famous Institute of France, and of most of the European academies. His educa-

tion was begun by the venerable Bishop of Chrysopolis, and by the famous Liberal leader, Andrada Sylva, who had been recalled from exile, where he was sent again by his ungrateful party. Dom Pedro, when one year old, lost his mother, Leopoldine, an Austrian Archduchess, and a sister of Maria Louisa, the second wife of Napoleon I. He was only five years old when, in 1831, his father, Dom Pedro I., abdicated in his favor, and left Brazil. The poor boy was thus left quite alone in the world, and he felt himself still more isolated when, at ten years of age, he heard of his father's death in Portugal.

No wonder, then, that his character was predisposed to a serious and even a sad view of life; that he was a meditative and grave young man. His intelligence became precocious; he was anxious to work and study; so much so that he got up at night, sometimes, and relighted the lamp, which had been carefully put out by the worthy bishop, his immediate tutor. The qualities and strength of mind he acquired caused the regents, tired of exercising power amidst the difficulties of that time in Brazil, to advance the epoch of his majority, and to proclaim Dom Pedro II. Emperor, three years before the age fixed by law for declaring that minority has ceased for Brazilian citizens. He was only fifteen when his reign began practically for him.

Dom Pedro is tall, robust and of splendid bearing; his hair and beard have grown white prematurely. His blue eyes have a deep look; his face, frank and open, inspires a great sympathy at the first glance. He speaks easily, and listens with polite interest. Eis residence at Rio Janeiro. which is his own property, as is his Castle of Petropolis, is called San Christovao. The Imperial Palace, former residence of the Portuguese viceroys, was in a dilapidated condition, and the Parliament intended to rebuild it for the use of Dom Pedro, who declined, saying: "How can we think of building a palace, when we have not enough schools and useful establishments." During the Summer, which in the Southern Hemisphere corresponds to Northern Winter, the Court resided at the Castle of Petropolis, situated northward of Rio Janeiro a half-day's journey. This is a charming place, which reminds one of Saratoga, or Ems in Europe. It is built on the side of a mountain, and surrounded with a real village, composed of villas belonging to the high society of Rio Janeiro, to the members of the Diplomatic Corps, and of the aristocracy of the Brazilian provinces.

Dom Pedro liked Petropolis so much that he used to leave it only on Saturdays, to go to Rio to preside at the Ministers' Councils, which were held at 8 P.M. on account of the heat in that tropical climate. The Emperor got up at 6 o'clock, though

he retired very late at night. His first occupation in the morning consisted in reading newspapers. At 9 he breakfasted in "Yankee fashion," as he used to say after his sojourn here. He ate so rapidly that his guests, anxious to answer the innumerable questions he constantly propounded to them, often left the table hungry. Once he was to open a railroad, and he had taken along with him the Ambassador of a great European power. The latter, invited to breakfast with the Emperor at the buffet of the station, saw Dom Pedro getting up after a few minutes, during which the diplomat had kept answering the questions asked by His Majesty. The Ambassador had to follow His Imperial host with an empty stomach, and with a long journey yet to accomplish. But before leaving the table and following the Emperor, who had already turned his back and was moving in the direction of the train, the famished guest rapidly seized upon cakes spread on the table, forced them into his pocket, and managed to eat them, without being seen, during the remainder of the trip.

Every morning the Emperor used to hold audiences and listen to everybody who chose to present him a request. Aside from these audiences daily given to savans, artists, merchants, etc., Dom Pedro received once a week in the palaceyard the lower classes, or, rather, the poor and those in want, to whom he distributed money from big bags held by two chamberlains. After the audience he entered his carriage and paid visits to schools, hospitals, naval ships, barracks, etc. In the evenings the Emperor worked in his library or went to the theatre, always with one member of his family.

Dom Pedro II. (says a well-informed writer in an article lately published in the New York Mail and Express), never was at the pains to conceal his dislike for Jesuits. For this he had good reason, attributing to them the death of his father, Dom Pedro I. On his last tour through the province of San Paul, he took pains to manifest his aversion, and gave them mortal offense. They have large scholastic establishments in the City of Ytu—the Rome of the province of San Paul.

They had made great preparations to receive His Majesty with all pomp and circumstance. but they waited in vain for the Imperial visit. Dom Pedro deliberately spent the time which they supposed he would give to the inspection of their colleges, where they had as pupils the sons of his courtiers, to the examination of the industrial establishments of Ytu, saying to his Prime Minister, Viscount of Paranagua, who would have conducted His Majesty by a short way to the "Collegio de Sao Luiz": "Nao ha tempo; temos muito que ver" ("There is no time; there is much else to see"). Ytu, with its schools, is

"the apple of the eye" of the Jesuits, who patiently bore this affront of the Emperor in the expectation that his daughter would make it all right.

In the absence of her father, when the fever for the abolition of slavery was at its height, when the able pens of Nabuco, Ruy Barboza, Bocayuva and their associates had made it the popular cause, the Princess Isabel placed her pen to a paper which proclaimed liberty to the captive, and in the delirium of rejoicing which followed allowed herself to be styled by her Jesuitical counselors, A Libertadora. It was said that they hoped to make her popular with her people by hastening to take the wave at its height. But it has at its ebb carried her clear out to sea, and her dynasty is at an end in Brazil.

Did the Emperor, who sincerely loved his country, with whose progress his long reign has been identified, foresee that his own principles were safer in the hands of republicans than they could possibly be in the hands of his daughter, her narrow-minded husband, and their Jesuit counselors? And seeing this, was he moved by love of country to favor secretly and acquiesce promptly and openly in the order of the Provisional Government. There is ground for the surmise. Long since he is reported to have said to a prominent republican: "Sou mais republicane do que voces" ("I am more of a republican than you").

Dom Pedro's visit to the United States, in 1876, is well remembered. At that time, when he was not scrutinizing with deep interest the marvels exhibited at the Centennial Exhibition, or when not traveling through the United States, which he admired and lauded so warmly and frankly, he liked to stay in New York, where he lived at the Buckingham Hotel. Here, as in Paris, where he often rode on the top of omnibuses, Dom Pedro was fond of entering a horse-car and having a chat with his neighbors in the public ve-He did not speak English, but was in the hicle. habit of using the French language when traveling abroad, Italian with his wife, Portuguese with his people, and Spanish with his intimate friends.

Dom Pedro and the Empress were entertained at Saratoga by the late Frank Leslie and Mrs. Leslie. Very pleasant friendly relations ensued; and to this period belongs the letter given in facsimile on page 142, of which the following is a translation:

"NEW YORK, 7th July, 1876.

"MADAME: It is not my wife's fault that you have not sooner received the photographs sent herewith. The omission was mine, and I beg you will excuse it and will thank your husband for the interesting publication sent to me, and for those which he promises shall reach me regularly.

"The photograph of Lake Saratoga will always recall to

my mind one of my pleasantest experiences in your country, which I lament not being able to know better, and I shall never forget the kindness with which we were received on board your beautiful little pleasure-boat.

"Excuse my writing to you in Portuguese; believe that we shall always feel indebted to you, and that myself and wife send our best remembrances.

"Your respectfully affectionate

[Signed] "D.

"D. PEDRO D'ALCANTABA."

of the deposed Emperor. He is sixty-four years of age. Honored the world over, he has yet bofore him years of tranquillity and intellectual enjoyment, in which, if he does not see the realization of his doubts as to the prosperity of the
new Government, he can at least demonstrate by
personal example that the insignia of royalty are
not essential to true greatness.



BRAZIL AND THE BRAGANZAS. -- ENTBANCE TO THE HABBOR OF RIO JANEIRO. -- SEE PAGE 129.

In 1882, after the death of Mr. Leslie, Dom Pedro sent to Mrs. Leslie, by the then newly accredited Brazilian Minister to the United States, messages of condolence, which that official was instructed to deliver—and did deliver, in person—before even presenting his credentials at Washington. This grateful remembrance was eminently characteristic of the sincere and noble character

NEW USE FOR ROSES.

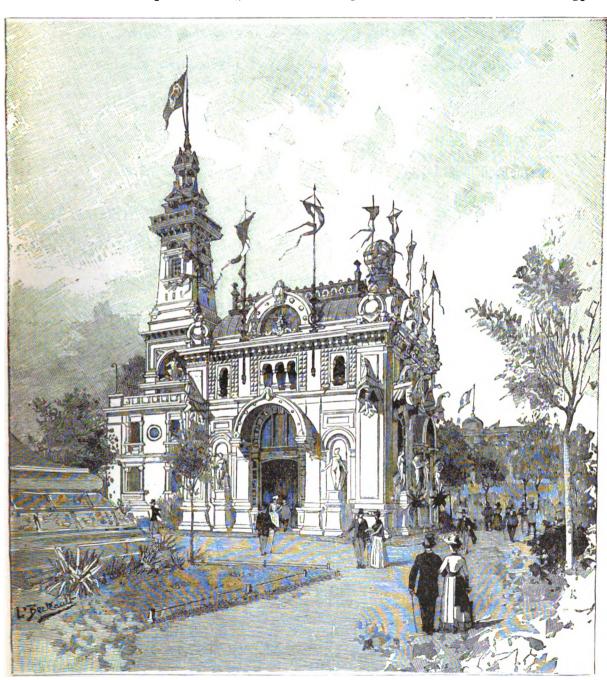
Roses, as we know, have a poetical side, but in Austria they have a practical side as well. The railway traffic in that country having been much interrupted with snow-drifts, last Winter the companies tried various means which had been suggested for protecting the lines. It seems that

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by far the best defense was offered by a hedge of the white Provence rose. A stretch of a mile and a quarter on a Hungarian line had been planted with such a hedge. In former seasons this portion had always been blocked by snow, but throughout last Winter it was kept clear during the heav- would prevent the vast accumulations that happen

are besides ambitious to become trees, and thus cause plenty of gaps.

Of course it is very easy to imagine that a rose hedge would make a good barrier against winddriven snow, but it is not at all obvious how that



BRAZILIAN BUILDING AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION, 1889.

iest snow-storms. It is odd that a hedge of hawthorn would not have served as well, but it is said that rose-bushes, owing to their mode of growth, mat together and so present an unbroken front to the snow, while the hawthorn-bushes keep themselves much more to themselves, and

when snow falls on a windless day. Railway travelers can have no objection to companies planting their lines with rose-bushes, but as a means of protecting the lines from snow-drifts the Austrian experiment must be held—as they say in Scotland—to be "not proven."

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New York, Jde Julha 1876

de nas tem mais cedo esta photogra This not foi culpe de minhe mu_ ther. Descuepe - me pela fatta, c agrifeco a sew marid a interession te publicação que me enviou e pro_ meta enviar regularmente. et platographia de lago de Saratoge sem fre me l'imbrara usu de mens posseis mail apragiveis em sur patris que tanto dinto nas ter podido ver Como Disciario; ma nas era precisa para que jumis esquera a hontale, com que fui recebil em den lindo vapon Links. Escus duir - the proque escrevo lan postaguez e ainou mais quanto ambor perhoraram a mim ea minhe que Mes mand Muitas lembranças

Teu uneitronmento

Affercado Ser I Mantara

ON DUTCH CANALS.

By E. K. P.

DARK-BROWN waters rippling and gleaming in the sunlight, buttercup meadows as far as eye can reach, flanked by rows of trees clipped to shape; windmills-Payne's gray; barges-burnt The canals are bordered by broad walks of bright-green espaliered lime-trees, and adorned by milk-carts with bright cans scoured till golden; dogs, wire-muzzled, are harnessed thereto; drivers, blue-smocked or white-capped. While black and white cattle are feeding in the fields, a Dutch sky, cloudless and transparent, shines overhead. Here and there are barges drawn by thick-made dogs, with tongue protruding, straining every The landscape is lit up by white-blossomed fruit-trees, lace-like church-steeples, redtiled houses in the distance.

Down the canals sail brown luggers gliding with the wind; the banks here and there in country places thick with sedge, rush, water-fennel. Now and then come narrower water-ways, and villas with draw-bridge pulled up at night-fall—"Zum Pardisjd," "Mon Bijou," red and green shuttered, in Spring tulip-bedded—yellow, white, single, double—veritable bouquets.

Helter-skelter rush the children out of school, with ear-rings and cropped hair, white close caps -Rembrandt-wise; the boys with red, knitted, flat glengarrys. Old women with brass and nickel-plate head-dress, and stiff white muslin, wide-flapped head-gear, sit outside cottage-doors, as in the old pictures. Out again, on broader canals, barges are seen interlacing; timber-rafts towed northward from Germany, past one-storied cottages edging the canal. At intervals, a woman with short skirts stands signaling, and a little river-steamer pulls up with a snort. On again it goes, presently, very swiftly, past stunted willows, and barges sack-laden. Past stack-yards of timber, floated down the Rhine; windmills for salt -windmills for everything. Poultry, chickens, ducks, like Hondecoeters, roam about the square, low Dutch homesteads. Sheep, long-fleeced, graze in the meadows, which are crossed by interminable avenued straight roadways.

Hooded two-wheeled carts, three-wheeled wagons, drawn by Van Dyke horses, come and go.
Outside village cafés are tied black roadsters of
the old breed, dating back for centuries. Men
with long pipes and blue enameled bowls sit outside, o'ershadowed by trees. In the distance, a
stork's nest on a high platform gives character at
once to its surroundings. A heron flaps lazily
past with outstretched legs; a rook flies before
him like the wind. A light over all, transparent,
Dutch coloring; in this century inimitable.

Nearer the old towns, yards resound with ham- he will outlive most of them."

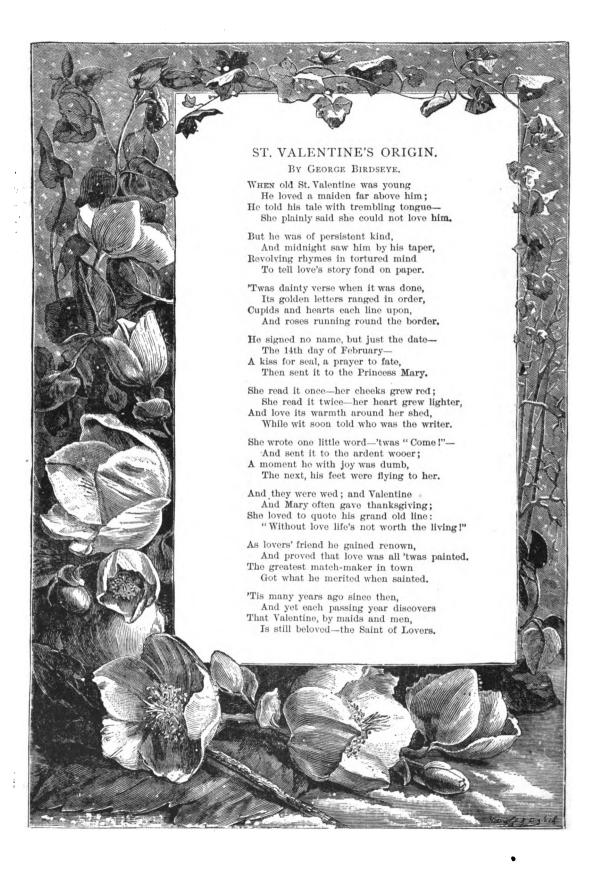
mer; hulks, iron-plated, dot the landscape, appearing as if growing out of meadows, till the eye catches the silver streak. Multitudes of orchards are fenced in with willow; their turf, dandelion-spangled, cool and green. For life, there are starlings chattering incessantly, sparrows on the barges, gulls sweeping over, swallows skimming the surface of canals; a stiff breeze blowing, the water rippling and coloring.

At length, Delft in sight, with steamers and quays, tall steeples, clustered houses, brown sails. Barges pass along, laden with cattle—cows, with horse-cloths over their backs; goats, black and white, graze on the canal-edge, near boats, in the sunlight, with sails bright red—reflected, moreover, on the water, with bits of bright color—red, green, blue, crimson. Carpets are hung up to make an awning, shining ware on the decks, green bowls and plates.

A bell rings, and up comes the steamer to the quay, where men are lying asleep under trees, and market-women stand, in wide hats, bright kerchiefs—figures that have stepped out of the frame of, say, a Holbein or a Vermer. Low-built lines of brick-built houses (there is no stone, save imported, found in Holland), every window with reflecting mirror, hidden behind dense foliage of shady trees, where flower-barrows—heavy laden—lend color. Deep lights and shadows traverse the old market-place, thrown by the Oude Kerk, containing the Van Tromp monument.

Magnificent in outward architecture, these Dutch church-interiors are cold and shivering. Hard by, the Prinsenhof, once a tragic scene (painted so ably in Motley's "Dutch Republic"). holds priceless relics of old oak and groined ceil-Its walls, its water-ways still stand intact; archways, yards still tenanted by white-capped maidens. Out-of-door smithies still shoe Van Ostade horses, held by wooden - shod, blue-aproped Dark warehouses, earth-floored, stored with cordage, exist now, as in Vermer's "Delft." "Poffertjes" are still the luxury of the gamin; Rembrandt head-dress adorns old wives. Take down your engravings after Teniers; your Rembrandts, Snyders, Heerns, Seghers. You have life, you have growth now, as then: in gay coloring, in gorgeous landscape, in portraiture, in type of face. Put back the hand of the clock two centuries. Delft-old Holland-wot not of it.

DR. TALMAGE, who visited Leo XIII. at Rome, says: "The Pope looks like a genial, good old grandfather, at least ten years younger than he is said to be. His eyes are as keen as a hawk's, and gentle as a dove's. Many of the cardinals do not seem to possess half his strength, and I believe he will outlive most of them."





"ENTERING ON TIPTOE THE ONE ROOM WHICH SERVED MBS. MULDOON AS BOUDOIR, DRAWING-BOOM, DINING-BOOM, KITCHEN AND CELLAR, MBS. BAFFERTY DEPOSITED THE PIE ON THE TABLE."

MISS GOLDTHORP'S MINCE-PIE.

BY WM. H. SIVITER.

KIND MISS GOLDTHORP sat in her little room on the third floor of No. 71 South-western 'Steenth Street, and watched the snow-flakes fall outside, as snow-flakes have a habit of doing, whether they are watched or not.

Miss Goldthorp had watched the snow-flakes fall for more Winters than I care to tell.

She lived alone, all her relatives being dead except her brother Dick, and she did not know Vol. XXIX., No. 2—10.

whether he was dead or not. Probably he was. It had been so long since she heard anything from him.

There had been but two children in the Goldthorp family—Dick and May; and Dick had gone to the bad, and broken two parents' hearts. Likewise their bank account.

Old Mr. Goldthorp was reasonably well off before his son hurriedly left town, taking with him

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the twenty thousand dollars he had drawn from the bank by writing his father's name at the foot of a check in such a life-like manner that the cashier was deceived.

This reduction of the family surplus left the family nothing but the old house in which they lived; but the father and mother didn't need even that long.

The disgrace brought on him by his only son was too much for Mr. Goldthorp, and he died. His wife survived him but a short time, and May was thus left an orphan.

May was younger then than at the time when this story opens, but she was old enough to know the necessity of husbanding her resources.

She sold the house, and put into the bank the money it brought.

The interest, with what she earned for a time by teaching music, enabled her to live.

As a music-teacher Miss Goldthorp was not a success, and so her pupils dwindled in number. Then, too, she was not strong, and there seemed to be nothing else she could do to earn money.

So she economized still more closely, and managed to live on the interest of her money.

It was not much, her income. She never contracted corns on her fingers through overmuch clipping of coupons. It required strict economy and expert financiering to extract an existence from that interest, but she contrived to do it.

May was known among her neighbors, who were also poor, as "Kind" Miss Goldthorp. I doubt if one of them knew her by any other name.

She had earned the title by little deeds of gentleness, for there was hardly a person in the numerous families occupying No. 71 South-western Street that she had not ministered to in some way.

"To-morrow is Washington's Birthday," she mused. "How shall I celebrate it? It is a feast-day, but I cannot waste much substance in riotous living, for I haven't much to waste. Let me see what I have in my purse."

Miss Goldthorp took from her pocket a small bead bag, and inspected its contents, which inventoried as follows: One car-ticket; cash, fortytwo cents, mostly in nickels and pennies; one recipe for making mince-pie; one glove-buttoner; one love-poem, cut from a newspaper.

"I know what I'll do," she said, half aloud, after spreading her wealth on her lap. "I'll make a mince-pie according to this recipe. I know it's awfully extravagant. It will cost at least seventeen cents, and I can buy a pie readymade for a dime. But, then, one never can tell what is in a baker's mince-pie. Anyhow, this is a patriotic anniversary, and I feel like squandering a little more cash than usual."

So she put on her faded shawl and her Summer-before-last hat, and went down-street and purchased the meat and the apples, and the raisons and the suet, and the brandy and the citron, and the other ingredients which go to make the able-bodied mince-pie such a friend of the man who sells the dyspepsia remedy, and constructed a pie according to the plans and specifications of the recipe, which she had carried in her purse for more than six months.

While it was baking, the aromatic odor greeted Miss Goldthorp's delicate nostrils with a grateful greeting. Oh, how delicious it smelled! So fragrant, and so appetizing.

And then the thought came, "How selfish to eat a whole mince-pie all myself, when I might divide my cheer with some one who is pieless!"

Yes, she would give a part of it to the family on the next floor; which family, in all probability, did not know the complexion of a pie of any kind, not to speak of a mince-pie made from a newspaper recipe, as the husband and father had a way of spending for beer the money which should have been invested in pie.

Having decided to be thus generous, Miss Goldthorp's next thought was this: But what would part of a mince-pie be among a family as large as the Raffertys? There were seven children of them, and, besides, an assortment of cousins would certainly be there, too, on the holiday. She would have to donate the entire undivided pie, and even then the portion of each would be so small as to be only an aggravation; but still they would have a taste.

She herself would have none, though. What matter? The consciousness of having contributed to the happiness of several human beings was enough for her. She would give the pie to the Raffertys. But they must not know whence it came.

When the pie was ripe, Kind Miss Goldthorp slipped down-stairs and placed it outside the door—so that the first Rafferty who went in or out would be sure to see it; and then she went back to her own small room, happy in the consciousness of having performed a good deed in a neat and workman-like manner.

"Faith, an' what's this?" exclaimed Mrs. Rafferty, when she found the pie. "Wher-r-r did thot kim from, moind ye? Oi'll bet a dollar thot spalpane Mrs. Muldoon put it thar, an' by the same token it's loadened with somethin' to mek us all sick. But, be jabers, she sha'n't play no sich tricks on me. Oi'll jist shlip in an' lay it on her own table, and the loikes o' Mrs. Muldoon 'll see thot she can't throifle wid me."

Mrs. Muldoon and Mrs. Rafferty occupied apartments on the same floor, and strained relations existed between them. Their verbal passages

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often made the house vocal with choice selections of Billingsgate.

Mrs. Rafferty kept an eye on the stair-way, and soon Mrs. Muldoon went down.

This was her chance. Entering on tiptoe the one room which served Mrs. Muldoon as boudoir, drawing-room, dining-room, kitchen and cellar, Mrs. Rafferty deposited the pie on the table, and silently withdrew, mentally wishing serious inroads upon Mrs. Muldoon's health, and congratulting herself on outwitting her enemy and frustrating her deadly designs.

The object of Mrs. Mulloon's descent of the grand staircase had been to purchase a prime cut of liver for her evening meal. Having secured this at the meat emporium below, she was back again in five minutes, and as soon as she re-entered her room she caught sight of the pie on the table.

She did not, like Mrs. Rafferty, impugn the pie's motives or suspect its integrity. She regarded it as an honest pie, which some one in good faith had presented to her, and she was delighted.

"Who could have brought it?" she wondered, half aloud, as she took it up and admired its nicely browned top and its generous depth.

"Ah, to be sure," she went on, "av coorse it's that Koind Miss Goldthorp. No one else in the tinimint wud give away a hull pie, and sich a daisy av a pie, too. Hivens bless her!"

Mrs. Muldoon sat down and thought, meditatively regarding the pie the while:

"Oi'll not be 'atin' it meself, sure. Oi'll sind it to poor Mrs. Dusenbury. Her hushband losht a leg lasht Shpring, an' hasn't found it yet. She has a moighty big family, too, an' they'll appreciate it, so they will."

The pie was duly smuggled into the Dusenbury quarters, and the first person in that family to see it was the eldest daughter.

Oh, how thoughtfully kind some one has been to us!" exclaimed Arabella Dusenbury. "What a lovely pie, to be sure! Mince, I declare!" as she took a delicate sniff at its fragrance. "But we can't think of eating it ourselves. I'll wait until Mrs. Thornton goes out, and then will step in and leave it on the table. Good dear Mr. Thornton will be delighted with it, and it will set off his dinner splendidly. Poor man, he never knows what it is to have a respectable meal, for his wife is a graduate of a cooking-school."

Miss Arabella Dusenbury was a sales-duchess at Thread & Peacegood's, and had a kind heart and a large flow of language.

She piloted the pie to its new quarters.

"I'm sure I don't know who could have sent us this mince-pie," remarked Mrs. Thornton, when it came under her notice. "Whoever it was, it

was rather officious in them," she added, ungrammatically and somewhat indignantly. "I myself can make all the pies we need, and I have already made three for Washington's Birthday. Still, I suppose it was meant kindly; but, as we don't need it, I'll send it to the poor little dress-maker next door. Poor thing, she's been down with fever, and she'll be pleased to get a little present for to-morrow. I'll take it down now, and she'll get it when she comes home."

Mary Preston came home late that night. There were so many dresses that the stylish ladies really had to have, you know, and the only way to give them to them was to work hard until they were done.

Mary threw herself on her bed and went to sleep, without lighting her candle.

But the pie was there when she awoke. It had not eloped.

"Who could have been so thoughtful?" she mused, when she recognized her visitor. "How nice! What a splendid pie, too! But I have an invitation to spend the day at Susie Rankin's, and so I sha'n't need it. I believe I'll give it to some one else, and make another person happy. But to whom? Why, to that Kind Miss Goldthorp, of course. She was so very good to me when I was sick. There she goes now!"—for Mary looked through the window into the street. "This is just my chance to run in with it, and I'll do so."

Mary ran up-stairs to Miss Goldthorp's room, and soon the pie was back again where it started from.

Soon after Mary Preston left the house for Susie Rankin's, a tall stranger arrived, and immediately began making earnest inquiries for Miss Goldthorp.

He had bronzed cheeks, a full beard, and other regulation properties of the long-lost brother.

Oh, yes — everybody in the vicinity knew Miss Goldthorp—Kind Miss Goldthorp, they called her. They told the stranger where her room was, and one of them volunteered the information that she had just gone out.

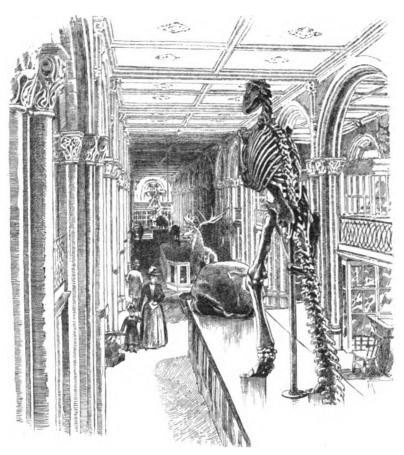
"So much the better," said the man with the bronzed complexion, as he grasped his big valise and started up-stairs. "So much the better! I'll surprise her. I'm her brother. She hasn't seen me for ten years. Don't any of you tell her I'm here. I'll go up and wait for her to come home."

They all promised not to tell her. The surprise should be a surprise indeed.

That is why all the children and two-thirds of the women in the neighborhood waylaid Kind Miss Goldthorp on her way home, and told her gleefully of the surprise which awaited her.

In a state of great excitement, and escorted by

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VIEW IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM—RESTORED SKELETON OF THE "HADROSAURUS," OR KANGAROO LIZARD (25 FEET LONG), FOUND IN HADDONFIELD, N. J.—IRISH ELK IN THE DISTANCE.

the most of the population of the vicinity, Miss Goldthorp ascended the stairs and went to her room.

There she found her long-lost brother Dick, and was duly surprised.

But we must not anticipate. We must return to Dick before his sister and the populace arrive.

"Mighty small den May lives in!" ejaculated the stranger with the tanned cheeks and the overflowing whiskers, as he threw his heavy valise on the table. "But she shall have a better home than this, so she shall, the dear old girl. The pile I've made will let her enjoy the rest of her life. It's all in that gripsack, in good, solid, yellow gold. Ah! what's this?"

His language changed from the declaratory and assumed the interrogatory form when he saw the mince-pie, which was on the table where the poor dress-maker had left it.

"A pie, as sure as I live!"

He picked it up and was charmed by its fragrant aroma.

"A mince-pie, just like what mother used to make. Sister May has evidently baked it herself. It smells good to a fellow who has just got off the train, and who has traveled all night, with nothing to eat but a ham-sandwich of the Miocene Age. I'll just eat some of it now. May won't mind, when she sees me and the pile I've brought home, and when I take her to the Grand Central Hotel for dinner."

So saying, he took a generous bite of the pie, and evidently liked it.

He took another, and a third.

From the wild unrest of his jaws one could easily see that this returned traveler was a victim of the baneful pie-habit.

He found it impossible to lay it down.

He must eat it all.

He did—all but the last bite.

He was about to make a mouthful of that, when he fell over and expired.

The deadly mince-pie had done its work.

Thus they found him—Kind Miss Goldthorp and the populace—when they entered the room.

He was buried; his "pile" was added to May's deposit in the bank; and she lived happily ever after.

Thus is vice punished and virtue rewarded.

THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION AND THE NATIONAL MUSEUM.

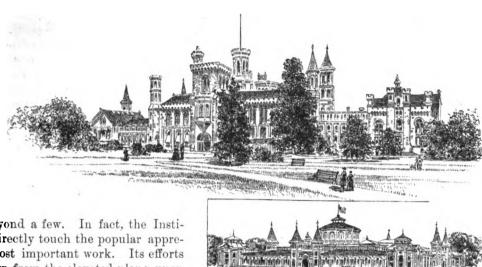
BY AUSBURN TOWNER.

It would be a trite observation that this country, and, indeed, the world, are indebted beyond measure to James Smithson for the founding of the Institution named for him in Washington, D. C., an Institution unique and original in its way, and without a parallel anywhere on the globe.

There are few buildings in the world more familiar to the eye, from constant reproduction in newspapers, engravings and books, than the one devoted to the purposes designed by the generous Englishman in his gift, marked as it is with its peculiar Norman towers, abrupt projections, and the round-arched, Romanesque type of architecture in which it is constructed.

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Yet the detail of the work of the undertaking, what it has done, how it does it, what it is doing or hopes to do, and what genuine results it has accomplished, are not so generally known, if



known at all, beyond a few. In fact, the Institution does not directly touch the popular apprehension in its most important work. Its efforts drift or filter down from the elevated plane upon which it stands, from generalities and experimental endeavors, through smaller societies and popular journals, into the hands of individuals who bring them finally into touch with the people at large. The name, to begin with, is more or less misleading. The wish of the founder, as expressed in his will, was that the fortune he left should be used "for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." The usual and practical way of going about such a purpose would have been to establish a school, or college, or univer-



THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION AND THE NATIONAL MUSEUM.

sity, and the name selected—"Institution"—leads one to think that such was the plan adopted by those appointed to carry out the testator's wishes.

I venture the assertion that nine out of ten persons who have heard of the place, but have never seen it, nor examined into it, have this idea, and that there is connected with it a corps of learned professors and a long roll of students; and they will be surprised to know that the truth is not at all like this, but as far away from it as possible. If it had been called an "Institute," which really is what the "Institution" is, "a literary and philosophical society or body of men united for some literary or scientific purpose," such a mistaken notion would hardly have been possible.

But the whole affair, from its inception, is peculiar and unusual. There is nothing like it in the world. James Smithson was an Englishman, who had never seen this country, who led a very retired life, devoting his energies to scientific experiments and investigations, and who never married. His attention was mostly directed to minute objects, and the analyzing of the most delicate subjects, such as the spinning apparatus of the



JAMES SMITHSON.

spider, the manufactory of the honey-bee, the foot and eye of a house-fly, or the tear of a lady. It might be of interest to know how he managed to secure the last-named object.

He was the friend of Davy, Arago, Gay-Lussac, and other scientists of his generation, and a member of the Royal Society of England. He was a very careful and methodical man, and his statements in regard to all of his experiments were noted for their accuracy and precision. A carbonate of zinc discovered in Somersetshire, England, is called "smithsonite," it having been analyzed by him. His investigations extended widely into the vegetable kingdom, with especial regard to the coloring matter to be obtained therefrom, and doubtless the world at large is indebted to this remarkable man's discoveries for much valuable information.

This disposition of his comfortable fortune, an incident that marked his departure from this world, was quite in harmony with his entrance on the stage of life, for that also was in rather an irregular manner. His father was the Duke of Northumberland, but his mother was not the Duchess. The year of his birth, 1754, is known, but neither the precise place where it occurred, nor the exact date. He was of the same family as was Harry Percy, the Hotspur of Shakespeare, although his family name was Smithson.

James Smithson had other decided opinions than such as related to chemicals and his laboratory. He was a thorough believer in the ability of men to rule themselves. In letters of his, still extant, he calls Louis XVI. of France, "Mr. Louis Bourbon," and he ventures the opinion that "a nation with a king is like a man who takes a lion as a guard-dog—if he knocks out his teeth he renders him useless, while if he leaves the lion his teeth, the lion eats him."

The disposition that he made of his fortune is rather a practical proof that his notions were not mere whims. At the bottom of it all was doubtless the natural desire of man for enduring fame, but beyond this was shown a respect for the United States, the most complete confidence in republican institutions, and entire faith in their perpetuity. If ever any man chose a sure path to immortality, it was certainly James Smithson.

He died in Genoa, Italy, on June 27th, 1829, at the age of seventy-five years, but it was not until six years thereafter that the knowledge of the bequest was announced to the Government, and communicated to Congress by the then President, Andrew Jackson. Even then, it was three years more before the country realized on the bequest. One year was occupied by Congress in discussing the propriety of accepting the trust, and when, at length, it was decided that we would take the money, it was found that we would have

to fight for it; and two years were thus expended in litigation in the English courts. The Hon. Richard Rush, of Pennsylvania, was appointed a commissioner by the Government to go to England and bring home the cash. In 1838, he secured the decree from the English Court of Chancery that gave Mr. Smithson's estate to this country. The amount was paid in gold, and after being recoined in our own money equaled a little more than \$508,000. A residuary legacy, in 1864, increased this sum by about \$26,000, and in 1867 there was another increase, through savings of income, profitable investments of interest and sale of stock, of more than \$100,000, so that the total investment amounts now to \$703,000, which yields an annual income of \$42,000. These figures seem small when contrasted with the magnificent endowments of Cornell, Lehigh or the Johns Hopkins Universities, but they reach quite as far, and into far different fields.

For eight years after the receipt of the bulk of the Smithson estate, Congress discussed and disputed as to the best methods of its disposition, to carry out the wishes of the testator. It was well, perhaps, that so much time was taken in formulating the plan, for its liberal and comprehensive measures, in the hands of those selected to carry them out, have been maintained for more than a third of a century, and has given the Institution its present fame and prosperity.

The Bill for the establishment of the undertaking was passed by Congress on August 10th, 1846, and immediately thereafter Professor Joseph Henry was elected the Secretary of the Institution. If the bequest of Mr. Smithson had accomplished nothing beyond the opportunity for the full development of the genius of its first Secretary, the money would have been well bestowed. He was one of the remarkable men of the generation and the century. It is to him, without doubt, that the world is indebted for the telegraph. found out the principles for other men to adapt to practical purposes, and amongst his first labors as Secretary of the Smithsonian was the establishment of a system of simultaneous meteorological observations by telegraph, the results of which were plotted on a map and weather forecasts made from them - precisely the system now in use by the "Weather Bureau." You can go through his long life of seventy-nine years, and find it dotted with numberless efforts of a similar nature, and it forms a good illustration of the work done and doing by the Smithsonian Institution, never in direct communication with the people, yet always laboring for their benefit, forcing from nature its secrets that will make, in one direction or another, life easier, smoother, sweeter. The bronze statue of Joseph Henry, erected in the grounds of the Institution in 1883, standing

near the main entrance, is a tribute to the memory of a wonderful man.

It may be said truly that the Smithsonian Institution is a creation of Professor Henry. There is an "Honorary Board," or "The Establishment." as it is called, which from its very nature is perpetual, being composed of the President and Vice-president of the United States, members of the Cabinet, the Chief-justice and the Commissioner of Patents. But these only visit the Institution annually, and merely as a matter of cere-The nominal control and management is in the hands of a "Board of Regents," fourteen in number, the Vice - president, the Chiefjustice, three Senators, three members of the House of Representatives and six persons elected by Congress, no two being chosen from one State. Men in all the walks of life have served on this Board, and the distinction is an honorable and coveted one. In the forty-three years of the existence of the Institution there have been but six Presiding Officers or Chancellors of the Board of Regents. Of these, Chief-justice Roger B. Taney served the longest—twenty-four years. The present Chancellor is Chief-justice Melville W. Fuller. Among those who have served or are serving as Regents, are Hannibal Hamlin, Stephen A. Dougless, Lewis Cass, George F. Hoar, Robert Dale Owen, S. S. Cox, John V. L. Pruyn, Alexander H. Stephens, Rufus Choate, William B. Astor, Louis Agassiz, Asa Gray, Noah Porter, Henry Coppée, General W. T. Sherman and George Bancroft, all of these easily recognized as eminent in their different spheres. But even this Board of Regents are only nominally managers of the Institution. They are seldom called upon to decide any question or determine any affair. Everything is in the hands of the Secretary whom they have elected, and under his control. They hardly do more than confirm his acts and approve his decisions.

Professor Henry served as Secretary of the Institution for thirty-two years, until his death in His successor, Spencer F. Baird, was worthy of him and of the Institution. He served until his death, August 7th, 1887. The third and present Secretary, Professor Samuel P. Langley, came two years ago to his post, and is successfully carrying forward the work of the Institution on the lines laid down by its founder.

The corner-stone of the building was laid on May 1st, 1847, and the building itself was completed in 1855. Standing on an eminence, it forms a distinct and striking object in the landscape, even among the many notable buildings of the City of Washington. Perhaps this is partly so because of its nine towers, an unusual number for a building of its size, the highest of which reaches an elevation of 150 feet. Its situation, | fusing knowledge among men."

too, is one of the finest conceivable, being in the large reservation that stretches its undulatory way from the Capitol to the Washington Monument. It is on a slight eminence; the roads leading to it are serpentine, and the shrubbery in the neighborhood, without being profuse, is plentiful. When the trees there and thereabouts have acquired the size that time will give them, the spot will be one unsurpassed in beauty by any other locality in the country.

The work of the Institution has been, to speak generally, threefold in its character—in the way of investigation, in collecting and in distributing. As to the first, it is constantly originating plans for research in all directions, especially in lines not occupied by other organizations. These researches are hardly meant for practical value, so far as the Institution is concerned, but as mere indications for others to follow up if so inclined.

As an illustration of its methods—for its income is not sufficient to fit out an expedition by itself-if the Government, or an individual, or a corporation, sends out an exploring party to the Congo regions, or to Alaska, or to Central America, you may be sure that the Smithsonian is represented in that party. It furnishes, maybe, a photographic outfit or apparatus for geological, mineralogical, ethnological or archæological investigations, and when the party returns it is so much the richer for its outlay.

It is the centre for all such efforts. Anything new, strange or peculiar in the scientific world is certain to find its way to the Smithsonian for its approval or investigation, not for practical purposes as to how much ore to the ton can be got from a certain rock, but as to character of the ore in the rock.

It has stimulated inquiry in scientific matters in this wise, that men whose attentions or inclinations are directed in that channel are sure of finding in the Institution, if not a patron, at least an encourager of their labors, and an assistant in making known to the whole world what they have attempted to do or have done. In its field, it is a stimulant to investigators quite as powerful as is the Patent-office a stimulant to inventors. Recognition will certainly come from it to one who has done what is worthy.

In this way, its method of collecting information from original sources has been wonderfully successful. In another way also, in the same line, the results have been equally gratifying.

The Institution early established intimate relations with similar organizations all over the world, and exchanges with them constantly, by letter and publication, the results of investigations and researches made by or through it. And that is one manner it has of "increasing and dif-

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Another way it has of reaching the same end is in giving freely its publications and specimens without requiring an equivalent in return, and it places its books, apparatus and collections at the disposal of investigators and students in any part of the world. Still another way is in its annual publications, which, however, to the popular mind have rather the forbidding appearance of "Pub. Docs." than one inviting perusal. Few copies of these publications are issued, and they

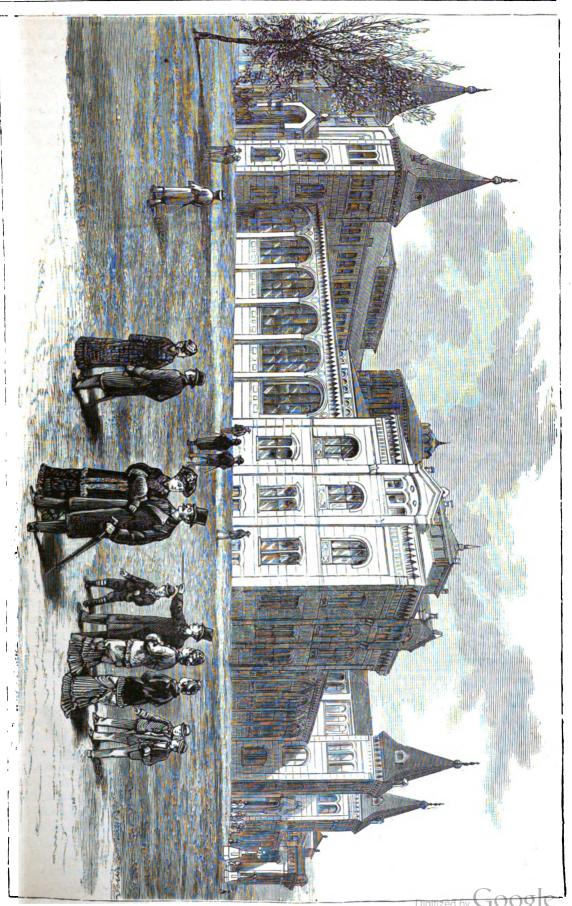
history. The third is more general in its nature, giving an account of the work of the Institution, of explorations, reports of lectures, biographies of eminent scientists, translations from foreign scientific papers, and a record of progress in the various branches of scientific research. To the general reader the tables of contents of these publications do not possess many attractions. They are not meant for the general reader. Yet out of them have come hints that have not only added



PROFESSOR JOSEPH HENRY, FIRST SECRETARY OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION.

are distributed only among the libraries of the country, never to individuals. They are of three kinds. One of them is devoted to what is positively new, and equally as positive an addition to the sum of human knowledge, which latter is vouched for by a commission of experts. Another is very technical in its character, made up of tables, manuals for the collection and preservation of objects of natural history, methods of observation of phenomena, and special articles on branches of physiology, meteorology or natural

to the knowledge of man, but to his happiness as well. It is not too much to say that they have come very close to our every-day life, notwith-standing they seem so far away from it, perched in all their distant quarto magnitude upon the shelves of a library. To name some of the simplest things, out of them came the "baking-powder," whichever kind it may be, familiar to our kitchen-pantries, and even the soap which daily helps us to realize the common saying that "clean-liness is next to godliness."



VIEW OF THE NATIONAL MURRUM BULLDIN

Still further as to the collections made by the Institution. There is, first, that of books. There are 100,000 volumes gathered now, deposited at present in the Library of Congress. To these, large additions are made yearly by exchanges with the several thousand learned societies of the The character of this immense library is unique, one like it, to so great an extent, existing nowhere else. It comprises the transactions of learned societies for a long period of years, and is a complete and accurate record of discovery and invention since the time when there was that marvelous awakening of genius in these direc-Much of it is, of course, a matter of mere curiosity, but the larger portion is of great value, and thousands of persons consult it annually.

But the collection made by the Institution which appeals direct to the eye and the sense of the most indifferent is under the roofs of the two buildings over which it has control. Here the Institution is in direct touch with the people in carrying out the purposes of its founder; for here it is an object teacher of the most practical and decisive nature.

In the building known as the Smithsonian Institution itself, the collection of objects is made mostly from this continent, there being a few only from the old country. Most of it, too, is made up of gifts from a great number of sources. We can learn much of the antiquities of our neighbor Mexico, here, and of its ancient people, the Aztecs. The great "Calendar Stone," reproduced from the famous original, in the possession of the Mexican Government, is one of the most remarkable objects of the collection. It is about twelve feet in diameter, and its weight is nearly twenty-one tons. Its decorations are rich and profuse, without being very artistic, as may be instanced by the figure of a head in the centre of the stone with its tongue protruding, representing the sun. The astronomical information of our neighbors, in the centuries long since past, may be estimated from the fact that on the monolith are represented the four seasons, and the 365 days of the year, although their months had but 20 days. Their general knowledge may be estimated by the fact of their being obliged to use such a clumsy clock.

Other Aztec remains are "The Sacrificial Stone," several images of the gods they worshiped, and any quantity of bowls, trinkets and stones hollowed out, cut into the forms of rings and cups, the uses of which are now past finding out. The art of these ancient peoples resembles that of the Egyptians very strongly, both in design and execution.

The main hall of the ground-floor of the Institution is entirely given up to the collection of birds, of which there are more than 60,000 speci-

mens, many of them to be found in no other museum in the world. It is fairly bewildering to stand in the midst of such a collection, brilliant as it is in plumage, all so apparently life-like, and yet all so silent. It is like being in a sepulchre, surrounded by mummies.

The conchological department is near this of the birds. It is very extensive, but the most prominent object looks like the shell of an oyster. It is about the size of an ordinary wash-tub, and it gives rise to the reflection that in its day there must have been giants, else the oyster would have eaten the man rather than otherwise.

Allied to these is the display of corals and sponges. One stands amazed before these collections, wondering at the time that must have been consumed in gathering and selecting them, and uncertain which to admire most—the value of the coral, or the exquisite manner in which it has been arranged.

There is a terra-cotta copy of the famous "America Group" in this hall, the original of which, in marble, ornaments the Albert Memorial in Hyde Park, London. The figures are of heroic size, and being elevated only a few feet from the floor, lose much of their effectiveness. Its chief excellence, however, is said to be that it is the largest work of the character ever attempted in terra-cotta.

The "Panel of Limoges Faience," near to the "America Group," is very beautiful as well as very curious. It is composed of 900 tiles, and very strongly resembles an oil-painting. It represents the genius of man utilizing the various forces of nature, and making them the willing slaves of progress.

No running description or account can be given of the immense collection that finds place in the second story of the Institution. There is enough there for the study of months, and from it could be gathered the story of ancient man, so far as this country is concerned. For be it observed, and with credit to the Institution, too, that although much attention is paid to objects from other lands and countries, the bulk of the collections is devoted to this continent, and the whole Institution is essentially American in its character.

Perhaps the most interesting objects here are the models of the cliff-dwellings of Arizona and New Mexico. They are very realistic. As you look, you could easily conceive of yourself as being high in the air in a balloon, and far below you these ancient homes. This method of mapping, it seems to me, could be carried to great effect in the schools of our country, giving the children a much more intimate knowledge of the surface of the earth than they can obtain from mere plane surfaces, or even globes.

The collection of pipes in this hall is very large and curious. The ancients of this land must have been as tremendous smokers as Irving makes out the Dutch in New Netherlands to have been. Pipes of all shapes, sizes, colors and lengthssome of them made in the likeness of animals, some in that of birds, and some in that of snakes, toads and human heads. There are the famous foot-tracks in the solid rock-whether recently sculptured, or made there while the rock was still in a state of softness, who shall tell? There are a multitude of implements of stone, metal, bone and earthenware used in the ancient world, and preserved for us in mounds and graves. There is the great Latimer collection of Porto Rican antiquities, the stones, whatever may have been their use, all beautifully shaped and polished. There is a cast of the "Neanderthal Skull," that, when it was found in Rhenish Prussia some thirty years ago, excited so much interest in scientific circles. It is the most ape-like of human skulls, and its time is set away back to the period of primitive man. There is the idol, supposed, found near Knoxville, Tenn., a stone image, 20 inches long, and as ugly as it is old. It is very like kindred work of Mexico and Central America, and it is natural to wonder how it got where it was found, and who brought it there. is a quantity of specimens from the prehistoric caves and caverns of France, and a very attractive model, in the same style as the Zuni villages, of one of the ancient Swiss lake-villages.

These I have named are only indications of the nature of what can be seen in the second story of the Smithsonian. It is doubtless the largest and most interesting archæological collection in this country, and, so far as relates to America, the most extensive in the world.

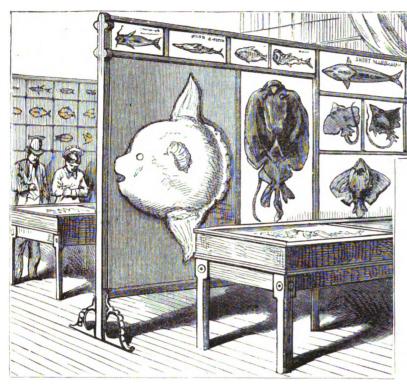
But James Smithson is responsible for more than I have already related. His bequest gave the Government a hint and an opportunity that it was not slow to embrace and develop. About the time that it was being discussed what should be done with the Smithson money, Commodore Charles Wilkes — he who subsequently captured the two Confederate Commissioners to Europe, from a British vessel—returned from a long voyage. He had discovered and visited the Antarctic Continent, had journeyed around the world, and had returned with a great number of curious and valuable specimens of every nature from the countries where he had touched. These were on exhibition at the Patent-office, and excited much interest. There arose the question as to their ultimate disposition. Nothing could be more natural than that they should be given into the care and keeping of the Institution just being formed, whose plan contemplated precisely such collections. That was the beginning of what is

known as the National Museum. It is, in reality, no part of the Institution founded by James Smithson except in so far as the officers of one are the officers of both, and as it may be called a natural outgrowth from it. The funds of the Institution are kept intact for its own purposes, and Congress provides for the National Museum to the extent of about \$200,000 a year.

The Wilkes specimens were not transferred to the Institution until 1858, and it was not many years before the constant accumulation of material demonstrated that there must be another building for the accommodation of the surplus. Although this grew painfully apparent day by day, Congress did not get to the subject until 1878, after the close of the Exhibition in Philadelphia, when it became plain that some place must be prepared for the reception of a vast amount of valuable material left to the Government from that exhibition, lest it be scattered over the country or its value destroyed.

The new building for the National Museum, commenced in April, 1879, and occupied in 1881, is situated only a few feet east of the Smithsonian, and its spread over a large surface of ground gives it the appearance of being low, although the finial of the dome in the centre reaches to the height of 108 feet. It is of no particular style of architecture, unless there may be one called the useful, or pertinent, as it seems to have been built simply for the purpose for which it was intended. It reminds one strongly of the Government Building of the Philadelphia Exhibition of 1876, both from its plan and because, as just intimated, many of the exhibits were transferred from the one to the other. is very aptly named, for it is peculiarly National in its character, and should be a subject for pride to all the people of the country, forming, without doubt, the most satisfying object of observation, to the most persons, of the many notable things that are being collected in Washington.

The systematic manner in which the immense collection has been arranged bespeaks great thoughtfulness on the part of those who have the control of the Museum, and although there are constant accessions to the collection from many sources, there is a look of completeness and finish about every hall and every court that adds greatly to the interest of the visitor. Any taste can be gratified to its full extent here. know of persons interested in music who have stood for hours before the large case that displays all kinds of musical instruments that ever were known, and who have come away from the building with the notion that these instruments were about all the objects of interest that the Museum contained. I know of medical men who were born for no other purpose than to be physicians,



THE FISH DEPARTMENT, NATIONAL MUSEUM.

as the different sections are called, devoted to ings are very realistic, the tree as well as the comparative anatomy, and where there are mounted skeletons of all sorts of creatures. from the tiniest bird to the huge megatherium, and they have regarded it all as a revelation.

Taxidermy has been elevated into an art in the Museum, the mounted figures assuming a life-like air and attitudes that are exact copies from nature. It would be unfair to the real artist who has prepared and arranged this large and most interesting portion of the Museum not to give him the award the work of his genius has deserved, and to name him, William T. Hornaday, as one to whom many thousands of visitors owe hours of exquisite enjoyment.

Among all the collection, there are two groups and a single figure that themselves alone merit particular attention. One of these is the "Buffalo Group." Six of this fast-disappearing species are standing on a square patch of soil that was transferred from the State of Montana to where it now lies in its glass case. It is all real, the hummocky prairie, the buffalo-grass, the sage-brush and the little pool, a typical alkali water-hole, toward which the buffaloes are going, to drink. It is a most remarkable exhibition of skill of the taxidermist, and will yearly grow in value, being the figures themselves, not

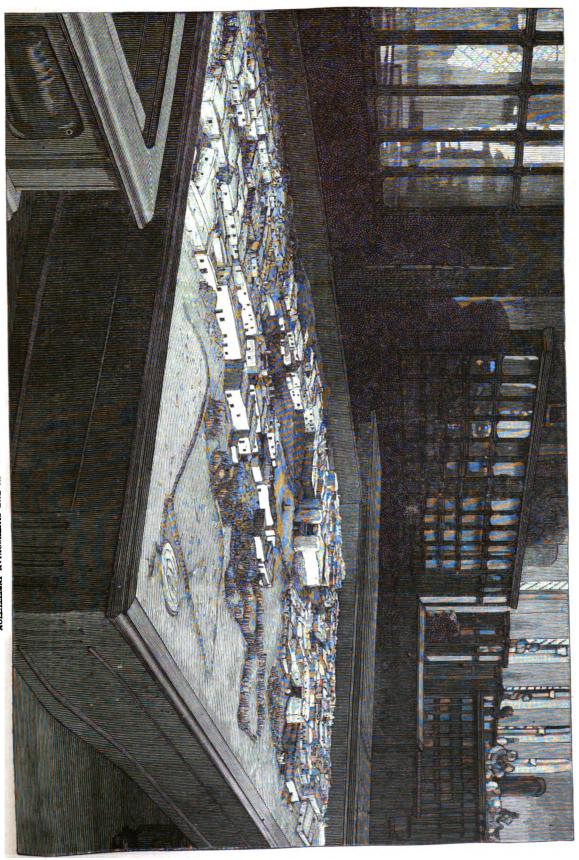
mere representatives, of a species that, from present indications, our grandchildren may regard as we do the mastodon or the ichthyosaurus. The other group is that of the Orang-outangs, called "A" Fight in the Tree-tops," and is one that cannot readily be forgotten by those who have seen it, being so foreign to anything known in this country. Two huge male orang-outangs are represented in a high tree, in a state

who have wandered for days in the large "range," | of war and great passion. All of the surround-



PROFESSOR SAMUEL P. LANGLEY, THE PRESENT SECRETARY OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION.

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MODEL OF AN ANCIENT EUNI CITY OF NEW MEXICO, IN THE SMITHFONIAN INSTITUTION.

animals having been brought from Borneo. The figure to which I have alluded is the Irish Elk, a lordly animal, standing with head erect, and meriting, in his imposing stature and mien, the title of king of beasts.

I know of no more valuable collection than the series of paintings relating to the North American Indians, made by George Catlin, presented to the Institution, and now hung in a large hall of the Museum, which is also used for the lectures that during the Winter are delivered by eminent men on a great variety of topics. paintings of Mr. Catlin are of the Indians in their primitive condition, on the plains of the Great West. He devoted eight years of his life in this work, and I hardly think he should have made an apology for their unfinished and unstudied condition as works of art. He has laid posterity under a great obligation in showing, by means easily understood, the manners, looks and customs of a race who are rapidly becoming extinct. The paintings are more than 600 in number, and the wonder is that, with his means of communication, rude as they were, he could have brought any of them back with him from the wild countries to civilization. Objects of curiosity and of mild interest now, these paintings will be of great value in time to come, increasing in that direction constantly. Posterity need have no mistaken notion concerning the appearance of the aborigines of America, with these life-like representations to remind them.

The section devoted to the graphic art will attract many, from the large number of beautiful engravings in the collection, from much that is old and curious in the art, and from the fact that the pictures are so arranged as to represent the growth of the art, almost from the time of the rude efforts of the days of Faust and Gutenberg, to these days of development and perfection.

There is the section devoted to minerals, metallurgy and economic geology, in which the specimens are in number overpowering. The gem collection would fairly make the eyes of a lover of precious stones start from his head. There are ores of all kinds, and a curious collection showing the exceedingly minute and delicate manipulation required in the manufacture of gold-leaf. There are specimens of rock from nearly every corner in the United States, and a collection of meteorites more extensive than that shown anywhere else in the country. One of these latter is the famous Couch meteorite stone, found in Mexico, where it was in use as an anvil.

Most of the material contributed to the Museum by the Philadelphia Exhibition is made up of collections from the Chinese and Japanese courts in the latter-named, Syrian curiosities, ancient objects from Egypt, Peru and Thibet. A

man can well get the education of a traveler among them without leaving his own country, for these collections have been made complete in all respects. He can see the very garments worn in the countries named, some of them on lay figures to display them more accurately; can observe how the people cook, eat and sleep, and learn all about the ceremonials and public observances, as well as the private and every-day life of the people.

There are very practical parts to the Museum. as well as these entertaining and curious portions. One combines the practical as well as curious, being an exhibition of the methods of transportation used by men from the period when burdens were borne on the back or head, to these days when steam takes the load to itself. There are specimens of about every known kind of conveyance crowded into the "range," the kago of the Japanese, the sledge of the Esquimaux, a model of a Concord coach, a rude cart of the time of the Norman Conquest in England, and the famous "John Bull" locomotive, the first one ever used in this country, with a miniature model of the latest development in this direction, looking rather like a human creature than a thing of steel, brass and iron.

Allied to this collection, as most of the exhibits are of wood, is an object that makes one reflect how really like infants we are. It is a great section of a tulip-poplar from the Mississippi Valley, which was a seedling when Elizabeth, in 1558, was Queen of England. Some one has marked on the circles of the section the chronology that its life compassed. When it was so big around, Shakespeare was born; it had grown to this size when Charles I. was beheaded; and to this when George Washington was born.

Boat architecture forms another range by itself, and it also is crowded full of interesting objects, telling a history of its own that he who runs may read. There are models of Dutch fishing-tubs, and of those graceful boats that are helping to make the Atlantic merely a ferry, with many a specimen between these two extremes. High in the air is hung a marvel of canoe-building, 59 feet in length, 8 feet beam, and withal a mere "dugout," fashioned from a log of yellow-cedar. It makes the other canoes, of which there are many near at hand, seem like small sticks of wood in comparison.

Somewhat allied to this is what many esteem the gem of the whole Museum, the fishery exhibit. This is a realistic demonstration of the work of the Fish Commission, showing by models the methods of propagating, cultivating and distributing fish, an undertaking that has been attended with the happiest results for the whole country. Making it still more interesting, the

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collection shows the methods adopted by many peoples in the catching and curing of fish, with numerous specimens of the apparatus and vessels employed in the former. No one can stand in this hall without catching some of the enthusiasm that is evidently manifested by the figure of a man in a boat striking a whale, or the one at the mast-head looking over the waters for his game, or another on a yard in the act of harpooning a sword-fish.

These arc all but cursory glances at what are really immense collections of objects of interest, entertainment, curiosity and value. One's own eyes can alone do the Museum the justice it descrives. This may readily be credited, when we think for a moment that there are more than 3,000,000 specimens or exhibits in the different departments, of which the number devoted to antiquities and ethnology alone is 650,000.

The extent of the whole collection is the more remarkable from the fact that it has arisen largely from what are practically gifts, for those things that have been secured by purchase are very few. Government expeditions, in accordance with the law of Congress, have contributed a goodly share; a system of exchanges with various establishments and individuals at home and abroad has materially assisted; explorations made at the expense of the Smithsonian have, also, added something; but gifts from private individuals, made either spontaneously or in response to special invitations and requests, make up the bulk of the specimens, at least in value. So that the Museum is a child of the people, and is deservedly, again, called a National Institution.

Such a place is as much an absolute need of a nation as is a Capitol building or a house for the residence of the chief executive. There are constantly accumulating, in a country as fully alive as is ours, objects of national interest that deserve a permanent abiding - place, where they can be seen of all men of this generation and of posterity for years, and maybe for the ages to come. Without some central point to which they would naturally gravitate, they are scattered, as many of these valuable specimens in the National Museum have been, all over the country, in private houses, local establishments, or in the libraries and halls of the rich.

The country prizes highly the relics of Washington and Grant, some tokens to remind us of La Fayette, Jefferson, Lincoln, and the others who are illustrious in the annals of the nation. The National Museum forms a natural place for these to be deposited for all time, where the people are at liberty, without money and without price, to look upon them, and be brought closer in spirit to those of whom they are personal reminders. No spots in the Museum are more

sought for, the quicker approached, or the longer lingered over, than those given up to the relics of Washington and Grant. In both cases they are numerous enough for considerable contemplation outside of the associations connected with them, and the two taken together make them objects of supreme interest.

Specimens in this line should not be allowed to do otherwise than increase, if possible; and the time may come when a whole hall or gallery will be necessary to exhibit personal reminders of our great men who have gone.

That which is essentially beautiful has been by no means neglected in the Museum. There are specimens of porcelain and glass ware, tapestry, the wonderful feather cloak from the Sandwich Islands, representing a value of \$1,000,000; vases, paintings, Japanese workmanship, a collection of pottery, statuary here and there, growing palmtrees in the rotunda, with a basin in the centre thereof into which trickles a fountain that sounds like the tinkling of a guitar, and many other objects that attract the eye and give pleasure to the senses.

And withal, there is a feeling of stability and permanence to the Institution that is gratifying to every one who enters its doors. It is not ephemeral and temporary, but as firm on its foundations as is the Government. There is no hurry manifested, lest before you finish looking the outside walls will begin to be taken down. You come to-day, and it is here. You come ten or twenty years from now, and it is still here, only vastly improved and increased. It is to be an everlasting monument to the far-sighted man who gave his fortune for its establishment.

There is still another outgrowth of the Institution which, though yet in its first budding, is one that promises to blossom out and ripen into something in harmony with the parent tree. This is familiarly called the "Zoo," short for zoological collection, which, it is hoped, in time will be so large as to have a department for itself in a spot in the suburbs, already selected. The collection originated in the desire of the chief taxidermist of the Museum, Mr. W. T. Hornaday, to study from life the animals he was preparing to mount for specimens.

Most of the collection are animals peculiar to this continent—the buffalo, jaguar, prairie-dog, opossum, bear and deer, Rocky Mountain sheep, elks, vultures, hawks, owls, pigeons, squirrels, rattlesnakes and eagles. There are in all about 200 specimens.

THE old saying, "Out of sight, out of mind," does not necessarily imply that 'blind people are insane.

BLEACHED VENETIAN BLONDES.

THE superb blondes that Giorgione, Titian and Paul Veronese painted were all born brun. They dyed their hair, and as rabidly as many ladies do at the present day. There is a picture at Venice representing ladies in 1593, sitting under a burning sun, shaded by the brim of a crownless hat, on which their hair, just dyed, is spread out to dry. They are only imitating their Roman sisters, who so liked to dye their black hair blonde, that they were upbraided as desirous to be Gauls

hair of a woman whose head is uncovered. And an Italian ecclesiastic warns ladies with beautiful hair to be on their guard, as they are more liable to the attack of demons; that when the body is delivered from Satan by exorcism, he generally takes refuge in the hair. Tatien asserted that a supernatural power was told off expressly for the hair; it was that demon gave Samson strength; it is the same influence which makes women employ their hair to captivate hearts. Add to these drawbacks that the value of human hair has doubled in price since January last. "Beauty



THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION AND THE NATIONAL MUSEUM.— PERSONAL RELICS OF GEORGE WASHINGTON, PRESERVED IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM.— SEE PAGE 148.

and Germans. Contrary to what St. Matthew records, not one hair, but a whole head, can be made to-day white or black. "The head is the noblest part of the body," said St. Cyprian. "Why, then," he asks woman, "do you endeavor to impart to its hair the color of eternal flames?" The Talmud lays down that it is as bad to have the hair bare as the shoulders. This is in connection with the habit of the early Christian women, who prayed with the head veiled, because it was by the beauty of their hair that women induced a revolt among the angels. An Italian proverb says that the devil dances in the

draws with a single hair," observes Pope; judge, then, the influence when a man has to face a whole head of it.

A Paris paper recently offered an eminent Frenchman \$1,000 for his autobiography. He accepted this offer, and after getting a check for the amount, sent on his autobiography, which was as follows: "I was born at Lyons in 1839, and since that time I can recall nothing of any account, except that I have not been killed in any of the uprisings."



CLD MILL, ON BLACK RIVER.

HERON'S WIFE.

BY ETTA W. PIERCE.

CHAPTER XVI .- HAZEL SPEAKS AGAIN.

ANOTHER day, and yet another passed.

Miss Carbury received no tidings of her purse and ring; and I none, alas! of my lost papers. Colonel Pitt Rivers had not as yet returned to Wolfsden. but was expected hourly. A new servant Vol. XXIX., No. 2—11.

was appointed to watch at night with our faithful Martin, but as Sir Griffin Hopewood found him stretched dead drunk on a garden-seat, before twelve o'clock had struck, we felt no additional security from his presence.

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"A singular epidemic of crime seems abroad in this community," said the professor. And, indeed, news of small thefts all about us, and rumors of larger ones, filled the air. A general uneasiness prevailed in the big country-houses along the river. Sir Griffin, still hiding his passion under the mask of civility, watched me with anxious eyes.

"My darling," he whispered, stealing into the recess of a window, where I had taken refuge from the after-dinner small-talk that was going on in the Wolfsden drawing-room, "how pale you look, how sad! One would think some enormous burden was pressing on your spirits. Can it be that you are frightened with all this trumpery talk of thefts and robbers?"

"No, no," I stammered, "it is not that."

"What then?" he urged, slipping an arm about me, in the shadow of the curtain, and straining me to his strong side. "I do not like to see this shadow on your beauty. I hardly know your great arch eyes, your witching red mouth in this guise of sadness."

"You think too much of my beauty," I said, half in jest, half in earnest.

"How can that be?" he answered in good-natured amaze. "It is a part of yourself."

"Yes, but will it hold you to your allegiance when—when—the truth shall be told?" I gasped, incoherently. Then my face drooped against his sleeve, and a sob shook me.

"What do you mean, love?" murmured my lover, in sore distress. "Are you fretting because our engagement has been made in secret?—does that trouble you, pet? 'Pon my soul, I shall rejoice when Rivers comes back, and everybody at Wolfsden knows that you are to be my wife. Rest assured, your beauty is sufficient for anything, Hazel—it will hold me like prison-fetters, forever. Why may I not love you for your sweet eyes, for the lustre in your hair?"—gathering a mass of crushed curls to his lips—"for the lilies on your cheek and throat? What is all this loveliness but a garment through which I see your soul, as the outlines of your body are visible through the dress you wear?"

I felt a strange relief in this foolish talk. He had no suspicion of the thoughts in my heart. The moment of confession could not be far distant; but for any respite, however brief, I was thankful.

Another besides Sir Griffin had observed my tell-tale looks. That night she came gliding into my chamber, like a lovely ghost—her long white gown spread out behind her like a fan, and dropping into a seat, she extended to me her bare, shining arms.

"Confession is good for the soul, Hazel," she said. "I have not been so selfish in these past

few days—so absorbed in my own affairs—that I could not see you were suffering. Now, out with it, dear !—tell me everything."

I sank in the soft rug at her feet, and buried my face in her lap. I could not withstand her searching, loving gaze—I could no longer conceal from her my troubles. Whatever came, I must tell Sergia; and then and there I did tell her everything that the reader already knows.

After my story, silence fell. Her shining white arms held me in a close embrace — her cheek pressed my hair. She was shivering unconsciously.

"Oh, you poor darling!" she said, at last, "it is dreadful!—dreadful! I want you to be happy—you must be happy! Why should you suffer for your father's sins? We do not know Sir Griffin very well, I fear, nor can we comprehend the full height and depth of his pride. I am wicked enough to suggest that you remain silent concerning your family history. The baronet loves you for yourself alone. Keep your secret, Hazel—keep it always!"

"But it is no longer my secret," I shuddered; "you forget that it has left my keeping, Sergia. My mother's letter is lost—I know not into whose hands it may have fallen. No, no! the whole truth must be told, but how can I find courage to tell it?"

She fell to comforting me with sisterly tenderness. We went to sleep in each other's arms, as in the old days at school. Whatever evil might overwhelm me, in Sergia I possessed a friend who would never change.

The following day the guests at Wolfsden went to lunch at a neighboring villa, occupied by a retired banker named Talcott, who was on very friendly terms with Colonel Rivers.

Père Talcott, bald-headed and pompous, welcomed us hospitably. Of the two daughters of the house, Proserpine, an ethereal Burne-Jones creature, wore a gown of unearthly green and yellow tints, and her Titian-red hair in a state of mad disorder. Gwendoline, the younger sister, of a grosser type and less bony construction, sat next me at lunch, and startled the table more than once with her boisterous "Ha! ha!" and her frank comments fired like hot shot, left and right. There was also a deaf aunt, who wielded an ear-trumpet, ate nothing but macaroons, and seemed composed of powder and rouge, and vanities too young for her by a half-century.

"Does not Aunt Talcott remind you of a whited sepulchre?" said Gwendoline in my ear. "Proserpine cails her The Remains. All the same, we are both fighting, tooth and nail, for a place in her will. En passant, Miss Ferrers, you have gone off horribly in your looks of late—you are actually as yellow as a wasp."

It was not long before the conversation around the table turned, naturally enough, on the disturbed condition of the neighborhood.

"Bless my soul!" cried Père Talcott, "it seems that Francis Heron received a visit from burglars two or three nights ago; but in some way he got wind of their coming, and the rascals, discovering that he was prepared for them, ran off without attempting mischief. Lucky for Heron, that!—he had a good sum of money in the house at the time."

"Cowardly beasts!" said the lively Gwendoline.
"Had I known of the danger, I would have gone to the help of Heron and that handsome parson, Mr. Vivian. I shot a deer in the Adirondacks, last Summer—why not burglars, this season, at Blackwater? I always sleep with a six-shooter under my pillow, though paw objects to its use on general principles."

"Gwen's aim frequently becomes promiscuous," exclaimed "paw," "and then she riddles things. Well, we, too, have had a narrow escape, here at the villa. Our butler Collins——"

"He was heavenly!" interpolated Gwen, in high excitement; "equal to anything English! I could cry aloud when I think of that dreadful, delightful creature!"

"Don't mix your adjectives so recklessly, Gwen," remonstrated "paw." "As I was saying, Collins seemed a trusty fellow: but just Heaven! what do you think? Two nights ago, a slip of paper was thrown into the porch, scrawled over with these words: 'Collins is a scoundrel and a traitor. Look out for the contents of the plate-closet at the foot of the stair.' Of course I discharged the man—"

"And he swore at paw, till the air was blue!" cried Gwen, "which we considered positive proof that the fellow had designs on the plate."

"If I knew the party who wrote the warning, and saved the silver," piped Aunt Talcott, with her ear-trumpet resting rakishly on the curve of Sir Griffin Hopewood's arm, "I would send him my photograph."

Gwen Talcott turned her attention suddenly to me.

"That Bullion Bank affair," said Père Talcott, meditatively, "reminds me of a similar crime that occurred at the Hub a good many years ago—well, before the young people at this table were out of their alphabet. The leader of the business was an accomplished scoundrel—his name, if my memory serves me right, was Langstroth. He had an accomplice, a weaker vessel, who afterward killed himself in jail. The booty was recovered. Langstroth got ten years at hard labor. Both men were well educated, well connected—one had married a young girl of great wealth and social position—— Gracious Heaven! Look at Miss Ferrers—she's fainting!"

The table, with its lustre of plate and damask and old Nankin porcelain, its flowers and Venetian glass, spun round and round before my failing sight. I heard a cry of mingled grief and alarm from Sergia Pole, and then Sir Griffin snatched me up, and carried me to a sofa.

"It was the heat!" cried Sergia, defiantly.

"And those dreadful stories!" added Gwen Talcott.

I begged Miss Carbury to take me home. Sir Griffin, regardless of appearances, hurried away with us. I knew that the hour of fate had struck for me. In the Chestnut Walk at Wolfsden, where my lordly lover had first talked to me of love, I sat down on a garden-chair, and began to trace figures blindly on the gravel with the tip of my parasol. Sir Griffin hurried to my side, his bonny Saxon face full of tender apprehension.

"Leave us alone," I said to Miss Carbury; and she went away up the walk without a word. I turned and looked at my lover.

"My darling," he began, in a troubled voice, "what gave you that sudden turn?"

"The stories," I answered, "as Gwen Talcott said—particularly that one about the scoundred Langstroth, who robbed the bank. It was very unpleasant, was it not?"

"Abominable!" assented Sir Griffin.

"Do not touch me!" I cried, as he suddenly stretched out his arms to gather me to his heart. "Do not look at me! I ought to cry 'Unclean! like the lepers of old. Here—take back Lady Hopewood's ring!" and I tried to draw it from my hand. "Let no one know that you have stooped to seek me for a wife—that you have disgraced yourself by wooing the daughter of a felon. 'Yes, it is quite true—Langstroth's accomplice—the man who killed himself in jail to escape punishment—was my father!"

There was an appalling silence—how long it continued I know not — perhaps one moment, perhaps twenty. My tragic earnestness left no room for doubt or question. I had told the story so far as it needed to be told. Presently he staggered back a step. I heard him walk away down

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the drive. Lady Hopewood's ring was still on my hand; I fumbled weakly at it, but could not draw it off. As the victim waits for the ax of the executioner, as Damiens waited for his awful death-day, I sat there, shuddering, speechless, almost breathless.

Suddenly he turned about, he was coming back!—his step had a swift, determined ring on the gravel. He knelt at my side. With a groan he buried his face in the folds of my dress.

"Love! Love! You have conquered!" he

panted.

"Hear it all!" I urged, wildly. "I have no right to the name of Ferrers—that belonged to my mother, before she fled with my wicked father; and the rich, distinguished judge, of whom you have heard, has never acknowledged me as his granddaughter. The blood of a felon contaminates the Ferrers stream. My real name—"

"Stop!" he implored; "for God's sake, tell me nothing more! Oh, my darling, I do not deny that I am shocked, horrified!—that if I obeyed the voice of prudence and judgment, I should fly from you; but my heart clamors too loudly—I cannot! You sorceress! what have you done to me? Give you up? Impossible! I care not who or what you are! I can well afford to sacrifice pride, prejudice, even reason, if I may have you!"

This, after days and nights of doubt, fear, despair! Joy does not kill—otherwise, I could not have looked into the bonny blue eyes which he raised to mine, and lived; for by the passion burning there I knew that my lover still loved me—that, in spite of the shame and misery of the confession I had made, my happiness was yet secure.

"I shall carry you far away," he said, "where your story will never be known. My name will shield and protect you. We will forget any shadow that may hang about your past—we will never speak again of your birth or your people—we will allow no sins, either of the dead or the living, to come between us. Great God! as well ask my heart to stop beating as to renounce your image! I have set up my idol, and I must worship it!"

He spoke in a wild, fevered way, as though in answer to some protesting voice within himself. And as he knelt there, clasping me in his strong arms, his uplifted face all pale and agitated, a shadow fell upon us both. We looked, and lo! not three yards distant, in the Chestnut Walk, regarding us blankly, breathlessly, stood Colonel Rivers and Sergia Pole.

A frown darkened the colonel's bearded face. With contracted brows, he advanced a step toward Sir Griffin. The latter leaped to his feet.

"Thank Heaven! You are here at last, Riv-

ers!" he cried. "Wish me joy! Miss Forrers has consented to become my wife! I have been waiting only for your return, to make our engagement public."

Sergia uttered a little cry.

The thunderous frown lifted from the colonel's face—with his own frank, genial smile he held out one hand to the baronet, the other to me.

"My dear Sir Griffin, accept my warmest congratulations!" he cried. "I always knew you to be a person of excellent taste. Who could have dreamed that our demure little Hazel would capture a prize, for which older and wiser women have long been plotting?" He pinched my cheek in a teasing way. "Like Tennyson's young man, Sir Griffin believes that

"A simple maiden in her flower
Is worth an hundred coats of arms."

Eh, dear fellow?"

"You cannot doubt, Rivers," answered the baronet, in a simple, earnest way, "that I love Miss Ferrers most deeply and disinterestedly. I wish to marry at an early day, and sail for England in the Autumn. As you know, Hazel has no relatives, no friends, to consult save yourself and Miss Pole."

He seemed to stand there betwixt me and my miserable history—betwixt me and all the want and uncertainty of my future—a man whom any woman might love—rich, titled, generous. At that moment I adored him! Sergia's eyes grew moist and bright with approval. She knew the full height and depth of the sacrifice he was making, and she put out her hand to him with a dazzling smile.

"I, too, congratulate you!" she said. "Hazel is as dear to me as a sister. It will be my pleasure and privilege to give her a suitable dowry. Do not think, Sir Griffin, that you are to wed a penniless bride. Half of all that I possess shall be hers."

Colonel Rivers looked a little blank, but she turned upon him in a gay, peremptory way.

"Prepare to give me a great deal of money, guardy!" she cried. "I am very rich, so you need not look so dismayed. Hazel's dot must be in proportion to the love I bear her."

"My dear Sergia, don't you think that you are a trifle extravagant in your affection for Hazel?" he said, playfully.

"No, indeed, guardy! She deserves a far deeper devotion than I can give."

"Well, I've but just reached home, you know, after an absence of several days, and there are many things demanding my immediate attention. Let us defer the subject of settlements till another time, my dear, and content ourselves with presenting the future Lady Hopewood to our friends and guests."



GINEVBA.

We went up to the house. On the way, Sergia whispered:

"You have told Sir Griffin everything?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Ah, what a glad, fortunate day! I met my guardian just as he was entering the gate. His return, at this particular moment, seems doubly delightful. You see, darling Hazel, that you are destined to be happy, in spite of everything!"

As we entered the drawing-room, everybody flew to meet Colonel Rivers—joyfully hailing his sudden appearance. A general hubbub of welcome followed. Mrs. Van Wert, all smiles and blushes, lifted soft, wistful eyes to the face of her host, and said:

"Wolfsden has been a howling wilderness since you went away, colonel. We are all quite ready to quarrel with that foreign friend, Dr. Bird, who has kept you so long from us."

He laughed softly. By his brown, strong, triumphant look, we could see that he had found both pleasure and profit in the company of his friend.

"It is always delightful for a man to know that he is missed from his own fireside," he said to Mrs. Van Wert. "Dr. Bird detained me beyond my expectations, but all the time my heart was at Wolfsden!" with one of those melting glances which had before convinced me that Colonel Pitt Rivers was a confirmed male flirt.

He made haste to present me to the company as the future Lady Hopewood. I was too agitated to remember all that was said, but everybody congratulated me with great kindness. Poor Miss Carbury, overcome with amazement, whispered in my ear:

"Why, my dear, whoever would have thought it? What a strange choice for Sir Griffin Hopewood! The whim of men are incomprehensible! All the same, child, I hope from my heart that you may be happy."

I was glad to carry my confusion into a corner, while the other guests surrounded the colonel, and began to relate all that had happened in his absence. With mingled wrath and amazement, he listened to the story of the recent robberies.

"Good Heaven!" he cried; "is it possible that the Blackbirds have dared to enter my house and rob my guests? And no person has yet been apprehended for the outrage? Verily, it is time for me to be at Wolfsden again!"

"To me it all seems like a stupendous practical joke," said Mrs. Van Wert, with an arch look. "Now, nobody has molested me, colonel, though I am sure it is no secret that I have a great many diamonds with me here at Wolfsden. My room is near Miss Carbury's, and about money and jewels I am sadly careless. I cannot imagine why the Blackbirds should have passed me by."

"One would think, Mrs. Van Wert, that you felt quite aggrieved at your escape," Sergia said, laughing.

The colonel, too, looked highly amused.

"Not even a Blackbird could find it in his heart to rob you," he murmured in the ear of the charming widow.

He assured Miss Carbury that he would take immediate measures to recover her lost property, and bring the thief to justice.

"My dear colonel," she answered, cheerfully, "I feel more than positive that you will find the rogue, and at once! Now that you are back at Wolfsden, there can be nothing more for any of us to fear."

And indeed, his coming seemed to bring instant security and peace to the house. He gayly rallied the professor and Sir Griffin upon their failure to protect the ladies in his absence, and made us all feel that he was, in truth, the strength and safeguard of Wolfsden. In the importance of his return, even my engagement with Sir Griffin Hopewood dwindled to a merely commonplace event.

"Ladies," he said, as he sat in the midst of his admiring guests, "I have a proposal to make, as an offset to all the disagreeable things that you have suffered in my absence. You know our Black River neighbors have been exceedingly friendly and hospitable—we have received numberless attentions, for which I feel that I must make some suitable return. Now, I propose to give a ball here at Wolfsden, and invite all our new friends on the river, and as many others from town as the place will contain."

"A ball at a country-house—oh, delightful!" cried the ladies, in a breath. "Such a pleasant change from the Blackbirds!"

Everybody fell to discussing the matter. Colonel Rivers crossed the room to a sofa, where Sergia was sitting by my side, and said, in his kindest tone:

"I depend upon you to outshine all other lights at my ball, Sergia. Order whatever you will, for Hazel and yourself. Miss Carbury will be only too glad to assist in making you both superlatively lovely. The future Lady Hopewood," patting my cheek, "will be a very great personage, for Sir Griffin has manors and townhouses, and a rent-roll as long as his own pedigree. To be sure," dropping his voice a little, "he has also an unfortunate weakness for cards and dice, but a wife whom he loves will, doubtless, cure him of that nonsense."

If Sergia had a fault, it was her extreme frankness.

"Guardy," she answered, "it is said that you have won large sums from Sir Griffin here at Wolfsden—that you play with him constantly."

He stared, then smiled.

"Servants' gossip!" he replied. "Certainly I play with him, since his passion for gaming demands indulgence everywhere, and at all times. But, my dear child, you cannot think that I, his friend and host, would keep my winnings? No, I return them always to his purse."

Luckily, Sir Griffin was talking with Mrs. Van Wert on the other side of the room-out of ear-What defense would he have made if he had heard the conversation? I felt a little dismayed at the colonel's revelation of my lover's weakness, and a genuine admiration for Pitt Rivers's amazing kindness. It was not strange that everybody loved and admired the man.

After we had dined that day, the colonel held a court of inquiry in his library, and carefully examined the servants of the house in regard to the robbery. I chanced to pass the open door on my way to the garden, and with the curiosity of my sex, I paused an instant to look in.

Mrs. Steele was stationed by the colonel's chair, her spectacles nicely adjusted to her long, thin nose, her gray puffs all in order.

Jael, the waiting-maid, evidently much out of temper, stood before the two, undergoing some sharp questioning. Her dark face looked pale and sullen: she kept her eyes fixedly on the floor.

"I hear bad reports of you, Jael," the colonel was saying, in a voice so stern that I hardly recog-"Amazing and perilous reports! You nized it. must change your present course at once, or be sent away from Wolfsden, to the punishment which you richly deserve. I have instructed Mrs. Steele to watch you closely—to keep you indoors after night-fall—to look well to the companions you choose; in fact, you may consider yourself under strict surveillance. Do you understand?"

Jael's lips were like a gray thread. She slowly lifted her eyes—looked Colonel Rivers darkly, defiantly in the face.

"Yes, sir, I understand!"

"Then be careful what you do in the future, for sharp eyes are upon you. That is all—go!"

She went a few steps; then turned about, like lightning, and something whizzed through the air, and stuck in the wall of the library, just behind Mrs. Steele's head.

A pair of scissors, long, bright and sharp as needles. The two murderous-looking points vibrated in the wood-work not an inch from the housekeeper's elaborate gray puffs. Mrs. Steele uttered a cry-whether of fear or anger, I could not determine, but Jael had already darted by me, and was gone up the stair. Colonel Rivers arase to his feet.

"A very narrow escape, Mrs. Steele," he said, lightly, as he pulled the scissors from the wall;

bad blood in her veins. If I did not pity her because of her hereditary taint, I would not retain her another hour in my ward's service."

Startled, shocked, I turned from my post of observation, and fled to the garden. What was the mystery hanging about poor Jael? What the hereditary taint that the colonel had mentioned? Plainly the girl hated Mrs. Steele even more than I did. With my mind full of her dark, sullen looks, I strolled down to the gate of Wolfsden. and paused there, gazing out into the brown, still twilight.

The tiny lamps of the fire-flies flashed in and out of the shrubbery. A gray bat's wing fanned my hair. I had ceased to think of my stolen papers—the principal secret which they held was now told, and could no longer affect my happiness. But as I leaned against the entrance-post, the lost documents were suddenly brought back to my memory by the sight of a trap passing, just then, the gate of Wolfsden. With a very unpleasant thrill, I recognized Francis Heron.

He was holding the lines. By his side sat an old man, ashen, feeble, but of distinguished appearance, with a costly carriage - rug wrapped about his figure, as a protection from the evening

Remembering my last meeting with Heronremembering how, in that same vehicle, he had brought me through the dark to Wolfsden, after my fruitless visit to Sal Bagley's cottage, I drew back from the entrance-post, and, in hot embarrassment, turned to fly. But he had already discovered me. Promptly he lifted his hat.

The old man saw me also. As the carriage came abreast of the gate, I heard him say, in a high, imperative voice:

"Who is that girl?"

With equal distinctness, Francis Heron answered, dryly:

"Your granddaughter, Hazel Ferrers!"

Then I knew that the man who had disowned me long before, and left me to the world's mercy -the autocrat judge, with the heart of flint-had come to be a guest at Heroncroft.

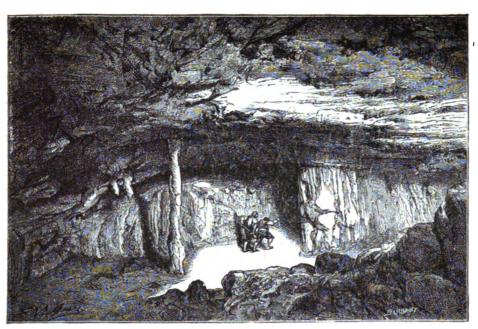
CHAPTER XVII.

THE AUTHOR SPEAKS.

Down at Heron's Mills silence and solitude reigned. On the edges of the sunset-clouds the after-glow still lingered; the river swayed with muffled utterance against its brown banks. Tremulous murmurs filled the bordering sedge -the flitting of dusky wings - unseen life still astir—sounds of the midnight which only accentuated its profound silence.

The Mills stood up by the river-side, silent, "but a miss is as good as a mile. That girl has too—big wheels and little wheels—a hive from

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ENTRANCE TO THE DRACH GROTTOES-THE VESTIBULE. - SEE PAGE 171.

replied Heron. "It is safe, I suppose, to lay the credit of this "on" at Heron's, and none could foretell when strike at Joe Bagley's door."

Vivian groaned. "That centenarian! What could he do against two score of turbulant strikers? Heron. one would think that some secret influence

abroad, of late, among the Blackbirds, stirring them up to all manner of evilsome secret and malign influ-

"Exactly, old fellow. For days I have entertained the same idea,"

ence."

it would be "off." In the counting-room of the establishment a lamp had just been lighted, and there, at a high desk, sat Francis Heron, poring over some account-books, and turning occasionally to address his

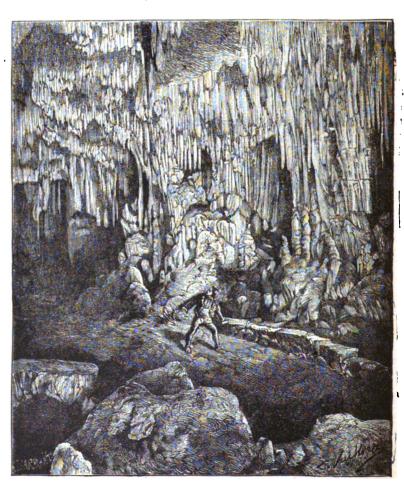
which the busy swarm had flown. A strike was

friend Vivian, who was standing in a window near by, looking out on the river.

"Graham," he said, "it's awfully good of you to constitute yourself my bodyguard, as you have done ever since the strike began; but I really can't allow it. Go up to Wolfsden, and pass the evening with the ladies. Rivers has returned, and he will make you welcome. Waiting here for me is a great bore."

"Not at all," protested Vivian. "Where you go, I go also; where you remain, I remain. Eternal vigilance is the price of safety. I do not like the thought of leaving you alone in the Mills after night-fall."

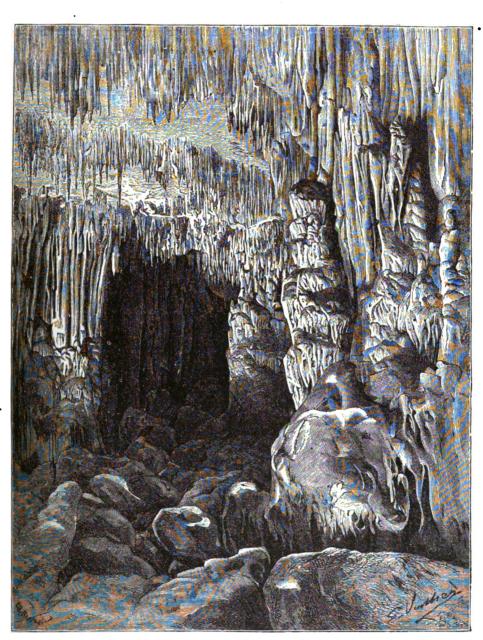
"Pooh! Bruce, the watchman, is about."



CAVE OF THE LOST.

"Undoubtedly he is a prime mover in the mischief; but I have suspicions, Vivian, which I must not mention, even to you, until I find some shadow of evidence to sustain them. Most of my mill-hands are fairly good fellows—or would be, at least, if Bagley was suppressed. I cannot

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THE THEATRE.

think that they design to do me personal injury."

Vivian looked thoughtfully out on the darkening river, already reflecting the white lustre of the stars.

"Bagley, the girl Jacl's lover!" he muttered. "I dare say he owes you some grudge, Heron?"

More than once the rogue has been behind prisonbars; if he had his just dues, he would be there at this very hour. It is a pity he was not permitted to get at my strong-box the other night— Black River might have been rid of its chief pest for some time to come. The most that he can now do is to keep my men at war with their work

and wages—impoverish them, and embarrass and torment me."

Vivian said nothing. Perhaps he was thinking of the wild, dark girl who had saved "the strong-box," and whose lover Bagley was supposed to be. With a vast show of carelessness, either real or assumed, Heron picked up a newspaper from his desk, and passed it to his friend.

"Since you insist upon remaining here with me, Vivian, amuse yourself by reading the local items in this Black River Bugle. You will find an important event mentioned among them—the engagement of Miss Ferrers to the Englishman, Sir Griffin Hopewood. Such a bit of news must have been a godsend to the dull little Bugle."

Something in his voice made his friend turn and stare at him. He was smiling, but his lean face looked strangely haggard and full of care.

"The Bugle man states that the marriage is to be solemnized at Black River," continued Heron, "and that the happy pair will sail at an early date for England. I don't mind telling you, Vivian, that Miss Ferrers refused me, to accept the baronet. Why not? Nine girls out of every ten would have done the same. Don't look so Men die, and worms eat them, but not for love, you know, though some of us certainly get a foretaste of perdition in the pangs that love brings. The man who whines over such matters is a simpleton. So late?"—starting, as a clock over his head struck the hour of eight. Jove! I have no heart for work to-night. 1 think I will put by these account-books, Vivian, and go b.k with you to Heroncroft."

"Do!" urged Vivian.

Francis Heron deposited the books in a safe in the wall, and was just turning the key in his desk, when both men heard the swift bang of a gate, light, flying feet, and then the door of the counting-room opened, and on the threshold, looking in upon the twain, stood Sergia Pole. A cloak of glace silk, trimmed with white ostrich-feathers, was flung about her shoulders. Underneath the garment shone a dinner-dress of pale-blue faille, with a cluster of Jacqueminot roses drooping in the corsage. Her fair hair curled in large rings about her ivory brows, her full creamy throat showed through the opening in the elegant cloak. A wild alarm dilated her blue eyes and parted her lips. With an almost tragic gesture, she extended one hand incased in a pale Suède glove.

"Oh, thank God! you are here!" she cried.
"I feared I should not find you. The strikers are coming to burn the Mills. Cousin Francis—Mr. Vivian—fly for your lives!"

Before a word could be spoken, the dark, impressive head of Jael appeared in the door-way behind her mistress.

"I stopped to bar the gate, sir," she said to Heron; "the mob is on the river-road, and Joe Bagley is leading it!"

"My poor girl," said Heron, coolly, "that gate was not made to withstand the assault of a mob—it will not keep back the rascals a moment. They are coming to burn the Mills, eh? The old tragedy of my father's time is to be repeated?"

Vivian had drawn Sergia Pole into the nearest chair. She was very pale, but she smiled bravely into his anxious face.

"We have not even a vinaigrette to offer you," he said.

"I need none-I shall recover my breath in a moment."

"Did you leave the colonel's dinner-table"—glancing at her rich dress—"to bring the tidings?"

"Yes. In some way Jacl discovered the strikers' plans, and told them to me. Unseen, we ran down through the garden to Heroncroft—you were not there. We determined to look for you at the Mills. What will you do, Mr. Vivian?—what can you do?" clasping her gloved hands in nervous terror—all the serenity of her manner suddenly broken up.

"Do?" echoed Vivian, cheerfully. "Why, defend you, ourselves and the Mills. Your presence here complicates matters a little, you see."

"Joe Bagley will do you harm if he can. Your danger is quite as great as Heron's. You must escape by the river, Mr. Vivian, or—or—any way! Only fly, and at once!"

He tried to repress a smile.

"You don't mean that, Miss Pole. You have shown great courage by coming here to-night. In the face of such an example, the weakest coward could not run away."

"The Blackbirds will kill you," she said, faintly; "they will kill Francis—"

"I think not. You must go up-stairs with your maid, out of harm's reach. Bruce the watchman will stand guard over you."

She looked at him in pale reproach.

"We will not leave you!" she answered, with spirit; "we will share your peril, whatever form it may take—"

There was no time for another word. From the river-road approached a confused murmur, as of many voices, mingled with the tramp, tramp of many feet. The noise drew nearer and nearer. The little group in the mill heard a hoarse shout:

"Down with the gate!"

And the poor barrier which Jael had stopped to bar crashed from its hinges; the sinister glare of a lighted torch was suddenly reflected on the wall of the counting-room, above Sergia Pole's blonde head.

"Our friends have arrived," said Heron, and

even as he spoke the strikers poured into the yard of the mill, shouting, swearing, gesticulating—a disordered, mischievous-looking lot, led by Joe Bagley.

Down a neighboring stair stumbled Bruce the watchman, with his lantern in hand.

"In God's name, Mr. Heron, do you know what's going on?" cried the old man.

Heron made a dash for the door.

"I will soon find out," he answered, calmly. "Stay here, Bruce, and look after Miss Pole and her maid."

"Don't think of us," implored Sergia. "I dare may you are wishing us far enough away just now, but I promise that we will not hamper your movements, nor ask your protection."

Crash!

A volley of stones struck the windows of the counting-room, and the shattered glass flew in all directions.

Vivian seized Miss Pole, and drew her into an adjoining passage.

"Here you are safe for a few moments, at least," he said, hurriedly, "and I will return to you as soon as possible."

The next moment he was standing with Heron in the open door of the mill, looking out on the turbulent crowd.

There was a moment of silence—the calm that precedes the storm. Then Heron, small, lean as a wolf, insignificant, yet wearing the dignity of a born gentleman, called, in an unmoved voice:

"Well, boys, what do you want here?"

Joe Bagley stepped to the front. He was
flushed with drink, bare-headed, disheveled. He
looked the aggressive ruffian to perfection.

"We want our rights, boss," he answered, bristling with hostility. "You've been asked to increase the wages of the men, and you've refused. That's enough. Your Mills have got to go?"

"Where?" demanded Heron.

The Blackbird named a place not mentionable to ears polite.

"Blood and bones! we've come to wipe 'em out to-night!" cried Mr. Bagley. "You made a mistake in rebuilding 'em. They've stood a blamed sight longer than was agreeable to some eyes at Black River — my own, for instance. Heron's Mills must burn again! — there's the whole story for you, boss?"

As he looked down from his post in the door apon the heads surging up to meet him, Heron espied a pile of combustible rubbish already gathered under the wall of the mill. One of the strikers thrust a lighted torch into the heap. A red jet of flame leaped hissing from its heart. Without a word, Heron sprang from his place, and grappled with the incendiary.

In the struggle for the possession of the torch, storms of sparks fell, like red-hot stars, on both heads. Out went the blazing brand in darkness, just as Graham Vivian scattered the rubbish-heap in all directions, and stamped its last licking tongue of flame under his feet. For a moment, at least, the danger was averted.

"Men, are you mad?" shouted Vivian. "Stop, and listen to me!"

They had listened to him often in the riverfield, and that respect for the cloth, which the worst of men vaguely feel, brought the crowd to a sudden stand.

"No speech-making!" roared Bagley. "Devil take all preachers, say I! Into the mill, boys! Fire it inside, you fools! Will you let a pair of swells stop forty Blackbirds?"

With a yell that drowned all Vivian's attempts to speak, the strikers made a rush for the main door. But Heron had once more gained the steps leading thereto, and by a superhuman effort his friend reached his side, and stood with him there to repel invaders. Both were weaponless, but impressive in their courage and resolution.

"Men," said Heron, calmly, "you can enter here only over my dead body."

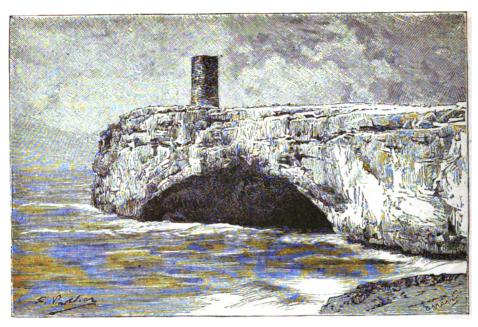
(To be continued.)

THE DRACH OR DRAGON CAVES OF MAJORCA.

Among the famous caves of the world are those on the little Island of Majorca, though, as travelers seldom include the Balearic Islands in their tours, they are less known than those of Adelsberg, Capri, Granville, the Mammoth or Luray Caves.

We leave the little port of Manacor on our left (says a recent visitor), and descend to the small stream, which we ford to climb the slope beyond. Then we enter "El Predio son Moro," the demesne of Don José Moragues, the owner of the grotto, who has a charming country-seat on the high table-land. A gate and wall mark the entrance to the cave. We are admitted, and the guide, laying aside coat and waistcoat, advises me to do the same. The warm, heavy air from the cave seconds the motion, and the resolution is carried. The guide prepares lamps with reflectors, and hands me one, with a staff. Similarly equipped, he leads the way to a wall of rock with a dark fissure. This is the real mouth of Drach or Dragon Cave, the name at once suggesting early legends which made it the abode of one of the fabled monsters.

We enter a narrow passage, our eyes gradually becoming accustomed to the darkness, relieved only by our lamps. We soon enter a hall with



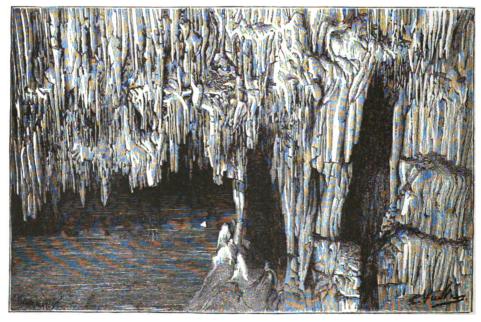
ENTRANCE FROM THE SEA.

a rough floor. "This," said the guide, "is the Salon de la Palmera" ("Palm-tree Hall"). There is a deep rent in the wall. A kind of curtain with heavy folds descends to the floor, which is covered with fragments. The Palm-tree is a tall, light shaft like the trunk of a palm—light, graceful stalactites grouped around the summit carrying out the illusion of a tree. There is a larger column near, but it lacks grace in form and elegance.

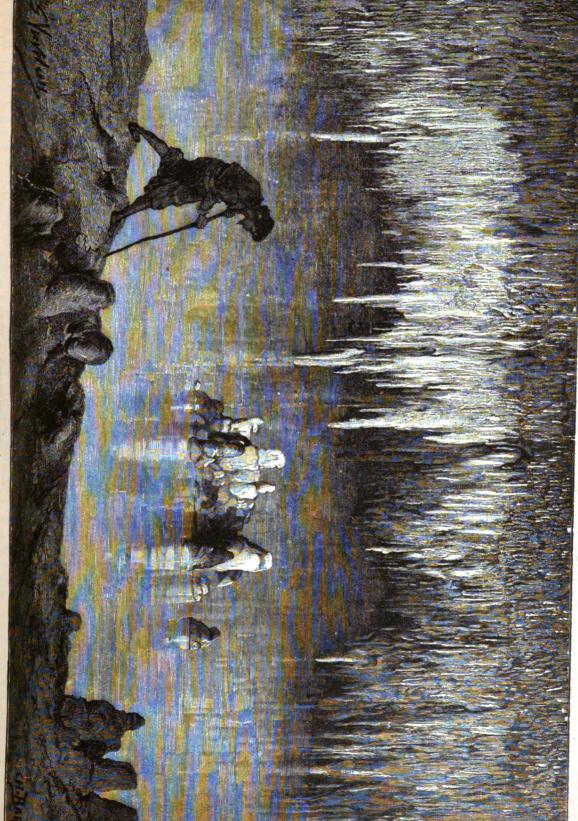
We keep on past two stalagmites that resemble hideous idols or guardian monsters of the nether

world. A few minutes' walk brings us to the "Cueva de Belen" (the "Grotto of Bethlehem"). "Take care," said the guide; "there is water in front of you." I held my lamp to throw the light in front, but could see nothing. As I made a step he caught me, and with his staff struck the sheet of water I had not seen. It is so clear and transparent that you see the whole bottom without suspecting the presence of the water.

Then we entered a winding passage with dark, heavy, vaulted roof, and the heat became so oppressive that my whole system seemed affected



THE BLACK LAKE.



PART OF BELIGHTS.

The guide told me that this was always the case, and that sometimes visitors could not be induced to proceed. As a precaution against accident, lamps are placed at intervals in natural rocky niches. I rally courage and go on; I pass the Friar, a stalagmite amid a group, and reach La Carbonera, the walls being as black as coal. Here are the Arañas, hanging from the roof like the crystals of a chandelier.

Soon from a promontory we discern dimly the Sultana's Lake. The guide climbs down and places his lamp between some stalactites; then before me spreads a beautiful transparent sheet of water, lighted up by fantastic glints of light, surrounded with columns and crystallizations like filigree-work.

The Cueva de los Salchichones is like a huge shop with walls hung with strings of sausages, dried fish and the like.

The Lago Negro, or Black Lake, is large and deep. Immense columns rise from gloomy bases, slighter ones shoot up from the water, reflected in the clear, still pool, while stalactites of lace-like form hang coquettishly down.

The formations around you are full of interest—a feudal castle with turrets; yawning abysses; organs with their white tubes, ready for some apocalyptic Wagner to fill the recesses with unearthly music.

Descending some steps, we came to an opening nearly even with the floor, through which we passed to an apartment full of rocky masses, and then entered a path so dangerous and rough that I expected every moment to roll down a precipice into the awful gloom below.

In this direction are parts of the cave that no one has yet had courage to explore, and crater-like cavities that suggest volcanic action. Stones thrown down from the path called up reverberating echoes, and far, far below plunged into waters that seemed very deep.

At last the guide brought me to the Dosel de la Virgen del Pilar ("The Dosel of Our Lady of Pilar"), a magnificent piece in the Salon del Descanso, or Hall of Rest. One part there is called the Theatre, as it recalls the stage and scenes. The Grotto of the Catalans is a lofty room ceiled with splendid stalactites, but the floor is an almost impassable forest of stalagmites. In one corner is the "Descanso de los Extraviados" ("The Visiting-place of the Lost"), a kind of monument about 20 feet high, and one of the finest formations in the cave.

Somewhat tired with my march of nearly two hours, I sat down to listen to a legend of the cave. In April, 1878, two gentlemen visited the cave, and entered with a man who professed to be a competent guide through its intricate passages.

After some time spent in examining the differ-

ent apartments and passages, one of the gentlemen saw that they kept visiting the same places, and asked the guide to lead them out. The man showed some annoyance, and at last confessed that he had lost his way. Full of alarm, they tried to husband their stock of oil, and marked each place, so as not to return again, but they could not get out of the labyrinth. They kept on stumbling, falling into unseen water, and bruising themselves against sharp formations, but they could find no clew to the real avenue of en-Fearful of perishing, they kept on, however, till they became utterly exhausted. only hope was that the people at the Manacor inn, not seeing them return, would send a party te their rescue. At noon, after nearly seven hours' march, courage forsook them. Nerving themselves for a last effort, they started again, and hope revived when they heard the sound of a They shouted to the top of their lungs, but the horn grew fainter and fainter, till all was They resumed their march, and after silent. several hours threw themselves in despair on the top of the "Descanso de los Extraviados." Just as their last lamp began to flicker, one of the gentlemen scratched on the surface, "There is no hope!'

About ten o'clock at night, sixteen hours after they en ered the cav, the sound of the horn again revived hope in their breasts. They shouted in return, and at last were able to distinguish the voices of the rescuing party. When these came to the spot, they found the three unfortunates half dead with hunger, fatigue and excitement, and it was not till near midnight that, with an awful shudder, they issued from the mouth of the cave.

In their desperate rambles they picked up a small jar, of ancient form, with designs half effaced, and dating, probably, from the days of the Roman sway. This was given to Señor Ferrenias, the genial proprietor of the inn, or Fonda, who treasures it highly, and has refused large offers for it.

I had a necded rest while listening to this account. Then I visited the Royal Saloon, a sumptuous hall, with capricious galleries, columns bordered with filigree, walls that seem glazed. obelisks, David's Throne, a cold, splendid, almost transparent seat that seems to await a monarch worthy to fill it. Then down a natural staircase, through narrow galleries, the guide leads the way to a vast expanse.

The "Lago de las Delicias" ("Lake of Delight") is before me, but I do not see it. There are interlacing columns, columns that seem to support the roof; it is not a dark cavern, but architecture of pale ivory, a subterraneous crypt of marvelous richness, the vision of an ideal

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world that fancy has created, for though the forms are distinct, all is translucent, diaphanous, ethereal. It is a fairy palace of Arabian legend; it is like nothing in nature, and disconcerts you.

The guide strikes the water with his staff, till the ripples roll away. A shudder runs through the vision, and the whole edifice seems to sway. Then only do I distinguish the cold, deep, motionless water, so transparent that it seems unsubstantial and a mere atmosphere. It slumbers in silence without a ripple in this enchanted palace, no breath of air disturbing its placid surface. Above on earth, under the blue sky, in a torrent of light, the waves roll, the tiny stream laughs, sings and runs along, birds dip their wings in its water, insects skim along, glittering in all colors, gold, sapphire and ruby, to be reflected from its mirror. A whole creation hums, and passes and views its countless forms. mightier torrents roar, the great sea lifts up its voice. Here there is none of this. Darkness, silence, eternal sleep, amid a wealth of fairy-land, till a stray and feeble human torch casts a momentary gleam. I could have spent hours watching the effect of light from different points, each new vision a dream of beauty, yet all real. The guide pointed out a stalagmite—a child standing with its head inclining slightly toward its breast; a vase on an elegant pedestal adorned with vines, in exquisite festoons. On the right, the vault forms a great arch from which drop stalactites of exquisitely delicate forms. Some of these almost touch the water, and reflected there, seem to go down; others actually enter the water. From it rise bizarre formations, bright crystallizations, clusters of tapering columns, cone-like masses, in groups and singly. Beyond this brilliant ornamentation are openings into which the water extends, and the labyrinth continues in the cold splendor of silent nights.

We leave this elysian lake, this palace which must be the abode of some mysterious naiad or green-eyed fairy of Spanish legend.

Soon we come to a little lake to which fathomless depth is ascribed, and which bears the name of Queen Esther's Bath.

Beauties begin to pall on me. I am weary even of the fairy-land, and I glance but a moment at Her Majesty's sanctuary, which would have detained me longer had I not gazed in rapture on the Lake of Delights. This is the extreme explored point of the White Grotto. We retrace our steps past the Dosel, through the Salon del Descanso, past the stone seat where the guide told me of the lost party.

We follow long galleries; we tread a damp, narrow passage, and enter the Cave of the Bats, glistening with moisture, and still covered with the droppings of the creatures that give it the

name, though they disappeared soon after the cave began to be much visited.

The guide tells me that Don Fernando Moragues, son of the proprietor, found in these droppings a blind ant, and in the same cave a strange long-legged spider, which, though an entomologist himself, he could not trace in any other locality. While trying to discover whether flies or other insects could be there to afford nourishment to the spider, a tiny fly lighted on his notebook, and it, too, was evidently blind, for, crawling across the white page, it stumbled over the point of his pencil.

We resume our march along the winding way, a stony route of dark defiles. At last we reach the "Descent to Purgatory," the roof upheld by monstrous columns, with great masses like giant fungus rising from the pale, ghostly soil. The walls at the side are rent by fissures that seem measureless in depth.

In a few moments a feeble light appears through a crevice. We reach the vestibule. Light pours in waves through the entrance of the cave. We breathe freely, but, as we are dripping with perspiration, resume at once our outer garments, and prudently wait half an hour, to cool off gradually before we plunge into the upper air.

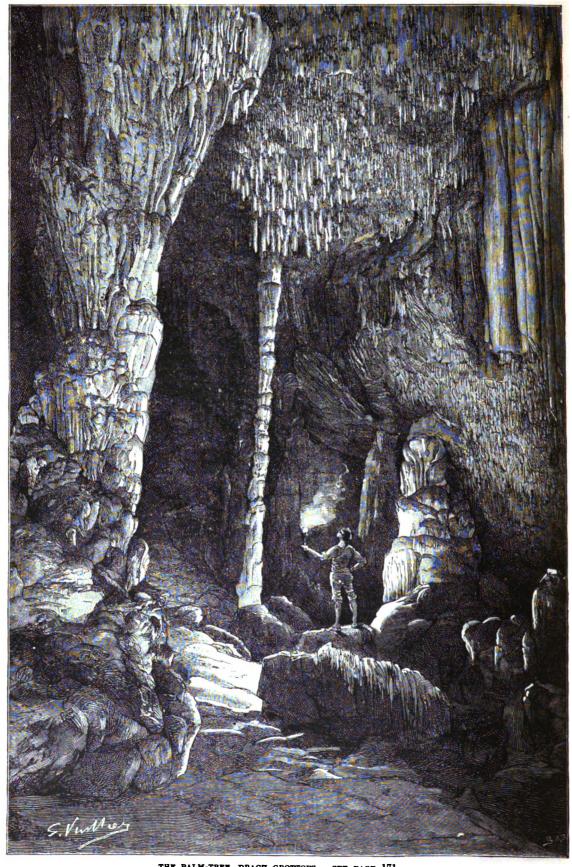
Another set of chambers, called the Caves of the Archduke Salvador, opens from this same vestibule, but they are dangerous, rarely visited, and insufferably hot. I had no courage or inclination to visit them.

The sight of the blue sky, the brilliant sun, the sea, the cliffs, won me back to the world above. I left a strange, fantastic, sombre, almost tragic vision, and earth, full of light, was ravishing. I had seen enough of the underground, unchanging world, where all reposes in deep obscurity, and the organs of sight are useless.

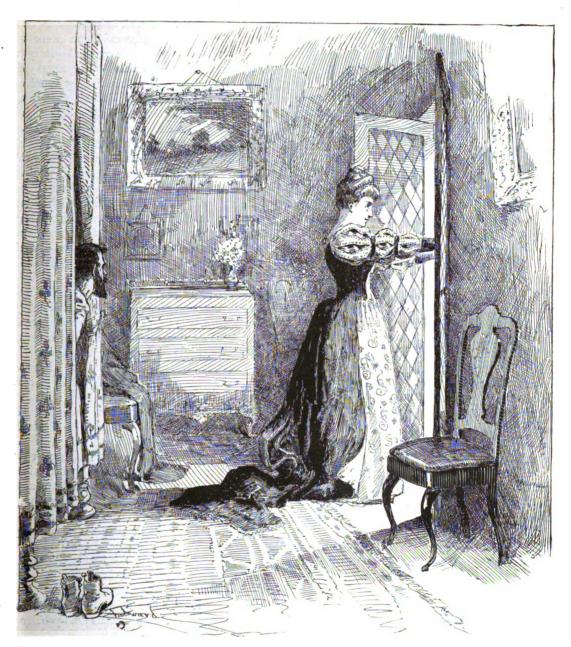
As we were about to resume our road to Manacor, the guide took me to the sea-shore and showed me a great portal yawning in the cliff, at the water's edge, with a sort of watch-tower on the rocks above. He told me that it was an opening through which the caverns communicate with the sea.

The water in the cave-lakes is very brackish near the sea, though fresh at some distance. When the wind blows from the land, the water on these lakes sinks, but rises when the sea-breeze sets in.

Manacor, the nearest town to this remarkable cave, is, next to Palma, the largest place in Majorca. It is a trading-place, with no remarkable buildings. The views from which the illustrations are made were photographed by magnesium light by Senor Sellares and Senor Fernando Moragues.



THE PALM-TREE, DRACE GROTTOES. - SEE PAGE 171.



"THERE WAS SOME ONE IN THE BOOM—A WOMAN, WEABING A LOOSE WRAPPING-GOWN, OR PEIGNOIR, WHO STOOD AT THE WINDOW FARTHEST FROM MY BED, AND SEEMED IN THE ACT OF THROWING SOMETHING FROM IT."

THE WOMAN AT THE WINDOW.

BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

During one of my annual visits to London (where I usually spend a few weeks every Summer) I went with some friends to visit the studio of a young and rising English artist, who was at work on the portrait of one of my companions. The master of the studio laid before us some portfolios containing sketches, drawings, studies, etc., those notes for future works which are always so interesting to lovers of art. The collection confided to me for inspection comprised,

chiefly, views of Norwegian scenery, studies of peasant costumes, compositions of future historical pictures, etc. At last I came across a drawing that instantly riveted my attention. It was a rough pencil sketch, and represented merely the head of a woman in the prime of life, with marked but not uncomely features and disheveled hair. But what a countenance! Unbounded and unbridled wickedness, triumphant in evil, and yet blended with cruel and undying remorse, looked

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from the eyes and was traced on every feature. The face was so dreadful, by reason of this awful expression, that it haunted me in my dreams for many a night after. I summoned the young painter (whom I will name Mr. Frederick Ives), and showing him the drawing, said:

"Will you not tell me the history of this portrait, Mr. Ives?—for that it has a history I cannot for a moment doubt. Who and what was the original?"

He took the picture from my hand and replaced it in the portfolio, saying, in a whisper:

"Yes, I will tell you its story, which is a curious one, but not now nor here. If you will come to see me to-morrow, I will satisfy your curiosity to the best of my ability."

I did not fail to accept the invitation, and the history then narrated to me I give in the words of the painter himself.

"Two years ago," he said, "whilst on a sketching tour in Norway and Sweden, I chanced to make the acquaintance of an elderly English nobleman, whose name I shall suppress. We traveled together for several weeks, and Lord Xcommissioned me to execute for him a series of illustrations for a history of his travels, which he meant to have printed for private circulation. He professed himself well pleased with the manner in which I had carried out his ideas, and when we parted on board the homeward-bound steamer he gave me his card, saying: 'I hope you will not fail to call on me as soon as you arrive in London, as I have another commission to give you, and one of more importance; that is, if you are not above making a copy of a first-class painting.'

"So I did not fail to go see Lord X—— as soon as I returned to London, and all preliminaries for the work he wanted me to execute were speedily arranged. The picture that he wished me to copy was one of Vandyke's most famous works, a noble family group, representing the Lord and Lady X—— of the period (the reign of Charles I.), with their three young sons. I joyfully undertook the task, as, apart from the very handsome payment to be accorded to my labors, it was a liberal education for a young artist to make such a careful study of so grand a work. The copy was to be painted at X—— Abbey, the family-seat in Warwickshire.

"It was on a lovely afternoon, toward the end of July, that I arrived at X—— Abbey. The venerable mansion, built of graystone, in the best style of Tudor architecture, looked grandiose and imposing under the warm rays of the setting sun. One peculiarity about the edifice, which I did not fail to note, was the fact that the windows were a great deal farther from the ground at the back than in front, the building having

been erected on the side of an abrupt slope. This slope, just below the wall of the house, had been paved with square stones which were overrun with ivy, all but a single spot about a yard in circumference, which showed a mass of bare stone amongst the surrounding verdure. A beautiful ancient garden, dating, as I was afterward told, from the days of Queen Elizabeth, extended for some distance behind the house.

"I was so pleased with the aspect of this old garden, that when the housekeeper came to show me to the room prepared for me, which was situated on the front of the house, I preferred a petition that, if possible, I might exchange it for one overlooking that wilderness of flowers and fragrance. The old lady demurred for some moments, but finally declared that there was a bed-chamber on the third floor with the outlook that I desired, and if I would wait for awhile it could be prepared for me. So, after a comfortable dinner and a stroll through the grounds, Mrs. Hamley came herself to introduce me to my new quarters.

"'We call this room the Green Garden-room,' she said, as she threw open the door. 'It has not been used for some time, but I have always seen to having it thoroughly cleaned and well aired.'

"It was a handsome room indeed, with window-curtains and bed-hangings of old-fashioned green brocaded satin figured with wreaths and bouquets of roses. The furniture - coverings matched the hangings, and a quaint old escritoire and chest of drawers attracted my attention by the artistic excellence of the covering. The view from the windows, of which there were two, opening in the French fashion (that is say, like doors), with small, diamond - shaped panes of greenish glass set in a leaden lattice-work, was simply superb.

"The next morning I commenced my copy of the Vandyke, and for several days nothing occurred to vary the monotonous tranquillity of my existence.

"One evening, after I had been about a week at the abbey, I retired to rest rather later than usual, having been tempted to sit up by the charms of a splendid moonlight night. I think it was nearly eleven o'clock when I made up my mind to go to bed. I extinguished my lamp, and fell asleep as soon as my head touched the pillow.

"I do not think it was more than an hour later when I was startled broad awake, or at least so it seemed to me, by that inexplicable feeling of there being some one in the room. I rose to a sitting posture, and looked around. There was some one in the room—a woman, wearing a loose wrapping-gown, or pergnoir, who stood at the window farthest from my bed, and seemed in the act of throwing something from it. As I moved.

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she turned around, displaying to me a countenance of such fiendish malignity, combined with an expression of such boundless, remorseful and undying torture, that I shrank back in terror from the sight. Involuntarily I closed my eyes for a moment. When I reopened them the figure was no longer there. I rose and lighted my lamp, and searched the room thoroughly. There was no one there, and indeed, the fact that I was in the habit of locking and bolting my door at night rendered the entrance of any flesh-and-blood intruder scarcely possible.

"But the window at which I had seen the figure, and which I had closed before I went to bed, was wide open. I finally concluded that I had been suffering from an unusually acute attack of nightmare, and so, after awhile, contrived to compose myself, and slept quietly till morning.

"Some days had passed, and I had almost forgotten my ghostly midnight intruder, when one night the whole unpleasant experience was renewed. I was again aroused suddenly from my slumbers, and again beheld that woman with the dreadful countenance standing at my window, in the act of throwing something out. This time it was not a moonlit night, yet I saw the figure, and above all the face, as perfectly as I had done on the former occasion—this time by a sort of pale, ghostly light that seemed to emanate from the spectre itself. I instantly sprang from my bed, resolved to investigate the matter thoroughly. At once the whole vision vanished, and I found myself standing, dazed and horrified, by the open window—open, though I had certainly closed it before going to bed. I looked out. Only the bare spot on the stones amid the ivy was visible in the starlight.

"I decided not to remain any longer in an apartment frequented by so ghostly an intruder. I sought the housekeeper the next morning, and requested her to change my bed-chamber for the one that was first allotted to me, alleging as an excuse that I found the scent of the flowers in the old garden rather overpowering after nightfall. Mrs. Hamley made no objection to granting my request, and I slept that night in a room removed as far as possible from my original quarters. But though I never saw the woman at the window again, her dreadful countenance haunted me. I made an accurate portrait of her from memory, and so contrived to do away with some portion of the original impression.

"No other incident of importance came to vary the tranquillity of my stay at the abbey, and a few weeks later I returned to London, having forwarded, according to orders, my completed copy of the Vandyke to Lord X——, at his town-house.

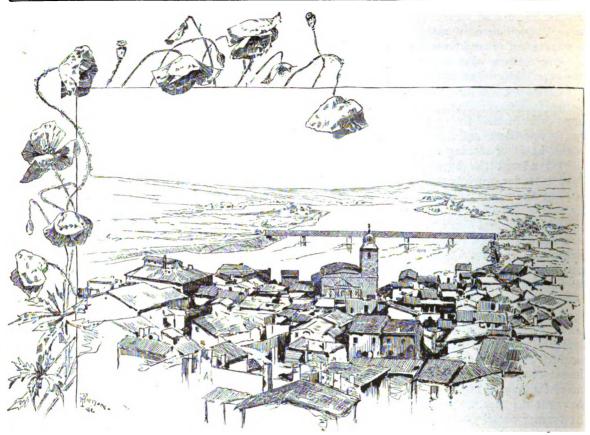
"I received, a few days after my arrival, a letter announcing the arrival of the picture, and con-

taining some flattering comments on my work, as well as an invitation to luncheon for a few days later. This invitation I accepted. reaching the house in Grosvenor Square, I was shown into the library, a room of noble proportions, with the spaces between the book-cases adorned with family portraits. These I began to examine with interest. But what was my astonishment to behold amongst them an accurate likeness of my mysterious woman at the window, attired in the showy court costume of the reign of James II. Her features, so far from wearing the expression that had so horrified me in my midnight visitant, were marked by nothing more startling than the meaningless simper that the portrait-painters of the epoch usually bestowed on their female sitters, but the likeness was unmistakable. I was still gazing at the picture when Lord X—— entered the room. I asked him if he could tell me anything about the original of the portrait.

"'She was not exactly an honor to our family,' was the answer. 'The head of our house, at the accession of James II., was a widower with an only child, a boy three years of age. He married, some months later, a Miss Morden, who was a distant relative of the infamous Judge Jefferies, and it was understood that the match was made to curry favor with the sovereign, whose tool and prime favorite the terrible cousin of the bride had already become. A year after her marriage the new Lady X- gave birth to a son. She was a woman of unbounded ambition, unscrupulous, imperious and reckless, and from the moment of her becoming the mother of a boy she hated with undisguised detestation her little stepson, as being the heir to the title and the estates.

""One morning the servants were horrified to find at the base of the back wall of the house the shattered corpse of the poor little heir, he having apparently met his death by falling out of the window. The matter was hushed up, and it was given out that the boy was subject to fits of somnambulism, in one of which he must have climbed out of the window. But the Green Garden-room, under whose windows the body was found, is some distance from the nursery where the boy slept, and it was always thought that he met his fate in some way or another at the hands of his stepmother. If this were so, a terrible retribution was not long in overtaking the murderess. own child, for whose sake she had committed the crime (if, indeed, she had committed it), died within the year, of some childish malady, and the wretched woman took to drinking large quantities of usquebaugh and strong-waters, a practice that proved fatal to her in a very short time. A curious detail connected with the story is the fact that on the spot, on the stones beneath the

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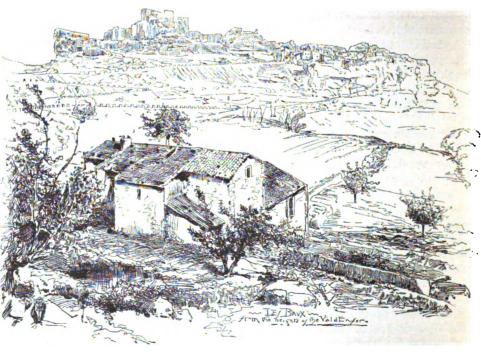


THE LAND OF THE LUTE. - A GLIMPSE OF ABLES AND THE RHONE.

window, where the corpse of the child was found, | an I had seen twice at the window of the Green no ivy nor moss has ever since been known to Garden-room. He listened to my story with grow. Lora X—— went abroad and married a much interest, and insisted upon sending forththird time, and it is from this third wife that I with to my studio for the sketch I had made

descended. The portrait of the wicked stepmother is, as you may see, one of Kneller's masterpieces. It was one painted immediately after her marriage, and in the dress she wore when she was presented at court.'

"At the conclusion of Lord X---'s narrative, I told him, in my turn, about the figure of a wom-



of the features of the apparition, so as to compare it with Kneller's portrait. The drawing was brought, and on examination the face was found to be identical with that of the painting, although the expression was so widely different. You may

remember the success I had at the last exhibition of the Royal Academy with the picture I called 'Lady Macbeth'? It was merely a reproduction of my sketch of the woman at the window. The work was purchased by Lord X——."



HERE is in
"The Life
and Opinions
of Tristram
Shandy" one
little picture

which to us who have had the good fortune which was his, to see Provence, comes in the guise of an old friend.

It starts the wheels of memory going, like some ancient music-box whose sweet tunes have been interrupted too long by the noise and bustle of every-day life. A picture of

—"country green,
Dance and Provençal song and sunburnt mirth."

The day's work done, the swains and nut-brown maids dancing in the twilight to the music of a lame youth's pipe and song, who sings with his sister, who had "stolen her voice from heaven," the old roundelay:

"Viva la joia!
Fidon la tristessa!"

So while the shadows deepen the dance goes on; "joy" sparkles in the maidens' eyes while "away with care" is on their lips, till Tristram finds him-

self wishing or wondering why one cannot sit down in the lap of content there, and dance and sing and say his prayers, and go to heaven with the maiden at his side.

He was neither the first nor the last, I am sure, who has had the same idea flash across his mind in the land of the Troubadours. He must be unimpressionable indeed who can look back upon the days spent there without feeling that its memory lingers as a perfume not entirely like any other of his life.

Few lands of Europe have the associations of romance and legend of history and poetry reaching so far back toward the dawn of civilization as this. When the barbarian roamed over the spot where London stands the castles of Provence stood above the arrowy Rhone, and the vaulted halls rang with the minstrel's song of love and chivalry.

There seems to have been something in the climate and life that produced singers as naturally in the south of France as the purple figs or grapes on the hill-side; and, what was better, an audience to listen and reward the singer—the sunshine that alone could ripen to the harvest the first tender leaves of growing poetry.

It is hard for us nowadays to estimate just the

position of the Troubadour in those strange days of the Middle Ages—in that state of civilization made up of the culture of the Romans on the one hand, and barbarism (always cropping through) on the other. It is harder still to estimate how great a rôle the wandering minstrel played as a civilizer, traveling from one castle to another, singing his songs of heroic deeds and great endeavor; or "soothing the savage breast" with his music while he dwelt in the castles of the fierce barons.

In the crash of the crumbling Roman Empire, when even its language fell, like its palaces, before the march of the barbarians, it was the Troubadour who gathered up the fragments and welded them into a new speech—no rude patois such as prevailed around, but one perfect flower among the weeds; an exotic in a land of intellectual barrenness and gloom; a language that stood the wear and tear of centuries.

Of their wide-spread influence one may form an idea by a quotation from one of them-Raimon Vidal—who says, in his treatise on the metrical art: "All Christendom, Jews and Saracens, the emperors, the kings, the dukes, the counts and viscounts, the commanders, the vassals and knights, the citizens and the peasants, give their minds to singing and verse-making, by either singing themselves or listening to others. No place is so deserted or out of the way that, so long as men inhabit it, songs are not sung, either by single persons or by many together. Even the shepherds in the mountains know no greater joy than All good and evil things in the world are made known by Troubadours, and no evil talk that has once been put in rhythm or verse by a Troubadour fails to be repeated every day."

We may question the permanence given to evil talk, as set forth in the last sentence, but hope it refers rather to a caustic scoring of the evils of the times. That the Troubadours did not depreciate their own efforts we are well aware. One of them—Rambaut—declares with ingenuous candor that "no poet's work since the time Adam ate the apple was worth the value of a turnip compared with his own." We have more sympathy with Pierre Vidal, of whom an old biography says: "He sang better than any other poet in the world, and was the most foolish of men, for he believed everything to be just as it pleased him, and as he would have it to be."

What was the type of the lady of Provence, so praised in impassioned song, at whose window the alba was sung in the morning and the serena at night? How does she fill the ideal set forth in the tender canzos of the time? She does not appear to have been either a demure and modest housewife or a strong-minded apostle of progress. Her mission seems to have been ornamental;

she merely "existed beautifully." But her sweetness, her grace, her courtesy, made her a power among a people just emerging from barbarism. Like Longfellow's exponent of young womanhood, she

—" bore a lily in her hand; Gates of brass could not withstand One touch of that magic wand."

In the "Instruction to a Young Lady," written by Amaneus des Escas in those times, a graceful courtesy was inculcated as the most important lesson of life. After due advice about personal adornment, he says, in a polite enthusiasm, "Even the enemy of all your friends ought to find you civil-spoken."

Few of the ladies of Provence were fired with literary ambition. They contented themselves with being the subject of the Troubadours' songs, without entering the lists of the singers. We can only discover fourteen women gifted with poetic fire, while the number of the Troubadours reached four hundred.

In the songs of the Troubadours the fixed laws of rhythm form fetters of thought. The stream of poetry has such a narrow channel—it is banked in so straitly and rigidly—that there can be very little original bubbling, and we wonder its ripplings run to music at all. We must suppose that "much fervor and freshness were sacrificed to the Moloch of form," but it served as the harbinger of culture. The songs of the Troubadour disappeared in the thirteenth century. In vain were golden primroses offered for successful songs. Times were changed, and poetry was no longer king. In this century there has been a revival of the Troubadour in Provence. Jasmin the Barber received a gold crown for the poems which he humbly called "Curl-papers," and Frederic Mistral, with his fervent enthusiasm for old Provençal canzos, has formed a society of "Felibres" or poets of the Provencal language, to revive the curious metrical devices of the past.

Far back of the stringed instrument of the jongleur and the song of the Troubadour is the legend of Tarascon. We remember it as we go down the sunlit streets to the bridge. How far removed seem those stirring days when a dragonlike monster of cannibal propensities, known as the Tarasque, devastated the neighborhood. The inhabitants were beginning to think that discreet flight was the better part of valor, when Mary and Martha, having sailed from Palestine in the most opportune manner, landed in France near the mouth of the Rhone, and in looking about for a permanent home, lighted on this monster-ridden village. Hearing the facts from the terrorstricken people, Martha, being, as the old chronicler puts it, "as courageous as she was saintly;" started out alone to conquer the dreadful creature.

With no other weapon than a cross she overcame him, and binding him with her girdle, led him back to the town. From that point he drops out of history, only bequeathing the name of Tarascon to the town, and figuring in the yearly festival. Then a huge monster of painted canvas is carried through the streets to commemorate the past deliverance.

Strange to say, the good people of Tarascon having been delivered from their monster, proceeded to venerate its memory. They had a wonderful effigy of him that was lost in the first Revolution. The people of Arles besieged Tarascon and burnt the Tarasque. For many years, says the legend, no brave citizen of Tarascon ever bade his child good-night without the admonition: "Little one, repeat this—'I shall always remember those knaves of Arles that burned our Tarasque.'"

The saintly deliverer sleeps in her church, and her shrine is gorgeous with colored marbles and There is a subtle drowsiness in the air. The noise and tumult of business never disturb its memories. The poor old castle by the river, the Château of King René, seems to feel its unhappy old age. It pays a sad penalty for resisting time Thieves occupy its deserted royal so bravely. chambers. The old Court of Love is now a policecourt, and the argot of criminals is heard where once the romaunt of the Troubadour resounded. The poor castle has an air about it of having seen better days. It does not seem quite at ease amid the more modern structures around. It can never enjoy even a visit from a ghost of its youth, for I am sure no self-respecting spook would condescend to haunt the present occupants.

The people of Tarascon take a certain pride in their prison, and apparently desire to keep it well filled. The gens-d'armes, basking like lizards in the sun, have the enthusiasm and pertinacity of hotel-runners in striving to find new guests. I remember the disappointed look of the one who pretended to read my passport. He had arrested us with an imperative "Où allez-vous, messieurs?" After gazing at the passport, of which he could not read a word, he reluctantly allowed us to go on.

Beaucaire is just across the river, and we went there for lodging. The flies and the Rhone are the only things thoroughly and always awake in this "land of rust and ruin and gold!" I know of no river in Europe that gives one such an impression of joyousness as this, bubbling and dancing along on its way to the sea. As it foams about the bridge-piers, curling and eddying in swirls, it reminds me of a hurrying foreign tourist rushing through this land of laziness:

No one in Beaucaire can long remain in ignorance of the great historic fair that is held there

every year. The inhabitants date everything to or from the fair, and wait between times. hotel was a constant reminder of it, with its great empty dining-room and long corridors of vacant rooms. It was a strange old place, that hotel: presided over by two aged ladies who were black silk caps. They seemed to have grown old with the place. Their faces were yellow as parchment, and lined like a map. The kitchen was close by The fire-place was as large as the the entrance. rooms at a sea-side hotel. The arrangements for cooking involved so many iron bars and chains, that it looked like a torture-chamber. But the cook was there, all in white, and his copper vessels shone like gold.

"There is not much to detain the traveler," as guide-books would say, "in this town." There is the usual number of narrow streets branching out at random—cafés where men muse over empty cups by the hour, and women sit and gossip in quaint groups in the door-ways. There is a charming walk terraced along the river, and the deserted fair-ground is not, like our own, a great bare place with a race-track, but a fine park with picturesque old trees which have grown bent and gnarled with watching the annual bargainings of the ever-changing crowds and babel of tongues.

Above, looking down from steep rocks, is all that is left of the old Castle of Beaucaire. It had a tempestuous youth. Time and time again has it repelled the invader, or fallen into his But now it has peace in its old age. Being past all modern use, it has not had to submit to the degradation of its neighbor in Tarascon. It is only a picturesque feature in the landscape. No one inhabits it now. Only bats, and a prehistoric gardien one meets strolling about its crumbling walls. One tower alone stands out against the sky in all its former grandeur. It rears itself with a defiant might and massiveness, with an apparent scorn of time, while it compares notes, doubtless, with its neighbor across the river upon the decadence of chivalry.

One cannot visit these two towns without remarking more than once how placidly every one seems to take life—how the inhabitants seem to glide down the stream gently, with little effort and great content. Are they merely lazy, or are they true philosophers? Is it better to strive and toil—to pile up money for some one else to spend, or to rest? Rest, and plenty of it. To sit by the hour at one of those little tables before the many cafés, looking vacantly at the cup of coffee and thinking. Thinking what a pleasant world it is—if one don't have to work.

Of all strange places in Provence, Les Baux is, perhaps, the strangest; and the road that leads up to it is quite in keeping. It winds through a narrow valley, with bare gray cliffs on either hand

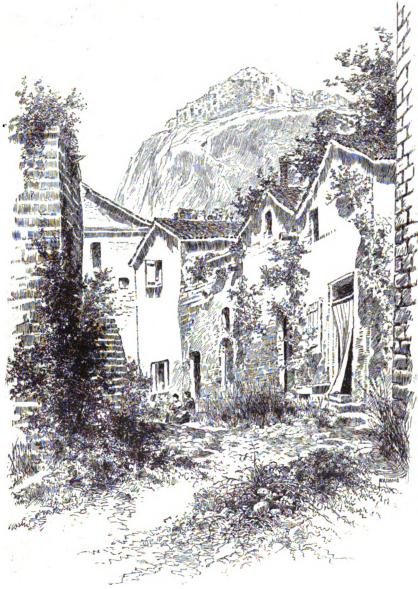
—bare, save for little tufts of rosemary, box and lavender. Bowlders are strewn about as though it had once been the battle-ground of Titans. As we go on and climb higher, vegetation nearly ceases; the precipices and peaks, carved by centuries of weather, loom up in all sorts of grotesque shapes—in columns and towers and bridges, into

There is a peculiarity of the stone hereabouts which, aside from its natural advantages, probably caused the first inhabitants to choose Les Baux as a place of residence. When first cut it is extremely soft, of about the color of light-brown sugar. So soft is it, that stones for building posts, etc., are sawed out just as you might

cut them out of cheese. The original settlers were not slow in perceiving the advantage of digging out a room in the cliff-side and using the materials to form the front of their dwelling, so that many of the oldest houses are partly caves half in and half out of the cliff.

But soon they became more prosperous. New people came, streets were laid out, the caves were forsaken. A castle was built upon the summit, and the great lords of Les Baux made their stronghold known and feared the land over. From their castle they could look far out over the countryover Arles toward the sea and the marshes, the flying river and the castles of their foes. They were an eagle race, the old seigneurs. Tradition said they were descended from one of those earliest of Christians, the three Magi who followed the star to the manger at Bethlehem, and they adopted it on their coat of arms in memory of the past and faith in the future. So for many years the starwith its sixteen rays flashed out with lurid splendor over the land. Their wars were endless,

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for many years the star
with its sixteen rays
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splendor over the land.
Their wars were endless,
and their history is a catalogue of bloodshed.
But yet they seem to have been able to turn aside
to the gentler aspects of life, to go from pillage
and rapine to listen to song and story. The
ladies of the family, too, were celebrated for
their great beauty. Many a one was chosen by
the Troubadours of the time as their ideal, and
the fame of her loveliness carried from castle to
castle. These songs, chanted from town to town,



A COURT-YARD AT LES BAUX.

giant faces of men and animals. It is a scene set for Dante's "Inferno," and the peasants name it rightly the Val d'Enfer. When you reach the height, before you lies the town—a ville en monolithe, high upon its crag, which, with its artificial fortifications added to its natural ones, must have been impregnable. The fortress-walls are gone now: the strength of them frightened that pious old despot, Louis XI., so they were destroyed.



TABASCON AND THE CHATEAU OF KING RENÉ, FROM BEAUCAIRE.

did for the belles of Les Baux what the modern to-day. There are now but thirty people, I bephotographer does for the professional beauty.

large and prosperous. Through all Provence the beauty of its women—the Baux belles, as it were-was known like the prowess of its men.

The names of the former that have come down to us sound like a verse from Villon's Ballade of the ladies of old time, quaint as the time and country they lived in. Alixe, Berangére, Clairette, Etiennette, Adelasie, Isabeau where are they? Gone like the snows of yester-year, like the roses they wore. But a strange fate was in store for the city, which gives it its chief interest to-day, and makes it unique among its fellows. When it had passed the zenith of its glory, a strange restlessness seems to have taken possession of the people. They gradually left it, never to return. Year by year solitude claimed it more and more for its own : the houses gradually fell in ruins, grass grew in the streets, and it became the strange, deserted city of the Middle Ages that it remains

lieve, in the whole place that once was so populous. So life went on in Les Baux, and it grew | Long, ruined streets, overgrown with grass and



FETE OF THE TARASQUE, TARASCON.

weeds, speak mutely of the past; rows of crumbling houses line the way; here, only a carven window; there, a turret or a single column; gaunt, roofless skeletons of lordly manor-halls where only the bats live. Here are the remains of an old banquet-hall, with huge chimney-piece, carved and massive, but the hearth-stone has been cold for centuries, and no wandering minstrels save the birds come singing at the gate.

One house in the town is an exception to the The "Maison de la Palette" it is called, and while one of the largest of the existing houses, it is still habitable. Knowing the limited accommodation of the little hotel, some artists of St. Remy took it, and turned it into a home for the knights-errant of the brush and pencil. It is, as I said, a very large house. There are rooms innumerable to explore, with huge chimney-pieces and dark old oak ceilings; casement windows with little leaded panes, and curious old hinges with no modern imitation about them. Just the place, in fact, to delight the soul of the artist. It is the sort of place he would like to live in; and the best of it is, this is just what he may do. He may stay there as long as he likes, and pay nothing. All that is asked, is that when he goes he shall leave a sketch to be hung upon its walls as a souvenir. What evenings in Bohemia come back to me as I write, when laughter and song again woke the echoes and frightened the ghosts so long accustomed to having it all their own way-evenings when the old walls took on some of their youthfulness, and seemed to echo back the allprevalent gayety. There we sat, heedless as is humanity, reading no sermon in the crumbling stones about, save as they were good for artistic purposes; among half-finished pictures, sketching paraphernalia and the incense of smoke, comparing notes and generally at peace with the world, that at any rate was far away.

"Invite them all," said M. H——, who is father of this gem of ideas; "but remember only artists."

"What! not even one of our American millionaires?"

"No, not for his millions," he answered, with a laugh. "Que voulez-vous? Artists must have some recompense."

I cannot say good-by to Les Baux without mentioning one incident that happened there not many years ago, which set all the inhabitants (though there are so few) speculating and making legends where such things flourish so abundantly. Some workmen were digging under the floor of the old church, when they came upon a coffin. Such things are of not infrequent occurrence. But what was strange in this case, was that it had been that of a young girl. Everything that could lead to identification was gone, all but her mag-

nificent golden hair, wonderfully long, silky, and in color like woven sunshine. I know not what legend has the most adherents regarding the story of its owner. There are plenty to choose from. The hotel-keeper went so far as to rename his Hotel of the Golden Hair in its honor. But of one thing they seem to be unanimous, that it once belonged to a princess of the house of Baux, who, etc., etc. Since there is a choice, I prefer to think it was the most wonderful of them all, Passerose, whose fame comes in no indistinct tones down the corridors of time.

It is not very far from Les Baux to Arles, and the changing beauties of the road there abridge the distance still more. You go down the zigzag road into the valley below, while all the inhabitants of the town watch you from the ruined ramparts, and shout you "Bon voyages!"-past the pretty little pavilion where tradition asserts was once held the Court of Love, and faithless lovers were punished; then out into the open country, between rows of fig-trees, the branches weighed down with purple fruit; past silver-graygreen olive groves or trim vineyards; past ruins on the hills or clumps of willows by the running brooks; past the gray old ruins of the Monastery of Montmajor; and before you know it, Arles, the "Rome of Gaul," is just ahead of you, with the tower of St. Trophime rising above the roofs of the houses, and many another belfry to keep it company.

"Arles," says our guide-book, "is celebrated, and justly so, for the beauty of its women, its Roman remains and Romanesque architecture," a combination of attractions which gave additional interest to the first glimpse seen through the trees, and perhaps made our pulses quicken a little, wondering what was in that still unknown place beyond — whether the architecture was really so remarkable. Now that I know whereof I speak, I can say that in no respect was it a disappointment. In nowise had the guide-book exaggerated or flattered.

Arles is, in fact, the epitome of all that is picturesque in Provence. Nowhere else are the streets so narrow, the remains of Roman occupation so plentiful, and the fancies of Romanesque archi-The pretty maidens come, tecture so exuberant. as in Calderon's time, to draw water from the The Parisian bonnet is not the fashion well. They cling to the cap of silk as they do to their language, and they are prouder of being Arlésiennes than of aught else. We were converted to the guide-book's opinion as we watched the beauties troop by in the Place de la République. What a splendid array of them we saw one night in the dress-circle at the Folies Arlésiennes, where the society belles of this "Rome of Gaul" held their court. The theatre was not grand at

all, and the acting was poor; but ah! Jeanne, Jeannette and Jeanneton, I can see you still with faces such as the Troubadours sung of in the old times; with heads such as Raphael painted in his dreams of fair women; with your grace and beauty undimmed and unchanged since the days when Rome's great empire looked on Provence as the brightest jewel in her diadem of power.

A quaint old street with an arched door-way, bearing a shield of some forgotten noble upon it, leads to one of the most attractive places of the Through that portal we enter the old Cloister of St. Trophime, so restful and quiet a place that it seems no wonder many preferred its peace and sunshine to the buffets of the world The visitor may muse unmolested and There is an unobtrusive and wander as he will. toothless old gardien, who inhabits a dark cell at one corner, and is generally engaged in eating. He is proud of the cloister, and takes all praise as a personal compliment. I found, however, that his keenest interest was in the fact that strangers sometimes desired the place lit up by fire-works, and he had a monopoly of sale. His memory only comprehended the names of those who had caused these grateful illuminations, as well as the amount they had spent. When he discovered that we were not enthusiastic over such matters, we fell in his estimation, and he went back to browse in his lair.

The adjoining Church of St. Trophime, more especially the door-way, is one of the chief wonders of the town, and one of the finest specimens of its time you will find anywhere. The architect, freed from the trammels of Rome in architecture as well as government, broke loose from the canons of classic art and gave his fancy full sway. Taking all he wished from the dead style, combining bits in his new creation, adapting, improving to his wants, the architect of those early days, with all the pent-up force of his imagination which classic rules had forced him to stifle, went to work to bring order out of chaos, and create a phenix from the ashes. How well he succeeded we in America have learned to appreciate so aptly, by taking his ideas and elaborating them, that there is no need to speak here. One feature, however, the deeply recessed door, with its columns set at an angle as varied moldings in the archway, is especially worthy of notice, and this door-way of St. Trophime is one of the best examples. To the architect of the Romanesque is, I think, due the discovery of how large a part light and shadow had to do in the beauty of the finished edifice. The Romans knew it, to be sure, but in another manner—in broad masses and full tones, rather than in the complex system of moldings which is the great characteristic of the later style. A love of the grotesque is another symptom

of the change which the architect of the eleventh and twelfth centuries especially delighted in-a profusion of monsters, such as never were or could be, figure in all the ornament of the time. But they are always more fantastic than horrible, with a humorous expression in their strange features. So in the church-door of St. Trophime the humorous fancy of the designer is never absent; even in his statues of saints it crops out irrepressibly. On one side of the frieze the just are going to paradise, while on the other Satan is dragging his prey down by a rope. Nothing can equal the expression of fiendish glee on the features of His Satanic Majesty as he pulls on the rope like a fisherman making a good haul. The many saints in the niches wear a beatific smirk, while over all the wealth of imagination runs riot in scroll and arabesque, acanthus and fret.

What receptions I used to hold of an afternoon while sketching that same old door-way! So thronged they were, that often it was difficult to see my subject. How the merits of this or that other building were discussed volubly by the spectators! I must not fail to draw this or that—which was really of the most remarkable. I stood all this like a stoic, and refused to budge, till one day the whole poultry market encamped about me, and the air became so filled with feathers and loud-voiced bargainings that I was obliged to seek safety in flight.

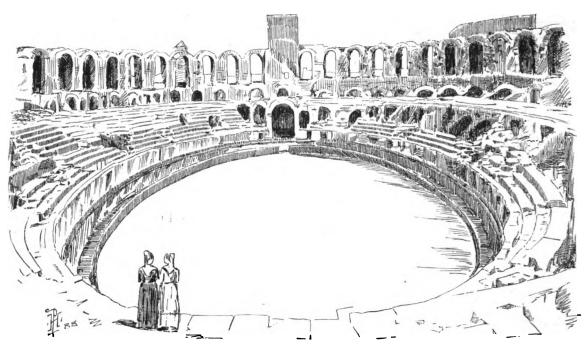
Another of my favorite haunts was the old Cemetery of Aliscamps—the old Roman burying-ground of Elysii Campi, or Elysian Fields. It was one of the most noted in Europe, and long after Roman dominion had passed away it was still the scene of many a funeral. It extended for miles around, and was ornamented with numberless chapels in honor of the saints.

Ah! we have changed all that now. It is shrunken to small dimensions. A long, grass-grown avenue lined with sarcophagi, and the old ruined Chapel of St. Honorat at the end. The myriad old stone coffins have furnished the peasants with ready-made watering-troughs for miles around, but hundreds of them still line the way, weed-grown and coverless, nameless and uncared for.

The world goes on. The feasts of to-day are on the tombs of yesterday. In the Summer evenings lovers come here, and sitting on the empty houses of the forgotten dead, learn sweeter lessons than time or tomb can teach them; or by the sculptured gate-way young men and maidens in the twilight move in the old-time measures of the farandole, the national dance of fair Provence.

Still another thing peculiar to the country deserves mention, which one may see in all its glory in Arles—the "Course aux Țaureaux," literally,

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BOMAN AMPHITHEATRE, ARLES.

a race with bulls, but the name hardly conveys an idea of the sport. It is the French equivalent for the Spanish bull-fight, the modern survival of the gladiatorial combats which delighted the ancestors of the present audience, and now grown very harmless in the evolution of civilization.

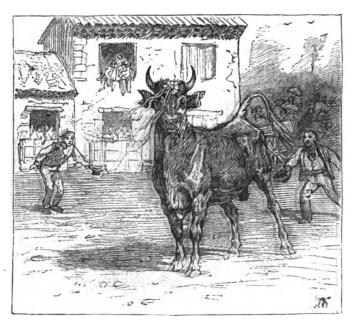
It was in the old Roman amphitheatre we saw this peculiarly Provençal pastime, which added not a little to the general effect. It seemed strange to be in this self-same circus that for more than a thousand years had ministered to the changing pleasures of the people, now crum-



CHAPEL OF ST. HONORAT, ALISCAMPS-THE OLD ROMAN CEMETERY.



DOOR OF ST. TROPHIME, ARLES.



FRASCUELLO, ON HIS WAY TO THE ARENA

bling and grass-grown, but still in a green old age, and taking the same place in modern life it occupied in the old.

All the world goes to the "Course aux Taureaux," says my landlady's daughter. So, of course, I go too. She, by the way, rather looks down on Provenced things, compared with Parisian, and prefers Offenbach or Lococq to the old songs of the Troubadours; but she cannot resist the fascinations of the course—the 'real test of the true Provençale. The time for beginning is duly announced by the band promenading the principal streets, and soon the inhabitants, with one accord, begin to hasten toward the place. Gradually the immense eval begins to fill. wonderful it is to us, whose country dates as it were from yesterday, to sit here and watch, as they enter, the direct descendants of those who once watched the gladiators die, so long ago. that it is perhaps the audience that interests us more than all else, more even than the renowned bull Frascuello, who is the feature of the afternoon, and whose characteristics are so graphically set forth in the programme with all the exuberance of metaphor and flowery simile which distinguishes the gentleman of the midi from the true Parisian.

The delight in the sport seems general. A gouty old gentleman is helped by a servant with a camp-stool to a point where he shall miss nothing. Mothers, with red-faced babies swathed like mummies, are perched about on the crumbling Roman walls, deeply absorbed in the scene. Soldiers, who enjoy it always at half-price, are everywhere, and add color to the picture. Bevies of

Arlésiennes promenade up and down between the acts, and keep up the town's reputation for beauty. The small boy, the same the world over, darts here and there and everywhere, and the show begins.

It is not hard to understand. A bull, with a rosette or cocarde tied firmly between the horns, is turned in. All one has to do is to snatch it off, and a prize of a certain number of francs is the reward. All this sounds easy enough, and sometimes looks so, but the animal objects strongly to any familiarity, and sometimes the long, sharp horns come closer than is agreeable to the contest-No one suffered that day. Frascuello was doomed, at last, to have his cocarde snatched from him, and the victor, holding it aloft, received the rapturous applause of his audience. The bull, suddenly become a nobody, his occupation gone, trots around the arena. wondering, perhaps, at the sudden

change, and what it is all about. Then an old bull, called the Domptouille, is let in. He is not courageous; his one idea is to get away from the yelling crowd, back to the quiet of his stall. After many attempts in that direction he espies a comrade, and joins him, and together they come back to the door. This time all is open, for it is to bring the other away that the second is sent in.

Then the dusk begins to settle down on the ancient place, the show is over, the musicians pack up their instruments, the rheumatic drummer gives one last tattoo, and the crowd surges out through the archway, back to home and dinner.

But the mistral brought our stay in Arles to an end. It is one of the few things in Provence that has no friends, and can find no one to defend it. An abominable wind that comes sweeping down the Rhone valley, and reminds one that all is not song and sunburnt mirth; a wind that goes through to your bones and stays there; that makes your teeth chatter and fills your eyes and mouth with dust; that finds every crack in the house, and enters; that shakes the shutters and blows as though Satan were working the bellows on purpose to make people swear in their help-lessness and discomfort.

So, after waiting some days to see whether the enemy would be content with a three-days stay—it is always of three, six or nine days' duration—we started for St. Gilles, feeling, however, that no other town could quite take the place of Arles in our hearts. We had a stout fellow-traveler who scoffed at our regret.

"Arles-bah!" he said, snapping his fingers.

Per permission de M. le Maire-

ARÈNES D'ARLES

Direction de M. César MAROGER

Dimanche 7 Octobre 1888

GRANDE COURSE

TAUREAUX

de la manade MAROGER, du Cailar composée de trois terrens et de trois teurena groises-es pegnels tenommis



250 FRANCS DE COCARDES

Noms des laureaux (1 ordie de la course ;

- L. Course d'un ternen :
- 2. Course du taureau Angel Pastor, portant une cocarde de 15 francs:
- S. Course d'un ternen, portant une cocarde de 10 francs ;

intermède musical

4. Course du Jameux laureau

FRASCUELLO

croisé espagnol, portant, sur la léie, une cocarde de 200 francs

- B. Course du laureau le Lezerd, portant une cocarde de 25 francs;
- La course sera lerminée par celle d'un ternen.

Les Crochets sont tolérés

Les courses des laureaux cocardiers seront de vingt winules.
Les cocardes tombées à lerre n'étant pas donnes, ne seront pas payées.
Les cocardes ne pourcont être enlevées qu'àla distance de 3 mètres des barricades.

Le course sera annoncée par un tour de ville fait par la musiqu

L'a Ablésienne

qui remplira les intermèdes en jouant des airs gais et de heilianis allegroa

La course commencera à 5 heures. - Porles et hureaux à 2 heures

Eris & airée : Hommes, 50 c. ; Dames, Milliaires non grades et Enfants, 25 c.

Dèlense est laite de máitraiter les laureaux et aux enfants de descendre dans l'arène ; la Direction ne répond d'ansun accident.

PROGRAMME OF SPORTS IN THE ARLES ARENA.

"It is nothing — no business there. Now, Rheims. There is a place, if you like."

We regretted we had not seen Rheims and

its great cathedral.

"The cathedral—bah! that's not much; but the cellars, ah! they are wonderful! Miles and miles filled with bottles—champagne—millions of bottles! That is a sight. One cellar is fourteen miles long. Figure to yourself—fourteen miles!"

From such ideas the landscape we were going through was a relief; we had entered the strange salt marshes of the Camargue, now turned from desolation into fruitful fields, but with many patches of water here and there, all level as a billiard-table. Finally, St. Gilles comes in sight, and soon we are at the station, not altogether unhappy in parting with our Philistine fellow-traveler.

St. Gilles is one of those places one sees nowhere else save in Southern France. A dingy, sleepy town, if you like, pervaded with that sense of rest so prevalent here, but abounding in picturesque bits, old archways and houses, and, above all, remarkable for its great church. Everything else in the place fades to insignificance before it. The "Romanesque house" is nowhere; the glory is the church.

Here, even more than at Arles, has the imagination and originality of the designer run riot. Columns stand out from the face of the wall; the deep-recessed archways reach their highest development; carved lions, mythical monsters, peer from the foliage and tracery; saints, mild-faced and stern, look out from their niches among the acanthus-leaves. The symbols of the Evangelists appear. It is, in fact and in effect, something that baffles description in its variety and wealth of detail.

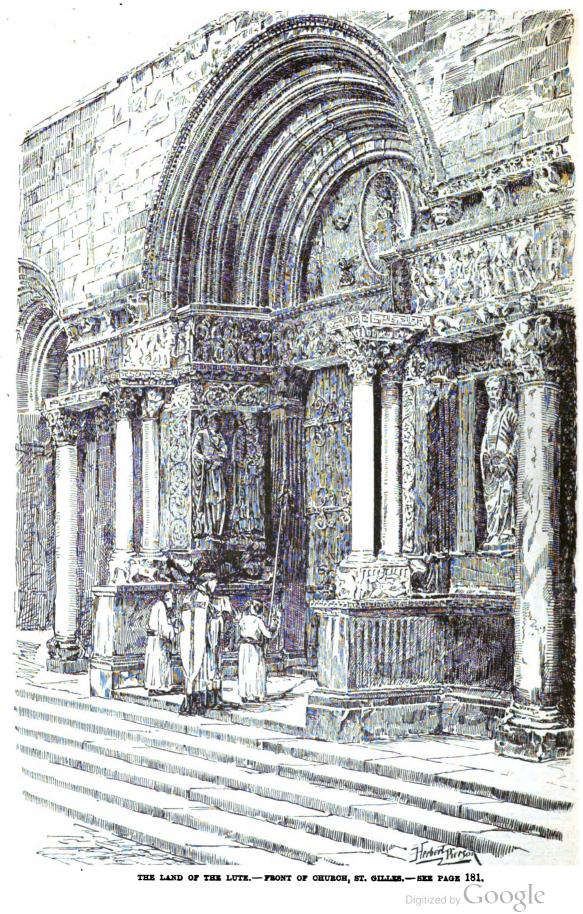
Ah, me! it was our last memory of Provence. It was like leaving the feast before it was half over, to hurry away, while the vine-yards were gay with gold and purple fruit, from the olive-clad hills, the tall poplars—to see it all melt away into the distance, while the joyous Rhone sped swiftly from us into the land of dreams.

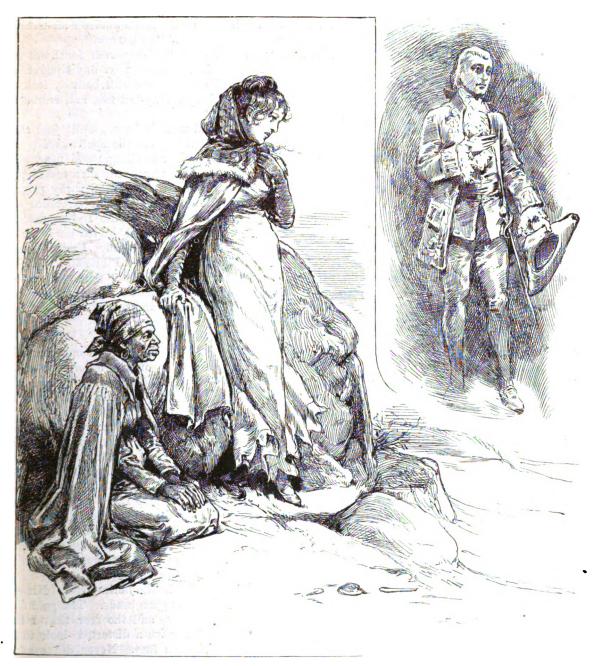
THE LADIES OF LONG AGO.

By François Villon.

TELL me to what region hown
Is Flora, the fair Roman, gone?
Where lovely Thais' hiding-place,
Her sister in each charm and grace.
Where is Bertha? Alixe? She
Who Le Mayne held gallantly?
Echo, let thy voice awake,
Over river, stream and lake:
Answer, where does beauty go?—
Where is fled the south wind's snow?

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"IN THE SHELTER OF A NEIGHBORING ROCK I ESPIED CAPTAIN PETER'S DAUGHTER, AND THE BLACK WOMAN SAPPHO." . . . "HE STOOD UNCOVERED, HOLDING A COCKED, GOLD-LACED HAT IN ONE HAND."

CAPTAIN PETER.

BY ETTA W. PIERCE.

I, PENELOPE COLE, and commonly called Aunt Penny, of the town of Lynn, in this year of our Lord 1825, do solemnly declare that the story I am about to tell is an honest statement of facts, and no delusion, nor nightmare born of fear, as some light-minded people have currently reported.

I saw Captain Peter with my own eyes. I lived barely a mile from the Barrow—that dreary old house on Lynn Beach, built in colony times, and Vol. XXIX., No. 2—13.

pretty much gone to rack and ruin when Captain Peter leased it for a dwelling-place.

The Lord only knows what sort of life that man had led in his youth. When he came to the Barrow he was gray and old, shaky on his legs, and ugly beyond belief. His sharp eyes rolled wickedly under his bushy brows; he wore gold rings in his ears, and a tremendous scar, like a sabrecut, seamed one cheek from temple to chin.

"Bless me!" I said to my nephew, John Graham, first mate of the Flying Dutchman, that voyaged 'twixt Salem and the West India ports, "that man would make a good figure-head for a pirate craft!"

John told me that he had come aboard the Flying Dutchman at Port Royal, Jamaica, just as the vessel was making ready to put out to sea. With him was a young daughter, lovely as a princess, and a female servant, bent with age, and black as a sloe. In great haste Captain Peter had taken passage for the trio to Salem. He had little luggage, but, as it seemed, plenty of money. He was English-born-at least, he swore from morning till night in that language; but his daughter bore a French name—Ninon. Though a creature of the tropics, she was as white as snow, and her hair swept to her knees, like yellow silk, when loosed from the comb. John Graham fell in love with her on the voyage from Jamaica, and I, for one, could never blame him. The girl was a born beauty, and as sweet and gentle as she was fair to look upon.

"Whatever brought Captain Peter to live over here at Lynn?" I said to John.

"Maybe," answered my nephew, "he doesn't care to encounter the foreign sailors who throng Essex Street and the wharves of Salem; he might run afoul of old mates there. I fancy the man has reasons for seeking retirement, and the Barrow possesses two prime attractions—it is five miles or more distant from Salem, and it stands cheek-by-jowl with the sea. An old salt dislikes to go beyond sound of the tides, you know."

"John, I'm not much pleased with your Captain Peter."

He laughed. He was a bold, good-looking young fellow, with an eye like a hawk, and a brave, generous heart beating under his sailor-jacket.

"The West India ports abound in such characters," he answered. "It is not wise to inquire irto the past lives of some men that you meet at Kingston and Santa Cruz. Never mind the captain, Aunt Penny. For my sake," and the blood burned smoky-crimson in his bronze cheek, "I want you to go to the Barrow, and establish some sort of acquaintance with that little girl Ninon."

"For your sake, John?" I queried. "Ah, I see how it is. You've lost your heart to the West Indian, and her father will have nothing to do with you."

"That's about it!" acknowledged John, sadly. "Captain Peter, amiable man! threatens to carve me with a sheath-knife, if I attempt to cross his threshold. To tell the truth, I've not been able to exchange a word with the poor child since she stepped ashore at Salem. Sappho, the negress, guards the Barrow gate, and delivers all my tender messages to the cld captain. Come, Aunt in the flagged walk, her pink lawn gown flutter-

Penny, you are a shrewd woman-give me a little help, will you not? Make yourself an entering wedge over there at the Barrow."

"I'll try, John," I answered, for I was very fond of the lad. So the next day I put on my puce-colored cardinal and silk bonnet, took my scent-bag and my turkey-tail fan, and started for the Barrow.

It was an old wooden house, built just above the beach. At that time the spot was unspeakably lonely; no other dwelling stood near. The garden was full of trees, and surrounded by a high wall. To the right lay the rocky pastures of the two Nahants; to the left stretched that part of the town known by the Indian name of Swampscott. A path of pebbles led me to a stout gate, taller than my own head. I tried to push it open, but it was fast. I knocked with the handle of my turkey-tail fan. Some strange seabird, disturbed by the noise, rose screaming from a tree in the garden, and soared off toward the shining bay.

I knocked again.

Directly a pair of male legs came stumping along a flagged walk on the other side of the wooden barrier, and a hoarse voice roared out:

"Who the deuce are you, and what do you want here?"

"I am Miss Penny Cole," I answered, with dignity, "and I want to see Captain Peter and his daughter. Have the goodness, to open the gate."

The voice bade me go to a place that I don't care to mention.

"Excuse me, sir," said I, "I am traveling, I trust, in a contrary direction. Being your neighbor, I have come to make your acquaintance, after the fashion of all civilized New England folks."

A bolt snapped, and the gate swung back. the opening stood Captain Peter.

In one hand he held a horse-pistol. His eyes were twinkling like glass beads. The gold rings glistened in his ears, and the scar that I have before mentioned gave a distorted look to his whole weather-beaten face. Never did eyes behold a more unprepossessing party since Thomas Veal sailed up Saugus River to bury treasure at Dungeon Rock. He pointed the pistol straight at my head.

"Sheer off, old girl!" he cried, "or I'll blow you out of water!"

"Sir," said I, "I am the aunt of John Graham, first officer of the Flying Dutchman, a friend of yours."

At the sound of John's name he turned as purple as a thistle, and ripped out such a volley of oaths that for an instant I seemed to smell brimstone.

In the midst of this outburst, a girl appeared

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ing, her pretty yellow hair shining in the sun—a creature as white as a lily and sweet as a rose. She rushed to the old captain, crying out in great distress:

"Don't, father! Oh, father, don't, for my sake!"

And what did that dreadful man do but strike her flat on the walk, like the beast that he was! and then, crack! went the horse-pistol—a shot tore straight through the topmost bow of my bonnet—the gate shut with a bang, whereupon I turned and ran for my life, and never stopped till I reached my own house, a mile away.

When I told John Graham the story, he clinched his strong hands, and all the color ebbed suddenly from his face.

" Monstrous!" he said.

"Yes," I assented. "The girl looks like an angel. That disgraceful old savage can't be her real father, John."

"Oh, yes, he is—more's the pity!" fumed John, "and both she and the black servant tremble at the very sound of his voice. It drives me wild to think of the life which Ninon must lead with such a brute. I have been idling about the beach for hours, Aunt Penny, watching that house. The poor child is not killed, for I saw her at an upper window, and threw a kiss to her."

"She loves you, John?" I queried, sadly.

"Yes, thank God!" he answered, with fervor, "even as I love her!"

Well, for a little longer my nephew continued to hover around the Barrow; but he could not get inside the barred gate, nor batter it down. Meanwhile the Flying Dutchman was making ready for the Indies again. Regardless of lovers, she spread her wings in due time, and sailed southward, and John with her; but he left in my care a letter which I promised to deliver to Ninon at the first opportunity.

The Dutchman was taking in a cargo of rum and molasses at Kingston before my chance arrived. It came to me unexpectedly on the beach, whither I had gone one morning for a basket of scouring-sand. As I knelt, scooping up the little wet grains, I heard a murmur of voices, and in the shelter of a neighboring rock I espied Captain Peter's daughter, and the black woman Sappho.

The girl stood gazing out to sea, as though her thoughts were far beyond the blue horizon. She wore a flowered pelisse, and a little embroidered hood, under which her yellow hair clustered in pretty disorder. I went up to her and put my

nephew's letter in her hand.

"John Graham asked me to give you this," I said, "when he sailed for Jamaica a few weeks ago."

A sudden great joy flamed in her delicate face.

First she carried the letter to her lips; then she thrust it into the bosom of her gown, just in time to save it from Sappho, who ran between us, screeching like a night-hawk.

"Lily missy, ole cap'n kill us bof sho! Gib me letter—gib it to ole Sappho, lily one!" and she caught the girl round the feet, and moaned and entreated, as though in mortal terror.

Ninon drew up her slim young body, and made an imperative gesture.

"Be still, Sappho; I am no longer a child. You cannot have the letter," pressing her hand against her bosom. "It is mine—I shall keep it, though," looking pitifully to me, "I have never been taught to read."

That was not a very strange thing in those days, and I answered, kindly:

"I dare say Captain Peter is not the man to trouble himself about such trifles, and your mother, my dear, is probably dead?"

Even as I spoke, I wondered what manner of woman her mother could have been.

Ninon nodded, "Yes, madam," and her large, soft eyes grew moist. "I-never saw my mother. Sappho remembers her, but she will tell me nothing."

The toothless, soot-black old creature was plucking at her young lady's gown, trying to draw her back from me. She uttered a sharp cry.

"Lord A'mi'ty, lily missy, come away!" she entreated. "Ole cap'n forbid yo' talk. He cotch us here—den what?"

The girl grew pale.

"True, we must go," she muttered, then dropped me a courtesy. "I thank you for your kindness, madam. I would like to know you better, but my father forbids me to speak to anybody in this place."

And she walked sadly away toward the Barrow, followed by old Sappho.

After that I saw no more of Captain Peter's daughter.

The Autumn storms came roaring across the sea, and the waves foamed high along the Lyna beaches and the brown Nahant cliffs. Had that pretty creature Ninon found anybody to read John's letter to her? I had no means of knowing, for I did not go near the Barrow again. Salem merchants were already looking out for the return of the Flying Dutchman, and all things considered, I thought it wiser to let John do his own wooing.

It was a Winter night, blustering, bitter cold, with a full moon riding in a cloudless sky. The ground was bare of snow, but frozen like iron. I heaped my fire with dry hickory wood, and had just seated myself to knit in its light and warmth when I heard some one running up my garden-

walk, the door flew open, and on the threshold stood the black woman Sappho.

She wore no bonnet nor outer garment—only a cotton gown, and a red Madras handkerchief knotted in a turban, with the ends projecting on either side of her head like ears. Her eyes were rolling so wildly that I could see only the whites, and her whole bent and withered body shook as if with palsy.

"Good gracious!" said I, dropping my knitting into the ashes of the hearth, "whatever has hap-

pened?"

"Come quick, missis!" gasped the old creature; "ole cap'n powerful bad. Lily miss wants yo'-come quick !"

With the exercise of a little patience, I gathered from her gibberish that Captain Peter had fallen down-stairs in a fit, and that his daughter had sent Sappho to call me to her help.

"A man in a fit is too heavy a weight for my hands," said I. "First of all, Sappho, go for a doctor-there's one living not a mile away, on the other side of the Barrow."

I gave her some minute directions, and sent her flying over the beach. Then I went to my herbcloset, and made up a bag of simples, put on my worsted cloak and hood, and started alone for the Barrow.

The night was exceedingly bright. Like a rain of silver, the moonlight fell upon everything. The sea lay white as glass in its splendor. I could see the little pebbles glistening like jewels all along my path. Even the shadows of the trees seemed like things that I might grasp and hold. As I drew near to the old house I perceived the figure of a man standing outside the high wooden gate, in an attitude of waiting.

"It's the doctor," I thought, and quickened my pace. Where was Sappho that she did not show him in?

"Has that stupid negress locked the gate upon you, sir?" I called, but the man did not move or answer.

I drew nearer to the waiting figure; then I discovered that it was not our gray old Lynn doctor, but a stranger, young, handsome, and dressed in a fashion entirely out of date.

· Cold as the night was, he stood uncovered, holding a cocked, gold-laced hat in one hand. I had never seen a face so comely, and at the same time so frightfully pale. His blonde hair was confined by a ribbon, and sprinkled with a thin rime of powder. He wore a suit of dark-blue velvet, embroidered with something bright, and a jabot of fine lace, with ruffles of the same at his wrists. By his side hung a sword, with a solid silver hilt, beautifully wrought - a wonderful weapon, I thought, as the moon shone upon it.

woman, and the appearance of this stranger mightily aroused my curiosity.

"Sir," said I, bobbing him a courtesy, for it was plain that I was in the presence of no common person, "do you want to see anybody at the Bar-

As though not to be outdone in politeness, the gentleman in velvet made me a deep bow.

"Is monsieur the cartain ready?" he answered. "Tell him that I am waiting!"

Those were the very words, uttered in a beautiful voice, but with a strong foreign accent. I put out my hand, and tried to grasp the sleeve of his embroidered coat.

"Who are you," I demanded, "that sends this message to Captain Peter?"

There was no reply. I grasped nothing but moonlight. The figure had dissolved in thin air -vanished, as if by magic. I looked around. Yes, I stood alone — absolutely alone, with the moon and the shadow of the trees, outside the Barrow gate!

What had I seen ?-what heard? With a cold sweat starting from every pore of my body, I pushed back the gate - for once embarrassed and flew up a flagged walk, deep in dead, drifting leaves, to the old house.

Sappho opened the door to me. The hall, as I entered, looked like a black cavern, with a single guttering candle set in its gloom. The negress led the way up a bare stair, where my breath was blown out before me like a cloud in the bitter cold, and along an empty corridor, to Captain Peter's chamber.

To my great relief, I found that the doctor had reached the place before me. He was pouring medicine in a glass, and did not seem to notice anything strange in my appearance, as I crossed the threshold.

"We have a bad case here, Miss Cole," he said,

"Any bones broken?" I gasped, for I was a good deal shaken by what I had seen at the gate.

"No-internal injuries," answered the doctor. "I have another patient waiting for me, Miss Penny, so I must leave this one to your care for awhile. He is sleeping quietly now, and I promise to look in again before midnight."

He instructed me how to give the medicine, and went away down the bare stair. I looked around Captain Peter's chamber. In one corner stood a four-posted bed, and there the old man lay, breathing heavily. By his side sat Ninon, pale as a snow-drop, and trembling with apprehension. At his feet crouched black Sappho, beating her withered breast at intervals, and muttering, I dare say to her heathen gods. hearth was a bed of ashes in which two or three I started back a step, but I was not a timid | sticks smoldered, while a brass-bound and much-

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A BOSE OF PROVENCE. - FROM THE PICTURE BY P. H. CALDERON.

battered sea-chest stood against the wall. Over the bed hung a rusty cutlass, and a sword with a silver hilt. I could hardly repress a scream as my eyes fell on the latter weapon. I clutched Ninon's dress, and pointed to the wall.

"That sword!" I gasped; "where did it come from, my dear?—whose is it?"

"My father's," she whispered; "it hangs always by his bed. I do not know its history."

She looked greatly terrified, and I did not wish to frighten her still further with strange stories; so I vaid, very gently: "Has all been well with you since I saw you last?"

She shook her vellow head.

"No, madam, ill-very ill! And now look at

my poor father—he is going to die."

"Very likely, and a good thing for you!" I was tempted to say, but I checked myself and made an answer: "It is the common lot. I will watch the night with you, my dear. I am sure John Graham would like to have me here at this time."

She gave me an eloquent look. The patient was still sleeping heavily. I found some wood, and mended the fire, for that creature Sappho would not stir from the foot of the bed; then I sat down with Ninon, to wait.

A full hour went by. Neither of us spoke a word. The wind whistled through the leafless trees of the garden—we could hear the waves crashing on the beach. Presently a solemn clock, somewhere near, struck eleven. I felt no jar in the room, but at the last stroke the two swords hanging over Captain Peter's head dropped, with a sudden great clatter. One fell to the floor; the other—that with the silver hilt—tumbled straight across the sick man's pillow. His eyes opened. With a yell he started up in bed—he grasped the weapon round its shining hilt.

"Hoist sail, and stand to sea!" he shouted. "We'll stop at the Isle of May, and take the whole salt fleet—twenty sail—and we'll strip and lash the commander, and pickle him in his own salt!"

I saw that the man was wandering in his mind. I tried to take the sword away, but he held it fast. Then I offered him a dose of the doctor's medicine, but he dashed it from my hand and roared:

"A bowl of punch, mates! There are ten puncheons of rum and as many hogsheads of sugar in the hold, taken from that Dutch trader off St. Jago—a rich prize, and easy, for we fired but one broadside, and clapping her on board, carried her without resistance."

"Captain Peter," said I, "you're a very sick man. If you go on like this, I sha'n't answer for the consequences."

Half rising from the bed, he assumed the attitude of a sailor on the lookout, and glaring past me into empty space, muttered, hoarsely:

"Blood and wounds! It's a merchant ship from Madeira, laden with wine. Up with the black flag-hoist the skull and crossbones at the mainmast-head! Since the captain is so godly, we'll give him time to say his prayers. I'll be the parson. Say, after me, Lord have mercy!— Short prayers are always best, so no more words. Avast there! a few buckets of water and a scraper will take his blood out of the deck. Strip the other rogues, and beat them till the boatswain pipes Belay. That Spanish hidalgo that we threw overboard is caught and hanging by the mainsheet; bring the cooper's ax, and chop off his white hands! Now we will run to the Florida Gulf, and lay in wait for any West India homebound ships that take the leeward passage."

My hair was rising on my head. The poor child Ninon slipped from her chair, and buried her white face in my lap. At the foot of the bed Sappho writhed in an agony of voiceless fear. Presently Captain Peter began to shout again:

"Double reef the mainsail, and put before the wind! We've only the goose-wings of the foresail to scud with. Keep her head to the sea—if she should once broach to, we'll surely founder. By the Lord! a hurricane in the Carribean Sea means something! Hear the thunder! Sorry we can't run out our guns to return its salute! The gods have got tippsy, and gone together by the ears. Ay, we'll scud under bare poles till morning. The mainmast is sprung in the step—cut it away! The mizzen, too, has gone by the board, and there are two men washed from the wheel."

Some brands on the ashy hearth flickered and went out. For awhile he seemed to doze. We heard him feebly muttering about white squalls and coral reefs, and sea-fights in the Spanish Main. Then his eyes flashed wide open again. He thundered:

"Clap the helm hard a-weather! Clew up the foresail, and fire a gun to windward. Zounds! we've surprised a Portuguese brig. Give to her hail the pirate's answer, 'From the seas!' All sailors know its meaning. Bravo! That shot raked her fore and aft! She's run away, with all the sail she could pack, though she was fitted for close quarters. Another bowl of punch! Why, bless me, here is my old mate, Gaffer, who was hanged five-and-twenty years ago, at the yardarm of a man-of-war, in sight of Port Royal. Your hand, man! Do you remember the two English ships that we took off St. Christopher One bulged and sank; the other we burned to the water's edge; but we carried the cargoes to Kingston, and sold them under the very nose of the Governor."

The old freebooter doubled up his body in the bed, and broke into wild laughter. In the midst of it, he stopped suddenly, and called:

"Sappho! Where is Sappho?"

The negress, quaking in every limb, crawled on her knees to his side—crouched there, like a frightened dog. He grasped her by the short gray wool.

"You black jade! You know what I want to say. It was my last prize—a French ship, called the Ninon. She carried a cargo of raw silk and fine merchandise, and her captain was as brave a gentleman as ever cruised 'twixt wind and water."

"Yes, massa," gasped the wretched Sappho.

"He was taking his honeymoon at sea with a young English bride. You waited on her. You were born a slave on her father's plantation, at Savannah la Mar."

"Massa, fo' the lov' o' God, don't .tell it!" groaned Sappho.

But the hand of death was upon him, and, as it seemed, constrained him to speak.

"We boarded the Ninon after a sharp fightay, the dogs resisted us gallantly. The captain thought only of his handsome wife. He tried to bribe me to return her safe to her native island. Swore she had friends who would pay me a rich ransom. I laughed in his white face. 'Give me that sword at your side,' said I. He could do no better, so he gave the weapon with a bad grace. I struck him twice with it. 'You'll walk the plank, my fine gallant,' said I, 'and I'll marry

your bride before the sharks can swallow you!"" "Lord A'mi'ty!" shuddered Sappho, and it

was plain that she knew the story well.

"Dead men tell no tales. He walked the plank -that fine monsieur-and all his crew followed him. I spared only you and a priest in the gunroom, who married me to the English bride."

He paused again, for his breath was growing short.

This time Sappho answered nothing.

"I, the boldest sea-dog afloat, became in an hour the slave of a yellow-haired girl. She taught me to quail for the first time in my life. Then my mates, being a superstitious lot, began They swore I had seen my to sulk and mutter. last lucky day-swore the marriage would bring us all misfortune. There was mutiny brewing in the ship, so I left it by night, and carried my wife to St. Thomas, and you with her. When her child was born she died there-died, cursing me with her last breath!"

Ninon raised her colorless face from my lap. "He is talking about my mother," she whispered.

At that minute a draught of air must have swept through the chamber, for the door swung wide, as though it had suddenly been opened from without. I could discern nothing, natural or supernatural, but Captain Peter, with a terri-

ble cry, leaped up in bed, released Sappho's gray wool, and shouting, "Frenchman, take your sword!" he hurled the silver-hilted weapon straight at the open door, and fell back on his pillow—stone-dead!

I ran to Sappho.

"Your master has spoken his last word," said "Rise now, and tell Miss Ninon the whole Is she Captain Peter's daughter, or the child of the Frenchman who walked the plank?"

The negress did not stir nor answer. I touched She knelt by the bed, as speechless as the old freebooter himself. A look of blank terror was frozen on her withered black face. Peter had simply frightened the wretched creature to death; her soul had passed into the night with her master's, and the secret of Ninon's paternity was lost forever.

I seized the girl's hand, and together we rushed from that dreadful chamber, down the stair and out of the house.

Fortunately the doctor was just alighting at the gate. I left him to attend to the dead, and fled with Ninon across the beach, to my own There we found John Graham, standing at the door in the moonlight, stamping his impatient feet, and shouting for me to awake and open to him. The Flying Dutchman had cast anchor in Salem harbor at sunset.

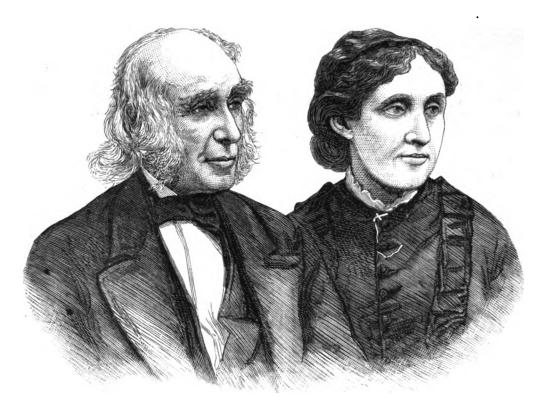
"John!" I cried, wildly, "here is Ninon. I have brought her home. Captain Peter is dead. And oh, John, I've seen a real live ghost to-night, and talked with it—the ghost of a man killed by pirates twenty years ago."

"A live ghost!" answered John. "Bless my soul, Aunt Penny, you must be dreaming!" Then he opened his arms to Ninon, and cried, "Darling, come to me!" in a voice that might have thrilled a stone. And the poor child, overcome with fear and distress, ran to the shelter of his bosom, as to a safe refuge.

When I privately related to John all that I had seen and heard that night, he looked exceedingly grave.

"I suspected that the old fellow's life had been a trifle irregular," he said. "At Kingston I was told that for years he had lived very secluded in a lonely suburb; but old comrades found him out, at last, and threatened to make unpleasant disclosures, so he fled to the States for safety. Sappho being dead, we can never know anything further of Ninon's parentage."

Some money and jewels were found in the brass-bound sea-chest at the Barrow; but Ninon properly refused to touch either. The poor pretty creature had been reared without education or companions, but she was a born lady to her finger-tips. From her ill-starred mother she had surely inherited blue blood as well as beauty.



AMOS BRONSON ALCOTT.

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT.

John sent her to school for a year, and then married her. They live in a grand Salem house overlooking the sea, as prosperous and happy as folks in a fairy tale. Sometimes, when I see Ninon sitting, thir and gentle, in the midst of her children, I say to my nephew: "Do you really believe, John, that old Captain Peter was her father?"

And he always answers, stoutly: "No, no! But the Frenchman, whose ghost you met at the Barrow gate!"

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT.

As one of the brightest, most natural and most successful writers for the young, Louisa M. Alcott gained a position and a fame of the highest rank and of a most enviable merit. Yet there cannot be a stronger contrast than the picture presented to her delighted readers in "Little Women," drawn from her own life and experience, and the stern facts of that life and experience as depicted in her own letters and diaries. It would not be easy to find a more pitiful or touching picture of a career of drudgery, undergone unrepiningly, in sickness and in health, year after year, to support and aid a family in which she alone seemed possessed of helpful energy and industry. Her parents and sisters looked

to her for aid, and seemed never to think of the sacrifices she was continually making. It is in one sense a noble and devoted life, yet it gives a pang to see one evidently capable of higher and greater literary success bound down by such surroundings to work by daily and increasing charges.

Her father, Amos Bronson Alcott, a man of education, but a dreamer rather than a man of action, had no practical ability, and from constant failure seems to have lapsed at last into a state of utter helplessness. If he never said foolish things, he seems rarely to have done anything characterized by worldly wisdom. Her mother, Abba May, was fortunately more active and energetic than philosophical, and struggled through life amid trials and privations till Louisa's helping hand began to lighten her labors.

Louisa May Alcott, the second daughter, was born, November 29th, 1832, at Germantown, Pa., where her father was then principal of a school. She gave tokens of beauty which time did not fulfill. When she reached her second year, Mr. Alcott, failing to win success in Philadelphia, returned to Boston, Louisa straying from the family party to investigate the engine - room. Her early life in Boston she has herself described almost literally in "Poppy's Pranks." She was attractive, loving, vivacious, in spite of the mea-

gre fare of rice and graham meal, unrelieved by anything to make them attractive to young palates; the only relief being an occasional piece of pie or cake, smuggled to her and her sisters by a kind old friend.

Mr. Alcott proved in Boston, as in Germantown, his unfitness for school work, and drifted to Concord, which became the home of the family. The pleasant house, with its extensive garden and a large old barn, were appreciated and enjoyed by the children. At the age of eight, Louisa made her first essay in poetry, a starving robin being her theme. Her education was entirely domestic, her father being her teacher. From him she acquired facility in writing, clear expression and a love of nature; but she developed a strength of character that came from other sources. never liked arithmetic nor grammar, and dodged those branches on all occasions," she wrote; "but reading, writing, composition, history and geography I enjoyed, as well as the stories read to us with a skill peculiarly his own."

Needle-work began early. "At twelve," she says, "I set up as a dolls' dress-maker, with my sign out, and wonderful models in my window. All the children employed me, and my turbans were the rage at one time, to the great dismay of the neighbors' hens, who were hotly hunted down that I might tweak out their downiest feathers to adorn the dolls' head-gear." But there were more sober thoughts. "I remember running over the

hills just at dawn one Summer morning, and pausing to rest in the silent woods, saw, through an arch of trees, the sun rise over river, hill and wide, green meadows as I never saw it before. Something born of the lovely hour, a happy mood and the unfolding aspirations of a child's soul seemed to bring me very near to God; and in the ush of that morning Lour I always felt that I 'got religion,' as the phrase goes. A new and vital sense of His presence, tender and sustaining as a father's arms, came to me then, never to change through forty years of life's vicissitudes, but to grow stronger for the sharp discipline of poverty and pain, sorrow and success.

"Those Concord days were the happiest of my life, for we had charming playmates in the little Emersons, Channings, Hawthornes and Goodwins, with the illustrious parents and their friends to enjoy our pranks and share our excursions. Plays in the barn were a favorite amusement, and we dramatized the fairy tales in great style."

Mr. Alcott went to Europe to expose his theories of life, and on his return endeavored to carry them out at Fruitlands. Here Mrs. Alcott had a hard life, and the children worked hard, their daily routine being followed by abstract lessons. As a child, and as she grew up, Louisa showed respect for her father and deep love for her mother. This affectionate side of her nature embraced her sisters and sweetened all labor for them. When Fruitlands failed, Mr. Alcott seems to have lost all resources of mind, body and estate. The household experienced many privations, which the children were too young to appreciate fully.

Hillside, the scene of her "Little Women," was purchased in 1841 with a legacy bequeathed to Mrs. Alcott, eked out by a gift from Emerson, the stanch friend of the family. But a roof over their heads was not enough. The family required food and raiment. After struggling at Concord for a time, Mrs. Alcott was induced to remove to



THE OLD MANSE, CONCORD, MASS., HOME OF THE ALCOTTS.

Boston, where she became a visitor to the poor, and in time opened an intelligence office. Alcott, true to his nature, gave conversations that brought in no money. By the time she had reached fifteen, matters became serious for Louisa. "One of the most memorable days of my life," she says, "is a certain gloomy November afternoon, when we had been holding a family council as to ways and means." In July, 1850, Louisa began to contribute to the support of the family by taking charge of a school of twenty children in Canton Street, which had been begun by her sister Anna. She had thus launched her bark in the career attempted by so many American girls. She naturally found it pretty hard to be patient with restless little children. She felt as though she would like to run away from it, but she bat-Anna, her tled on, and her children improved. elder sister, was recovering from varioloid, feeble She and Louisa thought of and dependent. going on the stage. They wrote dramas, and with the help of another family acted them to their entire satisfaction. These plays are, as may be supposed, high-strung melodramas, with a great deal of devotedness and self-sacrifice; but they did not kindle the kitchen-fire or fill the pot. Yet there was a gleam of hope. Through the influence of Mr. Windship, "The Rival Prima Donnas" was accepted by Mr. Barry, of the Boston Theatre, and the principal characters were assigned to Mrs. Barry and Mrs. Wood. difficulties arose, and Louisa did not yet appear as a dramatist. She obtained, however, free access to the theatre, and witnessing the actual work of the stage revived all her early vearning to become an actress. She acquired some practical knowledge of the stage, and produced a farce, "Nat Batchelor's Pleasure-trip; Or, The Trials of a Good-natured Man." This was produced at the Howard Athenaum.

Louisa's next attempt was very prosaic and undramatic. She went as companion to an aged couple, and had two months of disappointment and painful experience, which she never forgot. She subsequently turned her dear-bought knowledge of such life to account, by embodying the incidents in a story, the fiction paying better than the fact, divested, too, of its hardship.

Thus the family struggled on—the two elder girls teaching, the mother being a visitor to the poor, and conducting an intelligence office, to find places for good girls. One of the younger daughters was housekeeper, the other at school. The father, who should have been the bread-winner for the family, dreamed and held conversations.

In 1852, Louisa began her career as a storywriter, obtaining five dollars for her first effort.

The next year she continued teaching, but the

actually went out to service at eight dollars a month, and returned with thirty-four dollars to resume her school. While thus engaged in teaching she never lost time, but gave her evenings to sewing, earning, as she tells us, a good deal in this way. It seems a strange preparation for a successful authoress, this acting as servant, seamstress, teacher, but it was a preparation which, with her buoyant nature, she bore unrepiningly.

The ne'er-do-well of a philosophical father went West in hopes of finding some opening, but he returned, hungry, tired, cold and disappointed, with one dollar in his pocket. Thus she plodded on till she was twenty-three, teaching, sewing and writing. Never having been trained in a school herself, she never found her teaching satisfactory to herself. Sewing was her main resource. What money she earned generally went for others—a shawl for her mother, bonnets for her sisters.

Her first venture in book form was "Flower Fables," tales written for Mr. Emerson's daughter Ellen. It brought only thirty-two dollars, but opened the way, and gave her new hopes. She was at this time alone, the family having returned to Concord. Her greatest satisfaction and delight was to be able to send a copy to her mother at Christmas, writing: "Whatever beauty or poetry is to be found in my little book, is owing to your interest in and encouragement of all my efforts from the first to the last; and if ever I do anything to be proud of, my greatest happiness will be that I can thank you for that, as I may do for all the good there is in me; and I shall be content to write if it gives you pleasure."

She now settled down to story-writing as her main reliance, regarding it as the surest help toward her great object of earning support for her family, for in this self-denying soul no selfish thought entered—she lived only for others.

Summering at Walpole, N. H., Louisa gained strength and inspiration for new work. she came to Boston again, with her little trunk, twenty dollars of her earnings, and a Christmas Book, and in a garret-room lived and wrote and sewed, for this means of support was not vet By this time she began to be known abandoned. among publishers, for whom she wrote storics. poems and book-notices. These she wrote in peace and quiet in her sky-parlor, with a pile of apples beside her, and the rain pattering on the roof. She attended lectures, heard distinguished men, and her stories showed her growing reputation as the prices began to go up. Sickness in the family, caused by poor Mrs. Alcott caring for those poorer than herself, compelled her to leave her pleasant, if humble, home in Boston, to become a nurse.

With Winter she was free, and returned to Bos-"There I can support myself, and help the ton. remuneration was so small, that in vacation she | family," she wrote. Nothing is more attractive

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in this life of struggle than her devotion to her family, and her unconquerable courage. Well might she write: "I was born with a boy's spirit ander my bib and tucker. I can't wait when I can work; so I took my little talent in my hand, and faced the world again, braver than before, and wiser for my failures."

An opportunity to teach for three hours a day, in a family where she had already instructed two children, came as a relief. "It is hard work, but I can do it; and am glad to sit in a fine large room, part of each day, after my sky-parlor, which has nothing pretty in it, and only the gray tower and blue sky outside, as I sit at the window writing. I love luxury, but freedom and independence better."

Her life in Boston was broken in upon by the declining health of her sister Elizabeth; and she returned to Concord, where the family were soon installed in the Orchard House, a picturesque old structure on the hill-side, with its orchard of apple-trees that gave it its name.

Her elder sister's engagement, and an offer of marriage made to herself, gave this period a character of its own. She declined the offer, and subsequent advances from others met no encouragement. She was too devoted to her family to brook the idea of separation, and her love of activity and freedom kept her from binding herself down.

On March 14th, 1858, she records her sister's death. "My dear Beth died at three this morning, after two years of patient pain. Last week she put her work away, saying the needle was too heavy, and having given us her few possessions, made ready for the parting in her own simple, quiet way. For two days she suffered much, begging for ether, though its effect was gone. Tuesday she lay in father's arms, and called us round her, smiling contentedly as she said, 'All here!' I think she bid us good-by then, as she held our hands and kissed us tenderly. Saturday she slept, and at midnight became unconscious, quietly breathing her life away till three; then, with one last look of the beautiful eyes, she was gone."

When the dear sister was laid away, Louisa resumed her work. It was not easy; but she found a position as teacher to her old pupil, and rejoiced exceedingly.

Then writing began to pay. E. P. Whipple had praised "Mark Field's Mistake," and publishers were eager for her stories. "Busy life," the writes, "teaching, writing, sewing, getting il I can from lectures, books and good people. Life is my college. May I graduate well, and earn some honors." She wrote at this time for the demand, wild melodramatic tales, or sensational stories, but never at all immoral. In later tays she looked at them with regret, and was loath to have any reprinted.

"A Year of Good Luck" heads the year 1860 in her diary. Her father received the appointment of Superintendent of Schools in Concord, Louisa was writing for the *Atlantic*; May, studying art.

"Moods," her first extended story, appeared in 1861, after in vain soliciting a publisher. Its success at the time was not encouraging, but in later years it was printed as written originally, and ran through several editions.

John Brown aroused her enthusiasm, and she shared in the honors paid to his memory, and to the widows of John Brown and his son. Her father had been one of the earliest Abolitionists. Accordingly, when war actually came she offered her services as a nurse, and was sent to Washington. She was installed in the Union Hospital at Georgetown, and began her labor with zeal and courage; but the unaccustomed work told on her. As she afterward remarked, "I was never ill before this time, and never well afterward." After six weeks' service a severe attack of fever drove her from her post, which she never resumed.

Her letters to her family from the hospital were subsequently published in a volume; and her best poem, "Thoreau's Flute," was written during her night-watches in the hospital. When prostrated by fever she refused to go home, yielding only when her father came. She was carried carefully to Boston and Concord to sink into delirium. The change for the better came in February. "Recovered my senses after three weeks of delirium, and was told I had had a bad attack of typhoid fever, had nearly died, and was still very sick. All of which seemed rather curious, for I remembered nothing of it. Found a queer, thin, big-eyed face when I looked in the glass; didn't know myself."

At last she was able to use her pen and begin to resume her old life. "Pauline's Passion and Punishment" won a prize from Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, and the money came acceptably. The Atlantic published "Thoreau's Flute." She was now in the way of success. "A year ago," she says, "I had no publisher, and went begging with my wares; now three have asked me for something, several papers are ready to print my contributions, and F. B. S. says 'any publisher this side of Baltimore would be glad to get a book.' There is a sudden hoist for a meek and lowly scribbler, who was told to 'stick to her teaching,' and never had a literary friend to lend a helping hand! Fifteen years of hard grubbing may be coming to something, after all, and I may yet 'pay all the debts, fix the house, send May to Italy, and keep the old folks cozy,' as I've said I would so long, yet so hopelessly."

The next year she spent in Boston, going into

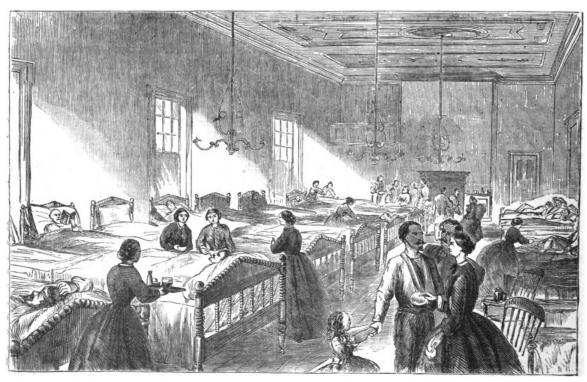
society and enjoying the attention now accorded to her. She took part in amateur theatricals for charitable objects, and was always brilliant and successful.

In 1865 she accompanied an invalid lady to Europe, and ran through England, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland to Italy. This trip, under favorable circumstances, had a marked effect upon her life and writings. She returned to find applications from many publishers awaiting her. An entry in her journal, "Niles, partner of Roberts, asked me to write a girls' book. Said I'd try," shows how, in September, 1867, the true field for her talents was opened to her. Roberts repeated the request the next year, and she set to work to reproduce the life in her own family. "Little Women" took immediately, somewhat to her surprise. "It reads better than I expected," she wrote. "We really lived most of it, and if it succeeds, that will be the reason of it." Its popularity was not limited to America. It was translated into French, German and Dutch. Her occasional writings were well paid, and when the beginning of the year brought the publisher's settlement, she could write, "Paid up all the debts, thank the Lord—every penny that money can pay-and now I feel as if I could die in peace." It was her brief enjoyment of success, for her health was beginning to give way, and the family demands were inexorable. quite used up. Don't care much for myself, as

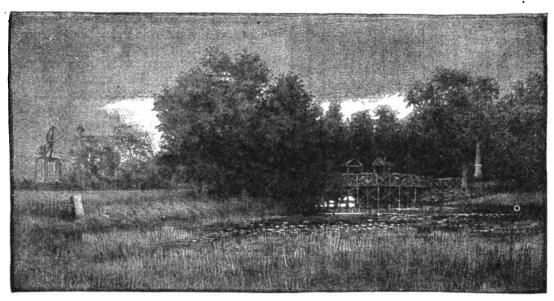
rest is heavenly, even with pain; but the family seem so panic - stricken and so helpless when I break down, that I try to keep the mill going." Yet she contrived to invest a little, and to enjoy trips to Canada and Mount Desert. In January, 1870, she suffered greatly. She thus describes her condition while writing the last chapters of "The Old-fashioned Girl": "I wrote it with my left hand in a sling, one foot up, head aching and no voice. Yet, as the book is funny, people will say, 'Didn't you enjoy doing it?' I often think of poor Tom Hood as I scribble, rather than lie and groan. I certainly earn my living by the sweat of my brow." A tour of Europe in 1870 revived somewhat her failing strength, and gave her fresh spirits; but on her return, though the wonderful success of her books cheered her, pain and weariness returned.

Ednah D. Cheney, from whose biography we have drawn freely for this sketch of the author of "Little Women," says, justly: "At forty years of age, Louisa had accomplished the task she set for nerself in youth. By unceasing toil she had made herself and her family independent; debts were all paid, and enough was invested to preserve them from want. And yet wants seemed to increase with their satisfaction, and she felt impelled to work enough to give to all the enjoyments and luxuries which were fitted to them after the necessaries were provided for."

There was thus no cessation to the strain upon



SCENE IN THE UNION HOSPITAL, GEORGETOWN, D.C., WHERE MISS ALCOTT SERVED AS NURSE.— FROM A WAR-TIME PICTURE IN "FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER."



THE CONCORD BRIDGE AND BATTLE-GROUND.

her. As she rose the family required more, and her powers were more and more taxed. any one else ought to be a bread-winner never seems to have been considered. In 1876 and 1877 she nursed her declining mother, and though prostrated by illness, wrote "Rose in Bloom," and "A Modern Mephistopheles," a volume in the "No Name" Series. Mrs. Alcott died in November, 1877, not long after Louisa herself had been so ill that her death was expected before her This death was followed by that of her mother's. youngest sister, May, who had been encouraged and aided in her artistic studies by Louisa, who repeatedly sent her to Europe. Indeed, May married there, and dying at Paris in the last days of 1879, sent her infant to Louisa, the prop of the family.

She was greatly interested in her father's school of philosophy at Concord. He had his dream of life realized at last. Louisa was greatly interested in woman suffrage, and in temperance movements. But to the losses of friends by death came one she felt sorely—that of Ralph Waldo Emerson, "the man," she says, "who has helped me most by his life, his books, his society."

Mr. Alcott did not long survive, a paralytic stroke warning him of his approaching end. he sank gradually, Louisa devoted all her attention to him, suffering herself from an affection of the throat, and busy preparing "Lulu's Library" for the press. She felt that her end was approaching; she revised her diary and papers, destroying much. Her journal closes in July, 1886, "with the old feeling that she must grind away at the mill, and make money to supply the many claims that press upon her from all sides." At last, weary and worn, she placed herself under the | the true interest of its associations.

care of Dr. Laurence, at Roxbury, and in the quiet and seclusion there, the sufferer rallied somewhat.

As her father was failing rapidly, she drove over to see him, but unwisely laid aside some of her wraps. The worst symptoms appeared, and she soon became unconscious, expiring March 6th, 1888.

After a simple funeral service, at Louisburg Square, where her poem on her mother and her father's tribute to her were read, she was carried to Sleepy Hollow Cemetery. Her father had expired during her illness, and was already there. "She was placed across the feet of father, mother and sister," says her biographer, that she might take care of them as she had done during her life-time.

Thus closed a career of singular self-devotion to others, of unremitting toil, of literary success, with no even-tide of life to gather its laurels.

WE should love our friends as true amateurs love pictures; they keep their eyes perpetually fixed on the fine points, and do not see the defects.—Mme. Dufresnoy.

THE old Grant house, near St. Louis, which was erected by the late general, with his own hands, ir 1857, and in which he lived for several years while he was engaged in hauling wood to St. Louis, has been sold to a syndicate, which threatens to remove the relic and exhibit it throughout the country. The Grand Army men of the vicinity object strenuously to its removal; and, indeed, the idea of thus vulgarizing the humble structure must be repugnant to any one capable of feeling

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"FOR THIS IS LOVE." By CARLOTTA PERRY.

You say you love, with tears you say
The words, and I—I tell you nay.
The pangs of wounded pride, the pain
Of jealousy, love's cruel bane,
Madness and longing may possess
Your soul with their great selfishness;
And you, weak where you should be strong,
Cry out that love hath wrought the wrong.

I tell you nay, because you fain
Of every charm would make a chain;
Because you give not tenderness
Alone that other self to bless;
Because I hear you make demands,
Breathe threats, entreaties and commands
In that great name whose meaning lies
Deep in the heart of sacrifice.

I tell you nay; now read and see Which one of us speaks truthfully. For this is love: to give, not ask, To gladly give, not as a task That done with duty in accord, May justly ask for its reward; To give with heart and soul and sense, Nor ask for any recompense.

Who dreams his utmost giving small And little worth compared with all He would bestow; who doth beseech Ever of look or deed or speech Some fitter sign for love than aught That ever yet was born of thought; Who waives all right, content to be Servant or master, bond or free—He only, out of all the host Who daily of their loving boast, At this supremest height doth prove How great a thing it is to love.

For love, dear child, must be one long And tender pardon for all wrong. Within it tireless faith must dwell, And patience inexhaustible. It must uplift and light and lead To heights of hope and thought and deed; It must the very heavens move—Why, child, men's souls are saved by love, Or—ah, the utter woe of it!—Lost, by its paltry counterfeit.

Bethink you now your ready tears, Your pretty wiles, your petty fears, Your anger, doubts and jealousies, Make they such loving as this is? I angered you because to-day Unto your words I answered nay. Now look into your soul and see, Which one of us spoke truthfully.

NOISE.

BY ANDREW WILSON.

I WONDER if it has ever occurred to any of my readers that this "fine old world of ours" would be a very much improved planet if its noises were

reduced to a minimum, or, mayhap, abolished altogether. Personally, I have often been given to lament the noise and clamor of life; and the topic of noise, in relation to our peace, comfort and health, has been forced upon my attention of late in more ways than one. A recent European tour has impressed me very forcibly with the fact that hotel-keepers might do a worse thing (in the way of business) than advertise (and insure) that their caravansaries are quiet and free from the clamor and the din which beset these establishments as a rule. What is true of foreign hotels is equally true of our own, and, one may add, of not a few of our homes as well. We really suffer from noise much more acutely and severely than we suppose. Later on, I will recur to the physiological side of this social nuisance, but it is easy enough to indict it, on plain grounds, in the first instance. At Scheveningen, for example, I inhabited a room which, unfortunately for me, looked out on the street that leads from the town to the beach. When the fishing. boats arrive, carts trundle up and down this street all night long. You dropped off to sleep, but were soon awoke by the roll and thunder of the carts over the stones. Then succeeded a pause of, say, fifteen minutes, just sufficient to allow you to fall off to sleep again. Out of this slumber you were awoke by the next cart; and so on, this wretched succession of noise and peace persisted for at least six hours. Commend me to a night which is disturbed at regular intervals for causing one to rise ill-tempered and haggard in the morning. After two nights of this treatment one began to appreciate the infernal ingenuity of the Chinese torture, which consists in waking a man every five minutes for days and nights on a stretch.

Nor was this all. A big, brawny Dutchman, wearing Wellington boots, was in the habit of strolling up-stairs to bed about midnight. When one was in the "beauty sleep," this adipose Hollander would first of all half wake me with his Jumbo-like tramp up-stairs. Then, when he got overhead, he slammed his door with a noise fit to wake the Seven Sleepers; and thereafter began a series of pedestrian exercises in his bedroom, ending up with a perfect salvo of artillery made by casting off his boots, by flinging them outside his door, and by slamming the door once again as a grand finals to his preparations for slumber. This is a grievance one has to submit to everywhere, of course, but it is a grievance all the same. The hotel servants in the morning laughed and chattered, and made noise enough in the passages; and, finally, when it was time for the morning dip in the sea, you felt disposed to turn over, and through sheer exhaustion take not forty but a hundred winks. The fact is, that both at home

and abroad we are not at all particular regarding noise, and we suffer therefrom to a degree that tells on health, spirits and temper in marked fashion. Denizens of towns know what it is to be disturbed by the lively chanticleer who heralds the dawn, or by dogs which "bay the moon," and often apparently bark at other planets as well. There is not the least attempt, as a rule, in social life to repress this noise nuisance; yet, without in any sense being deemed querulous or fidgety, we may demand that for health's sake people should begin to protest as forcibly against the din and clamor of life as they do against the attempt at extortion which appears in their hotel bills under the head of "attendance."

Let us consider what noise means scientifically to the living body. Every sound we hear is first of all conveyed to the drum of the ear, which, in its turn, sets in motion sundry small bones that affect the internal mechanism of the organ of hearing. The sound is then parceled out, as it were, into its component elements of tone, timbre or pitch, direction, etc., and is finally transferred to the hearing centre of the brain. This centre discharges the final work of appreciating the nature of the sound, and of converting it into an intellectual item in our consciousness. That we really hear with the brain is therefore a truism of science, just as we see with the brain, and taste, smell and touch with the organ of mind. Our senses are the mere receiving offices of the nervous system. It is the head-office or brain which ultimately deals with all the messages or sensations that reach it from the outer world. Now, a noise which differs from a musical sound in the irregularity of its vibrations, as may readily be conceived, affects not the ear alone, but the brain likewise. That its effects are irritating enough on the ear may go without saying. That the brain must sympathize with its receiving offices is obvious, and in this respect noise is a nervous irritant, the effects of which probably inflict a greater amount of injury than is usually supposed. We see how a noise may affect the nervous system in the effects of a monotonous sound which causes us to drop off to sleep. a kind of mesmeric influence is exerted by the sound, just as a bright light will induce sleep in Each organ of sense is, in fact, wearied out by the number and frequency of the impressions made upon it, and a sense of fatigue is the clear result.

The abolition of noise in social life, I am convinced, would mean a vast improvement in the health, temper, spirits and general welfare of everybody. I do not wish to imply that life could be carried on without sound. The dead dullness of a forest at noonday is in itself depressing. Life, meaning, as it does, action and mo-

tion, is inseparable from sound, but sound is not necessarily noise; and, while we object to the latter, it is very obvious we could not reasonably disagree with the former, including, as it does, the existence of music itself. Suppose, for instance, that, in place of the hard causeway of our streets, wood or asphalt paving became universal, what a wondrous diminution of noise we should find! Or, if the habit of placing indiarubber tires on the wheels of our vehicles became a common practice, how greatly would our comfort in locomotion be increased! If, in addition to these things, we could insure that in our homes the noise of life were reduced, by the exercise of a very little care, to a mininum, I warrant our health, as affected by our nerves, would be less subject to derangement than is the case at the present day.

It seems an almost trivial thing to attach so much importance to noise as a factor in making us both irritable and nervous; but we are perpetually admitting the fact by our tacit abhorrence of noise, whether in the rattling of omnibus-windows (a particularly irritating form of noise) or in the grumble at the heavy feet of the "early bird," who rises betimes, and takes care that everybody within hail of him shall be come well and instantly acquainted with the fact. I may go the length of suggesting that our annual holiday and country flight has the theoretical absence of noise as one, but often unrecognized, reason for its continuance. We leave the bustling city, with its roar and din, for the quiet, peaceful country life, and the absence of noise is a condition which operates beneficially, like all other forms of rest, on our wearied and jaded nerves. But woe betide us if, leaving the city, we only run into new combinations of noise. We begin to envy Thoreau in Walden Wood, when we think of the peace and quiet that quaint zoophilist enjoyed as he made friends with the birds and beasts, and heard only the sweet sounds of forest life in place of the roar of civilization.

USES OF SILK.

SILK is an agreeable and healthy material. Used in dress, it retains the electricity of our bodies; in the drapery of our rooms and furniture-covers it reflects the sunbeams, giving them a quicker brilliancy; and it heightens colors with a charming light. It possesses an element of cheerfulness, of which the dull surface of wool and linen are destitute. It also promotes cleanliness, will not readily imbibe dirt, and does not harbor vermin as kindly as wool does. Its continually growing use by man, accordingly, is beneficial in many ways. Grace and theauty, even, owe some-

woolen or linen without destroying all its gloss | during the more general employment of silk. and value. The more silk ribbons, therefore- | The fluttering of ribbon, the rustling and flowing

thing to silk. You cannot stiffen it like thick | use of linen, would never have been invented



THE HIGHLAND SHEPHERD-BOY.

the more silk kerchiefs and robes are used, instead of linen and woolen—the more graceful becomes the outward aspect of mankind. A number make our customs more natural and pleasing to of strange, grotesque fashions, originating in the | the eye.

skirts of silk, the silk kerchief loosely knotted round the neck, have materially contributed to

MAR SABA.

BY A. L. RAWSON.

"Miss Josephine, can you tell me why or how that convent in the Kidron gorge came by the name of The Holy Lion?"

"Holy Lion? Who said that was the name?"

"Saba is lion in Arabic, and it may have been the intention of the monks who really built the place to honor some noted disciple of the great unknown inventor of monks and monasteries, whoever he was, and having given him a title beatting his courage for braving the terrors of this terrible wilderness, their successors duly elevated him among the saints in the Greek calendar, and—we have a stately marble tomb to look upon, which keeps his memory green."

"You should have said that some people are admitted to see the awful glories of the tomb of the mythical anchorite, for I have not seen it,

except in your sketches. I would gladly see the real thing."

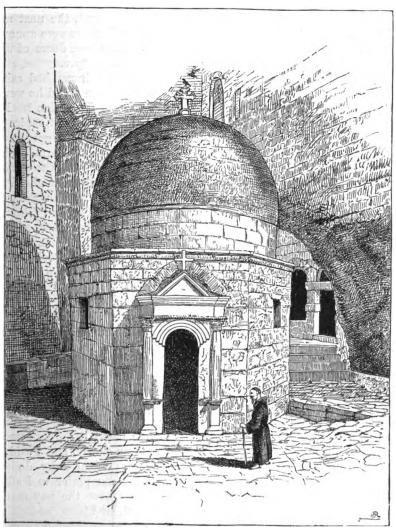
"Do you suppose for a moment that it is real? I mean, is the tomb what is pretended for it?"

"You ask me more than I can answer. In the Lives of the Saints a goodly space is filled with legends about St. Saba, and we know the convent is there, with its so-called tomb, in the rocky slope of the Wadi er Nar (Valley of Fire). Now these visible things are real, why not believe there is truth in the logends beYou cannot put them aside—I mean the convent and its tomb—with a fine-spun theory. The monks say that the holy man found a lion in the cave he had selected for his retreat, and the noble beast recognized the good man, and quietly walked out, leaving the place to him, who took the name of Lion (Saba)."

"Whoever began this pigeons' roost?"

"Enlarged it, you mean. There are hundreds, or, as the Arabs say, a thousand and one caves, large and small, in that ravine, and others in all the ravines running down to the Dead Sea or the Jordan, and the rock is about the consistency of chalk, very easily worked. Very many of these caves have been enlarged, and nearly every one inhabited by one or more monks. Mar Saba was the chief in extent and in its fittings, having a

chapel, dormitories, library, kitchen, and other accessories needful for health and comfort. The entire valley in question was once named Monks' Valley (Wadi er Rahib), and might as well be so called now, because none but monks live there. The truth is, that the modern monk prefers to sleep inside of strong stone walls. with doors locked and barred, and deny himself the luxury of the glory of martrydom, being contented with singing the praises of the ancients."



THE TOMB OF MAR SABA.

hind them?

- "Would we be likely to find any rare books in Mar Saba?"
- "The good Archimandrite Nicodemus, who has kindly let my cousin John Hornstein read books in the library of the Convent of the Holy Cross, and of the great Greek Convent in this city, told him there were rare copies of "The Goldenmouthed," Cyril, Villalpandus, and other early fathers of the Church in St. Saba, of which I have long wished to get a glimpse."

"Why not ask the good patriarch to have some of those books brought up to his library for safe-

keeping?"

- "I have tried through my cousin, but so far in vain. The Greek monks are given to traditions. When one is transferred from Jerusalem to Mar Saba he leaves the traditions of the Holy City behind him, and at once enters into the spirit of the clan there, and supports their reputation for antiquity, wealth, sanctity and exclusiveness."
 - "And sustains all three points?"
- "Antiquity is undoubted, for it is conceded on all sides that Mar Saba as a monks' nest was the first example in Palestine."

"Oh, shades of the Essenes!"

"Yes, yes-I mean in the Christian age."

"And the claim to wealth?"

"Is so far believed by the Bedouins as to lead those poor devils of avarice to watch the monks as cats lay in wait for mice. But only the monks know what wealth they have besides their caves and tomb, dry bones, and some few civilizing conveniences; and the monks will not tell—except, perhaps, to the patriarch or his steward. So when the matter of books is mentioned their jeal-ousy is at once aroused."

" Why?"

"Having renounced 'the world, the flesh and the devil,' they take every care to compel as many as possible of that world to come to see them, and one of their means is to take precious care of their books."

"Then I must go to Mar Saba if I would see any of the books?"

- "It is Mohammed and the mountain again. The ever-praised prophet had to do the traveling."
 - "I will go to-morrow."
 - "Take me with you."
 - "As far as the outer gate?"
 - "Yes, and I will manage the rest."
- "You make me shiver—so to speak, although the day is hot."
- "Well. If, when you are ready to start, which I suppose will be about three o'clock to-morrow morning, English time, I am not presentable, why, you can say bookrah (after), as all the natives do when they wish to dodge or put off anything."

"To-morrow it is, if we can get the patriarch's

- letter of introduction, or order for admission, and the needful donkeys."
 - "How many donkeys?"
 - "One for Josephine, and ---"
 - "One for Maryam Shapira."
- "Yes, certainly; and one for her escort, for she will have to stay outside with you."
- "Another, then, for John Hornstein, or Abraham."
 - "Say for John. Then a big one for me."
- "The small fellows are the best steppers and easiest riders."
- "Small it will be, then. And one for His Highness the boy who will care for the animals, and one for the provisions."
 - "One donkey will carry boy and provisions."
- "That makes five donkeys. Can we get them for the morning?"
- "Mr. Hornstein will send for the owner, who will come to the hotel and make the bargain, if he has or can get them."

The patriarch's permission to visit and order to admit four persons to Mar Saba, and the donkeys having been secured, the next morning, at three precisely, the donkeys were announced at the gate of the hotel, the iron doors of which were swung open for our departure.

A young Englishman had asked us to include him in our company, and he went with us. But where was Miss Josephine? Failed us at the last moment. Maryam Shapira was there, lively and chatty as the cool, gray morning prompted as a means of keeping warm. John kept her busy, and rode as near her as the path admitted. The Englishman, Bright, rode ahead of Miss Maryam, and the donkey-boy, with the well-supplied commissariat, behind her, and I brought up the rear on the smallest but the best animal of the lot.

The owner rode beside me down from the Joppa Gate, past the Pool Gihon, as far as the Well Ain Rogel, where we halted to give the animals a drink.

Coming close to me, he said, in a whisper: "The boy on the little gray donkey said he was in your service, and I let him have the donkey. And I came on purpose to see if all is right."

"Why did you not ask me at the hotel-gate?"

- "Because, while you packed the provisions he mounted and rode away: and I saw that the number of persons and donkeys corresponded."
 - "I'll see about it. Joe, come here."
- Joe rode up slowly, and I said, feigning anger: "You young rascal, why do you keep so far ahead? Do you prefer to lead the way?"
- "I've been over the way many times. May I ride forward, sir?"
 - "Of course, go ahead."
 - It was a great relief to me, and a satisfaction to

the Arab owner of the donkeys. For, I thought, "If Miss Josephine can escape the eye of an Arab, she may succeed with the monks of Mar Saba."

Four hours of hard riding, only a part of the way on a passably good road, brought us to the door of the convent, where we found Joe chatting with a Bedouin, who claimed backsheesh for the whole company as the lord of the region. Another Arab fooled.

Our animals picketed, and a carpet and umbrella arranged for Maryam and her escort, we were ready for entrance.

But the monks were not ready. They had prayers to recite, or were eating, and answered not to my knocks, which were respectfully low.

"Let me try," said Joe, and picked up a goodly sized stone, with which a double bob-major was executed on the iron door, by way of presenting the compliments of the morning.

That woke up somebody inside, and a little basket was let down by a string, into which we put the patriarch's letter.

In a few moments the key rattled, the door opened a little, and Joe stepped part way in, saying: "Count these persons, and see that none enter more than the patriarch's letter calls for—*Protos, deuteros, tritos, emautos tetartos!*" (first, second, third, and I am fourth), he shouted in good Greek.

The Greek door-keeper seemed more anxious to shut the door against the dreadful female who crouched across the way than to scrutinize those who entered, so Joe escaped a third time.

After stooping through the low door, we were led down, around through a second door, down again by winding stairs, across small and large courts, irregular in shape, passing under rocky arches and through dark passages, when we were ushered into the reception-room. This time Joe entered protos, without protest.

The divan was nearly eight feet wide, and intended for sleepers, but we squatted on rugs, and were served with water, rakee, and jelly from a large silver salver, in fine cut-glass goblets. We did not become inebriated, for we took the rakee with a tea-spoon, which was of the almond shape so valued by our grandmothers, and only one dip; followed by one dip of jelly, and then by water ad lib. Generous souls! For water is precious at Saba's sanctuary. They carry it up from the Kidron below, hundreds of steps, stony, steep, winding, and the exact reverse of the famous descent into Avernus.

Joe escaped again, but I trembled until we were invited to follow a tall, thin young monk to the library.

"How did any one know we wished to see the library?"

"The Archimandrite Nicodemus is here on a

visit. He brought word of the patriarch's permission, and the object of your visit."

I could have taken the wings of the wind and flown away, only they were probably mislaid, just then, and I perspired instead. It was warm about that hour, anyhow, and we had to climb four or five hundred (it seemed five thousand) feet to the tower where the books were kept.

I managed to whisper to Joe, on the way, that the old Nic. was after us, but the quiet answer was: "Yes, I knew he intended to come, and that he came last night. The donkey-boy said he hired an extra big mule for the ride."

The library proved a rare treat, but I dare not even attempt to name more than the most important books—or those which appeared to be so, for there were several hundred volumes. His Thinness the librarian told me, confidentially, there were many thousands of volumes in the sacred inclosure, but it was the policy of the monks to conceal the actual facts, from fear of robbery.

"By visitors?"

"Yes. When rich, learned men come here and find valuable books on the shelves, they offer large sums of ready money for them, which the steward seldom if ever refuses. In this manner are we robbed of our treasures."

"Then you really cherish these treasures?" I asked.

"Certainly."

"And read them daily, or frequently?"

"Never read a page of one in my life, and I have been in this holy place nearly seven years."

"You can read, of course?"

"Not a word."

"Then why do you value the books so very highly?"

"I am always selected to show visitors to the library, and these are only a part of the books; others are in a room joining the chapel, and more in boxes. The visitors talk about the books. I listen, and notice which they pay most attention to, and so learn which are the most precious, and why."

"Show me one, and explain its value to me. I am no robber."

Taking out a volume by Chrysostom (the set had six large quartos), he said:

"This book contains the words of the Father of the Golden Mouth; and this," handing out a volume by Basil, "is most necessary to every Christian for rules and guides in holy living, for he it was who first formulated the vows of obedience, chastity and poverty which are respected everywhere, east and west, throughout the Church and the world."

"'Where ignorance is bliss,'" I thought, but said: "What was his name?"



MARYAM SHAPIRA.

"Basil. St. Basil the Great."

And so he went about from one case to another, taking books or MSS. from the shelves and commenting, until he had named Cyril, who wrote the Life of St. Saba, Zuallardo (1586, full of engravings), Adamnanus (697, St. Columba), Philocalia (Basil and Gregory), Cotovicus, Cotelier (Cotelerii, Monuments of the Greek Church), Onomasticon (Basil and Jerome), Eusebius, and many other Greeks, Latins, French and Germans; also a MS. in Greek-Arabic (of the ninth century); and an account of the Conquest of Syria by Saladin (Salah - ed - Din). Makreezee (1400), Edrisi (1150), and other Arabs, were reprecented in manuscript. The Greek classics were not neglected. A palimpsest, Arabic over Thucylides, was very fine.

We were getting on famously when our good Archimandrite Nicodemus climbed the stone stairway and seated himself near it.

Joe was seated, leaning back against a readingdesk opposite the archimandrite, and, in a fit of desperation and fear of exposure, I handed "him" the Greek-Arabic palimpsest, and requested to have it read, or a few sentences. Without rising, Joe rested the book on her knees for a desk, and read a few lines, giving first the Greek, then the Arabic text, which she translated into Greek as she read.

Nicodemus looked very stern and serious when he first came up, but when Joe had read from a few books or manuscripts, his face changed in expression, and he asked me if he too might offer a volume to the learned brother for inspection. On assent, he took a volume of St. Chrysostom and opened it at random, saying: "Read."

Joe read a page from the Exposition of the Epistle of Paul to the Corinthians.

Nicodemus was delighted and said so, but hastened to say also that he regretted the necessity of his immediate return to El Koods (Jerusalem), for he would gladly hear more, if time permitted.

I was equally delighted to salute the departing prince of the Church, and do him reverence—for had he not respected the learning of our Joe, and stifled any suspicions that might have risen in his mind as to what the modest caftan and agyle (coat and head-dress) covered?

"Now," said I, after he had disappeared, "let us push our investigation."

Our attendant brother-monk, whom I called Slim, or Thinness, was named Ivan Boganovitch, but he could not have been even the most remote of kin to the great Russian poet of that family name; for when I asked him how he liked his namesake's poem, "Dushenka" (Psyche), he said he had never heard of it. The "Dushenka" was published just a hundred years ago. So, since he was as limited in knowledge as in figure, I preferred to continue the name of Slim, which he mistook for the Arab Selim, and all was serene.

We worked as a trio, Slim, Joe and I, until about two o'clock in the afternoon, when I felt like eating something "with a fork," as a French-



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JOSEPHINE VARNING (NOW MME. HORNSTEIN).



JOSEPHINE DESGUISED AS " JOE."

man says, and we all went down to the receptionroom, to find a majority of the brothers assembled to see the great curiosity, a learned boy.

"A second 'boy among the doctors," said one old white-head.

"Ah, venerable sir, our schools are most excellent."

"Yes, much better than when I was a boy, judging by this specimen. I am a Smyrniote."

Joe said: "Then, perhaps, you knew my father, Aaron Varning?"

"In truth, I did, and his son, Abraham, and his daughters, Josephine and Elizabeth."



"JOE" KNOCKS AT THE DOOR.

"They are both visiting their uncle, Moses Hornstein, at the Hotel Mediterranean, in Jerusalem."

"How I would enjoy a sight of them! I must not go there; they cannot come here."

Joe gave me a knowing look, and suggested that we have our lunch outside with the rest of our party.

"Bring them in, by all means. There are only one man and a boy."

"What has become of the woman?"

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of her and the man, and then they all, except the man, went away to the east.

Anxiety, lest Miss Shapira had been captured by the Arabs, moved me to ask Slim to let us out at once, which he did. We found John and the boy, and John soon quieted our fears by saying that Miss Maryam had been recognized by some Arab women, who had been at her father's house often, and she had gone to their camp, which is less than half a mile away, and in plain sight from the ridge, near the outer tower. The donkey-boy had not been idle. He had arranged our lunch on the shady side of the tower, and we were soon busy over figs, pomegranates, oranges, cold roasted chicken, native wine, and other delicious When you are so near the desert, or so far into it, as at Mar Saba, the appetite grows keener by what it feeds on.

We left word with the boy that Maryam should call for us when she returned, and taking John with us, returned to the sanctuary of ten thousand skulls (vide any monk at St. Saba).

John had been inside this most ancient museum in Palestine, if we must not except the Temple Area in Jerusalem, and knew what to ask for to gratify my desire of seeing the books. So we inquired for the boxes we had heard of, and John had seen a part of. They were stored here and there in different rooms; some contained old, worn-out liturgies, none less than a hundred, and many over two or three centuries old. Nearly all were printed, but one small box held about a hundred and fifty on vellum or on parchment, in about equal numbers; beautiful specimens of Greek text, written in black ink, with red initials, and a few were ornamented.

At the bottom of an iron chest, in the room off the chapel, under a hundred manuscripts on parchment, we found a handsome copy of the Gospels. The leaves were about eight by ten inches, the text black, in two columns on a page, red initials, the pages bordered with red, yellow and blue lines, with a finely executed portrait of each of the four evangelists, highly idealized, and onriched by the appropriate emblems; bound in ckin, roughly finished.

I glanced at it and put it back in its place, promising myself another inspection later, or on another visit, and also because it is never prudent to show anxiety in bargaining with Orientals; and furthermore, I had to sustain the rôle of being no robber of books.

The library - room of the chapel was dimly lighted, but there was light enough to see many books, printed or in manuscript, lying in confused heaps on the floor, and at our visit Mr. Slim walked over them as if they were only so much straw. And straw they might have been for all

he knew or cared for them. Even the illuminated manuscript of the Gospels which was in the iron chest had no charm for him, because no one had given him an account of its peculiar merits.

Further inquiry revealed the hiding-place of a lot of books in a recess in the wall, which had formed the private library of a former occupant of the cell. They were very curious, so much so that I could not ask Joe to look at them at that time, in the presence of the young Englishman. Joe and I had a long sitting over them another day.

Maryam was expected home, and although the others of the party would have gladly staid over night, yet it was thought best to turn our faces toward the Holy City. Therefore, about an hour before sunset, we bid the monks good-night, and under the escort of Sheik Mustafa, who did not refuse a blessing (backsheesh) in the shape of a silver coin, we arrived safely, a little before midnight, at the gate of the Mediterranean Hotel.

We paid our respects to the Greek Patriarch the next morning, and asked him to have certain volumes in the Mar Saba library brought up to the library in the Greek Convent, where we could examine them at greater length. He promised to do so.

While talking with him, the Archimandrite Nicodemus entered the divan and saluted us. After a while he said that he had been tormented with suspicion that the little bunch in the corner of the tower library, opposite to where he sat, was a girl in boy's clothing, and that, in spite of anxiety and care for more than thirteen centuries, the sacred precincts of the tomb of the holy St. Saba was being polluted—

"Instead of which, my most reverend Siadata E. (bishop, highness), it was really honored by the presence of a gifted young brain, learned in the knowledge of the best books of the best writers in the Church."

"Ah, that was my proof! Such brains, such ready wit at reading and translating the sacred text, and such eloquence in reciting the unequaled words of the Father of the Golden Mouth, convinced me that it was impossible in a woman. If that young man could have the benefit of a proper training in our schools, our holy faith would, indeed, have an able defender and advocate. He may yet become a great teacher. What school has had the honor of his training so far?"

"The American Mission School at Smyrna."

"Ah! It is with pain that I am compelled to admit that some of the schools of the schismatics are nearly, if not quite, as good as ours in certain things; lacking, of course, in spiritual affairs."

fused heaps on the floor, and at our visit Mr. Slim I know that accounts of book-hunting must be walked over them as if they were only so much dry, and that even the "lark" of a gifted and straw. And straw they might have been for all beautiful young woman cannot amuse forever.

The little girl of that day is now a woman, the wife of one who stands high in the confidence of the Khédive of Egypt. Her talents go far toward winning and enabling him to keep his place. Orientals see quickly, and treasure as precious, fine qualities in a woman, as their history shows in many instances. Her portrait, engraved from a photograph made at Cairo, Egypt, during the last year, appears herewith. Its intelligent and kindly face will win many friends among my readers, while I can only hope to be forgiven for "giving her away" as I have in these pages.

Miss Maryam Shapira was the daughter of the well-known scholar of that name of Jerusalem, who will be remembered as discoverer of a great number of curious terra-cotta images in Moab, and of a manuscript of the Pentateuch, which was supposed by him and some others to be very ancient, and which was pronounced a forgery by certain experts in London. He had offered it for sale at the modest price of one million pounds sterling! Mr. Shapira was reckoned the most accomplished scholar in Hebrew in Europe, if not in the world. He and his work were condemned by men who were far from being his peers in a knowledge of Hebrew, whether language or We were indebted to him for the Arab dresses used on the trip to Mar Saba, and on other excursions; and he also spoke a friendly word in our behalf to the Arab sheiks whose territory we were about to trespass upon.

I must use care in what is written about John Hornstein, for he is now in office in Cairo, Egypt, the City of Victory, and is the official interpreter to the Chief of Police. What if I should feel moved to climb the Great Pyramid once more, or linger in the Museum of Antiquities at Boolak, or should appear at sunrise some morning at the Esbekiyeh, inquiring for a donkey to ride out to Heliopolis? John might think it his duty to cite me before a Kadee, where he would re-enact the scene in the "Pasha of Many Tales," and cover me with confusion. But he is kind-hearted, and would rescue me, and give the Kadee and me a good dinner afterward.

I regret the necessity for closing this brief account without so much as referring to the books we saw there, or to my success in inducing the patriarch to remove the valuable ones to Jerusalem; but space, although infinite, is on paper limited, and here must my greetings to His Highness be made. May he be forever exalted.

ALL pleasure must be bought at the price of pain; the difference between false pleasure and true is just this—for the true, the price is paid before you enjoy it; for the false, after you enjoy it.—John Foster.

A BALLAD OF SKATING.

BY DOUGLAS SLADEN.

What skating! My beautiful cousins declare
That there's nothing like skating—such glorious
sky!

Such glitter of frost on the grass! and the air
Like well-iced champagne at a dance in July!
Such parties! Such partners! Miss Kitty's so pretty—
As daring a girl as e'er rode at a fence,
And Miss Mabel's so slender, so graceful, so tender,
That a fellow must——

That is, a fellow with sense.

"Help me on with my skates, Fred!" Miss Kitty has feet

As dainty as girlish disdain could demand,
And she knows that the boot is adorably neat,
And laced like a glove, which she thrusts in his
hand.

"Hold me up, Fred! I'm falling." Miss Mabel's unstable,

Slim waist and soft fingers just plead to be clasped. "I'm sure, if I stumbled, I should feel so humbled, That I doubt if I ever——"

Her-meaning-he grasped.

Miss Kitty's trim feet wheel and wheel on the ice Like a hawk on the wing, in their glide and their grace.

Miss Mabel's slim waist feels uncommonly nice,
And she screams if I try to—relax—my embrace.
The air tastes, though low by Réaumur, like Saumur,

If not quite champagne, and the sky looks her best, But the fact that Miss Kitty's audaciously pretty,

And Miss Mabel so tender——

You know all the rest.

FAMOUS BLIND MEN.

VIDAL, the blind sculptor, is one of the wonders of the French capital. He has been blind since his twenty-first year. We can quite easily understand how a blind farmer would cultivate the ground with the plow, spade and hoe. he would feel around the tender plants and gently loosen the dirt from their roots, or how the blind Birmingham (Ala.) miner tells, with the sense of touch alone, the direction and to what depth to drill his holes before putting in a blast; but the work of Vidal stands out in bold relief, unique, wonderful and incomparable. To be a sculptor, it is generally supposed that one must have the "mechanic's eye" and the artist's taste and per-The latter faculties Vidal has to an exceptional degree—even more acute, he believes, than if the former were not lost to him forever. By slowly passing his hands over an object he notes its external proportions, and imitates them in clay in a manner which strikes the beholder dumb with surprise. A dog, horse, human face, or anything alive or dead, he models with as much ease as any of the dozens of Parisian sculptors who still retain the faculty of sight.

From 1855 to 1875 Vidal received more medals



than any other exhibitor of works in the Paris art exhibitions. Many of his works, made in the solitude of his perpetual midnight, were to be seen on the shelves at the Great Exposition, where the blind wonder contended in friendly rivalry with his less unfortunate brother-artists. He never complains, is always genial and festive when among his friends, who always speak of and to him as though he could see, and well may they do so, for he is one of the best art critics in all Paris.

Rev. W. H. Milburn, known throughout the

civilized world as "the blind preacher," and who is actively in the field at the present time, is one of the most remarkable men of the age. He was born in Philadelphia in 1823. He totally lost the sight of one eye while quite young, the other becoming badly impaired from sympathy, so much so that it soon darkened forever. With spirit undaunted he studied, and was ordained as a minister at the age of twenty, and, it is claimed, traveled over 200,000 miles, filling appointments in the Southern States. Within the last thirty years he has preached in nearly every State in the Union and some European countries. been Chaplain of the House of Representatives at Washington, besides filling many other important positions. As a writer he is known as the author of "Ten Years of a Preacher's Life," "Rifle, Ax and Saddle-bags," and "Pioneer Preachers and People of the Mississippi Valley."

Mr. Herreshoff, the blind President of the Herreshoff Manufacturing Co., of Bristol, R. I., seems as much out of his element in his present capacity as the blind sculptor. Aside from Edison, the Government has recognized him as being one of the greatest inventors of the times. Many of the torpedo-boats and steam-launches now used by this and all the civilized governments on the globe are the inventions of this sightless genius. His steam-launches have made the highest speed with but few exceptions, and his torpedo-boats are ranked among the most efficient in use. He works on his models in the quiet of the night



MAR SABA. -- IN THE LIBRARY. -- SEE PAGE 209



MARBACH.

shut up in the darkness of his room, but this is all the same to Herreshoff—the brightest midday would be to him as black as the darkest midnight.

THE BOYHOOD OF SCHILLER.

On a gently sloping hill by the Neckar, and near the frontier of Suabia and Franconia, stands Marbach, the birth-place of Schiller. It stands there, quite mediævally picturesque, with its crooked climbing streets, the pointed gables and slanting walls of its closely crowded houses, the remnants of the old town-wall, and the fine Gothic tower, which closes the vista to the eye

of one approaching from the capital. The pride of Marbach, its broadest and finest street, is the straight Marktstrasse; and if one walks from this central line toward the finest building of the place, the elegant Alexander Church, one comes to the site of the old Niklas Gate, relics of which are still stand-Here, in a part of the town inhabited chiefly by fishermen and trades-people, is the house in which Friedrich Schiller came into the world, on the 10th of November, 1759. The storms of the Seven Years' War were then sweeping over Germany, and the child's father,

Lieutenant Caspar Schiller, had just marched off with the Army of Würtemberg to the Main.

The boy was left for several years to the care of his kind mother. In the narrow, high-gabled house, the lower room, immediately to the left of the antiquely broad house-door with its vaulted arch and massive knocker, was allotted to her; there, in this one room, in which she had given him birth, his mother lived with him and his sister Christophine. On the other side of the street, which at this point leaves room for a little well and the needful space around it, stands, right opposite the house and very convenient for its inmates to see, the "wild man," from which Marbach takes its arms; a strange figure of the



THE HOUSE IN WHICH SCHILLER WAS BORN (MARBACH).

giant who in old times, so runs the legend, caught travelers in his great forest on the spot where Marbach now stands, devoured them, and drank deep, deep draughts of the country wine from their skulls in the vine-clad tower. This figure now looks down on animated groups of water-drawing women, who, after copious talk at the well, go slowly home again, with their vessels on their heads.

Friedrich Schiller did not stay long amid these peaceful scenes of his native town. His father, who had now attained the rank of captain, returned to the country, and was sent at Christmas, 1763, to the free imperial town of Gmünd, "to levy recruits"; but as this place was found too expensive, he was, at his own request, soon permitted to remove with his family, whom he had taken to live with him, to the nearest place in Würtemberg. This place was Lorch.

Caspar Schiller, now at last reunited with his family, staid just three years, from Christmas, 1763, till Christmas, 1766, at Gmünd and Lorch. For him and his wife this time was darkened by many cares, and, owing to public calamities, his pay as captain was withheld from him for two long years; but this Lorch period remained in Friedrich's memory as one of the most peaceful in all his life. His sister-in-law Caroline tells us that he always retained a "great attachment to the neighborhood of Lorch," and that "when he had left the Academy, it was the goal of the first excursion that he made with his sister." latter fully shared her brother's feelings, and just a year before his death she reminded him of their childhood "at Lorch, when things went so exceedingly well with us."

Things and people, nature and friendship, combined to make their new residence so pleasant, both to the parents and to the children. were transplanted to Old-Suabian soil, to the ancestral land of the Hohenstaufens, whose ancient castle stands close to the place, and whose memory is still kept alive in the district by the monuments of their greatness. Compared with the wide and gentle Marbach valley, the vale formed by the little Rems-a "Neckarle," indeed -seems narrow and dark; it is not the vine that is mainly cultivated there; on the contrary, the character of the country is determined by the forests—dense fir forests leagues long—in which it is pleasant to wander, and which stretch close up to the place. The Schiller family had taken up its abode first in the Sun Inn, pleasantly situated at the bridge over the Rems, then in a prettily rural dwelling, a little back from the street; they occupied the upper story in a simple two-storied house; the children got a work-room looking to the back over a large garden, in which they were free to run about, and if they went to

the end of it they came at once down to the Rems, and could see the ducklings bathing and swimming gayly up and down in the clear waters, and roam away into the woods on the other side. A brooklet runs past the front of the house, too, from which an ancient little wooden bridge leads back to the street; it is called the Götzenbach, and comes down from the Götzenbain—the Idols' Brook from the Idols' Grove.

The name of this brook which ran past the Schillers' house pointed back perhaps to heathen times, a remote past when Lorch was a Roman settlement; and if the boy wandered to the near "Bemberlesstein," he may have been reminded once more of the Romans, for there was a Roman castle there, the foundation-walls of which are still to be seen. More strikingly, however, was he reminded of the time of the Hohenstaufens, for he often climbed that near hill on which a convent stands containing the graves of the imperial Suabian dynasty. Here, on the site of an old Hohenstaufen castle, Friedrich of Hohenstaufen founded a Benedictine convent, and he and many later sons of his race found their last rest in its church under the Gothic tower. Not far from these graves are to be seen the portraits of the Hohenstaufens—paled, it is true, and destroyed by time—from the founders of the convent down to Conradin of Suabia, of whose tragic end a smaller painting above the large one reminds us -the prince lying on the block and the headsman with the ax standing beside him. A tragedy to be entitled "Conradin," was one of Schiller's earliest plans.

Long ere this the Benedictines had left the Convent of Lorch, which no longer served its pious purpose; but on another hill not far from Lorch, on the Salvator near Gmünd, the forms of the Catholic faith first presented themselves to the boy with glaring distinctness. Schiller loved to walk to this hill, and his wife testifies that the "difference of religious conceptions" often attracted the future author of "Maria Stuart" up to the twelve stations of the Passion, represented in painted wood sculptures, and to the chapels on the summit built against old walls of When these stations are passed, and one stands by the splashing fountain beside the chapels, the Suabian land lies spread in wide expanse before one; the cone of the Hohenstaufen rises from amid meadows, with a village at its feet; the "high-threatening Rechberg" is visible, the long wooded ridge of the Staufen, and the whole beautiful row of hills around.

Captain Schiller often went to the imperial town of Gmund on his duke's business, and sometimes he took little Fritz with him. A witness relates that while the captain, "a remarkably serious man," transacted his business in the

George Inn, he whiled away the time with Fritzie Schiller outside, and often played marbles with him till the time came for going home. Through the silent fir forest father and son walked back to Lorch.

We must not underrate the influence which Caspar Schiller now gained over his son. boy, who had grown up hitherto under his mother's milder sway, came now under his father's grave discipline. To the strong impression which the life in a new part of the country among new people made on the boy, was added the changed aituation at home, where the father, a strict commander, now took the reins. Just because this change was so sudden the effect was all the more immediate. Many little incidents are related which bear witness to the feeling for obedience and command with which his father inspired him; and the pious captain's daily prayers, to which the boy, leaving his play, eagerly listened, along with the sermons of the clergyman of the place, awakened the religious impulse in him; his "preaching in the Sun Inn" was faithfully remembered by his father, who loved to relate how they "had to dress the child in a black pinafore instead of a gown, with a scrap of an old sermon for bands." While all around him were made to observe a silent and devout demeanor and listen attentively, Friedrich mounted a chair and delivered several texts in intelligent order, childishly, but with emphasis. If, however, the attention of his congregation flagged, he ran away in great indignation, and reappeared only after a good while with a philippic.

Such was the soil in which the resolution of the boy, to devote his life to theology, ripened. lipp Ulrich Moser, the clergyman at Lorch, had supplemented the instruction of the school of the place by giving him his first lessons in Latin and Greek; and, like Moser's son, who attached himself to Schiller in childish friendship, and shared his father's lessons with him, Schiller was much strengthened in his religious tendencies by the influence of this clergyman's stern and imposing personality. The man lived long in his grateful remembrance, and it shows how deeply the impressions of this Lorch period remained imprinted in him, that he called the clergyman in "The Robbers," who faces Franz Moor at night and speaks stern words to him, Moser.

Nanele, a sister of young Moser, had joined the friends, and the fourth in this circle was Schiller's sister Christophine; little Conz joined them at last as fifth. The strong impulse of friendship which lived in Schiller now stirred in him for the first time; and the joyous companions wandered through the forests of Lorch together. The tempting nearness of the forest, the sunshine and the air of Spring sometimes made them truants;

and while their mother stood at the door watching whether they had taken the way to school, Friedrich and Christophine sprang cunningly round the street-corner and struck into the open.

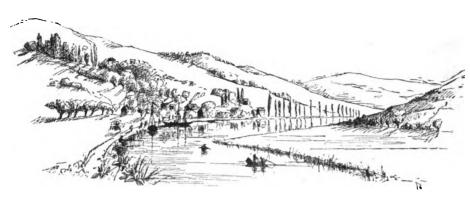
But the idyl of Lorch came to an end, and a sterner school discipline seized the boy in the beginning of 1767, when he went with his parents to Ludwigsburg, and, as a future theologian, entered the Latin school there.

Ludwigsburg is the Suabian Versailles. must have seemed a grand place to the Schillers. who found themselves transplanted from the stillness of their Rems valley into the midst of the brilliant life of a court after the French model. The broad streets, straight as an arrow, were filled with courtiers in silk dress-coats, with hair-bags and swords; the palace, with its squares, gardens and parks, was traversed by ducal officers in gay uniforms and caps; so Justinus Kerner, from the remembrance of his childhood, has drawn the picture of those days. There were expensive fêtes on the lakes in the parks, and in the large marketplace of the town, round which run areades in the Italian style; at Shrovetide a Venetian fair was got up, at which all comers, including the children, had to appear in masks, and the future poet of "Fiesco" had now an opportunity of seeing Italian life, at least in imitation. In the middle of the palace-grounds stood the ducal operahouse, built in the form of a lyre and lined with costly mirrors. Captain Schiller often took his son with him to the opera, "instead of the reward for diligence at school," says Christophine; he felt as if translated "to a fairy world," and was, despite the foreign language, mostly unintelligible to him, "all eye and ear, noticing everything exactly."

The impulse to reproduce what he had seen in his own way stirred passionately within him. He builds himself a theatre with his school-books, cuts figures out of paper, and makes them perform "little plays"; but, as the pupil of the Ludwigsburg Latin school can imagine a theatrical performance without spectators just as little as the little Lorch preacher a devotional hour without a devout congregation, he enhances the illusion by setting up empty chairs as "symbols of spectators." Soon, however, he got tired of this kind of play, and now began to get up a theatre with the help of his sisters and schoolfriends; the stage was erected in the garden behind the house, and, while Schiller took the lead, all the rest had to help. He was the manager of the little troop; he distributed the parts, and his authority was recognized, though he was not a good actor himself, and "exaggerated everything by his vivacity."

But as yet all such endeavors were only play for Schiller, and had to take a secondary place

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ON THE NECKAR.

compared with his proper intellectual aims. Theology still seemed to him his life-task, and, spurred on by his ambitious father, he climbed with honest toil the steps which were to lead to this study. The Latin school had to be gone through, and the candidates had to prove their attainments in official examinations at Stuttgart, before they could be admitted to the "lower convent schools" which prepared boys for the study of theology. At Easter, 1769, in the tenth year of his life, Schiller passed the first of these examinations, and returned to the Latin school as a recognized puer bone spei. This school truly

deserved its name; Latin was the main staple of instruction; Virgil, Horace and Ovid were read and expounded. It was only on Fridays that the boys were taught their mother-tongue. Then religious writings were opened, and the future study prepared for in the driest way. On Sunday they had to hear a sermon and be catechised. The rector of the school. Tilling, was at the same time the chief clergyman. A spirit of rigid orthodoxy went through the school; from the rector it descended to the teachers, and the right Latin and the right faith were brought home to the boys by all the means of discipline, among which the cane was the most important.

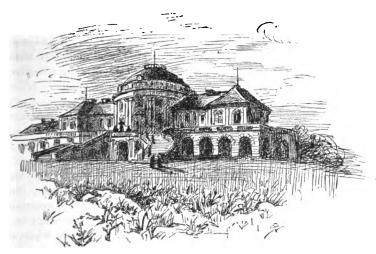
This being so, it is not difficult to understand that the future theologian was playing in the street in childlike mirth on the very day before his confirmation, at Easter, 1772, without a thought of the sacred act, for he who was to perform it was the representative of that hard orthodoxy, the Rev. Herr Tilling. But, when taken to task for his equanimity by his pious mother, Schiller first becomes aware of the deeper feeling latent in him, and it urges him to poetical expression; he goes to his room, and returns with a poem "in which he expressed the feelings which

the sacred act awaked in him." He hands it to his parents, and his father exclaims in astonishment, "Have you gone crazy, Fritz?" So much did this quite subjective poetical attempt surprise the captain. It seems to have been in German, but was unfortunately not pre-

served. Late in life Schiller remembered his confirmation, and his wife says: "The description of his condition, when he was first received into the communion of the Church, was always deeply touching." Schiller had already written many Latin verses of a less special character in school exercises and on festal occasions; his skill was soon recognized by his companions, and he was privileged to write the salutation poem in honor of a new teacher named Winter, in which he made the joke that Winter promises a good Spring. Unfortunately the words did not prove true for Schiller, for Winter, also a friend of cor-



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THE SOLITUDE.

poral punishment, beat him one day in the usual way; when, however, it came out that there had been a misunderstanding, he went to Schiller's father to apologize, taking for granted that his innocent victim had reported the incident at home. But the brave little man had held his tongue, and, on now being asked, he answered that he had thought his teacher meant it well. Blue marks on his back, however, showed how well his teacher had meant it.

Schiller's zeal was not damped by such pedagogic arts; he passed for one of the best pupils in the class, understood easily, and was diligent. Christophine relates that when the hour for going to school struck and his breakfast was not ready, he set out fasting. His father's influence on this sense of duty in Schiller is expressly testified. "Great reverence for his father," says Friedrich von Hoven, "was his main motive to diligence; his father, whose fine talents had been neglected in his youth, made it his first aim in life that his son should learn something worth learning." The same witness, Schiller's confidential friend in those days, has drawn us a picture of the boy's intercourse with his companions at Ludwigsburg:



THORWALDSEN'S STATUE OF SCHILLER, SCHILLER-PLATZ, STUTTGART.

"Notwithstanding the restraint in which he was kept by his father, Schiller was very lively, nay, almost wild. In our games, which were often none of the gentlest, he generally took the lead. The younger boys feared him, and the older and stronger ones too held him in respect, because he never showed fear. He boldly attacked even grown-up people by whom he thought himself insulted, and if any one was repugnant to him, he tried to tease him on occasion. Among his playmates but few were his confidential friends, yet to these he was firmly and deeply attached, and thought no sacrifice

too great for their sake"—traits which we discover in the later Schiller.

To this period belongs an incident which Christophine tells us: "Once, when we went as children with our mother to our dear grandparents, she took the way over the hill. It was a beautiful Easter Monday, and on the way our mother told us the story of the disciples whom Jesus joined on their way to Emmaus. Our dear parent's language and narrative became more and more enthusiastic, and when we, at length, came to the top of the hill, we were all so touched that we knelt down and prayed. This hill became a Tabor to us."

All these experiences fully awakened the poetic impulse, which had announced itself in Schiller now here, now there, in puppet-show play and in enthusiastic melancholy. In his thirteenth year, his father tells us, he wrote his first play, only the title of which is preserved; he called it "The Christians." That religious world in which Schiller was so deeply rooted had determined his poetic direction also. We may suppose that the contrast between Christian and heathen Romans, whose culture was also a familiar conception to the school-boy, filled the drama, and that persecution, courageous self-sacrifice and martyrdom were the youthful poet's theme.

The picture presented to us by these traditions of Schiller's childhood is that of an organic and constant development. A puer bone spei indeed stands before us. He is one of the best pupils in the school, he is the leader in the children's games. Even when he mistakes his talents, as in the case of dramatic representation, the vivacity of his initiative helps him to maintain his authority, and he remains leader and master. His strength of will, his courage, his keen wit, are respected and feared. He receives with open feeling the impressions of the world around him, and already a productive impulse awakes in him at

decisive moments, and seeks expression in religious poetic conceptions.

But at this point Schiller's development was violently interrupted, and the heavy hand which lay on Würtemberg grasped at his destiny too.

The duke, Karl Eugen, caused search to be made every year in the Latin school at Ludwigsburg for talented pupils whom he might receive into his military seminary, that great and rigorons educational establishment which afterward became famous under the name of the "Karlschule"; and as Schiller had the fortunate misfortune to be counted, after some ups and downs, among the very best pupils, his name was men-The duke, so Christophine tioned to the duke. relates, "sent for Schiller's father, and several other officers, and told them that he was minded to receive their sons into the seminary. Schiller's father answered that he would regard it as a favor if his son were permitted to follow his own inclination and to study for the Church. This frankness seemed not to please the duke, who was wont to see all his utterances obeyed as commands." Schiller's sister describes the impression which the duke's words made on the family, and how all possibility of studying theology in the seminary seemed at an end, and then continues: "While these resolutions were being formed several days elapsed, for it cost young Schiller a hard struggle to reconcile himself to them. Our father was again summoned to the duke, and urged to declare himself. At last, fearing to draw upon himself the displeasure of the duke, under whose direct command his father stood, young Schiller resolved to study law." In return the duke promised to provide for him on his leaving the academy better than would be possible in the clerical profession, a promise which the anxious parents did not fail to remember, and from which they sought to derive comfort.

Schiller's intention of studying theology was thus frustrated. He ventured indeed once more, a year after entering the seminary, to own to the duke that he would be far happier if he might one day serve his country as a theologian, and the Christian doctrines long remained of decisive importance for his poetical plans; but at last his boyish intention was thrust far into the background by new impressions, and when, just after leaving the academy, he met his old friend Conz again as a Tübingen student of theology, he seemed wholly estranged from his old plans: "What would I be now?" he asked, haughtily. "A little Magister of Tübingen!" So he, led by his father, walked up the straight road to the seminary at the Solitude, on January 16th, The period of his childhood ends here, and the restraint of public life, which weighed heavily on the Germans of those days, took pos-

session of his young soul. When he entered the seminary he was already the author of "The Christians," and when he left it, eight years after, he took with him a revolutionary work which was to shake the German world—Friedrich Schiller had become the author of "The Robbers."

THE PRICE OF GENIUS. By J. W. Watson.

THERE never was a greater comment on the price paid for brains than the revelation, just brought to the surface in France, of the competition over Millet's great picture of "The Angelus," when it was knocked down for \$110,000, while, at the same time, the widow of the artist was living in reduced circumstances. Millet received \$360 for the picture, and thought himself well paid, and the case is a common one. Edgar Poe received \$15 for "The Raven," and hurried home to take it to his dying wife to buy her some little delicacy before her departure. The author of. perhaps, the most popular poem ever written in America, who is now going through semi-starvation in a garret, told us, a short time ago, that a great editor said to him: "Now, why don't you write us such a poem as that?" He wrote what an expert would pronounce a better one, and was rebuked with, "It's not up to our standard." He meant "down."

The head of a great publishing house, in this city, once told the writer, when he had occasion to complain of one of their editors for dishonesty and incapacity, this: "Don't say a word against —. He suits us exactly. He comes down to the level of the public." The word dishonesty was here used in this sense: B---- was the editor of a great literary weekly, and the writer was an author of stories, always received by B--- with favor, until a small personal misunderstanding occurred and B--- brought it into the editorial room, and the usual stories were shut out from the paper. The writer did not submit, but had them copied out in a neat female hand, and sent back under altered titles and the pretty name of Corinne Browne. They were accepted, and letters from the editor soliciting a personal interview followed. This was declined by the supposed lady, and then the editor asked her photograph, and received in reply one of a beautiful woman, selected from among a hundred at a photographer's. Now, the author, bent on his revenge, went to the publisher, showed the correspondence, and told the story, and his answer was that detailed above. Then he told the publisher that a dishonest editor would be a dishonest man, and warned him against the future of B......

Six months after, B—— received his walking-

papers as editor, and went into Wall Street, where he soon got to be a banker. Two years after he made a most disreputable failure, pouching \$3,000,000 of stolen funds.

All of which is as true as gospel.

JOY AND SORROW.

By T. G. Brooks.

Joy kneels, at Morning's rosy prime, In worship to the rising sun; But Sorrow loves the calmer time, When the day-god his course hath run.

When Night is in her shadowy car, Pale Sorrow wakes while Joy doth sleep; And, guided by the evening star, She wanders forth to muse and weep.

DRIVING TANDEM.

THE congregation of a rural parish church in Scotland, to which a big stipend is attached, had at one time settled over them a minister who was somewhat of a sportsman. A short time after his appointment, the loungers around the kirk-yard one Sunday morning were horrified to see their new minister driving tandem right up to the door. It was but the work of a minute for them to get together and depute one of the elders to wait upon him immediately after service, and remonstrate with him concerning such a flagrant breach of decorum. Accordingly, at the time appointed, the elder was in waiting at the foot of the pulpit-stairs.

Elder—"Sir, the folk sent me to speak to ye about driving tandem to the kirk."

Minister—"Oh, nonsense, Mr. B— What is wrong in driving tandem to church?"

Elder—"'Deed, sir, it's just this—it disna look weel."

Minister—"What signifies the look, so long as there is no harm in it? The look is nothing.'

John, the beadle, was at the same time coming down the pulpit-stairs with the big Bible in his hand; and the minister, turning round, said: "Well, we will refer it to John."

Minister—" Now, John, what is your opinion

John-"Aweel, minister, the elder's richt."

Minister—"Come, come, John. How are you

going to prove that ?"

John, laying the Bible on the pulpit-steps, mys: "Pruve it? Oh, yes, minister, I can sune dee that."

Then, clasping his two hands together, and holding them about a foot from his face, he said: "Noo, minister, that's about the way ye say the blessing, an' it's a' richt." Then drawing back his left hand, applying its thumb to his nose,

spreading out his fingers, attaching the thumb of his right hand to the little finger of his left, and spreading out the fingers also of his right, he said: "Noo, minister, that's tandem; and if the look's naething, hoo wad it look if ye wuz to say the blessing that way?"

That was the last of the minister's tandem-driving in the parish.

AN ANECDOTE OF STEPHEN GIRARD.

GIRARD had a drayman who was decidedly a poor man. One day the drayman, who was an industrious, bright fellow, with a good many mouths to fill at home, was heard to remark that he wished he was rich.

"What's that?" sharply said Girard, who heard the grumble. "Oh, said the man, "I was only wishing I was rich." "Well, why don't you get rich?" said the millionaire, harshly. "I don't know how without money," returned the drayman. "You don't need money," said Girard. "Well, if you will tell me how to get rich without money I won't let the grass grow before trying it," returned the other. "There is going to be a ship-load of confiscated tea sold at auction tomorrow at the wharf; go down there and buy it in, and then come to me."

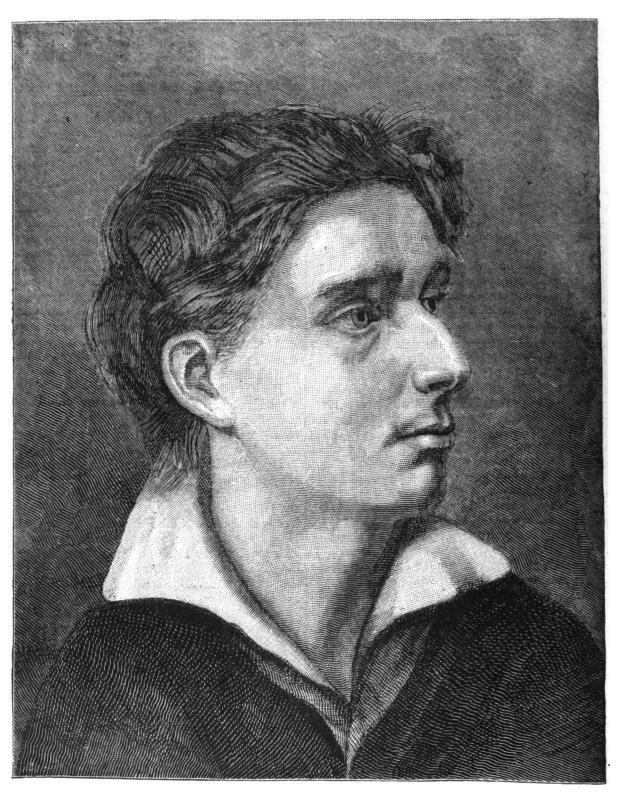
The man laughed. "I have no money to buy a ship-load of tea with," he said. "You don't need any money, I tell you," snapped the old man. "Go down and bid in the whole cargo, and then come to me."

The next day the drayman went down to the sale. A large crowd of retailers were present, and the auctioneer said that those bidding would have the privilege of taking one case or the whole shipload, and that the bidding would be on the pound. He then began the sale.

A retail grocer started the bidding, and the drayman raised him. On seeing this, the crowd gazed with no small amount of surprise. the case was knocked down to the drayman the auctioneer said he supposed the buyer only desired one case. "I'll take the whole ship-load," coolly returned the successful bidder.

The auctioneer was astonished, but on some one whispering to him that it was Girard's man who was the speaker, his manner changed, and he said he supposed it was all right. The news soon spread that Girard was buying tea in large quantities, and the next day the price rose several cents. "Go and sell your tea," said Girard to the drayman the next day.

The drayman was shrewd, and he went out and made contracts with several brokers to take the stock at a shade below the market price, thereby making a quick sale. In a few hours he was worth \$50,000.



SCHILLER, FROM AN EARLY PORTRAIT. -- SEE PAGE 217.



SOFTLY :: "LOVE DID YOU CALL ME ?"."

THE LOST LETTER.

BY ANNA PIERPONT SIVITER.

some young book-keeper for Wade Brothers.

Jimmy, the office-boy for the same firm, as is usual in such cases, did not hear. It is a singular fact, not yet explained, that deafness is more and Jimmy relinquished his favorite occupation Vol. XXIX., No. 2-15.

"JIMMY!" called Frank Hepburn, the hand- | prevalent among office-boys than among any other class of wage-earners.

"Jimmy!"

Frank Hepburn called more sharply this time,

of drawing cats with red ink on the firm's noteheads, and slowly approached Mr. Hepburn's stool.

"Take this letter to the post-office, and drop it into the box marked 'City,' and be quick, please."

Jimmy took the letter, placed it carefully between his teeth while he put on his hat and coat; he then surveyed the envelope closely, and asked:

"What's that mark in the corner for, Mr. Hepburn?"

"Clear out, you rascal!" laughed the young man, slightly coloring. "It's a secret-society sign. Now go!"

As the boy passed from the office, Weaver, the cashier, looked up and yawned, "Well, it's my lunch-time," and a minute later he was hurrying after the leisurely Jimmy.

"I'm going past the post-office, Jim," he remarked, as he overtook that youth; "give me Hepburn's letter and I'll drop it in for you."

Jimmy, glad of an opportunity to engage in an interesting game of marbles he saw being played round the corner, willingly gave up the letter, and Weaver passed down the street.

"Ah, that's the way the wind blows, is it?" he thought, glancing at the address. "'Miss Bertha Willey, 219 Madison Avenue.' I thought that that engagement was entirely broken off. This doesn't look like it, but I mean to know for certain."

Weaver had long been Hepburn's most persistent rival. The lady in the case was a prize well worth any man's earnest efforts to win, and when Frank Hepburn's engagement to her was announced, none of her admirers felt half the chagrin that seized Weaver. He had felt almost certain of winning her himself at one time, and in the expectation of handling her snug fortune had incurred certain debts which, according to the rude fashion of debts, were now "staring him in the face." Great, then, had been his satisfaction when a report reached him of the broken engagement, and he immediately called on Miss Willey. She received him cordially, and in the two succeeding weeks he frequently repeated the call.

"I will strike while the iron is hot," he said to himself, and on this very evening had determined to know his fate, when the sight of Hepburn's letter upset his plans.

"I will know what is in it," he thought, desperately. "I can open it—it's very carelessly scaled. Hepburn can't come between us again, if I can help it!"

He hurried home, and holding the envelope over a steaming kettle in his mother's kitchen, soon had its coveted contents in his hand. It ran thus: "Beetha, Dear: I was wrong, and you were right. Can I come and be forgiven? I have a fine business offer from a house in St. Paul: if I do not get a favorable reply from you to-morrow, I shall accept it, and go immediately. Life without you is unendurable here.

"FBANK."

"You will get no answer to-morrow," Weaver muttered; "and once safe in the West, my coast is clear. What an idiot, to intrust all his happiness to a letter! But then, he's so terribly proud; he thought it would hurt his dignity less to write a note than seek an interview."

Yes, Weaver was right; Frank was proud, and so was Bertha. A trivial lovers' quarrel had come between them, and Bertha, feeling sure Frank must see in time he was wrong, did not try to right herself. She would gladly meet him halfway in any effort at reconciliation, but farther than that her womanly self-respect would not let her go. Meantime her evenings were lonely, and when Mr. Weaver called, he found her very ready to be entertained.

On the day after Weaver obtained this letter, he watched Hepburn narrowly, and saw he was restless and nervous, and by night that he was pale and weak. The next day he did not appear at the office, and word came that he was sick.

"Packing up for St. Paul," Weaver sneered to himself. "It's just an excuse."

But Frank Hepburn's was no assumed illness. "A bad case of brain-fever," the doctor said, as he gazed with more than professional interest on the young man lying before him. His brown eyes were wide open, and restlessly flying from one face to another, as if in search of one that never came, while his parched tongue constantly formed the word "Bertha," gently and pleadingly spoken as long as his strength permitted him to utter it. Then, as he became weaker, only a half-articulate murmur greeted the ears of the anxious watchers who bent above him.

"Who is Bertha?" the physician at last asked the weeping, gray-haired mother who had come from a distant city to care for her only son. "We must find her. I have done all I can for his body, but only her coming can relieve his mind. And," he added, softly, "she must come soon."

"If I only knew," the mother answered, "how I would fly to her! It is breaking my heart to face those eager, longing eyes; but I do not know. Among my boy's papers are several notes signed 'Bertha,' but no other name is given, and all are dated 'Home.' Oh, doctor, it is hard to know a woman holds my beautiful boy's life in her hands, and I cannot even plead with her for it!" And with a passionate gesture she turned away.

At the office, things went on as usual. Weaver noticed Frank's desk remained vacant, but said to himself, when the clerks spoke of his illness:

"Men don't die of broken hearts, and he will recover, cured of his fancy."

He could not, however, bring himself to destroy the stolen letter, but when alone, constantly took it from his pocket and glanced at it.

One day, while doing so, Mr. Wade suddenly entered the room. Hastily slipping it under a

pile of bills, Weaver looked up.

"Mr. Weaver," his employer said, "let me come to your desk. I want to glance over Frank's papers. I am afraid the poor boy himself will never do that again. Sad, isn't it?" And Mr. Ward's kindly voice grew husky.

"Is it so bad as that, sir?" Weaver murmured,

while a deathly faintness seized him.

"So bad as that, I fear," Mr. Wade answered, mechanically taking up a pile of papers and running over them. Suddenly he exclaimed:

"What's this ?—a letter written by Frank him-

self, and never sent?"

The pity that a moment ago had filled Weaver suddenly vanished, and a fierce desire to escape detection had taken its place.

"Why, yes," he said; "I remember Frank intended to invite Miss Willey to the opera for Thursday, but changed his mind, and I suppose did not send the letter. However, I am going down to inquire after him at noon, and if you will give me the letter, I'll leave it with his mother."

"Yes, yes," assented Mr. Wade, "that's a good idea."

But he still held it in his hand, while Weaver could hardly restrain his desire to snatch it away.

"If I get the cursed thing in my own hand once," he thought, "it will never be seen again."

Just then Jimmy entered. Catching sight of the letter in Mr. Wade's hand, he exclaimed:

"Why, Mr. Weaver, you didn't mail that letter that day!"

Weaver turned pale.

"You don't know what you're talking about," he said, as Mr. Wade glanced up inquiringly.

"Yes, I do," Jimmy persisted; "that's the letter Mr. Hepburn gave me to mail the day before he got sick. Don't you remember his saying that little cross was a secret-society sign?"

"Why didn't you mail it, Jimmy?" Mr. Wade

interrupted, sternly.

"Why, sir, on my way to the office, Mr. Weaver took it from me, and said he'd mail it himself."

Jimmy had taken the letter from Mr. Wade's hand, and turning it over, exclaimed:

"It's opened now!"

There was no need to question Weaver; the look of bitter hatred he turned on Jimmy told his guilt more eloquently than any words.

"Mr. Weaver, I am sorry for this," Mr. Wade said, simply, and left the room.

His heart was very tender towards the poor boy be had seen that morning tossing restlessly from side to side, and still trying to murmur "Bertha."

"The name is the same," he commented. "I'll take her the note and explain its delay. There may be a connection between this and his brainfever. God grant there is."

Hurriedly calling a cab, he drove to the address on the envelope, and was soon greeted by a young lady who responded to his inquiry for "Miss Bertha Willey."

She was a very beautiful girl, but there was none of the gay brightness one would look for in a creature so young. She had an air of weariness like that which comes from long nights of sleep-lessness, and there was a suspicion of tears in her voice as she greeted her visitor.

"Is this your letter?" he asked, abruptly.

She looked at him rather haughtily an instant, then her whole air changed to one of intense eagerness as she caught sight of the address. "Yes," she breathed, and in a moment had taken the note and devoured its contents.

"Where did you get it?" she asked, looking up, the pretty color that tinged her cheeks as she read dying out, and her little air of hauteur returning, though her eyes still danced, and there was a glad ring in her sweet voice.

Ignoring her question, Mr. Wade said, sharply:

"Do you know its writer is dying?"

"Dying! Frank!-oh, my darling!"

There was no need to ask if this was the Bertha. Only one woman can utter a man's name in that tone. The light and the color died out of her face in an instant, and a hard, strained look came in their place, more pitiful than any tears. She put her hand on her heart a moment, and then said, simply:

"Take me to him, please."

"Get your hat," Mr. Wade answered.

But she only looked at him again and whispered: "Take me to him."

Without a word more, he led her to the still waiting cab.

On reaching the house, Mr. Wade left her in the hall and hurried up-stairs. A few swift words explained to the doctor who was below, and he hastened down.

"You must be very quiet," he said, gently, though the charge seemed unnecessary in greeting the almost stony figure that awaited him. "Sleep must come within an hour, or death or hopeless insanity will result; but go to him, look and speak quietly and naturally, and if it is you he is dying for (a shudder ran through the girl), we may save him yet."

The girl rose and went to the glass. "Look and speak naturally." Even in that hour of anguish she wondered if the face there was hers.

He would not know those pinched cheeks, those staring eyes and bloodless lips. She stood a moment biting her lips, rubbed her cheeks, and then smiled at the glass. That wonderful thing, a woman's love, had triumphed over nature, and with a smiling face she could meet Death himself, if smiles would help her in her desperate endeavor to rescue her beloved from his grasp.

The doctor led the way to the sick-room, opened the door, and stood aside as she entered. swayed for an instant as she caught sight of the pitiful, wasted form extended before her; but again Love triumphed, and swiftly advancing to his bedside, she bent above the wistful eyes and said, clearly and softly:

"Love, did you call me?"

For a moment the face looking into hers retained the eager, searching look it had worn for days; then it died away, and one of perfect content filled its place.

"Bertha!" the pinched lips tried to say.
"Yes, Bertha," she cooed, softly laying her cool lips on his; "and now, darling, shut your eyes. I will put my cheek against yours, and we will rest."

Like a tired child, he obeyed her, nestling his head on the cool, soft arm she slipped under it, while the peachy cheek that lay on his seemed to possess an almost magic power.

"He is saved!" the doctor murmured to the happy, bewildered mother; and so it proved, for Frank Hepburn awoke—very weak, indeed, but rational, "ready to drink a gallon of beef-tea, and be married that very afternoon," he whispered, faintly.

When Mr. Wade returned to the office, he found Weaver had drawn his pay and left.

"He knew I wouldn't keep him an hour," Mr. Wade said, while relating the circumstance for the hundredth time, at the Hepburn-Willey wedding, two months later. "What kind of a heart must it be that would try to separate such a couple as that!"

And he glanced with almost fatherly pride at the handsome pair who were standing under a floral arch, receiving the congratulations their friends were showering upon them.

"Bless my heart!" he added, softly; "surely the angels themselves must smile on such wonderful love as theirs."

A MARSEILLAIS TARTARIN .- Marseillais (at the foot of the Eiffel Tower, Paris)—"Then you can see a long way from the top of that thing? Can you see Marseilles?" "No, monsieur." Marseillais (with smile of contempt, and putting his money back into his pocket)—"Call that a tower?"

"GIVE ME A LITTLE."

BY M. A. RAFFALOVICH.

GIVE me a little, that I may Believe that much is mine; Give me a moment of each day, Or write to me a line.

A bird that sips a drop of dew Looks up and sees the sky, And after anything of you, O dearest, so do I.

AN ARTIFICIAL FATE.

BY CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE.

AUTHOR OF "THE MAN OUTSIDE,"" HIS MISSING YEARS." Етс., Етс.

PART III.

THE NATURAL HARVEST FROM AN ARTIFICIAL SEED-TIME.

CHAPTER XXVI.—(CONTINUED).

Mollie faced Ward like a queen-an avenging spirit—a tigress—a demon. He had never seen such passion in a human face before. He wondered, vaguely, whether it was in his power to waken such a soul as hers to the power of love; he wondered what the doing of it would profit him if he could; he wondered if he dared!

"And you - you -" she cried -" have you killed him? Have-you-

The man laughed aloud. The woman, almost hysterical, caught the fearful infection of his mirth—and laughed too. Whatever may be true of Ward's mind, his powers and capacities—it seems hard for any one to fall under his influence for long at a time, and appear quite sane! A moment later, the woman's overwrought powers had given way; she sank, half fainting, into a chair, while the tears rolled down her cheeks in a shower. Ward, looking at her, wondered how soon she might need a doctor's service again, mused on what he had gained from her physician's last visit, and laughed once more!

He hurried, though, to answer her question. It demanded an immediate answer, if one might judge by her manner.

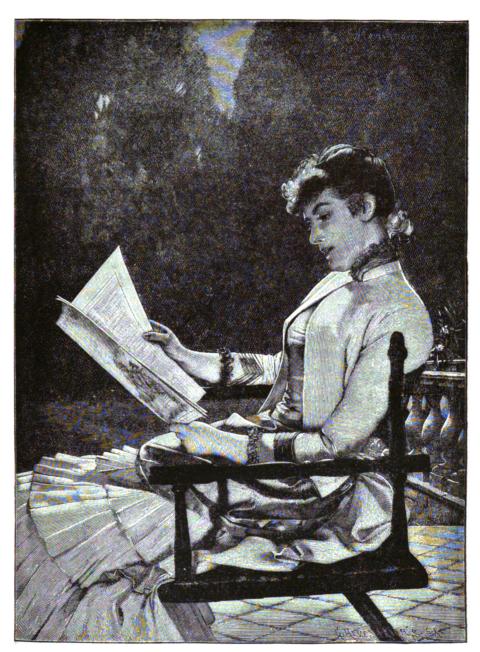
"I have not harmed him—not intentionally," he said; "but an outraged law has found him. He killed a man. He must suffer for it. Horace Gleason and Robert Rorux are one!"

"Horace Gleason-Robert Rorux!" she muttered, musingly. She could not understand it all, not now; perhaps she never could. She only knew that the duality of Rorux's life—or the identity of the lives of Rorux and Gleasonopened up before her soul a depth of depravity of which she had never dreamed. And Ward had gained much—gained almost infinitely, by

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telling her what he had. He had gained by sharing his secret with her, as he would have gained by sharing any with her; all women like to be trusted -and doubting love sometimes has no better and surer argument than trust is. He had gained because of the comparison that she could not help making between the two men-the one, whose kindness had been her salvation, his face her ideal of dignity and goodness, and his life a pattern for the wise to copy-but who had lived a double life, a living lie, and who had killed a man! -the other, a man with an evil face, a man with a distorted body, and with promise of being more and more ugly and repellent as the years went onbut a man against whom she knew nothing of wickcdness-treachery

—deceit. A man who stood humbly by her side, and swore he loved her! He had gained, too, through another instinctive comparison she had made, if winning her, on any terms, could be—must be—counted gain; she compared the sin she longed to commit, the weakness before whose possibility she trembled, the deceit of which she was almost ready to be guilty, with the sin and weakness and deceit which must have been Robert Rorux's daily companions for unnumbered years; after what she had learned, that evening, it would be a very little thing to sell herself for Ward's gold. She had almost lost her faith in human nature; she was losing her weak faith in herself.



THE SERIAL STORY.

And then, the man said that which turned the tide against him for a little. He let his eager egotism overreach itself.

"I can offer you all that any man can," ha said, rashly.

"Except manhood," she said, bitterly, in her heart, and swore it should never be.

And then, while she was choosing the words in which she would tell him, as kindly and regretfully as possible, that her only answer was and must be, "No!" he said that which won the day—that which gave him the victory—while it allowed her to think that she had not been vanquished—that she had been true and good, pure

and womanly—that she had not lowered herself, even in her own estimation—that she had let pity, not greed, settle the question forever.

But I must not anticipate.

Nor must I presume to judge the woman. Perhaps she was right!

"I—I need you so," cried Ward; "I need you
—to make my life perfect—to make me a better
and nobler man."

He looked it. He seemed to mean it. Carried away by the earnestness of the part he was playing, he was making his wooing real, at last. Then and there, had a clergyman or a magistrate been present, and the woman yielding, he would have married this penniless and nameless servant-girl—this waif from the streets of the great city. Can I say aught that is stronger than that? He would have left the future to take care of itself—he and Etta Elveys to take their chances. What more is there to say?

"I—I need you so!"

He had stated his best argument; he had urged his strongest plea. Any man, saying the same, has done his last and best with any woman.

She looked him squarely in the eyes. Her decision was made. He could have her—on certain terms! He looked into her eyes. He knew the central fact of her decision. And he would have her—on any terms!

"I do not love you," she said, quietly.

"I know that," he replied, doggedly; "I never supposed you did. I have not asked that. I do not ask it now—not yet. But—will you marry me?"

"There's a man of my own station in life——" she began, her voice full of a proud humility.

"Curse Tom!" said Ward to himself; then he said aloud: "I know what you mean—and the name of the man you mean. But he is not of your real rank in life, never has been, and never can be. Do you not know that you are out of place in a servant's position—a servant's garb? And besides—you do not love Tom!"

"No; I do not love Tom. But---"

"Well?"

"I do love a man—a man whose love I shall never win."

Ward drew a long, deep breath. Mentally he vowed that he would be even—more than even—with that same man, if ever opportunity came his way. And as for this woman—ah! would he not tame her devilish pride for saying that?

But he answered, quietly enough, humbly chough:

- "Yes, Mollie, I know. You love Ralph Grantley."
- "Yes; I love Ralph Grantley," said the woman, softly.
 - "But-will you marry me?" reiterated Ward-

She rose. She came and stood by the table again. Once more she leaned upon it. Once more she bent forward—forward—until her face was on a level with his, and looked him in the eyes as though her soul would compel his to think with her, and do as she willed.

"I have told you a part of the truth," she said; "now I will tell you more. I had rather not marry you——"

She paused. But he said no word—made no sign.

"But, if you will be content to take me as I am—if you will give me limitless time in which to learn to love you, and—and—banish the other love I gave unasked—if you will promise to be patient and uncomplaining if I find the lesson too hard for me to learn—if you will do all these things, and more—more—all that a woman might demand of the man who loved her—and the man she loved—why, then, if you care so much for me, if you need me so much—"

She did not finish. She did not need to. His arms were around her, and she did not shrink from his embrace as much as you might have expected. His lips met hers in a passionate kiss—one only—and one in which hers were only cold and passive.

Then she turned from him, with a weary and pathetic little sigh, and went out from the room.

It would not be pleasant to follow this man—out into the night—out to a restless vigil—after compassing this incomparable infamy. It would not be pleasant to follow and watch the woman who has lost so much and gained so little. Let us leave them both alone.

Events so happened as to thwart Ward. Tom, who so truly loved Mollie that he was determined she should not be betrayed by the villain who had won her promise, sought out Walter Wolf. To him, made more decent, since he married Mrs. Fox, than he was when we saw him follow Horace Gleason home, Tom told enough of Mollie's need to compel him to act.

"The girl Rorux rescued from the streets is the one who is in danger," said Tom, "and she is the one who was turned out by the Haggertys, after some one had taken her from the Ryans!"

Wolf understood the pointed assertions. He would try to make amends for the past. He did. He prevented the presence of the rascal who had been employed by a friend of Ward's to personate a clergyman at the pretended marriage; he secured the attendance of a real clergyman, a gentleman who had laid himself under obligations to him in the past, and so—Stephen Ward married Mollie!

And—beholding an arch look she cast over her shoulder at him, when they were on board the steamer which was to take them to Europe—he

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knew he had found the owner of the face of | which Mrs. Fox's had so strongly, though vaguely, reminded him! He had found her—and married

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE LIGHT CONQUERS THE DARKNESS,

TIME went slowly to the imprisoned Gleason. But it went surely—inevitably. Grantley exhausted every device of which he could think to save his friend, and all failed. Petitions availed nothing; remonstrances more than balanced them. Political influence—and Grantley found a way in which to use much—secured no more than post-Gleason's execution was deferred twice; the imprisonment stretched out to many weary months. But the time for the end came at last. The morrow would see him die. all this time—as though doubting Grantley—he .had refused to give him a hint regarding Etta Elveys's probable hiding-place.

And Grantley, despite the money he had spent in the search, had found absolutely no clew. He had not thought to tell Gleason that Ward married Mollie; oh, no; he had never thought of that! If he had-

But he didn't!

Ralph Grantley is in Gleason's cell. It is their Last afternoon together. For to-morrow—Gleason is to die. Silence falls. Grantley looks restlessly from the window.

There's a man across the street, yonder; he seems interested in the jail; he changes his position, so as to get a better view of the suggestive structure which ornaments the jail-yard. Interested, and yet his eyes are averted. He seems to shrink from facing the jail and the yard!

The man is a stranger, undoubtedly; there is nothing remarkable in that; the town is full of strangers. The only remarkable thing about him is the fact that he is not in hiding, somewhere, from the blistering heat which still fills the earth and sky-in spite of the night which is coming. The heat in the jail is almost intolerable; it must be furnace-like out yonder; there is only the one man in sight; Grantley watches him lazily—wondering why he is there and who he is. It is doubtful if Gleason, with his head bent down, has seen him at all.

Neither man of the two has spoken for ten minutes. Grantley cannot remember what they said last. How the time is running-running-

And he can think of so little to say, so very little, unless he asks again where he can find Etta Elveys. He has so little to say—and he knows that to-morrow he will have thought of so much!

The man across the street suggests Robert Rorux to him; he can't tell how. Sometimes he Robert Rorux are one-forgotten that the beard and wig which have escaped the shears and razor because of their owner's plea for the health their protection affords are false and a sham. Now. though, he thinks of Robert Rorux; and a new thought, relating to to - morrow's experiences, comes into his mind.

"They'll discover your disguise—to-morrow." Horace Gleason shivers—as though this Summer heat had been suddenly transformed into a blast straight from the Polar Sea.

"Yes," he says.

"It will be another point against you."

"I — suppose — so. As though they hadn't enough."

"None of them ever saw Robert Rorux."

"No; I suppose not."

"And so cannot recognize you."

"Of course not."

"Well, do you want it known you are Robert Rorux? Shall I say, when-when-when it is all over, who you were?"

"No; there isn't any stain against the—the well not against the name of Robert Rorux. Let Horace Gleason die here; let them guess, if they can, who else he was. But it is better Robert Rorux should die in South Africa-

He never finishes that sentence. Grantley springs upon him, catches him roughly by one shoulder, and shakes him as he might shake a sleeper he wished to waken.

"Gleason-Rorux!" he cries; "lock-lookdo you know that man? Do you recognize the slope of the shoulders—the stoop—the attitude the---"

"I-I think I do; he is the man from whom you saved me—and—and—oh—my—God!"

Grantley interrupts him, gaspingly:

"The man to whom I sold the revolver!"

"Ah? Let me see him better. Let me come to the window. The—the man— O merciful God! the man who rode with me the night Edwin. Elveys died!" says Gleason, in a hoarse whisper.

The eyes of the two men meet. Their hands touch and clasp, for a moment.

"There is hope after to-morrow," says Ralph Grantley.

"There may be," responds Gleason.

Grantley calls the turnkey. He hurries from the cell. He meets the sheriff in the hall.

"Arrest that man across the street," he commands.

The sheriff obeyed. Taken by surprise, Walter Wolf stammeringly confesses. Before night-fall the Governor's telegram has set Horace Gleason free.

I cannot write at length regarding Etta El 7eys's has almost forgotten that Horace Gleason and two years of prosaic life-or-was it three ?-at

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Elveys' Sands. Let me state the remarkable, leaving the other scenes to your fancy to fill.

Jack brought her the news of the arrest of Gleason for her father's murder. She decided not to return home, to appear as a witness in the case, unless it became actually necessary. Jack promised to keep himself posted regarding events in America; she shrank from the knowledge, and he agreed to tell her the details only if circumstances made it imperative.

One night—the night that Jack told her of Gleason's conviction—Etta Elveys had a caller. It was no other than Stephen Ward. He made his call seem natural; he was in England; he heard of her residence at Elveys' Sands; so he had called; that was all.

He called again and again—always as a friend—never hinting, either in word or manner, at a desire to be more. He lied to her regarding himself, his past and his present, and quite won her friendship and her pity.

He won Sir Arthur's respect, and succeeded in puzzling Jack, who rather doubted the genuineness of the man and his manner.

And-time dragged on.

Time dragged on. Jack was married. Sir Arthur was found dead in his bed one morning. Later, Jack and his wife chose Australia as their future home, and Etta purchased Elveys' Sands for herself.

It is Etta Elveys's last day at the Sands. Almost two weeks ago Jack told her that Horace Gleason would be hanged the next day. And she had said she was satisfied.

Jack and his wife left the Sands yesterday, en route for their new home. Etta herself will leave in an hour or two.

Etta Elveys is greatly dispirited this morning. Considering all things, it is not greatly to be wondered at that she is. Last night was one of tempost and elemental rage; a superstitious person, in her place, might almost have feared that the uneasy spirit of the woman who laid the curse upon her race was abroad in the blinding rain and the moaning wind, hunting for some way in which to get at her and wreak a tardy vengeance upon her in return for the old-time crime which not all the blood and tears of hundreds of years have sufficed to wipe away and wash out. But she gots away safely, makes the railway journey without incident worthy of mention, goes aboard the steamer, and to her room—and to sleep.

Stephen Ward went down to the wharf to see Jack off. A message was intrusted to him for Etta. After that, not knowing the truth, and fully believing that Gleason had been hanged, he found an unscrupulous printer who prepared, at his dictation, a lying slip, counterfeiting one actually

cut from a newspaper, with which to deceive and defraud Etta Elveys.

Jack's letter read as follows:

"DEAR ETTA: The news from America is marvelous. You must not fail to read every word of the slip I inclose. Shall you try to hate Horace Gleason as much after this as you used to do? Or will you forgive him and pity him?

"I send this by our mutual friend, Mr. Stephen Ward, who will give you, verbally, the expression of my ows and Alice's love. Your friend, JACK ELVEYS."

When Etta first went on deck, late in the even ing of the second day out, she met Stephen Ward.

Perhaps the darkness favored him. Surely he had never seemed to look so well—so strong—so straight—so good. His presence, here, now, somehow filled her with a sense of protection.

Before she knew what she was doing, she was on her feet. Before her wandering faculties had quite returned, he had both her hands clasped in his. Clasped? Tightly? Warmly? And fer long? Oh, no! Clasped with a carefully considered pressure, with just friendship's warmth and fervor, and for a matchlessly measured interval of time—ere he let them go again! After that, reader mine, it needs no argument to make me sure that the devil is patient—always patient—very patient!

"I have a message for you," he said. Pity shone in his eyes. A little tremor shook his voice.

"Ah?" She could trust herself to say no more. She was already bending her soul to the blow she felt was coming—in some way—from some quarter. She was already mutely wondering whether it was greater than she could bear. She was wondering whether this man at her side would help her to find it easier.

"From Jack," he said, simply, and put the message in her hand. He offered his arm, supported her to where a light fell strongly, then turned abruptly away. "I'll leave you by yourself for a little," he said, hoarsely "it—it is better so."

She bowed, and turned to the message.

Instinctively, though not, perhaps, doubtingly, she examined the envelope addressed to her. Her senses were so alert, her wits were so keen, that a forgery or a fraud must have been a clever one indeed to have cheated her. And this, though it was only an intuitive prudence—and not suspicion at all—which actuated her every action.

Jack's writing—beyond a doubt. She would have taken her oath to that, even if life, or something better, depended on that being true instead of false.

She opened the note, and read it through. A strange note—a note to make her tremble, as

nothing Jack had ever done before had had the each other; the scissors which had cleanly cut the power to make her do.

She took the slip of paper. She turned it over, first, a thing not one individual in a thousand side of the leaf; am I not right in saying that

slip she was to read had marred the beauty and integrity of the unimportant matter on the other



"DO YOU UNDERSTAND?"

one has seen, doubtless, who has ever read a clipping from a newspaper—saw that the columns on

would have done, perhaps, and saw what every | that is always true? She saw that two articles had been spoiled to the end that she might read one; here was the end of something on English the two sides of the sheet were not quite opposite | politics; here was the beginning of something on

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polar exploration; she cared nothing for either. She could not have been hired to read either. Unless she had already seen and read the issue of the great newspaper from which Jack had cut the slip to send her, there was not the slightest likelihood she ever would. If—she—had—not—

If-she-had---

Those were the two alternatives! Those were the two things to which the mind of the man bent itself as he stood in the shadows and watched her. Much depended on the answers to the questions: Does she know the truth? Will she credit a lie?

Much? All! And, in a minute or two, he would know. She was turning the paper over again! She was beginning to read:

"A TERRIBLE CRIME!! "A FRARFUL ERROR!

"Horace Gleason was hanged here yesterday" (says the Riverdell Intelligencer)" for the murder of the late Hon. Edwin Elveys. He had been fairly tried, and, although convicted on purely circumstantial evidence, not more than one person ever seemed to doubt his guilt. A young gentleman by the name of Grantley—Ralph Grantley—asserted his own belief in the man's innocence, and labored hard for his pardon.

"Mr. Grantley, with the sheriff and a clergyman, accompanied the doomed man to the scaffold. Gleason reasserted his innocence, said that he believed he knew the name of the man who was actually guilty, though the lack of means to prove it made the mentioning of his suspicions utterly useless. 'Some time, when I am in my grave,' he said, sadly, 'you will know that the law was wrong—and that I was right!'

"'I—I expect a message from the Governor,' said Grantley, to the sheriff, his face pale as death. 'Will you wait a little?'

"The sheriff waited, until it seemed folly to wait longer. He waited, until the imposition of such a mental strain—the giving of such a baseless hope to a dying man—seemed the refinement of a needless cruelty. He sprung the trap! The drop fell! The body of Horace Gleason shot downward! His neck was broken by the fall! He died instantly!

"And then—then—

"How can pen write it? How can type tell it? How can the human mind endure the horror of it?

"Ralph Grantley laid his hand on the sheriff's arm.
"'Oh, my God,' he gasped, 'why did you not tell me when the time for the end had really come? Why did you not say you would wait no longer? I—I killed Edwin Elveys, and——'"

Etta did not scream, did not cry out, did not do any of those preliminary things one would expect a fainting woman to do. She simply fainted dead away, and Stephen Ward was too late to catch her in his arms.

"You—you didn't call for help?" she questioned, when she had regained consciousness.

"No," he replied.

She thanked him. She held out the printed lie that had so stricken her. He took it, and tossed it into the sea.

"What shall I do?" she pleaded; "what can I do?"

Then his passion shone in his eyes and quivered in his voice.

"Marry me—marry me," he cried, "and show the man who murdered your father how little he has hurt you—you—by his damning treachery, and——"

A sob shook her, but her eyes were tearless. The fiend had paid a terrible price. But it was enough.

"Thank you," she groaned; "I—I—I will!"
She staggered away from him, eluding the kisses he longed to give. She went below, and then——

It was Mollie who started up from a shadowy place upon the deck and confronted him.

But—what could she do? She, a divorced woman, made so by a cruel trick with which Ward now taunted her, could threaten—threaten and do no more. He could safely dare her to do her worst.

Robert Rorux met Mollie soon after her return. He gathered the story of the wrongs she had suffered from the woman's almost incoherent ravings. He learned, too, that Etta Elveys was staying at the Rorux mansion, and that she would soon marry Stephen Ward. Of course he was able to send her a message which put an end to all that, and sent her to the home of Mrs. Fox to await his coming—and the explanations he could offer.

In the evening, on his way to meet Etta, Gleason turned a corner and stood face to face with Ward. That was a stormy scene. Ward pleaded for a chance to win Etta's love. Gleason utterly refused to aid him further. In marrying Mollie, he had released Gleason from his promise.

And then—suddenly——

A sudden flash! A sound as though heaven and earth were coming together! A tearing of tender flesh and a crashing of solid bone! The sound of hurrying footsteps, carrying away a man to hunt for a place in which to hide from the hurt of a curse like Cain's! And—and——

Horace Gleason, mortally wounded, as he himself well knew, eyes and sight gone utterly, groped here and there to find the right corner, the right street, the right way.

"God grant me life until I can reach home." home!" he groaned, as he reeled and staggered down the street.

Let a thousand men be shot, where Horace Gleason was, and as he was—a thousand men as they will average in this sorry world of ours—and I'll venture to guess that five hundred of them shall fall dead—without a word or a cry; four hundred will shriek for help, temporary help, at once, and

will get it; ninety will stumble into the arms of the police within a block; nine will die on the way, sturdy hope in their hearts to the very last, zerhaps, but unavailing hope nevertheless; ene will find home—and keep his senses until the outer door has opened to him; one out of a thousand—only one—as Horace Gleason did!

And when Robert Rorux—Robert Rorux? do you ask?

Yes, Robert Rorux. For, long, long before he reaches the house he has determined to reach, unless death meets him with its imperative summons on the way, the wig and beard which made Horace Gleason Horace Gleason—torn, bloody, lost to all the shape and beauty they once had, are stamped and beaten into the filth of the street. It was Horace Gleason who started; but he threw Horace Gleason away; henceforth, while he lives, he is Robert Rorux, and Robert Rorux enly; and, if he dies on the threshold, or—less fortunate—is found dead somewhere in the street—he has determined that it is as Robert Rorux he shall die. So that—

I go back to say what I commenced to say:
When Robert Rorux has done what he has
done, never ask me again whether or not he believed in the reality of the Curse of the House of
Elveys! And——

Pd rather not have to give my own opinion regarding it!

It is morning—a bright morning. "A good morning in which to die," Robert Rorux has said; "a good morning in which to leave darkness—and to find light again."

It is almost a week since Robert Rorux came staggering home, almost a week since he fainted at the door, almost a week since his sister found him there—and knew him. It is almost a week since Mrs. Wolf and Mollie, with Etta to help a little, carried him in and laid him on Horace Glosson's bed; almost a week since, when he carne to his senses, something in his voice struck home to her wondering heart, and told the landlady, who had had Horace Gleason as a lodger for years, that he and Robert Rorux are one. almost a week since the doctor came, dressed the frightful wound Ward's vengeful bullet made, and andly shook his head—almost a week since he said there would be, for this suffering man, no light again this side the world where there is naught else—and darkness for but a few days, a very few days, in this.

It is almost a week that this slowly dying man has lain here. An ocean steamer is coming in. They hope they have made ro miscalculations in deciding that Ralph Grantley may be on board. If he is, they may see him in an hour or two. Robert Rorux wishes—oh, so much—to

see him before he must die. To see him? Did I say that? It is just what Robert Rorux said. But he means, by the word, less than you or I would mean-or more! From eyes which age cannot dim, nor death kill, Robert Rorux is seeing things that no earthly eyes, framed in orbits of frail and perishable bone, ever saw or ever can. He can see things, I doubt not, that no one ever saw when lying further from the swaying edge of the sombre veil between this world and the world which is to come than he lies now. He can look into the future, this morning, as easily and as accurately as you can look into the past. Aside from the infinite gain which comes when death has actually been suffered, it is not all loss to die; it is not all terrible, going down to the gates of the silent world, without hope of return, when one finds, somewhere, somehow, suddenly, an access of power of which he never knew nor dreamed—just as the brain chills chills-chills-and the heart slackens-slackens -stops! See? See? I said see, as he did, and we both mean it! Come here, after a little, and put your face close to his-your brain near enough to his to feel through it and think with it, and judge how truly he sees. See? He will see Ralph Grantley, this morning—see him as clearly as you or I may see him a dozen years down the futurewhether that young man comes in at the door, yonder, while he lives, or does not!

It is almost a week since Robert Rorux told Mrs. Wolf that Mollie is her daughter, though he wasn't quite sure, when he told her, that that was necessary. He thinks that if the two women were to stand, together, in front of a mirror, that they would need no further evidence. He has said nothing to his sister regarding Walter Wolf. He is not sure whether she knows, or does not. He hopes she does not know, and never will, the fate which must be his—the ordeal through which he must pass.

It is almost a week since Etta Elveys came in to see him—almost a week since something of the same nervous thrill, shorn of its cruel pain, ran through his nerves as rioted there when he opened the newspaper he now knows she sent.

"You—you were happy at Elveys' Sands?" he asked—almost a week ago.

"I was."

"And never regretted going?"

"Never."

"Etta Elveys, did Stephen Ward wish to marry you?"

"He did."

"Thank-God-thank-"

"Thank God? Why?"

"Because I am right—right! Because the dream in my heart—the hope in my soul—which helped me home from where murder's cowardly

b'ow fell, is true—true! Stephen Ward is of the race that laid the curse, and—and—"

- "Well, that is not all. That does not kill the curse."
- "No, but listen. If your father wronged me, which I sometimes doubt, I freely and fully forgive him—for your sake, and for the sake of the dead woman I loved."
 - "Yes? Well?"
- "I love life. But I am dying—dying—because of what I have done for you."
 - "Yes! yes! And—and——"
- "One thing remains. One way remains. Marry me, Etta Elveys—marry me. It is loveless—unselfish—I do it simply for a dead woman's sake." She laid her hand in his.
- "I will marry you, Robert Rorux," she said, gravely, "and unselfishly and unlovingly. That which I do, I do for the sake of Ralph Grantley."
- "And for the sake of the countless generations of those in whose veins the noble tide of the redeemed and disinthralled Elveys blood shall flow forever," he says, softly.

He feels her hand flush in his. But she does not draw it away.

And so they were married! It is a conclusion that many readers like to find at the ends of their stories, I believe. I think it is a little different, in its relation to this story, from what the statement usually is in relation to others, aside from the fact that it isn't by any means the conclusion.

They were married. That was almost a week rgo. Robert Rorux has been waiting—waiting ever since—waiting patiently—waiting for the cond

"Do you know who did it?" has been asked him—asked him more than once—as some tender hand has been laid on his aching head, and drawn caressingly over the blackness that was once sight.

"I know," he has said. But he has not told. He never will. They may imagine as they will. They may conclude as they must. One of the resolutions he formed during that blind search for home was the resolve that he would never shorten nor lessen Ward's chances for repentance. And he never will. An artificial fate may have a lifetime in which to find its better self.

He lies here very quiet—so quiet, sometimes, that they wonder whether the end has come at inst. And they creep up to his bedside, to find him ready with some kindly word of cheer and comfort.

There are opiates to ease his pain, and I am ready to admit that the nervous centres present fentastic mental pictures, sometimes, under the purely material chemical influence of the complex alkaloids. But, if any one ventures the opinion that this man's visions, as he pauses on the very boundary-line of a world in which matter is only

a name and chemistry an impossibility, are any less than prophetic, I ask permission to differ.

And what does he see? What is the future? I am not quite certain I should say. But I will write a little of it.

He sees Walter Wolf die on the scaffold, without a friend or a relative near him. He feels that the darkest shadow that ever fell upon his sister's life has fallen under the vanquishing power of the light—and he is content.

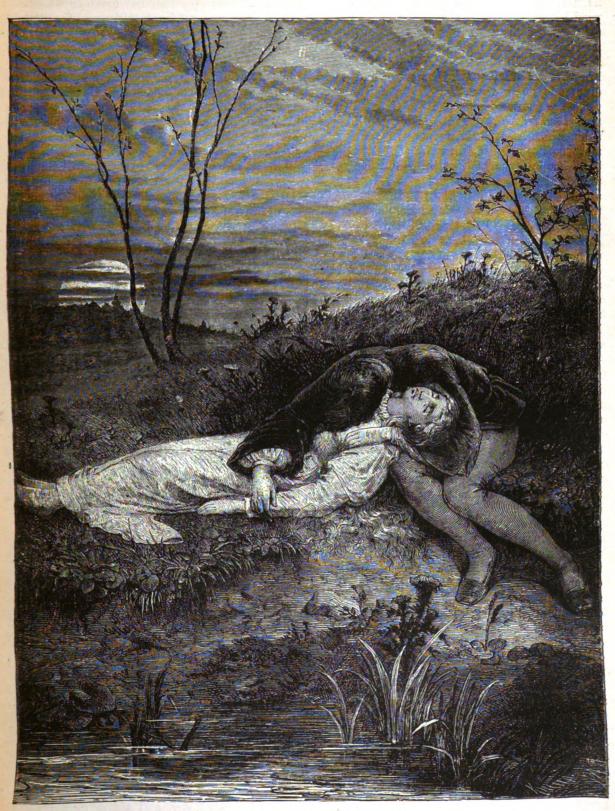
He sees Stephen Ward cut off from his hopes of the Gleason and the Rorux wealth without a cent, the Gleason will inoperative—since it was made before the other, and Gleason and Rorux were the same—and the Rorux will failing in Ward's case, because, under its terms, a wife inherits first!

He sees Ralph Grantley marry Etta, their mutual love and trust confirmed and strengthened by the shadows through which they have passed. He sees them happy in the home which is his gift to the woman who wears—for almost a week—the honorable name which is his. He sees Etta's children romp and play in the great halls of the Rorux mansion, the house he bitterly built in memory of a dead love he could not forget—the house he gave to the woman he saved for her dead mother's sake. Later, when the years have come and gone, he sees Ralph Grantley called to positions of honor and trust; he sees Etta preside in her home when the wisest and most powerful gather at her table—come to listen to the wisdom and the wishes of the great statesman, Ralph Grantley, that they may hurry in an early tomorrow to do his bidding - and so elevate and benefit mankind.

He sees Black and Gray and White complacently proud of the success of the boy who grew up among them in the little village of Riverdell, and full of a fixed belief that their words, their wisdom, and a careful imitation of their manners and study of their characteristics and virtues, have, more than aught else in the world, made Ralph Grantley the great Ralph Grantley he is! He sees Black and Gray and White—and he smiles in spite of his pain—smiles in spite of the fact that his feet are already in the border-flood of the dark river! And I am sure no opiate prompted the smile!

He sees old John Grantley, the proudest father under the sun, and he stretches out his hands, aimlessly, gropingly, along the white counterpane. It is hard—hard—this feeling that Ralph's hands are so far away, he cannot reach them—touch them—when he has done so much for Ralph, and Ralph for him.

He sees Ralph and Etta and the children, big and little, come in the Summer, sometimes, when the great statesman can find a short vacation from



"LIFE AND THOUGHT HAVE GONE AWAY."

his official cares and duties, to gladden and enliven the sombre old house on the hill-over beyond Riverdell. There is laughter in the gloomy old rooms, and shouts on the lawn; the dying man sees and hears, and he smiles again—feebly and faintly. In the evenings, sometimes, he sees Ralph and Etta slip away from the happy children, and go to where the dead sleep away the years between now and the Judgment. Onetwo-three! Ah? Can it be? The third grave is his own. Etta, kindlier, more thoughtful and more daring than another woman would have been, has laid the body of the man whose name was her strength and protection—for—for almost a week-just where he will be by Elaine's side in the great day of the Resurrection. The dying man smiles again, and thanks God.

He sees, years in the hurrying future, the children of the woman he has served and saved studying in the grand old library where he slaved and suffered. One—two—three—four—— Ah? he cannot count them, they are so many, and each new one, as he passes before his mental vision, has some new grace of face or form—some new charm of character. One they call Robert Rorux—Robert Rorux Grantley—and the man says the name over to himself, softly, again and again. It is pleasant to know, while he lies here and waits for the end, that they will love him in his grave—that they will not forget him when he is gone!

There is another lad, a year or two younger than Robert, a lad with will and determination written in every line of his strong and handsome face—a lad with large and dreamy eyes, and a retrospective look in them—a boy, who seems to instinctively see all that happens, to weigh events, judge causes and predict results—a lad who could never stoop to meanness or dishonor, and who would bear unflinchingly the results of any error into which he might fall. His parents, with fine discernment and rare good judgment, caught some vague and indistinct glimpse of the latent character in his baby face and soul, in the longago years when he was young, and named him for a man who never lived! Horace Gleason, they call him. "Horace Gleason-Horace Gleason," whispers the dying man to himself; he is sure he loves this child best of all. And so far, all is sure!

He sees his sister, older, wiser, the fires of unwise passion burned out in her heart, and the ashes of the consuming fires scattered to the winds of oblivion, happy in her home life, living the years of her old age in the luxury his gift to her has made possible. He thinks she does not know her husband's fate; he hopes she does not; but he is not sure. He believes she waits, not anxiously, not expectantly, but patiently and resignedly, for the step that is impossible—for the

face and the hand that drop to dust in a felon's grave. He believes that not love nor hate, but only friendliness and free forgiveness, would most, at her door-way, the man he knows can never come. He believes—believes—But he is not sure.

He sees Mollie, lifted above want, freed from the danger which filled her soul with dissible dreams of the wharves, and of the swift swift of black waters under and beyond them, rising from the ashes of her dead past into beauty and grace again. He sees Tom—faithful Tom—— But no, he is not quite sure of that. Nor am I. It—it may be. And it may be that it is only the spirit of the drug which drags at his senses, the soul of the morphine—or possibly the disorganizing power of the death which comes so fast.

He sees Stephen Ward, watching at midnight at the Riverdell bridge, but he cannot quite look over into the waters to see what is there. And, after all, what matters it?

He sees Stephen Ward creep home—home to the old house in which his early life was spent—and seat himself by the open fire, while the night grows old. He sees him throw fresh fuel on the fire—much fuel—though the night is full of a torrid heat, and every window and door is tightly closed. He sees him bend his ill-favored face nearer the fearful heat, and spread his thin, gaunt hands over the tossing blaze. And the wretch shivers—shivers—shivers!

No door opens. No window is ajar. There is no footstep on the rickety floor. But some one—something—so vague and thin and indistinct that it casts no shadow, obscures no object, has entered and found a seat opposite Stephen Ward. What is it?

I do not know. Nor does Robert Rorux.

The spirit of the dead woman who was kind to Stephen Ward, no matter what was true of her husband's treatment of him? Or the shadow of his own lost soul?

Or only the masterly might of opium—in the brain at which the vision demands admittance?

I have my opinion. You may have yours. But-

What matters it?

"An artificial fate?" he hears Ward mutter; "an artificial fate? It was natural—natural—and I have only myself to blame for it—only myself to blame! O God—God—how many thousand lives must I live again, in how many hundred ages, ere I reach the level which might have been mine to-night—if I had wisely taken the chances which were mine?"

He sees Ward rise, and creep slowly to the door, never removing his eyes from the ghostly shape sitting beyond the fire on his hearth-stone—never turning his back to it.

He sees him creep out—out into the night—and he follows him. Is it a man he is following, or a beast, or only a feverish fancy of an overstimulated brain? God help him, he cannot tell. He is not quite sure that dissolution is not playing fantastic tricks with a failing brain. He is not quite certain that he must not wait a little—say a quarter of an hour—until his heart does not beat nor his brain think—before he can really see and know again!

He follows Ward along the path where we went with him in a certain June morning long ago. He has never seen his form so crooked, his back so bent, his arms so long and lean and gaunt, his teeth so white and fang-like, behind his drawn lips. Down into a lovely valley, and—and—Is Ward down on all fours, running snarling up the path, as a wolf might run? Or is this a phantasm that only a brain in which the poisoned venous blood is beginning to settle and stagnate could possibly see?

A veil, like a dense cloud, seems to settle—settle—between him and Ward, and he knows he shall see him no more. It is not given him to know whether Ward finds repentance and peace, or lives to regret only that his worst baseness failed. And—save to Stephen Ward himself—what matters it?

The outer door opens and shuts! There are hurrying steps in the outer hall! There is the sound of an anxious voice, making hushed inquiries and whispering hurried pleas for information.

The dying man raises himself upon his elbow.

"He—he has come," he says; "Ralph has come—and—and—"

Etta's arm is slipped beneath his head. Gently she lays him down upon the pillow. Then she stoops, impulsively, and presses her lips to his.

"Thank God, I am blind!" whispers the man, softly. "If I could see—see—I might wish to live; now, I am willing to die. Now, I can imagine that Elaine's lips touched mine, and can be glad to go to her."

Etta slips silently from the room. Ralph's arms are about her. Her lips feel his kisses raining passionately down upon them. He does not know whose lips touched hers not a minute since. He need not know. And he never will.

"Is—is there no hope?" he asks, tremulously. "None," she replies, with a tearful sob.

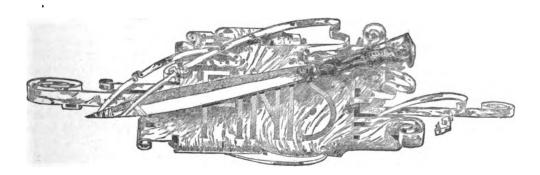
Each is earnest, honest, eager; both would give any effort—make any sacrifice—wait vainly for one another a long life through—to save to life and usefulness the dying man in the room close at hand.

They enter together, softly, silently. The gaunt right hand of Robert Rorux, half open, is stretched far down upon the white coverlet, as though offering welcome and demanding greeting—but it does not move. Ralph raises it, reverently, and lets it fall again. All is silence in the room.

He bends forward anxiously. He lays his hand on the brow of the man lying there, and lets it rest caressingly there for a moment or two.

Then he rises, turns, faces Etta. His eyes are full of tears. His voice is broken and anguished.

"The light has conquered the darkness," he says, solemnly.



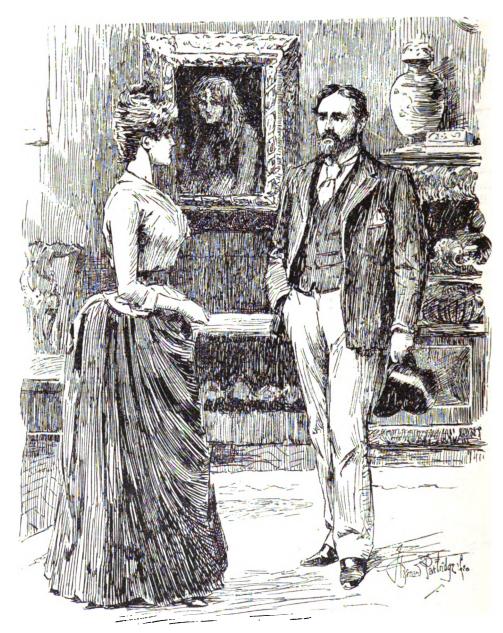
PARIS AS A SEA-PORT.

THERE is some chance that in a not very remote future the oft-talked-of project of making a sea-port of Paris will be realized. A parliamentary committee was appointed to study and investigate the question by the last Chamber, and the report, which has just been issued, is highly favorable to the plans of the engineers. The Re-

porter states that the Government by no means thinks the project one that cannot be carried out, but is of opinion that it can be accomplished effectively at no distant date. The committee therefore intends to call upon the Chamber to vote upon the adoption of the Bill called "Paris port de mer," which provides for the deepening

of the Seine between Rouen and the capital. In the meantime, it may be noted that the proposed dredging of the river between the cities mentioned would be not only useful in a commercial,

of larger war-vessels might easily be dispatched from Havre to the outskirts of Paris, and their action — in conjunction with that of powerful forts, with which the city is now nearly encircled but also in a strategical, way. In the event of | —would do serious damage to an invading force.



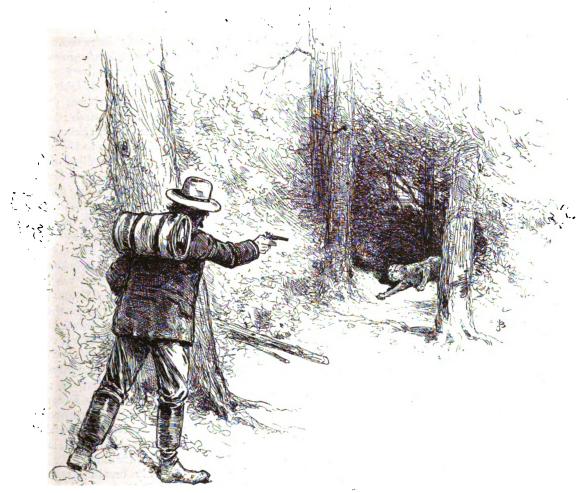
GOOD OLD ERIN!

"BUT REALLY, YOU KNOW, MR. O'SULLIVAN, I NEVER GAVE YOU THE SLIGHTEST ME WHAT IT IS YOU COMPLAIN OF IN MY TREATMENT OF YOU." -''That you make yourself perfectly charming and agreeable to me whenever I see you, and then, DIRECTLY A FELLOW'S BACK'S TUBNED YOU LAUGH IN RIS FACE."

another siege of Paris, only small river gun-boats of the stamp designed by M. Frederic Passy would be available for reconnaissance or other military duty on the Seine. If, however, the stream were deepened and widened in certain parts, a flotilla

Such a fleet, for instance, might well be utilized in the neighborhood of St. Denis—through which the Seine runs-for, as military men know, the weakest point in the fortified girdle of Paris lies exactly in that direction.





"I MADE A BOLD FRONT, AND TURNING, ADVANCED TOWARD THE LURKING FOE."

A THRILLING EXPERIENCE WITH A COUGAR.

By J. M. BALTIMORE.

ONE of the most savage, and, at the same time, skulking and cowardly, of the wild animals met with in the States of Oregon and Washington, is the cougar (Felis concolor). This animal makes its home far up among the rugged declivities of the Cascade and Coast Range of mountains, along the densely timbered foot-hills and spurs, and amidst the heavy forests and impenetrable thickets of the valleys. In size, form and disposition, the cougar is almost identical with the panther. His coat of long hair is yellow, with a strong suggestion of white. In fact, the belly of the animal is almost entirely white, though rather muddy in hue. Among hunters, the cougar is generally known as the "California lion." Quite often these animals are killed measuring nine or ten feet from tip to tip.

Notwithstanding the rapid settlement of Oregon and Washington during the past twelve or fifteen years, the fierce cougar has not only held Vol. XXIX., No. 2-16.

its own, but has constantly multiplied. Long, cold, severe Winters often drive them forth from their mountain fastnesses, and sharp hunger compels them to seek for prey in the open regions and valleys. Though naturally cowardly and skulking, the cougar grows bold as a lion when pressed sorely by biting hunger. Under these circumstances, the animal will not hesitate to attack and kill hogs, sheep, calves and colts. He has even been known to destroy grown cattle and horses. Nothing is more agreeable to his palate than chickens, geese and ducks. On his nocturnal, predatory prowls, the cougar generally makes a rapacious descent on the hen-roosts. One of the unmistakable indications of the unwelcome presence of the blood-thirsty intruder is the loud squealing of the hogs, the squalling and cackling of the chickens, and the plaintive quacking of the ducks.

Great destruction to animals and loss to farmers

and stock-raisers, result from the cougar's repeated and remorseless ravages. Matters finally reach such a state that a general hunt is organized. Twenty, thirty or even fifty hunters band together, and wage a war of extermination.

Deer, and other smaller animals, are generally the victims of the cougar in his remote mountain and forest home. But, as the deer grow less numerous year by year, and these carnivorous creatures multiply and increase, they grow more and more bold, and gradually seek the haunts of man. During the past year, it is estimated that several thousand head of sheep, hogs, cattle and horses have fallen a prey to these fierce marauders. So rapid and wide-spread have these depredations grown, that the State Legislature has passed a law offering a bounty of five dollars for every cougar-scalp captured.

Captain A. H. Davidson, of Washington, recently had a thrilling experience with one of these savage animals, and a very narrow escape from being mangled and devoured. He narrated his exciting adventure to the writer, as follows: "Some months ago I had occasion to go from a point a long distance up on the Cowlitz River, across the country toward the line of the railroad. For most of the distance the road, or, rather, trail, led through a rough, wild country, which was generally covered with heavy forests, and tangled, impenetrable thickets of underbrush. More than forty miles were to be traversed. started very early—shortly after daylight. mounted on a small Indian pony, of a scrubby, ignoble breed. Lest I should not be able to accomplish the journey in one day, or might not be able to reach some cabin along the route, I had taken the precaution to strap a pair of white blankets behind my saddle. The only weapons I had were a small pocket-pistol (single barrel) and a small two-edged dirk.

"On starting, I had noticed that my pony was slightly lame. Thinking he would get over it when warmed up on the road, I pushed ahead. However, the lameness increased, and before noon I found that I should have to abandon the horse and make the remainder of the journey on foot, if another animal could not be obtained. No horse could be procured for 'love or money,' and so leaving the crippled pony and the saddle at a logger's ranch, I pushed on, carrying my roll of blankets on my back.

"The trail wound around through dense, gloomy forests. So thick and so tall were the trees that the lofty, interlacing branches overhead shut out the sun's rays, and much of the light of day. Through a sort of sombre twilight I pushed on. Before I had covered many miles, I began to feel a sort of sense of uneasiness—a singular presentiment of evil foreboding. Still,

I crowded forward, striving to drive out the thought by thinking of my business. However, the intangible, impalpable feeling that there was danger in my pathway increased. A sense of mysterious loneliness, of helplessness, came over me, that the heavy shades of the forest deepened and intensified. Some instinct told me I was being followed—that some peril was pursuing me. Soon, a peculiar, whirring sound, resembling the purring of an enormous cat, attracted my attention. Casting a quick glance to the rear, imagine my dismay at seeing, not seventy-five yards away, in the trail, a large, fierce-looking couger.

"The animal was trailing along slowly, with its belly close to the ground, and switching its tail, just like a cat when preparing to spring on an unsuspecting mouse. Catching my eye, the cougar instantly stopped, placed its head close to the earth, and in a crouching attitude watched me intently. My situation was a very grave one. Armed with only a small pistol and knife, miles from human habitation, alone in the heart of a great, gloomy forest, and confronted by a large, hungry-looking cougar, my position was not to be envied.

"Fortunately, I was thoroughly acquainted with the cowardly disposition of the animal. Unless very closely pressed by hunger, I knew that the cougar would not openly attack me. Grasping my pistol in one hand and the knife in the other, I made a bold front, and turning, advanced toward the lurking foe. Seeing me coming, the cowardly creature retreated. emphasize matters, I discharged my pistol, taking precious good care to shoot wide of the mark. To wound the animal was the last thing in the world I wished to do. Deliberately reloading, l then turned and moved rapidly forward on the trail, keeping a sharp lookout over my shoulder. But the cougar persistently dogged me. Sometimes the animal seemed emboldened, and gained I would have to drive it back by shouting and discharging my pistol. This I kept up for about two hours. I was in hopes that the shouts and shots would finally frighten the cougar away, or else that it would give up the pursuit in sheer disgust; but the animal still persisted, and dogged my footsteps.

"Wearied, panting and foot-sore, I pressed on, hoping soon to emerge from the forest, or to reach some way-side cabin. Once on open ground, I felt confident that the cougar would abandon the pursuit. But the timber appeared to grow thicker. To add to my fears, night was coming on apace. There were also portentous signs of a coming storm. Low, muttering thunder was heard far away, and I could hear the wind, that preceded the tempest, gathering its forces far back in the depths of the forest. Darkness fell,

until I could scarcely distinguish the narrow, tortuous trail. Still my foe relentlessly followed. I could see his glaring eyes, and could hear that low, snarl-like purr.

"Soon the amorphous blackness swallowed up everything else. By feeling my way along with great caution, I could follow the trail slowly. Presently I reached the brink of a steep ravine. Away below me I heard the loud hiss and roaring of a stream. Broad streaks of lightning flashed across the threatening heavens, illuminating with lurid flashes the profound gloom. By waiting and watching for these flashes, I made my way slowly down the ravine. At the bottom flowed a broad, swift stream, across which the trail led. I could not tell how deep it was; but cross it I Taking advantage of a flash, I plunged recklessly in. The water was nearly waist-deep, and cold as ice. Through this stream I blindly floundered. Several times I was nearly carried off my feet, and narrowly escaped being swept down by the force of the torrent. Finally, I reached the opposite bank. I scrambled out, dripping wet and chilled to the marrow. came a long, bright glare. Across the stream I could plainly see the cougar, just at the brink, crouching as if for a spring. In sheer desperation I fired at him, and turning, rushed up the steep, rugged trail. Black gloom again succeeded. I stood still, while my heart beat madly. I expected the cougar would new certainly attack and rend me. Just then the animal gave a wild, fearful scream, and plunged into the stream. Another flash came. As I turned to fly, I saw the cougar, mid-stream, struggling desperately in the mad torrent and making toward me. Before the gleam faded out there came another fierce, blinding glare, followed by an awful peal of thunder.

"Once more I turned and fled along up the trail. This time I reached the top, and at the same instant there came another blood-curdling scream from the enraged and baffled cougar. rushed precipitately along the rough trail, and in a moment reached an opening in the timber. Every instant I expected the animal would be My pistol being empty, was useless, upon me. so I flung it aside and grasped my dirk.

"I looked around, and discovered that I stood upon the edge of a small clearing, several acres in Not a hundred yards away I saw, with a joy that no language can portray, the light of a candle shining brightly through the window of an humble log-cabin. Help and safety were at hand at last. I shouted loadly, and a coarse, heavy 'Hulloo, there!' came back in response. The loud baying of a dog then greeted me, that sounded sweeter than any music I ever heard.

"Well, but very little remains to be told. The brave dog rushed past me, and making for the

cougar, which was only a few rods away, quickly treed him. The logger at once comprehended the situation. Telling me to go to the cabin, he seized his rifle and hurried toward the spot where his dog stood barking, and waited for a lightningflash. It came a moment later, almost as clear as day. It revealed the cougar crouching on a large limb, not more than forty feet from the ground, just ready to hurl himself upon the dog. A sharp crack was heard, and the ball crashed through the cougar's skull. Uttering a piercing cry, the creature fell, and, after a brief struggle, ingloriously gave up the ghost.

"Just then the long-impending tempest burst forth in all its fury. That night I remained at the logger's cabin, and partook of his rough but wholesome cheer. Early the next morning I reached my destination without further advent-The cougar that came so near getting my scalp was a very large old male. By actual measurement, it was nearly nine feet from tip to tip. It was the closest escape from a horrible fate I ever had. One useful lesson this thrilling experience has taught me, and that is, I will never venture alone through the woods again without having a trusty Winchester in hand."

A TALK ABOUT PHOTOGRAPHY.

BY LAWRENCE B. FLETCHER, Ph.D.

THE camera-obscura, invented by Baptista Porta in the sixteenth century, consists of a box with a lens, or piece of glass with curved surfaces, at one end, and a pane of ground glass, a sheet of tissuepaper, or some other translucent screen, at the other end.

The lens forms an inverted image of the objects in front of the camera, which image being received on the ground glass or paper, may be viewed by a person standing behind the camera.

It is evident that if a plate covered with some substance which is altered by light is substituted for the ground glass, all the essential requirements for making some sort of photographic picture are present. The photographi: camera of the present day, however, is a rather more elaborate affair than the simple contrivance above mentioned, and the cost of the lens alone may amount to hundreds of dollars, although excellent pictures of certain kinds, such as landscapes, views of buildings at a little distance, and small outdoor groups of persons or animals, may be obtained with a simpler lens costing but a few dollars.

The simplest of photographic lenses, however, must be achromatic—that is, it must give an image whose outlines are sharp and clear, and not fringed with the bands of color which such a lens as an ordinary burning-glass would produce.

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These colored fringes are due to the fact that a lens formed of a single piece of glass will not bring light of different colors to the same focus. The focus for yellow light is further from the lens than the point to which blue light is con-



A THRILLING ADVENTURE WITH A COUGAR.—"JUST THEN THE ANIMAL GAVE A WILD, FEARFUL SCREAM, AND PLUNGED INTO THE STREAM."—SEE PAGE 241.

verged, while the focus for red light is still more distant. If a camera having such a lens is directed toward a bright white point, like a star, the image of the point on the ground-glass screen will be variously colored according to the distance

of the screen from the lens, and in any case it will be surrounded by colored fringes.

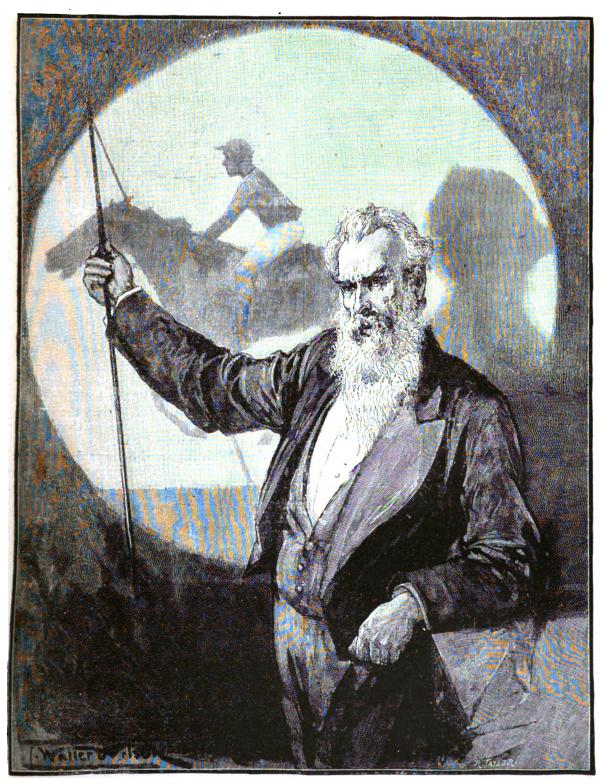
An achromatic lens is made by combining two or more simple lenses made of different kinds of glass. The photographic landscape lens consists of two pieces of glass, crown and flint. A compound lens of this character, though fairly achromatic, has other faults which can be easily detected.

In the first place, it will not bring all the light which emanates from a luminous point and falls upon the lens to the same focus. Those rays which pass through the central part of the lens are brought together at a point more distant from the lens than the focus to which the rays passing through the outer parts are converged. Hence the image of any object formed by the lens is blurred and indistinct.

Again, it is found that a given position of the ground-glass screen of the camera does not give equal sharpness to the different parts of the picture. To make the edges of the picture reasonably distinct, the screen must be moved up nearer the lens than the position which gives the best result for the centre of the picture.

The reason of this is that the image is curved To see it in equal sharpness throughout, it would be necessary to receive it, not on a plane, but on a concave, screen. Both of these defects—indistinctness and curvature—are largely remedied by the use of a very simple contrivance, the "diaphragm "or "stop." This is a metal plate with a round central aperature smaller than the lens, and placed a short distance before the latter. Thus the light which reaches the lens from any point of the object viewed is limited to the small cone of rays—or pencil, as it is technically called —which can pass through the stop. Only a small portion of the lens is used in forming the image of any one point; the light passing through this small portion is therefore brought to a reasonably sharp focus, and the image becomes much more distinct.

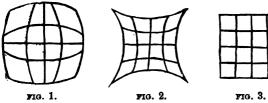
But if this were the only effect of the stop, its use would not be necessary, as the same result could be obtained by simply reducing the size of the lens. And as the stop is not in contact with the lens, but some distance in front of it, it will be easily seen that different parts of the lens are used to form the different parts of the picture. The rays coming from a point immediately in front of the camera pass through the centre of the lens, while the rays from either side of the field of view pass through the opposite side of the The effect of this is to bring the image of the different parts of the field of view into one That is, the picture formed by the lens is now plane, or nearly so, instead of being strongly concave, as it is when no stop is used. An ex-



planation of the reason of this action would be necessarily both too long and too technical to find a place in this paper. The stop has still another good effect. It increases the "depth of focus,"

distances from the camera, whereas a lens without a stop will give a sharp foreground and a blurred background, or the reverse. The reason of this is simply that the pencil of light which passes giving fairly sharp images of objects at different | through the stop is so narrow that its intersection

by the screen, or sensitive plate, is a small spot, even if it is not caught exactly at its narrowest part, or true focus, while the much wider cone of light formed by the unstopped lens will cause a large blurred spot on the plate, unless its apex falls exactly on the latter. These beneficial effects



DIAGRAMS ILLUSTRATING DISTORTION BY LENS CURVATURE.

of the stop are attended by two great disadvantages. The first is the loss of light, which, however, is of importance only when instantaneous pictures are desired. In other cases the loss of light does not matter, as it is merely necessary to correspondingly lengthen the "exposure"—that is, to allow the weakened light to act for a comparatively long time. A more serious evil is the distortion of the picture caused by the stop, a curved form being given to the outlines of a window or a house, especially if situated near the edges of the picture. Much of this may be avoided by careful attention to the curvatures of the lens surfaces, but some distortion remains in all landscape lenses, which are therefore not adapted for making pictures of buildings covering the whole plate, or for interior views, though the distortion of the lines of buildings included in landscapes of much greater dimensions is not noticeable. If the stop is placed behind the lens, the distortion is of an opposite character, as shown in Fig. 2. But if two lenses—or, rather, two achromatic pairs of lenses—are separated by a short interval, and the stop placed between them, the distortion caused by the first pair is corrected by the second, and the combination, which is called a "rectilinear" lens, gives a correct representation of buildings and similar objects. The lens used for portraiture also consists of two achromatic pairs, or triplets, with a central stop, which is very large in order that as much light as possible may pass through the lens.

The modern photographic camera is not a rigid box, but consists of a wooden base and ends connected by a bellows, or accordion-like arrangement of opaque rubber cloth or leather, which forms the body of the instrument. This construction allows the camera to be easily lengthened or shortened, according to the distance of the object to be photographed, and to be compressed into a small space for transportation. The back or the front, or both, may be moved in making these changes, and in some cameras the lens can also be moved independently by

means of a rack and pinion. It is hardly within the scope of this paper to give a detailed description of cameras and their varieties, but a contrivance which is common to all may be noticed.

The back of the camera, which supports the ground-glass screen, or the photographic plate, is not rigidly attached to the base, but turns on pivots so that it may be inclined forward or backward to a small extent. The objects and uses of this arrangement are very simple, though usually a little puzzling to the tyro. The size of any object in a photograph depends upon the relative distances from the lens of the real object and its image on the screen. Hence, when the camera is pointed upward in photographing a high building, the camera-back should be tipped forward until the screen is vertical, despite the inclined position of the camera. When this is done, it is evident that the bottom of the screen, which receives the image of the top of the building, is farther from the lens than the top of the screen, which receives the image of the base of the building in the same proportion in which the actual distance from the lens to the top of the building exceeds the distance of the base. If this adjustment is not made, but the screen is left at right angles to the axis of the instrument, the base of the building will be photographed on a larger scale than the top, and the vertical lines will converge as they ascend, giving some distressing effects.

If the camera is pointed downward, as in taking a street-scene from an upper window, the camera-back must, of course, be tipped backward to a vertical position.

The swinging back is also employed for another purpose, and used in direct defiance of the foregoing rules. If the necessity of making a portrait of a subject in a sitting position, facing the camera, is ever forced upon the photographer, he will find that with a vertical position of the camera-back the face, knees and feet of the sitter can not all be made sharp and distinct. The knees and feet being nearer the camera than the face, their images are thrown to a greater distance from the lens. To get a sharp picture of the whole figure, it is necessary to bend the camera - back sharply backward beyond the vertical.

This arrangement, while giving a sharp, clear picture, produces great distortion, as the feet and limbs are magnified out of all proportion to the rest of the body.

When all the mechanical and optical difficulties have been surmounted, and a satisfactory picture is obtained upon the ground-glass screen, the most important part of the process—the photochemical part—begins.

It is in this part that the most remarkable of recent advances have been made. The number of substances which are affected by the action of

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light is by no means small. Many of the salts of several metals, including silver, gold, iron, platinum, chromium, uranium, and others, undergo a chemical change when exposed to light, under certain conditions, and that the sun's rays have the power to bleach and destroy nearly all organic dve-stuffs is a matter of common experience. Many of these effects were known in quite remote times, and a number of experimenters, including Wedgwood and Sir Humphry Davy, obtained copies of paintings on glass, and tracings of opaque objects, by laying them upon paper coated with salts of silver. Attempts were even made to obtain photographs in the camera, but without success, as the substances employed were not sufficiently sensitive to light. The picture even of a brightly illuminated object on the ground glass of the camera is always dim, and the eyes of the observer must be shielded from outside light, by an opaque cloth thrown over the head, in order to see it distinctly. It is not surprising, therefore, that paper coated with a fairly sensitive substance readily affected by the direct rays of the sun should fail to receive a visible picture after hours of exposure to the faint images of the camera.

Even the tracings which these early experimenters obtained by exposing the sensitive paper to sunshine under drawings and other objectsphotographic "prints," we should call them now -were of no practical value, because, when brought into the light to be examined, the white parts of the picture blackened, and the whole paper soon assumed a uniform tint, and showed no trace of the picture. It seemed impossible to do what is now called "fixing" the imagethat is, removing or destroying the sensitive substance in those parts of the picture which have been little or not at all affected by light. so it came about that the first great success in photography was obtained by discarding the compounds of silver and employing a substance which is now but little used, mineral pitch or bitumen, which hardens and becomes insoluble in its usual solvents when exposed to the light.

A French experimenter, Nicéphore Niepce, in 1827, succeeded in obtaining permanent photographs by coating metal plates with a solution of bitumen in oil of lavender, exposing the bitumencoated plates in the camera after the evaporation of the oil, and washing away the unaltered parts of the coating by means of the same solvent mixed with petroleum oil. An exposure of several hours was needed.

The next great advance was the invention by Daguerre of the process which bears his name. The daguerreotype was made on a copper plate with a polished silver face. This being exposed to the vapor of iodine, became coated with iodide of sil-

ver, a salt which is sensitive to the action of light. Such a plate, when exposed in the camera for a long time, was found to have received a faint picture. Subsequently Daguerre discovered—by accident, it is said—that the time of exposure could be greatly shortened and the effect improved by exposing the plate, on removal from the camera, to the fumes of mercury, which produce a whitish deposit on the parts affected by With the discovery of a means of removlight. ing the unaltered iodide of silver from the shadows of the picture the process was complete. A solution of common salt and, afterward, one of hyposulphite of soda, were used for this purpose. The latter substance, familiarly termed "hypo," has since that time been almost universally employed for fixing all kinds of photographic pictures, both negatives and positives, in which a salt of silver is used as the sensitive substance. daguerreotype process was published in 1839. A couple of years later the calotype process was published by Fox-Talbot in England. In its perfected form this process consisted in coating paper with iodide of silver by applying to its surface solutions of nitrate of silver and iodide of potassium in succession. The paper was then dried, and exposed in the camera for a short time. When removed, the picture was nearly, or quite, invisible, but was brought out or "developed" by the application of a mixture of nitrate of silver and gallic acid, a substance derived from nut-The effect of this treatment is to deposit metallic silver in the form of a dark powder in varying amounts on different parts of the picture, the deposit being proportional to the extent to which the several parts have been affected by The picture was then washed in a salt solution, or other "fixing" agent, to remove the unaltered iodide of silver from the unaffected or slightly affected parts, then washed in water to remove the fixing compound, and dried.

Pictures so formed were negatives, but on being made translucent by means of wax or glycerine and laid over other sheets of paper impregnated with iodide or chloride of silver in sunshine, positive pictures could be obtained on the latter. One negative would yield an indefinite number of positive "prints," and this circumstance alone made the calotype a great advance over previous methods.

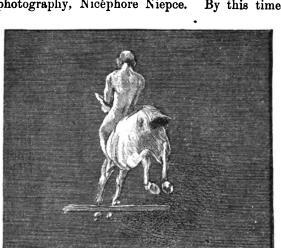
Sir John Herschel suggested the use of glass instead of paper as the foundation of the negative picture. The first successful glass negatives were obtained by coating the glass with a film of albumen or white of egg, which not only served to attach the photographic substance to the plates, but also increased its sensitiveness.

Indeed, the chloride and iodide of silver in a state of absolute purity are very little or not at

all affected by light, and the addition of some organic substance, or at least some substance capable of absorbing the chlorine and iodine given off by their decomposition, is needed in order to adapt them to photographic uses.

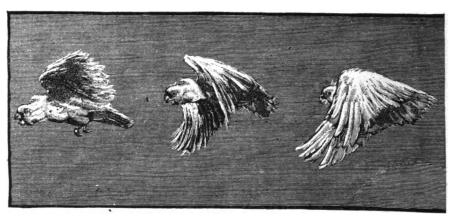
The albumen process was published in the year 1848, by

Niepce de St. Victor, a nephew of the pioneer of photography, Nicéphore Niepce. By this time



THE HORSE IN MOTION-LEAPING-REAR VIEW.

the superior sensitiveness of another compound of silver, the bromide, had become known, and this substance was mixed with the jodide in the

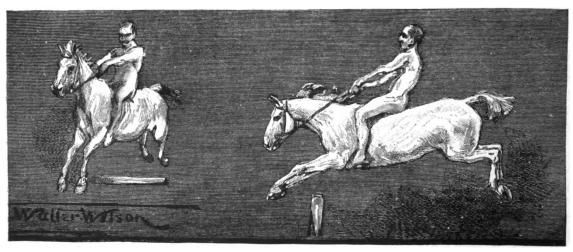


SERIAL INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHS OF A BIRD'S FLIGHT.

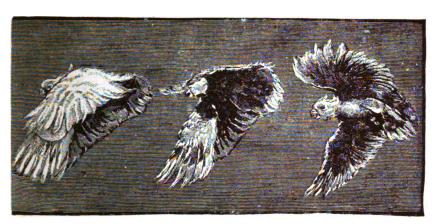
albumen plates. These plates could be used when freshly made and still wet, or they could be dried and kept for a time before using. The sensitiveness was about the same as that of the calotype paper, both being many times greater than that of the daguerreotype.

In 1851 appeared a new photographic process, which soon caused the abandonment of the earlier methods and marvelously extended and popularized the art of photography. This was the collodion process, which, with some modifications, was almost exclusively employed until about ten years ago.

The substance called collodion is a solution of gun-cotton in a mixture of alcohol and ether, gun-cotton being an explosive substance which is made by treating cotton with strong nitric acid, or a mixture of nitric and sulphuric acids. When collodion is poured upon a glass plate or other smooth surface, the alcohol and ether, quickly evaporating, leave behind a tough, but thin and transparent, coating of pure gun-cotton, which forms an admirable substitute for the albumen film previously used in glass negatives.



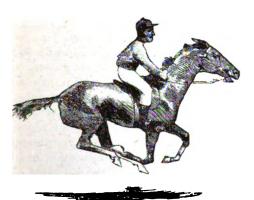
THE HORSE IN MOTION-LEAPING-FRONT AND SIDE VIEWS.



CONTINUATION OF SERIES ON PRECEDING PAGE.

As is usual with inventions and improvements in all arts, several persons are entitled to, and others have ventured to claim, a share in the credit attaching to the introduction of collodion to photography. It is probable that the Frenchman Le Gray was the first to suggest its use, while Frederick Scott Archer, of London, was the first to use it with satisfactory results. It was the latter who introduced the perfected process to public notice in 1851.

In the collodion process, as usually practiced, a thin collodion, with which small quantities of



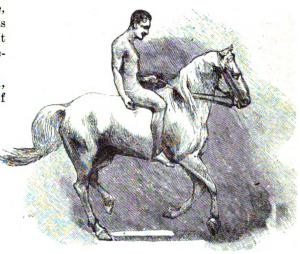
PHASE OF A HORSE GALLOPING.

various iodides and bromides had been mixed, was poured upon a plate of glass. The plate was deftly manipulated to cause the liquid to flow uniformly over it, the excess of collodion being drained off into the bottle. In a few seconds the ether, and most of the alcohol, evaporated; the plate was then taken into a darkened room and plunged in a "bath," consisting essentially of a solution of nitrate of silver. In a minute or two a yellow coating of iodide and bromide of silver was formed, and the plate was then removed from the bath, placed in a suitable plate-holder, and at once exposed in the camera in a wet state.

The plate was not prepared until the view had been selected or the sitter posed and the prelim-

inary adjustments of the camera made, for it was essential that the plate should not become dry, as in that case the nitrate of silver would crystallize and destroy the film of collodion. For the same reason. the plate had to be developed as soon as it was taken out of the camera. The development was effected by means of pyrogallic acid. This substance, known to the

photographer as "pyro," was originally obtained from nut-galls. Afterward, like so many other useful substances, it was manufactured from the constituents of coal-tar.



PHASE OF CANTERING.

It is what is known to the chemist as a reducing agent, having a great affinity for oxygen and a consequent tendency to reduce metallic salts to the metallic state. When applied to the exposed photographic plate, however, it only exercises



PHASE OF FAST TROTTING.

this reducing action on those parts where the reduction has been begun by the agency of light. Hence, the picture, which is quite invisible when the plate is taken from the camera, comes out rapidly under the influence of the developer in a manner which suggests the black art rather than a simple chemical operation.

Another developer, containing an easily oxidizable salt of iron instead of the pyrogallic acid, was much used with these collodion plates, and is still employed to some extent with the modern dry plates. By the collodion process the time of exposure was reduced, under average conditions of light and nature of subject, to ten or fifteen seconds.

It was even possible to make instantaneous pictures — that is, pictures taken in a fraction of a second.

It is the opinion of very many photographers that the wet-collodion process yields negatives superior to those made in any other way. Nevertheless, the process, while by no means obsolete, has been gradually falling into comparative disuse during the last ten years, and a very small proportion of the negatives now made, even by professional photographers, are obtained in this way. The necessity of preparing, exposing and developing the plate within a few minutes made the process very inconvenient for anything except regular studio work.

Many attempts were made, therefore, to prepare collodion plates which could be dried and kept indefinitely before using.

The methods adopted were washing the plates to remove the soluble nitrate of silver, and coating them with various substances, such as sugar, tannin and others, which were found to act as preservatives. The object was attained, in a measure, by these means, but the sensitiveness of the plates was much diminished, so that they were only suitable for use where long exposures were possible.

An improvement was the collodion-emulsion A soluble iodide or bromide and a solution of nitrate of silver being successively added to collodion, the result was the production of iodide or bromide of silver, in the form of a very fine powder, which remained suspended in the liquid, forming what is termed an emulsion. This was poured out on plates of glass, and allowed to dry. The resulting film of solid collodion, or gun-cotton, was cut into small pieces and washed in water. Then it was redissolved in ether and alcohol, and used for coating glass plates, which could be used wet or dry. Various additions were made to the collodion by different workers. These collodion - emulsion plates were far more sensitive than any previously known dry plates. The process is still used to some extent.

It never came into very general use because of the discovery of a vastly superior process—the gelatino-bromide—to the introduction of which the astonishing recent extension of amateur photography is chiefly due.

A number of men seem to have suggested the use of gelatine, and even experimented with it, but the credit of having devised a satisfactory gelatine process is generally attributed to Dr. R. L. Maddox, of England, who experimented upon the subject in 1871.

Shortly afterward gelatine dry plates began to appear in practical work, but their extensive employment dates from 1878, when Bennett, of London, discovered that their sensitiveness could be wonderfully increased by raising the prepared gelatine to a high temperature for a considerable time before coating the plates with it. Since then the processes have been improved, and the convenience and rapidity of the gelatine dry plates have so recommended them, that they are used by a large majority of professional photographers, and by all amateurs, whose present appalling numbers, indeed, are due to the invention of this process.

Many large firms in this country and Europe are engaged in the manufacture of these plates, which they supply at such moderate prices and of such generally uniform good quality, that the photographer, whether amateur or professional, seldom endeavors to make his own.

The process of manufacture, indeed, is laborious, and in unskilled hands, and with crude appliances, difficult and uncertain. A soluble bromide and a solution of nitrate of silver are successively added to a thin solution of gelatine. The operation is conducted in a dim red light, and with constant stirring, and results in the formation of a fine powder of bromide of silver, which remains suspended in the solution. More gelatine is then added, and the mixture heated to a definite temperature for a certain length of time. The sensitiveness of the plates depends upon the degree and duration of heating, the most sensitive emulsion being kept for hours nearly at the boiling point.

The mixture is then allowed to cool and stiffen into a jelly, which is cut into small pieces and thoroughly washed with cold water by pressing through sieves and cloths. When the soluble salts are removed in this way, the finely divided jelly is drained, melted and poured on the glass plates. It "sets" in a few minutes, and the plates are then put away to dry. When dry, they are ready for use. As all these operations have to be performed in an exceedingly dim red or yellow light, in a room entirely free from dust, it will be readily perceived that the amateur's first attempts are very likely to end in comparative failure.

Another process, in which ammonia is used, avoids the prolonged heating operation, but the plates so made are not so reliable as those made by the standard process. A gelatine dry plate of medium sensitiveness is estimated to be ten times as sensitive as a wet collodion plate. That is, an exposure of one second will suffice in cases where ten seconds would be needed for a collodion plate, or half an hour for a daguerreotype.

This statement, however, gives no adequate idea of the possibilities of the gelatine plate, for the most rapid brands known to the trade, when used with a lens which is good enough to permit the employment of a large "stop," will give a good picture of a landscape or other object in bright sunshine in the two-hundredth of a second or less. Careful development is necessary to bring out all the details of such instantaneous pictures, which are rendered possible by a discovery made when dry plates were first coming into use—the discovery that the addition of an alkali to the developer greatly increases its power.

The sun is photographed daily at Paris in the two-thousandth of a second; but perhaps the shortest successful exposures ever made are those used by Professor Eadweard Muybridge in his photographs of animals in motion. Some of his plates were only exposed for the five-thousandth of a second.

In 1872 Professor Muybridge, an Englishman by birth, and then resident in California, made a series of instantaneous pictures of the trotting-horse, which attracted the attention of three classes of persons so different as artists, scientists and turfmen. In these pictures the horse was shown in attitudes which differed from any represented by artists. In some he was represented with all four feet off the ground, and these pictures therefore set at rest the question whether the trotting-horse ever assumes such a position, a question which had led to Muybridge's experiments.

More recently, under the authority and with the financial aid of the University of Pennsylvania, Professor Muybridge has made a new and extensive series of instantaneous photographs of moving animals and human beings, using very elaborate apparatus of his own design.

The background was formed by an open shed about one hundred feet long. This was painted black, and before it was stretched a net-work of fine white cords at regular distances. Before this was the track on which the animals moved. On the other side of the track was a battery of twelve cameras, and similar groups of cameras were placed at each end of the track. Three cameras, one of each group, were exposed at the same instant, giving simultaneous front, rear and side views of the same phase of motion. At the end

of a small fraction of a second—about a thirtieth, in most cases—three more cameras, one of each group, were exposed, and so on. The exposures were made by an electrical apparatus, the contacts being effected by a revolving wheel whose velocity could be regulated to accord with the speed of the animal.

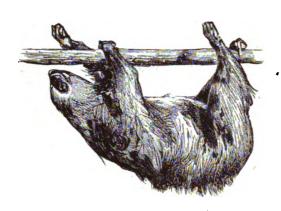
In this way thirty-six pictures were obtained in less than a second, giving front, rear and side views of the animal in twelve different positions. The arrangement of the camera was, of course, altered somewhat in cases where there was no forward motion, as in some of the pictures of human beings.

The various gaits of the horse and those of a great many quadrupeds are illustrated by these photographs, as well as the flight of birds and the attitudes of human walkers, runners, wrestlers, dancers, bathers, etc. The work is published in the form of about 800 plates containing many thousands of single pictures. Some of the series of successive attitudes have been exhibited in London by means of a magic-lantern adaptation of the zoetrope, giving the effect of living figures in motion on the screen. These thousands of pictures, in which the position of every limb at a given instant can be exactly determined by means of the checkered background of white lines, offer a vast field for study, and many valuable facts concerning animal motion have been already obtained from them.

For making an instantaneous photograph of any kind, some method of uncovering the lens for a small fraction of a second is needed. simplest apparatus for this purpose consists of two light strips of wood provided with central apertures. One of these strips is fixed before the lens, and the other is movable before it, either falling by its own weight or being driven by a rubber band. The lens is thus uncovered only for the time during which one aperture is passing in front of the other. Such an arrangement, worked by gravity alone, gives an exposure of a tenth of a second or less. A great many more elaborate "shutters," as these exposers are called. are manufactured with rotary and other motions. With most the speed can be regulated so that the exposure can be varied from a tenth to the twohundredth of a second, or less, and they can also be worked by hand for longer, or "time," expos-

When the shutter and other mechanism are concealed, and the camera made to resemble some innocent and probable piece of hand-baggage, the result is the "detective" camera—an instrument that bids fair to become a common nuisance. The most insidious of these hidden foes is worn under the vest of the operator, the lens, which resembles a common kind of button,

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MOTION OF SLOTH CLIMBING A POLE.

protruding through a button-hole. Some detective cameras are supplied by the makers loaded for a large number of exposures. When the exposures have been made the negatives may be sent back to the firm for development and printing, so that the amateur's work is confined to snapping the camera - shutter and changing the plates.



A CAT TROTTING

He is relieved even of the latter task by the use of negative paper and a "roll-holder."

Negative paper is coated with a bromide-of-sillight alone on over and gelatine emulsion such as is used on glass posure is given. dry plates. It may be exposed and developed in the same manner, and the paper negatives may be made nearly as transparent as those on glass by oiling or waxing.

When the paper is made in a continuous band, it may be used in the roll-holder, which is simply a contrivance for unwinding the paper from one spool and winding it up on another. The apparatus is attached to the camera, and when one picture is taken a turn of a key removes it from the field and brings a fresh portion of the paper into position.

An improvement on the paper negative is the 'stripping film," consisting of a tough coating of gelatine and bromide of silver so mounted on paper that it can be stripped from its support, after development, and mounted on a plain film of gela-

tine, the whole forming a perfectly flexible and transparent negative.

Another recent device for avoiding the weight and fragility of glass is a transparent, or nearly transparent, sheet of celluloid covered with the bromide emulsion. These are also commonly called "films."

Still more recent is the announcement by the Eastman Co. of a flexible film without paper support, wound on spools for use in the roll-holder.

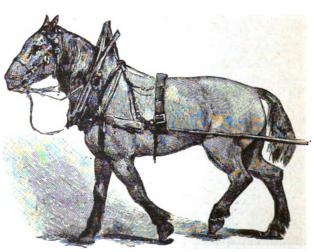
With the modern dry plates it is possible to take instantaneous pictures at night by the "flash



FROM A PINHOLE PHOTOGRAPH.

light," produced by igniting a suitable quantity of a mixture of magnesium powder and certain inflammable substances. The camera is directed and focused, as well as possible, by lamp-light, then the lamps are turned down, the lens-cap removed and the powder ignited. A blinding flash of exceedingly short duration follows, and the picture is taken.

Pictures of interiors may even be made by lamplight alone on quick plates, if several hours' exposure is given.



A DRAUGHT-HORSE WALKING.

Pinhole photography is another branch of the art which is rendered possible by the sensitiveness of modern plates. The plate is simply placed in the bottom of a shallow box, which allows no light to enter save through a fine pinhole in the cover. When the pinhole is directed toward any object, it is evident that the very small pencil of light which reaches the hole from any point of the object will make a minute spot upon a definite part of the plate, and have no effect upon any other part. Hence, if the apparatus is left undisturbed for a suffi-

cient time, the plate, when removed and developed, will yield a picture of whatever was before the pinhole. This simple apparatus needs no focusing, and if the "pinhole" is made by the point of a fine needle, and only an inch or so distant from the plate, the picture, though very small, will be as sharp as one made by a good lens.

The great sensitiveness of the photographic plate only holds for certain colors. The quickest of ordinary plates will not receive a satisfactory impression of a red or yellow flower without an exposure long enough to spoil the impressions of blue and violet objects in the same picture. The plates are but moderately affected by green, the action being enormously greater in the blue end of the spectrum than elsewhere. Hence the "dark" room in which the plates are developed is lighted by a red or yellow lantern. It has been discovered, how-



THE POETRY OF MOTION, INSTANTANEOUSLY PROTOGRAPHED.

ever, that various substances, when mixed with the emulsion or washed over the ordinary plates before exposure, render them sensitive for different colors. Most of these substances are highly colored, and some are well-known dye-stuffs. One of them is chlorophyl, the green coloring matter of leaves. A plate prepared with a suitable mixture of these substances reproduces the relative brightness of objects of different colors much more accurately than an ordinary plate. Special sensitiveness to blue and violet still remains, how-

ever, and if the picture contains much of these colors, their effect is lessened by placing a piece of yellow glass immediately before or behind the lens. In this way beautiful effects have been recently obtained, and it can no longer be said that photography fails to correctly represent Such color-values. pictures are called "orthochromatic."

Photography has become not only a popular amusement, but a useful instrument in many kinds of scientific investigation. It is impossible in this fragmentary sketch to do more than refer to its astronomical and microscopical services, or its extended use in the reproduction of works of art by means of the various photo-engraving and pho-

The methods of making photographic prints, too, can be only briefly mentioned. The ordinary photograph of the galleries and shops is made upon paper coated with

tolithographic processes.

albumen, to which some alkaline chloride has been added. When this is floated on a solution of nitrate of silver, chloride of silver is formed in the albumen coating. The paper is dried, exposed to daylight under a negative until it is considered dark enough, then washed in water, "toned" in a solution of chloride of gold, which improves its color, and "fixed" as negatives are, in hyposulphite of soda. The process has been in vogue, without essential alteration, for many years.

LITERARY MEMORANDA.

"The Housewife" starts the new year well with the interesting and powerful new story, "Trip," written expressly for its columns by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps-Ward, the author of "Gates Ajar," and its equally famous successors. "Trip" is thoroughly characteristic, and will have a great vogue. With this leading attraction, and the many other interesting features offered, The Housewife evidently means to deserve the growing prosperity which attends its career.

The European capitals—London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna—are rich in comic illustrated periodicals, which are nothing if not spicy. The quintessence of this spice, consisting of the most irresistible comics and keen-edged satires, pictorial and textual, is gathered and preserved in permanent form in an elegant and convenient volume, published by White & Allen, entitled "The Spice of Life." There are sixty-four pages, with a laugh to every square inch. The cuts themselves, though printed on heavy tinted paper, have deteriorated in artistic quality through "process" reproduction; but the fun in them remains undimmed, and the style of humor is often quaintly individual.

THE seasonable fine-art and holiday publications, in colors and monochrome, and embodying every dainty device of form and material, seem to grow in beauty with each succeeding annual crop. They make the wintry desert blossom like a rose-garden with lovely counterfeit flowers. The Christmas and New Year's cards will be past their season ere these monthly notes reach publicity; but calendars for 1890 are valid for a year yet; St. Valentine's Day and Easter are coming on; while chromo and lithographic prints, illustrated poems, picture-booklets and the various artistic souvenirs claim all months and seasons for their own. From the Boston house of L. Prang & Co. an astonishing profusion of these mathetic wares are issued. There are the popular pictures, such as Ida Waugh's "Prize Babies' Walking Match," suitable for framing; the innumerable "booklets," in which seriousness and humor, music and poetry, landscape, marine, figure and flower designs vie with each other for supremacy, the prices varying from six cents to five dollars; Louis K. Harlow's delightful landscapes, accompanying original poems by women authors, including "A Summer Day," by Margaret Deland; six little volumes, "Haunts of the Poets," containing quotations from the works and illustrations of the birth-places, later residences, quiet nooks and resting-places of Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes, Bryant, Whittier and Hawthorne; "Notes from Mendelssohn," for music-lovers; together with cards and calendars in hundreds of different designs.

Some of the choicest gift-books and art publications of the year come from Messrs. White & Allen. They publish, for instance, Elizabeth Little's sea-scented picturebook, "'Off the Weather-bow,' on Life's Voyage," the

designs in beryl-blue monochrome, and the text, all oceanpoetry, selected from favorite living American writers; those two standard stories of the child's library, "Cinderella" and "The Sleeping Beauty," with the most sumptuous colored illustrations they have ever had; and "The Thompson Street Poker Club Lectures" (illustrated by Durkin), in which the Rev. Thankful Smith, Elder Jubilee Anderson, Brother Cyanide Whiffles, and other recognized authorities on the ethics and practice of the game, discuss it as it is played with caution and razors in Thompson Street. For boys, there is Captain Mayno Reid's thrilling romance of adventure, "The Death-shot," and for girls, "Witch Winnie," the story of a King's Daughter, by Elizabeth W. Champney, dealing in bright style with the workings of what is now a celebrated organization. The calendars for 1890 are "The Life of Christ," a series of beautiful colored pictures, fac-simile of Brenncman's aquarelles, appropriate to each month; and the Little People's Calendar, illustrating a year of a child's life, with appropriate text.

Amongst half a dozen recent novels at hand, "A Mad Love; Or, The Abbé and his Court," being a version of Emile Zola's "Conquête de Plassans" (T. B. Peterson & Bros.), may be taken as representative of one extremethe realistic and worldly-of the tendencies of modern fiction, while "Earth - born" (Press Bureau, New York) stands for another—the sensationally imaginative, psychic, occult. This world is all too narrow for the fancy-flights of the author of "Earth-born," who veils his identity under the ethereal pseudonym of Spirito Gentil. In a style sufficiently clear, dramatic, and Rider-Haggardish, the story—purporting to be translated from a manuscript of mysterious origin, picked up in the course of a pilgrimage to Mecca-recounts the strange adventures of the temporarily disembodied spirit of the earth-born hero, roaming through the abysmal depths of space to find Mother Eve. The spiritual author is sufficiently sophisticated in literary matters to make his story end happily. From Robert Belford (late Belford, Clarke & Co.) we have "The Fatal Fiddle," and in the same volume nearly a dozen more of the clever and somewhat recherché tales of Edward Heron-Allen. There are some life-like characters, well-described scenes of New York, London, Paris and Rome, and much bric-à-brac, music and book-lore. "I Will Ne'er Consent," by Dolores Marbourg (Robert Belford), is an actress's emotional love-story, very intense, with lots of "Kiss me-Jack," and a serviceable death-scene in the last act. "Mike Fletcher" (Minerva Publishing Company) is an undeniably powerful tale of a phase of London life, by George Moore, the author of "Confessions of a Young Man," etc. Mr. Moore is a species of English Zola, and dissects subjects not always nice with a masterly skill that makes us shudder while it fascinates.

"Basil Morton's Transgression" (Minerva Pub. Co.) will attract readers who appreciate a clever and interesting story of artistic Bohemia in New York, by one who knows it thoroughly—the Marquise Lanza.

"AN APPEAL TO PHARAOH" (Fords, Howard & Hulbert) is an anonymous discussion of the negro question in our Southern States. It proposes African colonization as the radical solution of the portentous problem.

FIVE neat and well printed books, newly received, afford evidence of earnest and well-directed endeavor on the part of the Woman's Temperance Publication Association (Chicago). Two of these—"Unanswered Prayer" and "Frances Raymond's Investment"—are stories by Mrs. S. M. I. Henry, well-written, interesting, pathetic, and embodying deeply impressive moral lessons. "The Year's Bright Chain" is a birthday souvenir book in honor of Miss

Frances E. Willard, consisting of quotations from her writings, interspersed with twelve exquisite pictorial designs and verses illustrating. "the year's bright chain" of child-life, appropriately associated with her whose whole life is devoted to the making of straight paths for "the million little feet, the little feet a-coming." The other two books are Anna A. Gordon's "Songs of the Young Woman's Christian Temperance Union," with music; and "Crusader Programs" of exercises and entertainments intended for the use of the Loyal Temperance Legion, and for Sunday-schools.

CALEB WEEES, the author of "Human Life; Or, 'The Course of Time' as Seen in the Open Light" (Samuel C. W. Byington & Co.), believing that religious philosophy has outgrown Pollock's elaborate and stately poem, has undertaken to portray in similar ambitious form.—

"A God of love and wisdom, making all
Apparent 'evil' prove a real good:
A real God, well worthy of the name,
Whose grace is loving favor for each child."

Pollock, in "angel-life," is supposed to tell the story anew. There is much to be said in favor of this enlightened conception of man's relations to the Deity; nor does Mr. Weeks suffer conspicuously by comparison with his poetic model in the matter of literary quality, though the necessarily procesic character of much of the 350 odd pages of blank verse will render it somewhat formidable to the mere pleasure-seeking reader.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

The last meeting of the National Academy of Science was unusually interesting. Professor Langley, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, read a paper in regard to the light of the glow-worm, which was very suggestive. His purpose was to show the immense economy of energy displayed in the production of this living illumination. The best lights we have, he said, save only three or four per cent. of the fuel consumed, the rest being expended in the production of heat without light. The glow-worm, on the contrary, seems to know how to save all, or nearly all, this waste, experiments with the most delicate instruments disclosing no lines in the spectrum that indicate heat. Professor Langley said a study of this phenomenon ought to lead to greater economy in the production of artificial light.

WATCH-SPRING: p'ano-strings and similar articles have been successfully tempered by electricity. The steel is wound on a spool, placed in an oil bath, and by the electric current kept at the exact degree of redness necessary for the temper required.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

FICTION.

- A FATAL FIDDLE. By E. Heron-Allen. Illustrated by E. L. Durand. 262 pp. Paper, 50c. Robert Belford, New York.
- "I WILL NE'ER CONSENT." By Dolores Marbourg. 217 pp. Cloth, \$1.00. Robert Belford, New York.
- EASTH-BORN. By Spirito Gentil. 263 pp. Paper, 50c. The Press Bureau, New York.
- Basil Monton's Transgression. By Marquise Clara Lanza. 275 pp. Paper, 50c. The Minerva Publishing Co., New York.
- MIRE FLETCHER. By George Moore. 302 pp. Paper, 50c. Minerva Publishing Co., New York.
- A Mad Love. By Emile Zola. 378 pp. Paper, 25c. T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.
- THE DEATH-SHOT. By Captain Mayne Reid. 348 pp. Cloth, with pictorial cover in colors and gold, \$1.25. White & Allen, New York and London.

WITCH WINNIE. THE STORY OF A "KING'S DAUGHTER."
By Elizabeth W. Champney. Illustrated. Cloth, \$1.50. White & Allen, New York and London.

TEMPERANCE PUBLICATIONS.

- Frances Raymond's Investment; Or, The Cost of a Boy. By Mrs. S. M. I. Henry. 51 pp. Illustrated. Boards, 50c. Woman's Temperance Publication Association, Chicago.
- UNANSWERED PRAYER. By Mrs. S. M. I. Henry. 106 pp. Cloth, 50c. W. T. Pub. Association, Chicago.
- THE YEAR'S BRIGHT CHAIM. Quotations from the Writings of Frances E. Willard. Illustrated. Cloth, 50c. W.T. Pub. Association, Chicago.
- CRUSADER PROGRAMS, FOR THE LOYAL TEMPERANCE LEGION, SUNDAY-SCHOOLS, ETC. 188 pp. Paper, 25c. W. T. Pub. Association, Chicago.
- Songs of the Young Woman's Christian Temperance Union. By Anna A. Gordon. With music. 96 pp. Paper, 25c. W. T. Pub. Association, Chicago.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL SCHOLAR'S ALMANAC, FOR 1890. Arranged by Eugene Tappan. Paper, 5c.; per hundred, \$2.00. Samuel Usher, Boston.

Humorous.

- THE SPICE OF LIFE. HUMOBOUS DRAWINGS AND TEXT. 64 quarto pp. Cloth, \$1.50. White & Allen, New York and London.
- LECTURES BEFORE THE THOMPSON STREET PORER CLUB. Illustrated. Cloth, gilt, \$1.50. White & Allen, New York and London.

FINE-ART, HOLIDAY AND JUVENILE PUBLICATIONS.

- "OFF THE WEATHER-BOW," ON LIFE'S VOYAGE. By Elizabeth N. Little. In lithographic colors. Boards, \$2.50. White & Allen, New York and London.
- CINDEBELLA AND THE LITTLE GLASS SLIPPER. Illustrated in lithographic colors. Illuminated boards, \$1.50. White & Allen, New York and London.
- THE SLEEPING BEAUTY. Illustrated (in lithographic colors) by G. W. Brenneman. Illuminated boards, \$1.50. White & Allen, New York and London.
- LITTLE PEOPLE'S CALENDAR. In lithographic colors. In portfolio, 50c. White & Allen, New York and London
- LIFE OF CHRIST CALENDAR. In lithographic colors. In box, \$1.50. White & Allen, New York and London.
- Prang's Fine-art Holiday Publications and Novelties: Ye Olde Kalendar for ye Yeare 1890. Souvenir Calendars of New York and Washington. The Red Letter Days. Floral Calendars, Christmas and New Year's Cards, Souvenirs, etc. L. Prang & Co., Boston.
- HAUNTS OF HAWTHORNE. Illustrated (with quotations) by Louis K. Harlow. "Haunts of Poets and Authors" series. Booklet, 73-4x51-4. Illuminated covers, 50c. L. Prang & Co., Boston.
- A SUMMER DAY. Poem by Margaret Deland. Illustrations by Louis K. Harlow. Booklet, 6 1-2 x 4 1-2. Illuminated covers, 35c. L. Prang & Co., Boston.
- THE PRIZE BABIES' WALKING MATCH. By Ida Waugh. Fine-art picture, in colors, 20x16 inches. In plain mat, \$1.25. L. Prang & Co., Boston.
- Notes from Mendelssohn. Illustrated in colors and monochrome by Louis K. Harlow. Boards, with emblematic design in colors. In box, \$2.00. L. Prang & Co., Boston.
- THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER. Illustrated in colors and monotints. In box, \$1.50. Frederick A. Stokes & Brother, New York.
- A YEAR OF GOOD WISHES. By J. Pauline Sunter. Illustrated in colors. In box, 50c. Frederick A. Stokes & Brother, New York.

POETRY.

HUMAN LIFE; OB, "THE COURSE OF TIME" AS SHEN IN THE OPEN LIGHT. By Caleb S. Weeks. 359 pp. Cloth, \$1.25. Samuel C. W. Byington, New York.

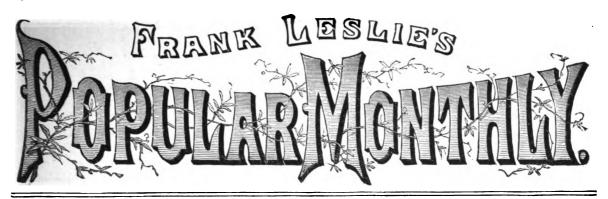


A FAIR CRITIC.— FROM THE PAINTING BY CONRAD RIESEL.

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ALPINE FLOWERS.



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GEN. MANUEL L. BARILLAS, PRESIDENT OF GUATEMALA.



THE REPUBLICS OF CENTRAL AMERICA.— THE CHURCH OF CARMEN, THE OLDEST CHURCH IN GUATEMALA. SEE NEXT PAGE.

Vol. XXIX., No. 3-17.

THE REPUBLICS OF CENTRAL AMERICA.

BY FRANK VINCENT,

AUTHOR OF "AROUND AND ABOUT SOUTH AMERICA," "IN AND OUT OF CENTRAL AMERICA," ETC.

THE greatness of a nation is not always to be | measured exclusively by its population or its extent of territory. If it were, Russia would be one of the greatest of nations, whereas it is, in certain important social respects, one of the least. speak with admiration of the Republic of Switzer-There is a covert contempt in the way in which we refer to the empire of the Czar-empire. in this sense, meaning despotism. It is significant that one never by any chance thinks of the evolution of a monarchy from a republic. Evolution works the other way. It is an upward spiral. leaves kingdoms, monarchies, empires and despotisms far below. At the base are shattered thrones, broken sceptres, moral chaos and social disorder. At the apex—unreached, as yet—are a perfect republic and a happy civilization.

On this account he who believes in the ceaseless endeavor after universal betterment glances from the new-made Republic of Brazil to the five little republics of Central America. The conservation of force has been splendidly illustrated by the instantaneous and noiseless federalization of A potentate was never put out and a president put in with greater presto and prestige. The candle of Dom Pedro was extinguished with a snuffer; but when the snuffer was lifted the star of the republic cast a further beam. This experiment, successful so far, pricks expectation with regard to the rival fraternities of Central Amer-Republicanism there is a house with five rooms, and the house has been divided against itself over and over again. Interstate strifes have been petty and numerous. There has been no grand civil outbreak, once and for all, and then an equally grand civil peace. The politics of the country have been as volcanic as the soil. Some of the volcanoes may seem dead, but their craters are still active. The lava of war spouts hotly out when least expected.

Let us inquire what these five little Central American republics, of which we know so little, are like. Let us try properly to appreciate them, and not measure our praise out with a foot-rule made of icicles. Delegates from that part of the world know more about us than we do about them. They have recently been among us, studying our industries and institutions, and questioning the best methods of promoting international com-But they also have their industries and institutions; and the question is whether these will not in time form a glittering carcanet of which civilization may well be proud, when the purest principles of republicanism shall have recognition of the interest it has always shown in

raised every habitable portion of Central America to the highest social level of which it is susceptible. A United States of Central America, however, is ultimate rather than imminent. It may be "remote," but it is not necessarily "unfriended," "melancholy" or "slow." When it takes place it will be based upon the principles of the greatest republic in the world. Under the pending treaty between Guatemala, Honduras, Salvador, Nicaragua and Costa Rica—the five republics in question—the coalition for the first ten years is to be simply a confederation constituting an offensive and defensive alliance. Such alliances are usually more offensive than defensive. At the close of this ten years the coalition, if found satisfactory, will, as we have just indicated, be made perpetual, and based upon the principles of our own government. The Constitution adopted will cover all political, commercial and other relations existing between the five republics, and between them and foreign Powers. A common tariff and a common monetary standard are to be established. Such an adjustment would seem to insure to Central America permanent solidity as one nation, while at the same time enabling the individual States to enjoy, through their reserved rights under the Constitution, the largest measure of freedom as regards their respective home affairs. It is by a natural, a reasonable and an inevitable development like this that the ridiculous and fraudulent fable known as the divine right of kings melts away before the incontestable reality of the human right of the

The order in which I have just mentioned these republics has no significance. I specified them in the sequence of their latitude, beginning with the most northern. Honduras, Salvador and Guatemala have already signed the treaty, and. Costa Rica is presumably ready to do so. Then the assent of Nicaragua will alone be wanting to make the federation complete. This plan of union provides that upon the inauguration of the common Executive, September 15th, 1890, one of his first acts shall be to inform friendly governments of the event, and to request a recognition of the Provisional Government of the Republic of Central America. The Governments of Mexico, Colombia and the United States will be selected as those to which a more detailed and particular communication will be vouchsafed - the two former, in their quality of closely affiliated friends and frontier neighbors; the United States, in

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the union and prosperity of those countries. That date is only a few months distant. By the time the ten years which the treaty covers have expired the nineteenth century will be nearing its conclusion. Is it delusive to hope that when the first daybreak of the twentieth century reddens the shores of Central America, it will irradiate with its broad, warm beams a happy and hearty republic, which shall repeat the diapason of prosperity that has so long resounded throughout our own? Our wide domains keep apart the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and afford a wonderfully safe resting-place, where democracy may lie at length and stretch its giant limbs in careless ease. But that little attenuated wrist of land in which Central America terminates, and which, looked at on the map, seems delicate enough for a breath to snap in twain, keeps the two oceans separate with equal certainty, and leads north-west to an irregular triangle of country wherein, smaller though it be than California, civil liberty may find as proud and peaceful a home as elsewhere in the world. Its success does not depend upon geographical accidents. It can draw its breath as freely upon the Equator as toward the Poles. It does not require a palace and a standing army; only elbow-room and a chance for all.

The wrist of land reminds me of the Nicaragua Canal, which is the one other great work now in progress in Central America, and which has every prospect of being pushed to a speedy and successful termination. American capital and American energy are to build this great water-way; but its inception is largely due to the very liberal concession made and deep interest taken by the Republic of Nicaragua, within whose boundaries it is to be wholly constructed. The advance of this immense canal cannot fail to be watched with the liveliest concern. The marriage of the Adriatic to the Doge of Venice was a bagatelle to this wedding of the two oceans, with a civil engineer for priest. In one of those charmed sentences which fall from him at times, Mr. Henry James, in "The Bostonians," speaks of "infatuated geography." Geography became infatuated to some purpose when she gave herself up to the enchantment of this Nicaraguan Canal. The host of Israel threading the Red Sea dry-shod is felt to be less supernatural than the amazing toil of mind and body which results in cleaving continents and coupling seas. Report of the progress made will not fail to be published from time to time in the newspapers of the United States, together with such items, of a political or commercial nature, as affect the interests of Central America, and the various debates and transactions of the Pan-American Conference at Washington, lately in session. All reports of this kind will be more intelligently understood, however,

if the reader comprehends the true position of Central America and her people.

Central America is quite as inaccessible as South America, and, on the whole, more backward. It does not appear to be as sensitive as it ought to be to the contagion of inspiring influences that exist in the United States. If the current of the Gulf Stream could be reversed, it should surely have helped to waft them thither on its warm and sympathetic waves. By the term inaccessible I do not mean to say that there are not many lines of steamers by which you may get to any part of Central America, but that the routes are all roundabout and tedious. are no bee-lines. The Central American does not realize that a zigzag is not the shortest distance between two points. Steam and electricity are not his tutelary deities. Since the stage-coach has not yet replaced the mule, it is obvious that the locomotive has not had the opportunity of replacing the stage-coach. But this concerns the mode of travel after one has reached a Central American sea-port and desires to penetrate the interior. The means of reaching such sea-ports are at least numerous, if not everything that could be desired. To say nothing of several lines of small fruiting steamers which ply between New York and New Orleans to various ports on the Caribbean (Atlantic) coast, we have the comfortable, large steamers of the Pacific Mail Company. which sail three times a month from New York to Aspinwall, and connect, via the Panama Railroad, with others that go from Panama to San Francisco. These call at about one-half of the Pacific Central American ports, while three other steamers of the same line touch each month at all of them. I have expanded more upon these facilities in my forthcoming book entitled, "In and Out of Central America."

There are three other modes of making similar connections, to wit: A Spanish line sends two steamers per month from Panama to San Francisco, calling at all the ports; an American company dispatches one steamer a month from Guatemala to San-Francisco, halting at every port along the coasts of Mexico and Lower California; finally, a Mexican steamer runs, monthly, from Guatemala to Guaymas, in the Gulf of California. From Guaymas the Mexican Sonora Railroad connects, over a distance of 350 miles, with the Southern Pacific and Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroads.

It is evident, therefore, that there are quite enough steamers, and that these are supplemented, to some extent, by railroads. But they are devious in their routes. They do not follow the line of least resistance. They do not apply science to travel until it becomes a luxury. Instead of killing time, they leave so much of it on

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GENERAL VIEW OF GUATEMALA, FROM THE HILL OF CARMEN.

your hands that you fear it may be the death of you. They cover space so slowly, that if you wrote upon it with no more celerity you would never come to the bottom of the page. Voyaging through such impediments, you get a change of scene so gradually that it is like the sinner's change of heart—you hardly seem to get it at all. It may do you good—like insensible perspiration—but you had rather some sensibility should accompany it. By the shortest route it takes you at least ten days to reach a capital of one of the republics. By the longest, you would need a whole month. This is hard lines for Pucks who span the world in less than three.

Many erroneous impressions exist as to the size and the population of Central America. Persons

who are not accustomed to consult map or globe lose that sense of the relative size of countries which made them fair geographers in their school-days. Very few of these have anything like an accurate idea of the extent of Russia and Siberia as compared with the United States; of China in contrast with Canada; or of Great Britain or France in comparison with Mexico, to mention no other countries. A mere glance at statistics of areas and populations will do little to correct the distorted impressions permanently. Nothing will do it so well as reference to globe or map. The next best thing is to illustrate the size of some unfamiliar country by adducing it in contrast with one whose dimensions are at least proximately understood. The entire area of Cen-



THE CITY OF TEGUCIGALPA (HONDURAS), WITH THE SUBURB OF CONCEPCION AND THE BIO GRANDE.

tral America is, as I have previously hinted, a little less than that of California. Or, to take another standard, it is, including Balize (the Colony of British Honduras), a little less extensive than France, while its entire population is not more than the City of Paris! Its future, therefore, would seem to be less assured than at the first glance, unless it be the remote future only that is guaranteed. Certainly if the whole popu- it is erroneous is proved by the important public

lation France were no greater than Paris, and if such population were distributed at intervals over France, we would not be justified i n predicting an extremely rapid spread of civilization, and all that civilization implies, unless there were a most steady conspiracy of favorable conditions largely helped by the best sort of im migration. When, therefore, one speaks of the rapid progress of Central America as a whole, he has to take exceptional conditions for

granted.



SEÑOBA LAINFIESTA, WIFE OF THE MINISTER FROM GUATEMALA, SAN SALVADOR AND HONDURAS TO WASHINGTON.

That portion of the world lies wholly within the tropics, though it is the portions adjoining each ocean which have torrid climes. Even in a temperate zone the high lands of the interior, five and six thousand feet above the sea, could not have been more favorably located. Other generations than this must see what change time will effect in the climate generally, so as to render more genial to the energies of civilization those places where enervation and supineness now prevail. High temperature has been made an excuse

for the languor of the "torridian." Mental depression is supposed to follow mercurial elevation. and the brain meets its quietus in proportion as the quicksilver mounts from the bulb. Indifference to exertion is expected to be found at least as often amidst tropic natives, as melancholy and goitre among the inhabitants of Norwegian valleys. At least this is the popular opinion. That

> works, necessitating vast labor, found in many tropical cities. Nobody could respect the Equator if it always produced sloth.

The general trend of Contral America is in a northwest and south-east direction, between ten degrees each of latitude and longitude. The respective parallels are 8° and 18° north, and 82° and 92° west. This yields a total length of 1,000 miles. The greatest breadth is along the northern boundary of Nicaragua, and is only three hundred The miles. least is in

Costa Rica, and is not quite one hundred miles. These are very limited dimensions to contain five republics—especially when it is remembered that the nearly 4,000,000 square miles of the United States were not large enough for two. I have forgotten (if I ever knew) the measurements of Plato's ideal commonwealth; but probably he would have made Central America do, could he have had it at his disposal. It is interesting for all dreamers of Utopia (though a republic approaching perfection is not necessarily Utopian)

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to reflect that in the central axis of Costa Rica stands a not very conspicuous mountain, from whose summit, in clear weather, both oceans may easily be discerned. Nicaragua and Costa Rica have nearly as much sea-coast upon one side as upon the other. Guatemala has by far the greater extent of sea-coast on the Pacific, and Honduras on the Atlantic. Each has but one good sea-port on its lesser reach of strand. It will, therefore, be understood that in the future of these republies absconding eashiers will have abundant facilities for escape, provided the steamers then are more expeditious than at present. Europe, Asia and the United States will equally invite. is the advantage of having two oceans at hand. It should also be borne in mind that there being twice the temptation to suicide by drowning, the power of resistance remaining the same, the judgment pronounced by survivors should have double the usual charity.

Salvador and Balize are not so favorably situated in these respects. The former looks only upon the Pacific; the latter only upon the Atlantic. I may mention here that Balize holds about the same relation, in size and shape, to Guatemala, that Salvador does to Honduras. They are upon opposite sides of the vast isthmus.

I hesitate to contradict any statement made by Humboldt, that great giant in the land of science, who, if he had been born a Cyclops, would have seen more with his one eye than most men would did they boast a hundred. This celebrated savant says that the chain of the Andes extends unbroken from Colombia to Mexico. Facts do not substantiate this assertion. There are a great many short, irregular ranges. Their general direction is east and west. Honduras is broken and hillocky. is full of undulations, with "dromedarian scorn of levels," and reminded me of the West Indian island Dominica, whose surface Columbus pertinently likened to a sheet of stiff paper after being rumpled in the hand. Not less than fifty volcanoes are scattered throughout Central America, in the most reckless and defiant profusion. True, most of them are extinct, but if you think all of them are, their capacity for smoking will presently assure you of your mistake. Though the cones are more or less isolated, yet these lava-lined monsters appear to extend in irregular lines not far distant from the Pacific. The desolate peaks of those that time has silenced suggest, in their lonely melancholy, remorseless tyrants whose power is past, and who are slowly crumbling back to the chaos whence, ages ago, they emerged.

The average appearance presented by Central America, however, is not melancholy. On the contrary, with one exception, it is a country of forest-clad hills, generous valleys, small rivers

The exception is on the Carand affluent lakes. ribean coasts, where the land is low and level. All the capitals are in the interior. obliged to explore the oyster in order to find the pearl. They are generally built at an altitude of three or four thousand feet above the sea, where the climate is salubrious and cool. Very different are the connecting sea-ports. It is no libel to describe them as unhealthy, hot and small. It is in these respects that the natural disadvantages of a torrid zone cannot but be felt. As long as humanity retains its nerves of sensation the temperature of a locality cannot fail to lend some coloring to its political institutions. But this is very far from saying that equatorial republics must be strangers to equability, or that empires are inevitable between the Tropic of Cancer and the Tropic of Capricorn.

It would be rash to take for granted that the reader has dismissed from his remembrance the fact that the five republics of Central America formed originally a colony or province of Spain. under the viceroyalty of a captain-general. 1823 they established their independence, and formed a federation styled "The United States of Central America," with a President, and a Federal Congress modeled upon our own. This union, however, lasted only sixteen years. The rival States were too independent not to be independent of each other. They did not rest until each became sofereign. Their freedom did not The chrysolite broke. Several imply fraternity. attempts have since been made to crystallize the parts again—one of the latest, that of Barrios, is fresh in the minds of all-but without success. The States of Central America emulated those of South America in warring against each other. There has been so much warring, in fact, as to induce the hope that rival jealousies are now, in a great degree, burnt out. As will be seen, the country, as a whole, contains so much wealth of various kinds, that it is a pity it cannot exist in peace under one government, whose beneficent sway shall tend to develop its advantages to the full.

We do not rely upon a deaf man for an accurate report of a symphony. If his tympanum is unresponsive, his testimony in acoustics is valueless. In the same way, if a traveler would make a faithful report of a foreign country, he must at least know something of the language prevalent there. If he carries only the vernacular with him, it is like offering federal money in a land where decimal currency is unknown. Let no one, therefore, attempt the tour of Central America without an adequate knowledge of Spanish. If he lo, he may, indeed, through the help of those of his countrymen who reside there, succeed in getting to the capitals, but his itineracy will lack proper

flavor and value, and he will feel worse than Adam and Eve when turned out of paradisewhich is not only the first case of eviction on record, but which left them more pitiable than the uncottaged Irish peasant, inasmuch as they did not know the language of the country where they were going, and did not even know whether there was any country to which to go. Spanish is the speech throughout Central America. You can no more do without it than you can do without the mule, the sole dependence for interior travel. In fact, the Castilian tongue is to locution what the mule is to locomotion. The one is the expression; the other is the express. The roads are generally mere tracts, all but impassable during the rainy season—and this lasts nearly half the

In all Central America there are fewer than 400 miles of railway, and trains are run at the speed of an ordinary glacier. Hence, though more than 100 miles of railway are found in Costa Rica, the mail is carried on mule-back, while in Salvador and Honduras it is usually borne afoot. course a railway cannot be expected to be maintained unless there is something to maintain it. Accordingly, the train that is supposed to pierce the most populous districts of Costa Rica ran irregularly until within a recent period, its trips being based upon the presence of sufficient freight and passengers to "pay." Even now its trips are but tri-weekly. There are several respectable cart-roads, but you seldom find lines of stages running upon them. Such conveniences as "through routes" are wholly unconceived. train was ever known to connect with a steamer, no stage with a train, and scarcely any mule with a stage. Such nice adjustments, so smooth and punctual in their complexities, seem beyond the apprehension of the officials who regulate travel in Central America. Your only dependence is the stout and patient mule, a generally, though unjustly, abused animal, upon whose back I have traveled safely many thousand miles. But in undertaking a journey, you must engage mules not only for yourself and servant, but also for your baggage, and often for tents and provisions. You will have to travel in patriarchal style, with all the inconveniences, and none of the dignity and The hotels in the sea-ports are consolations. scarcely better than sheds or warehouses. They are dirty, full of musquitoes, fleas, and other animal life still lower in the scale of insectivorous depravity. Bad food is worse cooked, and nothing exists to reconcile the traveler to his fate excepting his willingness to endure it. In some of the capitals there are, indeed, approximations to comfortable hotels, and in these cases the hotels are sure to be managed by foreigners—Frenchmen, Italians or Germans. The native has not

yet learned to keep a hotel. As there are savages who cannot count beyond four, and scarcely realize that that number results from two and two, so the Central American has not yet correlated the ideas which the word hotel expresses. His inns are caravansaries, and his hostelries are kennels—at least so far as the sea-ports are concerned.

Travel is generally undertaken at night, to avoid the heat and glare of day, and twelve hours at a stretch in the saddle are not thought excess-The travelor, therefore, who would see very much of the interior, must expect to encounter many petty inconveniences, annoyances and hardships. His heroism will have to be of that everyday sort which is to valor what common sense is to genius. It will never be cabled to newspapers and extolled in dispatches, but it will carry him serenely through scenes at the bare prospect of which irritability and ill humor would erect all their bristles. Though peril is not always added to privation, yet it will be well to wear conspicuously a revolver. This little mouth-piece of iron will secure its possessor proper attention and freedom from insult. He may not need to use it, but its known presence is a potent force. Your pocket will be safer when guarded by this silent watch-The pistol is a Cerberus that accepts no dog. sops.

For traveling expenses, American gold coin or the Chilian and Peruvian silver dollar is used, the latter being the more bulky, but freely circulating in all the republics. Several of these also have paper money, which, though easier to carry, is usually so much depreciated in value that the country people eye it with suspicion. No passport is at present required, though sometimes, as in Guatemala and Costa Rica, permits to leave are necessary.

Perhaps it would not be improper to speak of all Spanish and Portuguese countries and colonies as "The Land of To-morrow," or, "Mananaland." Central America is pre-eminently entitled to such a distinction. Of life there one may say, as Macbeth did on a different occasion:

"To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow Creeps in this petty pace from day to day, To the last syllable of recorded time."

"Later on" is the universal motto. Procrastination is admired for his thefts on time. From morning until night the punctual foreigner is politely requested to call "later," or "again," or to "have patience," or most frequently of all, to "come around to-morrow." But meanwhile to-morrow never comes around, for by the time it arrives it has assumed the identity of the day after. If time were money there, shop-keepers would be millionaires, and eternity not too long

to transact the things of the day. Postponement is the soul of business. The Fabian policy dictates the master-stroke. The venerated rule is, "Never do to-day what ought to be done ere to-morrow." Important business is put off sine die. "Now" is the rejected time. After death the doctor is blandly welcomed; and the favorite time for salvation is the fiftyninth minute of the eleventh hour. I have repeatedly endeavored to complete some necessary transaction with a native early

GIANT TREES OF TROPIC CENTRAL AMERICA.

in the day, have discovered that the native had | countries the "facilities" of travel must be imnothing whatever to prevent his attending to it then and there, and have been amused (when not too much exasperated) to have him defer the | America. Among them you will find pure Inmatter with a decided "Mañana" (to-morrow),

agined.

There are 2,500,000 inhabitants in Central dians and negroes, and a great number of curior a protesting "Mas tarde" (later). In such | ously crossed races. A Spaniard is as much of

GUATEMALAN VILLAGE TYPES.

a foreigner there as a Japanese would be. Perhaps a quarter of the population are Creoles, or people of European parentage. Among the mixed races are especially to be noted the following: The Mestizoes, or descendants of a white father and Indian mother; the Mulattoes, or the offspring of whites and Africans; and the Samboes, or halfbreed Indians and negroes. This intermingling of bloods produces all tints. from the chalky white of the hill-dwellers of Costa Rica (the purest native blood) to the rich shading of octoroons and quadroons, and thence to reddish - colored In-

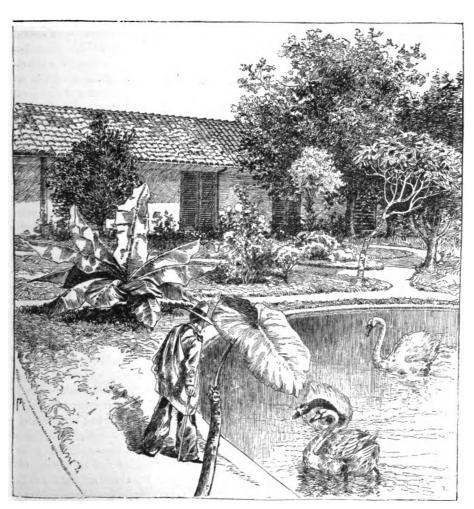


dians and coal-black negroes. The latter are found in any number only on the Caribbean side of Central America, and chiefly in the British Province of Balize. Guatemala abounds with Indians, either aborigines or their lineal descendants. They are particularly observable in the markets and streets of the capital, and always prove an interesting study. They belong to the great Quiche family, of which as many as fifty tribes are found in Central America. In Guatemala alone are sixteen aboriginal idioms. About 1,000 foreigners are scattered through the country. They are German, English, French, Italian and American.

The members of the diplomatic corps accredited to the five Central American States make their headquarters in the City of Guatemala, visiting the other capitals as business may require. Each member has the rank of Minister-resident. Only seven foreign Powers are at present represented. They are England, France, Spain, Austria, Germany, Italy and the United States. Through each of the other republics a few foreigners are settled. They own coffee or sugar estates, or are



A SALVADOR BELLE.



HERRAN-A TYPICAL COUNTRY HOUSE OF CENTRAL AMERICA.

engaged in mercantile affairs.

I have said that Central America is wealthy, and I will now proceed to show how. Her chief affluence lies in her vegetable prcductions, though minerals are fast becoming an important industry. In Honduras and Salvador are several (North) American mining companies. The enterprise of a colder region quickly betook itself there, in order to realize wealth by methods. swiftest Honduras, however, is altogether the richest of the republics as regards mineral resources. Within her bosom have been found gold, silver, copper, zinc, lead, platina, quicksilver, iron, coal, opals, asbestus

and marble. At present gold and silver are about the only ores mined. Of course capitalists meet with disappointments there, as in other places where wealth is put into mines for the sake of getting wealth out of them; but taking the yield as a whole, it has been great. The seekers after precious metals reaped abundant harvests which they had not sown.

The chief export of Central America is coffee. Next in order probably come cabinet-woods and dye-woods, gold and silver bullion, sugar and The greater part of the export trade is with Great Britain and the United States, while the imports are chiefly from Germany, France and Great Britain. Besides the duties on imports and exports, the revenues are largely derived from monopolies of spirits and tobacco. Experience relates the same story all the world over, in all times and in all places. A man need not be a prohibitionist or an anti-smoker to remark that the revenues of a country are largely derived from those articles which are not only superfluous, but in the majority of cases baleful. Conscience drops out of sight when the treasury is to be replenished. Get money-honestly if you can-but at any rate get money—is the shrewd advice utilized ad nauseam to make the coffer overflow. And, by the by, these countries, which are like all other civilized lands in their method of supplying the public exchequer, have the same simple, direct way of getting rid of their just debts, or of a large proportion of them, as that which obtains in Spain, Turkey and Peru. Sometimes this plan is known as "consolidating," occasionally as "converting," frequently as "scaling," and never as "refunding." The modus operandi consists in reducing aggregates from fifty to seventy-five per cent. with a stroke of the pen, and printing a notice to that effect in the official jour-There is no quicker method of cutting the Gordian knot. Honduras, altogether the poorest and most backward of the republics, is incumbered with the large debt of \$31,000,000, the interest upon which is mostly unpaid. Nicaragua and Salvador have relatively small debts, but both these States are poor and inert. The reason why these Central American republics are as impoverished as some of the most effete monarchies of Europe, is difficult of explanation. It cannot be because of the expensiveness of their war establishments, for the sum total of their armies yields but 6,000 men, and of navies there are none. It would be easy to understand why a first-class Power might become financially embarrassed under the pressure of constantly supporting a large standing army, as in the case of England and Germany. If such a Power have immense resources on the one hand, she has an immense drain on the other; and in the case of England,

the enormous cost of her navy has to be added. But when one computes the expenses of a revolution, such as occurs once every few months in one of these Central American countries, one feels like a Brobdingnaggian performing the office of Secretary of War at Lilliput. The number of combatants upon both sides will not amount to more than 100, and among the lists of killed and wounded, the major-generals and high privates will be found almost equally assorted. In whatever way the government uses the public moneys, therefore, it cannot use much of them legitimately in defraying the expenses of war.

The government of each of these republics is vested in a President, one or two Vice-presidents. and four or six Ministers. The President is generally elected for four years, and therefore, unless reelected, has no longer a tenure of office than the President of the United States. As he is not elevated into such immense conspicuousness, where the eyes of the world are directed upon him, so he does not taste the bitterness of the preternatural obscurity in which the after-lives of most of our ex-Presidents are passed. The legislative power reposes in a Congress of Senators and Deputies, and suffrage is universal. The Roman Catholic is, of course, the State religion, and in the main is duly recognized as such. The Central American republics do not enjoy the advantages which depend upon a severance of Church and State. Though other religions are protected there, yet the entire religious freedom enjoyed in the United States is only approximated in those quarters. The frivolities, the prejudices, the ceremonials and the superstitions that are sure to be fostered where some one religion is supported by the State, there find full development and display. While these lend a certain picturesqueness to their streets and churches on occasions of pious festivity or gorgeous commemoration, this transient charm, which is only for the eye and ear, is more than balanced by the puerile folly of public mummery and the depraving influences of furtive priestcraft. Sometimes, however, the clerical polity gets overthrown, as in Guatemala, in 1871, when many of the old convents and churches were turned into government offices and schools.

What of education? I cannot give as favorable an account of it as I should like, and yet the bright side is large enough to be worth looking at. Public instruction and internecine warfare do not advance hand in hand. Judging by the number of internal revolutions, there ought to be room for only military schools, and the urchin's favorite song should be. "Yes, let me like a soldier fall." A cheerful fact is, that in two of the States — Guatemala and Salvador — education is growing into prominence. Guatemala has the

largest number of schools and colleges. Many of these are excellent and cheap. The best compliment that can be paid them lies in the fact that they draw pupils from the other republics, and thereby prevent the number of seminaries in these from increasing. But there are certain appanages which are the result of education, but which education does not immediately and directly bestow, at least not in the atmosphere of the schools. Tact, Intelligence and Refinement are the real Three Graces, who are infinitely superior to the three nymphs of mythology, and whose teachings cannot be wholly conveyed from the rostrum. The schools of Guatemala and Salvador are not much more deficient in this respect than most of those nearer home, and there, as here, accumulated experience in good society corrects the failures of scholastic tuition. For the rest, schools of various grades abound in the republics we have specified. There are also military, engineering, medical and professional academies, special institutes for young girls, and evening classes for working-men and mechanics.

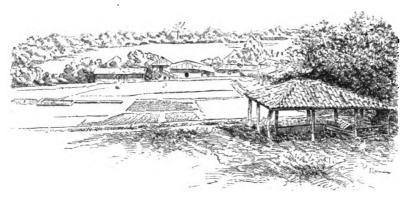
An important distinction, but little known, is to be made between Salvador and San Salvador. The former is the official title of the smallest of the five republics. San Salvador is the name of the capital. If any of my readers are still at their geographies, they will be able to correct teachers who assist in perpetuating false ideas on this subject. Salvador is "nightmared" with a great number of volcanoes, and so is Nicaragua. One day, while I was at Leon, the largest city in Nicaragua, I counted fourteen volcanoes from the cathedral-roof. These fire-mountains haunt the landscape, like monstrous incubi above the heart of the oppressed and panting earth, and at times wear a horrifying aspect to the horizon-sweeping eye. But this is by no means always the case. Several of the fourteen to which I have just referred had steep, smooth, purple cones, whereon there was a sensuous pleasure in gazing, and puffed forth spirals of fleecy smoke that arabesqued indolently upward, until they melted away as gently as a thought lost forever in the mazes of the mind. Just at present Nicaragua is interesting chiefly on account of the interoceanic canal, while Salvador provokes attention because of its frequent and severe shocks of earthquake.

Guatemala, however, remains the most prosperous and important of the Central American republics. It contains more than half the population of them all. Its capital has upward of 60,000 inhabitants, and is a sort of miniature City of Mexico, just as Bruccels is a petit Paris. In fact, the Guatemalans are proud of calling their capital the Paris of Central America. You go there in fear of its savagery, to fall in love with its civilization. Good horse-cars and hackney-

coaches whirl you through clean, paved streets, vivid with electric light and vocal with telephones. Pretty parks and handsome government buildings allure the eye on every side, and a large and imposing opera-house predisposes you to forget there are finer elsewhere. If you are so simple-minded as to have a prejudice in favor of New York policemen, you admit those of the Guatemalan capital to a share of that prejudice, for the uniform is identical with our Broadway Squad's. Daily newspapers besiege you. Epicurus steals from the club to shake you by the hand. Hospitality is so hearty, that Lucullus need never sup with himself. Open-air swimming - baths make life seem natatorial, and if your favorite book is a betting-book, the race-course is at hand.

The republican imagination is pleased with dismissing the idea that Canada is a monarchical possession, and with welding Mexico and Central America together as virtually one country. This being done, the Western Continent consists of three Americas—North America, Central America and South America—forming a sisterhood of republics. These three Americas are soon to be chained together by the great intercontinental railway from Mexico to Bogota, and from Bogota to Buenos Ayres. Science is to complete the synthesis of continents which nature has begun, and the genius of engineering will rivet them together with inseverable bars of iron. Already has Mexico been for some time joined to the United States by rail, and more than one-third of the distance between Colombia and the Argentine Republic is now traversed by the iron horse. Central America will form a brief connectinglink of a few hundred miles. This once accomplished, rapid transit would span the Western Hemisphere, and the numerous ramifications of this gigantic railway system would in time convey to every town and village in Central and South America the newest masterpieces of civilization begotten by the North. To complete the entire railway would by no means be so immense an undertaking as that which in the United States connects the Atlantic with the Pacific Ocean. Our country naturally looks to obtain its proper share of the enormous Central and South American commerce. An international railway, like the one whose outlines I have sketched, would not merely control but monopolize that commerce, and in such a manner as to defy all future competition.

Shall it be done? Our common interests, political, commercial and financial, quickened as our sense of these will be by a better knowledge of their true needs, seem to point toward such an ultimatum. If so, we should look with a favoring eye upon any such developments in the Central American republics as thall serve to prove that



A COFFEE PLANTATION, COSTA RICA.

Progress has begun her illuminating and creative work there, and opening her mouth wide, has proclaimed, sonorously, "Let there be light!"

THE BEAUTIES OF COSTA RICA. By C. L. Charles.

THE scenery of Costa Rica is less rugged than that of the further north-central American countries. It is less grand, but more delicately beautiful. In comparing it with that of Honduras or Nicaragua it may be likened to the scenery of the Rhine, while that of the two latter republics might be compared to the grandeur of Switzerland. There is probably no region yet discovered on the Western Hemisphere where greater variety of

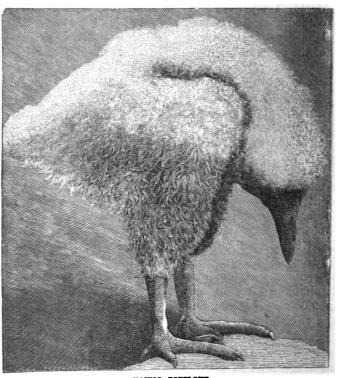
vegetation exists. Here, at the spot where a narrow neck of land, washed on either side by an ocean, connects the two great divisions of the American Continent, is the place where the animal, the vegetable and the mineral kingdoms of both North and South meet and mingle. What vegetable, fruit or flower will not thrive in the splendid soil and the eternal Summer of Costa What animal is there not to be found, what bird does not haunt the forests? What precious metal does not lurk in great or less quantities in mount ain-side or river-bed?

Modern civilization has been gaining a firm foot-hold in this lovely region for some time past. The shining rivers have been bridged with iron, the emer ald valleys have been built up with towns. The railroad runs up and down and around the mountains, chases through the banana farms, the rubber and the chocolate forests. Even the splendid water-falls are harnessed to furnish power for electric lighting of streets and houses.

And there is a look of civilization which in other parts of Central America is wanting. You notice it in the well-kept roads, the municipal regulations, the plazas modernized into miniature parks.

Where could be found anything of the sort prettier than the square before the great white cathedral of San José? They call it Central Park. 1: is inclosed by a high iron fence, with gates at each cor-

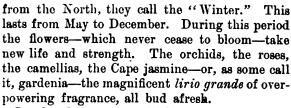
Huge old trees afford sufficient shade at Near the centre of the park stands a dainty kiosk, decorated artistically with the Unc, white and red of the nation's colors. Here the Government Band plays twice a week, of an afternoon, while all the world comes to parade in silk The soldiers, also, drill every morning at eight, in the broad path at the eastern end. Herc, too, they come for review at six of the afternoon, the officers passing down the line while the band plays "La Oracion," a sweetly solemn hymn. This little picture, of vivid coloring, is one which can never be forgotten. The scarlet of the band's uniform is like a flame against the emerald and the deeper green of foliage. And on every side the rarest flowers, carefully tended, and always in full bloom, are seen. Birds of all kinds sing or



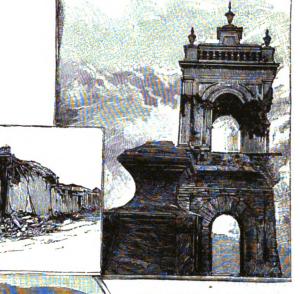
A YOUNG ZOPILOTE.

chatter in the tree-tops. Seven gorgeous macaws -huge creatures of splendid scarlet plumagevander, unhindered by cord or cage, about the park. Half a dozen wonderful green parrots, of similar freedom, carry on intelligent conversations with each other, and with the people who approach them. A huge king of zopilotes, an uncannylooking bird, occupies a spacious cage not far from the central fountain. On three sides of the quadrangle, facing it, across the narrow, cleanly streets, are private houses of more or less beauty, among them the English Consul's house. On the fourth side stands the cathedral and the bishop's palace. This park was originally the marketplace. Here it was that, nearly half a century since, Francisco Morazan, the brave and illustrious Central American, fell a victim to the cowardice and the

treachery of a supposed friend. Some of the country houses a few miles from San José and Cartago are delightful places. Usually of the old-fashioned



In the dry season, which, accordingly, they



SOME EFFECTS OF THE EARTH-QUAKE OF 1889.

name the "Summer," nearly all excursions are made, of any length whatever. An interesting one is from Cartago to the summit of Irazu. arrived at which, one finds himself some two miles above sea-level. And here, of a clear day, with, or sometimes without, a glass, one may gaze at the same moment upon both the Atlantic

and the Pacific Oceans. It is the only place in the world whence both may

be seen at once. It is cold on the top of Irazu. One feels like wrapping up warmly in good shawls. It is not a long ride from Cartago—perhaps ten miles—but in that ten miles one ascends some 5,000 feet.

There is a picturesque spot, about three miles from Cartago, known as "Bella Vista." Here are the famous hot springs, now being turned to excellent use as baths. A fine hotel is being built, and pleasure-grounds, including a race-

BAN JOSÉ, COSTA RICA.

edobe, with ponderous tile roofing and heavily shuttered windows, they are built but one-story high, yet very long, wide and airy.

It is quite the fashion to "go to the country" during the dry season, which begins in December, and to return to town at the beginning of the rainy months, when the country roads are generally unfit for walking for days at a time. To my mind, there is much more beauty during the miny season, which, a little oddly to a stranger

Digitized by GOOGIC

course, are being laid out. These springs bubble up out of a crevice of quartz and oxyhydrate of iron. The water has a bitter taste, and is too hot for one to bear one's hand in it. Cartago has been for years a drowsy old town; it is like some half-asleep old conservative just on the verge of waking. It now has electric light, a fine tramway with "dummy" engine running out to the hot springs, a market that would put Washington Market, New York, to shame, and the railroad, nearly completed, that will connect it with the Atlantic sea-port, Limon. This new branch of railroad will preclude the necessity of the 28-mile ride between Carrillo and San José, which all passengers coming from or going to Limon are at present obliged to make. The oxcarts will lose their freight custom, and will cease to form picturesque processions up the beautiful winding mountain road. The scenery along this road presents at times most majestic features. At Boca del Infierno, six miles from Carrillo, and at an elevation of 2,400 feet, there is a splendid water-fall. On one side or other of the road there is generally a ravine, sometimes hidden by the magnificent tropical verdure—huge ferns and the most wonderful species of orchids.

Birds of brilliant plumage flit constantly across the path, and swing from every branch; the air vibrates with delicious bird-music from dawn till dusk. And from twilight on, night-birds take up the unfinished song—only they turn it into a minor key.

The natives of Costa Rica do not appreciate the loveliness of nature in the midst of which they exist. There are no native artists to reproduce on canvas the everlasting splendor of turquois sky, and sparkling, sapphire peaks, and wide-stretching valleys of green and gold.

Later on, when San José shall have become, as many believe it is destined to, the Winter City of the North American Continent, some clever American artist will at once win fame for himself, and render Costa Rica famous, by a single good picture—a Cordillera landscape.

Funeral services over the remains of Robert Browning were held at Westminster Abbey on Tuesday, December 31st, 1889. After the services, the coffin was borne to the Poet's Corner, in the south transept. The grave is in front of Abraham Cowley's monument, within the angle marked by Longfellow's bust. The monuments of Chaucer, Edmund Spenser, Ben Jonson, Milton, Matthew Prior and Thomas Gray adorn the walls near by. It has been voted by the Town Council of Venice that a tablet in memory of Browning be set up in the Palazzo Rezzonico, where he died.

SAN JOSE DE COSTA RICA.

[From the New Orleans "Times-Democrat."]

White heart of a land of honor
And joy of a people free!

From the sunshine that fell upon her,
Ere soft rains ceased to be,
God gathered the diamond splendor
Of a world from sea to sea,
And poured its effulgence tender

In the valley of Aserri.

Then He took from the skies above it
The tenderest tints they wore,
To clothe the hills that should love it
And guard it for evermore;
The rarest of sapphire sparkle,
And azure a wondrous store,
And amethyst that should darkle
Like depths that are far from shore.

And out of the soil, as He willed it,
He took of each flower that blows
The seed of the fairest, and spilled it
In the valley's fertile close;
And He sent the sun and the showers,
And many a stream that flows,
To fashion a thousand bowers
Of jasmine and royal rose;

Till never a spot was fairer
Than that where the city should be,
And never a picture rarer
For human eye to see!
White heart of a land of honor,
And joy of a people free!—
With the sunshine of God upon her,
And the blessing of Liberty!

San José de Costa Rica, February 15th, 1889.

TOBOGGANING CENTURIES AGO.

By Alice D. Le Plongeon.

In the Sandwich Islands, horua was a very favorite amusement, and horua is but another name for tobogganing. The smoothest part of a hill being chosen, lovers of such exercise glided rapidly from the summit to the bottom in papas.

The papa consisted of two narrow runners. varying from eight to sixteen feet in length. They were three or four inches deep, and highly pol-These runners were united by several straight pieces of wood, over which were laid two long, tough sticks, made fast about six inche: from each other. At the foremost end the space between the runners did not exceed three or four inches, widening gradually to about fifteen. mat was spread on the upper surface, where the occupant lay flat on his chest, head lifted, hands grasping the runners, feet firmly braced against the hindmost cross-piece. In that posture he sped a long distance down the side of a hill with the greatest velocity. In connection with this pastime the natives have the following tradition that plainly refers to some great volcanic eruption:

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Long years ago, in the reign of Kearikuki King of Hawaii, a certain chief named Kahavari went, accompanied by a favorite companion, to amuse himself with his papa on the slope of a hill. It was a general holiday, and many gayly dressed people flocked to see the chief enjoying the exciting game of horua. Quite a multitude assembled, among them a band of musicians, and a bevy of dancing girls, lovely and graceful.

Now, while the crowd was making merry, Pélé, the goddess of the volcano, appeared on the summit of the hill. But none recognized her divinity, for she had assumed the form of a woman, and was provided with a papa. Kahavari, without paying much attention to her, took it for granted that she was one of the merry-makers. The goddess challenged him to a papa race; he at once accepted, and together they set off. Pélé had had no practice at it; as a natural result she was beaten, while the winner was loudly applauded as he again made his way up the hill. Before starting a second time, Pélé asked the chief to lend her his papa. He, never dreaming what a powerful being stood by him, bluntly refused, asking: "Are you my wife, that you should obtain my papa?" Having thus expressed himself, he again shot down the hill. Enraged at his want of courtesy, the goddess uplifted her foot and stamped upon the ground. Instantly the hill was rent by an earthquake; everything shook and trembled; the trees quivered, and the birds were hushed. The voice of Pélé rang forth in stern command; then fire and lava burst from the summit of the hill, rose high in the air, and fell a death-dealing torrent. Taking on her own divine form, the goddess now sped down the hill, trailing after her her own demons of destruction, the fire and lava.

Kahavari fled before her. She pursued, desolating everything in her path. The crowds that were seeking amusement, the musicians and the fascinating dancers, all were overwhelmed, thrown to the earth, never to rise again. Hot cinders crushed the life out of beautiful flowers, and the cool ground became like a heated furnace.

When Kahavari drew near home, he saw his favorite pig, and greeted it. At the house-door sat his mother, whom he saluted after the fashion of the country, by rubbing nose agaist nose. Then saying to her, "Pélé comes devouring!" he rushed onward. The next person he met was his wife. In the customary way he saluted her also, hurriedly mentioning the approaching doom, and her own inevitable destruction.

"Stay with me," said she; "let us perish together." But he replied: "No, no; I go!" His two children were near by, and he rubbed his nose against theirs, saying: "I grieve for you two!" But he made no effort to carry either of

them to a place of safety. Abandoning them just where he had found them, he fled from the spot, Pélé close on his heels, death following in her track.

A deep chasm now yawned before Kahavari—escape seemed impossible. Suddenly a bold idea struck him; laying his spear across the breach, he walked over on it. His friend, who had all this time followed him, called aloud for help, To him he was kinder than to his own family. Extending the long spear, he bade his companion seize upon it, and at once drew him across. Having safely passed the gap, the chief thought himself free from danger. Not so—Pélé still came devouring. Racing for dear life, he suddenly met his sister, but did not stop, only shouted, "Alas for you!"

On, on he sped, nor paused till he reached the sea-shore. There he saw his younger brother land from a canoe and hasten in search of wife and little ones, to take them on the water out of harm's way. Kahavari and his friend seized that canoe and paddled off. The selfish chief had no care for those he left behind; but Pélé came to the very water's edge, hurling after him immense stones and fragments of rock. Fortune, however, yet favored him—no missile struck the stolen canoe. It was not provided with sails, but Kahavari fixed his broad spear upright in the boat, and the wind carried him to another island, where he landed in safety and lived several years.

Thus the goddess Pélé, like many a foolish mortal, in seeking the gratification of revenge, brought dire calamity on innocent heads, without destroying the object of her wrath.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

We have in the Rev. E. W. Whately's new book a glimpse of John Henry Newman. It is not in some points particularly flattering, especially as regards his theological and ecclesiastical tendencies in the old Oxford days.

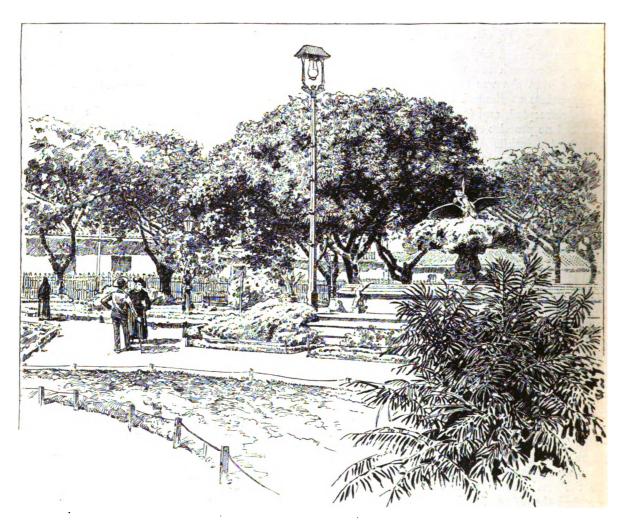
We quote the following: "Perhaps it may not be uninteresting to some to hear a description of the appearance of this remarkable man, as it was in his earlier days—what it is now any one may see from his photographs. But I shall describe him as I recollect him. His countenance, as it then was, had for me a great attraction, though I have heard it called exceedingly sinister, even by one who was, to a certain extent, his admirer. It was calm, placid and intellectual, and rather ascetic in its expression.

"But the calmness was of a peculiar sort, the calmness of suppression—the calmness of an earnest and inquiring mind—a mind which underneath that very quiet exterior nourished a spirit

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seething with restless and agitating thoughts. His demeanor in the pulpit was very much in accordance with this; though I have been told by a clergyman, who heard him many years after his secession, that it was then the reverse of what it used to be. And if so, it must have become much less effective, for it is very unlikely that the same man should be equally impressive in two opposite manners. And I can testify to the effectiveness of his former manner, both of reading the service

applicable because the matter of his discourses was not calculated to communicate peace to those who heard them, and certainly did not proceed from one who was himself at rest, and I can hardly suppose that such a spirit as his can find rest in the Church of Rome. His mind seems to be cast in a different mold from that of most others who have joined that Church. His deportment in society was, at the time I have been speaking of, rather different from what most per-



THE BEAUTIES OF COSTA RICA.—THE PUBLIC PARK, SAN JOSÉ DE COSTA RICA.—SEE PAGE 268.

and still more of preaching. When I heard him at St. Mary's, Oxford, there was something not only impressive, but awe-striking, in the perfect stillness of his body (a stillness which might be felt), and his calm, unimpassioned voice, which seemed to cut the very air with its clear and sweet tones. It resembled the calm which precedes a thunder-storm, when not a breath stirs the trees, but when we feel that a mighty, though hidden, force lies underneath, which will soon break forth in all its desolating fury.

"And, indeed, such a comparison is the more

sons would have expected. One man, who had met him for the first time in company, expressed himself unfeignedly astonished at finding him not only lively, but, to use a school-boy expression, 'jolly.'"

M. Camille Douls, the young French traveler, whose adventures in the Western Sahara were recounted in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly last year, has lost his life while exploring in the Sahara, disguised as a Mohammedan. He was strangled by his two Tuareg guides.



"ONCE SHE HAD BEEN FOND OF GOING IN THERE, OF DUSTING HIS BOOKS AND PAPERS, AND SITTING QUIETLY IN THE DEEP WINDOW."

JOHN DANGERFIELD'S LOVE.

BY MATT CRIM.

curtains for the parlor," said Miss Cornelia.

"When Kitty comes home, I hope it will not be so confoundedly dull here," said Harry, the elegant young lawyer.

John said nothing, but his eyes rested on the Vol. XXIX., No. 3-18.

"When Kitty comes home, we must buy new | velvet-framed photograph of a young school-giri, placed on a little bracket above the mantel. And one morning, while they were at breakfast, a merry voice exclaimed:

"Dear friends, good-morning."

"I declare, there's Kitty, now!" cried Miss

Cornelia, leaning back in her chair, quite overcome by the lovely apparition in the door-way.

"Yes, it is Kitty," said Kitty's own sweet, clear voice.

Harry sprang up from the table, all life and animation, to greet her, and Miss Cornelia gathered her into the warmest of loving embraces; but Farmer John rose more deliberately, though his bronzed face flushed, and a deep bright glow filled his eyes.

They had thought and talked so much about her, and now she stood among them, a lovely, tall girl, with brilliant gray eyes, a soft, curly fringe of golden hair across her white brow, and an indescribable air of fashion about her.

They were so glad to see her: Miss Cornelia, the old maid who kept house for John; Harry, who had come out from town to spend a few weeks, and who found the country such a bore; and John—grave, handsome John, who had been Kitty's guardian and friend ever since the sad day her father died, and left her alone and unprovided for.

She was but a little girl then, and John Dangerfield a young man of four-and-twenty; but he took her up in his strong arms, stroked her tangled curls tenderly, and poor forlorn little Kitty ceased to tremble and feel afraid.

He was now five-and-thirty, and she was a lovely, blooming girl, just home from boarding-school.

John Dangerfield was a hero, though unknown to the world. He had once cherished ambitious dreams; but, just as the future seemed opening hopefully before him, his father died, charging him to take care of his mother, sister and young brother. There was but one way to do it—remain quietly on the farm and work as he had always worked, sowing and reaping, with only odd hours, and a day now and then, for self-culture. He accepted the lot unmurmuringly, putting the hopes of a broader, more ambitious life forever from him.

His mother died, his sister grew to old-maidism, and Harry received the education he had once intended for himself.

Harry could not endure the farm and the rough work of a farmer's life, and so must away to a lawyer's office, to read a little law, and to learn to be a society young man.

John remained at home, added to the farm as the years rolled by, studied books as well as cotton crops, and watched over Kitty with untiring devotion, until the time came for her to be sent away to school to finish her education.

His care did not cease then, and if ever a girl had cause to feel thankful, it was Kitty McLean.

And Kitty had come, and in less than an hour the whole house seemed to feel her influence. All

deferred to her, as to a young queen—even fastidious Harry, who followed her around, her most devoted admirer. She certainly made a great change in the old house, with little graceful feminine adornments, with her music and painting, and, above all, with her own joyous youth.

That was when she first came home, and her freedom from the routine of school seemed so new and delightful. After a time a change came over her.

"Aunt Cornelia, what is the matter with John?"

She had always called the plain elderly spinster "aunt."

Miss Cornelia shook her head.

"I do not know, child. Why?"

"He is so grave and quiet, and—and he will never go with us, or take any part in our amusements."

"You must remember, dear, he is not young, like you and Harry."

"I am sure he is not old," said Kitty, indignantly.

"No-not exactly old, but approaching middle age," said Miss Cornelia, with calm cruelty.

"Kitty, Kitty, where are you?"

It was Harry calling her, and she frowned impatiently, and instead of answering him she went away to her own room.

But John seemed to grow quieter and graver, to devote himself more steadily than ever to his work and his books. He even began to avoid the younger people, and to shut himself into his study when they had little parties.

"John, come play croquet with us," said Kitty, coaxingly, meeting him in the hall late one afternoon.

She had on a fresh white dress, with a great bunch of roses under her belt, and even one burning blood-red in the gold of her hair, and looked a very picture of youth and beauty, while he stood there in rough working garb, brown, and stained with the soil of wood and field.

He smiled half sadly, and just touched her silken hair with one strong brown hand.

"Nay, child, I would only spoil the game with my stupid blundering."

"No, you wouldn't. Please come," pleaded the young girl.

"No, not this evening. I hear Harry calling you."

He hurried past her into his study, and she walked slowly out to where Harry waited for her.

"Come, Kitty, or it will be dark before we can play one game."

"I don't care to play this evening. I've changed my mind about it."

"Then we'll take a walk. I want to tell you

something "—flinging down his mallet, and joining her, with flushed, eager face.

Late that evening, as John Dangerfield sat reading, or trying to read, a new magazine, his young brother walked into the little study.

"John, may I ask a favor of you?" he began, abruptly, restlessly turning the leaves of a book,

"Certainly, my dear fellow. What is it?"

"You have great influence with Kitty—use it for me."

The elder brother flushed, then grew pale; one hand gripped hard on the open magazine.

"Why, Harry?"

"I-I love her, John."

"And she?"

"What must I say?" John inquired, in a stiff, hard voice, a gray shade settling over his face.

"Anything-you know best."

He shut his lips close for a moment, fighting a fierce battle with himself. Should he—could he—and so crown all his work, his life of self-denial, with the sacrifice of his heart? For who could love Kitty as he loved her?

"I will speak to her, Harry; but if I fail to win her consent?"

"I will never hold you to blame. God bless you, John!"

And the lad wrung his brother's hand, grateful in his selfish way.

So the next morning Miss Kitty received a summons to her guardian's study. Once, she had been fond of going in there, of dusting his books and papers, of sitting quietly in the deep window, while he read or wrote; but now she rarely ever crossed the threshold. She walked in that evening with flushed cheeks.

"What is it, John?" her bright brown eyes looking into his, for all the tumult of her quiver-

ing pulses.

He drew a little further back into the shadows. "Come—sit down here by me, Kitty."

"No, I will stand here," she said, placing herself like a culprit before him.

"You are a lovely girl, Kitty"—sighing, as if he deplored the fact.

"Do you think so?" she exclaimed, and blushed.

"And young men will fall in love with you."
The blush faded, and she hung her head.

"It is not my fault. I'm sure I don't want them to."

For all his sore trouble, John Dangerfield could not help smiling.

"That may be, but after awhile you must love, too. Kitty, why did you refuse Harry?"

- "Because I could not love him."
- "But why not? He is handsome and entertaining, and he will be a successful man if he lives—and he loves you."
- "A mere fancy. Do you want me to marry him, John?"—a little break in her voice.
- "If—you think you can love him, and be happy"—with difficulty.
- "I cannot, and —and you are cruel to to force me——"

"Kitty!"

But Kitty had her face hidden in her hands, and was sobbing audibly. Her tears upset all his composure. He started to his feet; he said a good many things he had never intended to say.

"Kitty, oh, darling, darling, don't cry! You know I would rather keep you with me than to

give you to any man."

"No, you hate me—you shun me—you want to get rid of me. Haven't I seen it all along, ever since I came home? But I'll—I'll not be married against my will. I'll go away, and——"

"Kitty, will you hush?"

But Kitty only wept all the more, quite reckless as to consequences; and John took her in his arms, trembling with emotion.

- "Kitty, I love you as no other man can ever possibly love you. You live in my heart of hearts. You are all that is most precious and beautiful to me!" he cried, passionately.
- "Then, why not let me stay with you?" said Kitty, boldly raising her face, all flushed and tear-stained, some great drops still hanging like jewels to her lashes. Never did a face look more beautiful, though, to the eyes of a lover.

"Because it cannot be possible you wish to stay," said John.

"John, John, how can you be so blind? Do I not know that you are worth a host of young gallants like Harry? Have I not always looked upon you as a hero? Oh, I know how nobly you have sacrificed yourself; and now you would give me away, and make me wretched, and—"

"Nay, love-you are mine, my heart's darling, my wife!"

His tones were strong, deep, triumphant; he drew her closer, kissed her eyes, her lips, feeling richly compensated for all that he had ever lost.

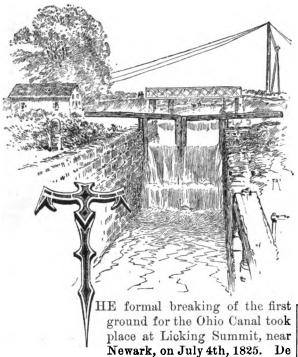
"It is a strange choice you make, Kitty, with your youth, your beauty," he said, at last.

"It is my heart's choice," she cried; "and I feel honored that you can love me—that I'm to be your wife."

Harry went back to his law-books much cast down and bewildered at the termination of his love affair, but he was very soon consoled by the bright, tender glances of a pair of brown eyes. and Kitty was forgotten as sweetheart, though loved as a sister.

WHERE GARFIELD WAS CANAL-BOY. NOTES OF A LEISURELY VOYAGE ON THE OHIO CANAL.

By S. S. Dustin.



Witt Clinton, at that time Governor of New York, and the projector of the Erie Canal, performed the ceremony, aided by Hon. Jeremiah Morrow, Governor of Ohio, amid great rejoicing. The distinguished New Yorker and his retinue of traveling companions and servants came to Buffalo by the Erie Canal, from Buffalo to Cleveland via Lake Erie, and from Cleveland to Newark by stage-coaches.

The first boat to navigate the waters of the Ohio Canal was the Ohio, built on the lower basin, near Lock One, at Akron. It was launched on the 27th of June, 1827; and on July 3d, under command of Captain Henry Richards, started with a full load of passengers for Cleveland to participate the next day in a dual celebration, of the glorious Fourth and the arrival of the first boat from the port of Akron via the new canal. The canal was finished through to Portsmouth in 1830. The boat's crew in those days consisted of captain, bowsman, two steersmen, two drivers and one cook—seven men in all, with six hours on and six hours off alternately. Twelve and fifteen miles apart were stations where horses were changed and where passengers could get off and on the packet-boats. There were no stables on the boats The drivers were mounted on the saddlethen. horse, and carried bugles which were sounded at each lock or station. The horses were kept on a hard trot all the time. Packets always had the

right of way, and many have been the struggles to reach the lock before a string of sometimes fifty freight-boats got there. The packet, or any other boat, in the rear, must await the locking through the locks. The boats would pack themselves so close together that the rear boats could not slip between them. The packets carried passengers, mail and express parcels. The captains were great swells, in their way, and did no work of any kind. The cook gave the orders for the boat's provisions to the bowsman, who purchased the goods, the captain afterward calling and paying for them.

Among the oldest captains now living are Ben and Peter Wagoner and Talmon Beardsley, the latter quite a "spry" old gentleman of ninety years, with a phenomenal memory. I called on him, and in reply to a query of mine, he smiled, straightened up, and, putting his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, said: "Yes, I was captain on a canal-boat, and an honor it was in those days. Captains of canal-boats were looked up to as men of influence and high standing."

W. H. Payne, the oldest boat-builder now at the business, was a small boy when the canal was cut through Peninsula, and resided at that place. He tells a celebrated snake story, to the effect that, as the men were taking out a very large stone.



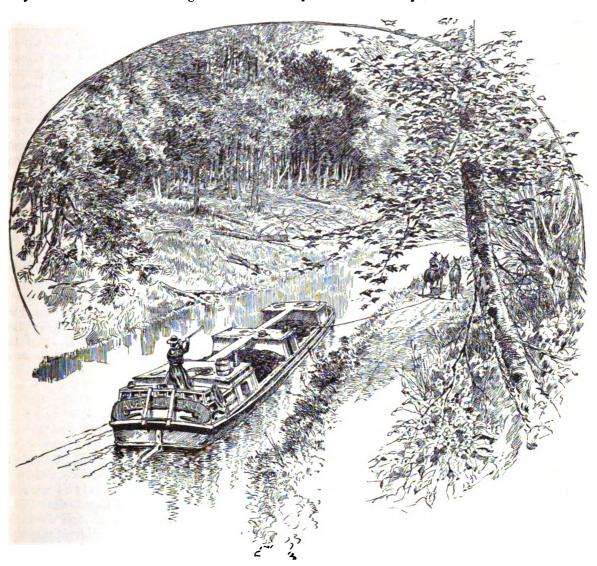
JAMES A. GARFIELD AT THE AGE OF SEVENTEEN (FROM A DAGUERRECTIFE.)

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leaving a hole beneath eighteen feet long by eighteen inches wide and one foot deep, it was found to be full of live rattlesnakes and black-snakes. One of the latter measured eight feet in length. An old boatman told me that years ago he remembered leaving the boat to go home, and at Eleven-mile Lock he had to climb a steep hill. Near the water, and hanging to a limb of a tree, was a bunch of snakes tangled in a knot as

dead, and the boatmen were obliged to dig trenches for the bodies. As many as two hundred immigrants were packed in the stern of the W. H. Ellis, commanded by Captain Ellis.

The morning was a beautiful one as I went aboard the Arthur W. Hall, to take a voyage down the historic water-way, whose interest, in these latter days, is enhanced by memories of the youth of our martyr-President Garfield. It had



CANAL-BOAT EN ROUTE.

large as a bushel-basket. He also told of helping to kill a yellow rattlesnake eleven feet long near Pea Shanty, at Independence. It bit its own body while they were fighting it, and was soon swollen as large as a keg.

In the year 1849 cholera broke out among the German immigrants who were being transported down the canal. There were eight deaths on board one boat between Cleveland and Trenton. One man died in twenty minutes after he was attacked. The immigrants refused to bury their

been raining during the night, and the trees and grass were looking their freshest. There were "no flies" on the mules as they straightened the tow-line for our start. The weigh-lock at Newburg was a novelty to the writer. The boats are drawn into a large box of enormous strength. The water is let out, and all boats laden with coal, or goods sold by weight, are weighed by means of a beam of ponderous size. The mules stepped briskly, and we soon reached Independence, where I found an old Indian burying-ground. A great

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many Indian relics have been found here. We here passed through Eleven - mile Lock, and I found but little of interest until we reached Brecksville, the beginning of a series of pretty scenes down the Cuyahoga Valley. As I sat on the stern of the boat, watching the panorama unfold, I thought that Garfield's experience on the canal could not have been unpleasant, if mine, up to this point, resembled his. From here to Boston the Cuyahoga River runs close to the canal, the beautiful sycamore-trees hanging over the water, which mirrors their graceful forms and mottled bark in its shining depths.

Boston is a picturesque old village, nestled in the valley. In the foreground, crossing the river, is an old-fashioned covered bridge. Across the river in the distance can be seen the old house that has made Boston notorious. It was once the home of "Jim" Brown, the leader of the greatest gang of counterfeiters of his day (about the year 1831). Some individual had got possession of a number of very excellent plates of the United States Bank notes, and a company was organized to flood the country with spurious paper. At this time the elder of the Brown brothers evolved a scheme intended to eclipse all other criminal projects of the kind that up to that time had been devised. "Dan," accordingly, unfolded his plan, which was, that, instead of placing the spurious United States notes in the hands of local agents, to be dribbled out through this country, they should make a wholesale operation of it in the foreign markets of the mercantile world. This scheme of the Brown brothers was fully concurred in by such other members of the gang as were let into the secret. Proceeding to New Orleans, in the Winter of 1831-32, they purchased a large vessel and equipped it for the expedition. It was their intention to sail directly to China, and thence to the several commercial points of India, and with the spurious money purchase a large cargo of teas, coffees, spices and silks, to be disposed of in Europe and America. thousands of dollars' worth of export goods, suited to Oriental trade, were placed on board the vessel, with \$1,500,000 of spurious notes, together with material and apparatus for turning out \$2,000,000 more. In addition to owners and crew proper, a number of artists, expert penmen, etc., were included in the company of "passengers." Everything was in readiness for the voyage. The vessel had pulled out from the dock, and anchored in mid-river at night, to be in readiness to start in the morning with the outgoing tide. There were no telégraphs, railroads nor swift ocean steamers in those days, and once at sea, the expedition would be safe, and its final success assured. As several months were to elapse before they would again stand upon terra-firma, or revel in the dis-

sipations of city life, the two partners, Brown and Taylor, went ashore in the evening for a parting carouse. New Orleans was then, as it is still, a gay city. Though it does not appear that the counterfeiters became boisterous in making the rounds, yet their extreme lavishness in the scattering of money, and their extravagances of demeanor and speech, attracted the attention of the police. When, late at night, they were seen to row off to the vessel, whose somewhat singular movements had already been noted by the authorities, they were followed by a squad of officers, and a thorough search of the vessel was made. Up to this time the true nature of the expedition had not been suspected. The search now revealed it; the entire company was taken into custody, together with "currency" and counterfeiting paraphernalia. "Dan" Brown died in the Crescent "Jim" returned to his Boston City calaboose. home after the trial, which was postponed from time to time until the Fall of 1832, when he was acquitted, to continue one of the most eventful careers of his time.*

After Boston—and dinner—the village of Peninsula was in sight. It is built on the side hill overlooking the valley and some of the prettiest bits of scenery I encountered in my trip. We next came to "Johnny-cake," as the boatmen call it, from the fact that years ago they were fee upon that wholesome diet at that port, and it was quite a place in those good old days, not alone for corn in the cake, but also for the "juice" of the corn. We passed two boats as we came out of Johnny-cake Lock, and soon reached Pancake Lock and "Yellow Creek Basin, "where Brooks killed Tobin," as we were informed. Perhaps better-informed travelers than myself may know who the above-mentioned were—I don't.

At Lock 21 the Cuyahoga River is turned into the canal by means of a dam. Old Portage was an interesting place on the line, for on the flats near by, in the early part of 1813, two boats were built which formed a part of Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry's fleet, and were floated down the Cuyahoga River to Lake Erie. I found many old inhabitants who remembered having distinctly heard the cannonading during that memorable battle on Lake Erie, September 10th, 1813, in which Commodore Perry, with his small squadron of hastily constructed and pocrly equipped vessels, carrying but 55 guns and 490 officers and men, won a splendid victory over the British fleet of 65 guns and 502 officers and men.

From Old Portage to Akron, a distance of two miles, there are 21 locks, 16 of them within the corporate limits of Akron. This is a lively city of 40,000 inhabitants. It is a great railroad cen-

^{*} History of Summit County, O., by S. A. Lene.

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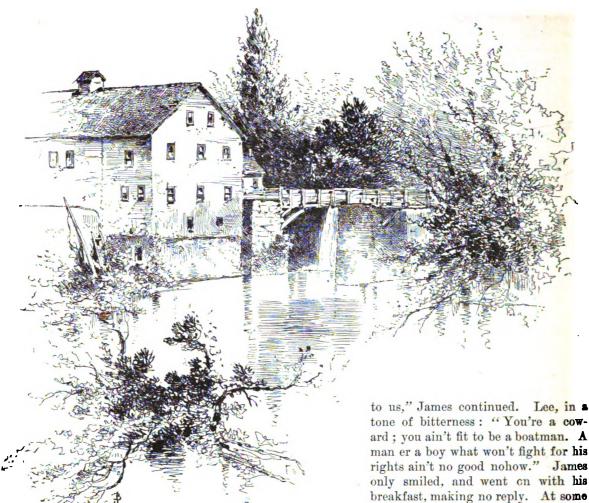
tre, and has a number of manufactories of various kinds. Natural water-power and the railroad facilities have given Akron a steady and healthy growth. The largest flouring-mills in the State are here. The streets are lighted by electricity, and the street-cars are run by the same power. The city is built on the hills overlooking the Little Cuyahoga Valley, and has many beautiful homes. One hundred years ago this Cuyahoga Valley was the western boundary of the United States. The Pennsylvania Dutchman no doubt had this in mind when he said: "I haff bin farder dan out West—I haff bin to Injianna."

At Akron, while looking at Garfield's canal record, I turned to James H. Earl's account of the future President as a canal-boy, and refreshed my memory with some curious and interesting information. At the age of seventeen, James A. Garfield engaged as driver of Captain Amos Letcher's canal-boat the Evening Star — a craft with a capacity of 70 tons-which, with copper as the freight, was starting from Cleveland down the Ohio Canal. It was manned with two steersmen, two drivers, bowsman and cook, besides the captain—seven men in all. The bowsman's business was to make the locks ready, and stop the boat as it entered the lock by throwing the bow-line, that is attached to the bow of the boat, around the snubbing-post. The drivers were furnished with two mules each, which were driven tandem, one driver with his mules serving a given number of miles, then giving place to the other. The boatmen, as a class, were rough fellows-profane, coarse, whisky-drinking. They cared nothing for morals nor order, and often turned them to ridi-The best man was he who could drink the most whisky and sing the worst songs. The contrast between young James Garfield and his fellow-employés of this class was very marked. was a new and hard school for him. At sunrise he took his turn at mule-driving, the captain starting him off with some practical instructions. The boat was to pass through the first lock before James went on. This done, he stepped directly into the rank of mule-driver. Not long after, he heard the captain call out: "Hi, Jim! Boat comin'! Steady!" James hoped to pass the boat with signal success. But somehow the two drivers got their lines tangled. The lines were soon separated, but the impetus of Captain Letcher's boat pushed it up square with the horses, when the steersman called out: "Hurrah, Jim! Whip up the team, or your line will ketch on the bridge." There was a waste-way ahead. "Ay!" James answered, as he whipped the mules into a "Steady! Steady!" called the captain. The caution came too late. Just as the team reached the middle of the bridge the line tightened, and jerked driver and mules into the canal.

"Quick! help!" cried the captain, and every man ran to the rescue. "Hold on, Jim!" shouted the bowsman. James was holding on as well as he could, with two stupid mules to manage in the water. For some minutes it was difficult to predict how it would all end, and there was serious danger that mules and driver might go to the bottom together. But young Garfield, with his usual good luck, came out all right, with no worse injury than a ducking. No sooner were the blunderers safe, than a general merriment en-"Yer see how we initiate greenhorns inter the canal business. Ye're a good Baptist now, Jim!" exclaimed one of the grinning steersmen. "I kind o' thought yer was a goner at first," added another. "Washing the mules, I reckoned," chimed in a third. "All ready there!" shouted the captain. "Jim has washed himself, and is ready to go. All aboard!" And the bantering did not cease with that day; but the new driver enjoyed it as well as the rest of them.

At Eleven-mile Lock the captain ordered a change of teams, James going on board with his mules, and the other driver taking the tow-path with a fresh team. The boat was nearing the twenty-one locks of Akron. "Make the first lock ready!" cried the captain to his bowsman. It was ten o'clock at night. "Ay!" answered the bowsman, nearing the lock. A voice came from another boat: "Don't turn that lock; our boat is just around the bend, ready to enter." "I will turn it; we got here first," answered the bowsman of the Evening Star, with an oath. "You won't turn it unless you are stronger than we are!" shouted bowsman number one, adding sufficient profanity to match the other. A fight was imminent, as all hands on board saw, and they rallied for the fracas. Such scenes were common on the canal. The boat whose bowsman reached the lock first was entitled to take precedence; but when two bowsmen reached the lock at the same time a dispute was sure to arise, generally followed by a hand-to-hand fight between the two crews. The crew that won the battle entered the lock first. Captain Letcher's bowsman began to turn the gate just as the two boats came up, so near that their head-lights shed the brightness of day on the exciting scene. "Say, bowsman!" called Captain Letcher. His bowsman looked up "Was you here first?" in response. hard to tell," replied the bowsman; "we're going to have the lock, anyhow." "All right-just as you say," answered the captain. The men seemed to be in mood for a tussle. It was a novel experience to James, and having restrained himself as long as he could, he tapped the captain on the shoulder, saying: "See here, captain, does that lock belong to us?" "I suppose not, according to law; but we will have it anyhow," the captain

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AQUEDUCT AND OLD MILL AT PENINSULA.

replied. "No, sir, we will not," answered James, with a good deal of determination. "Why not?" asked the captain, surprised at the boy's interference. "Because it does not belong to us." "That's so," the captain replied, seeing James was right. And he called out to the bowsman: "Hold on !-Hold on, boys!" The men looked up in surprise, as if wondering what had happened. One minute more, and some one would have been hurt. "Hold on!" repeated the captain, in his loudest tones of authority. "Let them have the lock." The order was obeyed, and James commanded the situation.

The boat was all night getting through the twenty-one locks, but at sunrise was on the upper basin moving forward under as bright a dawn as ever silvered the waters. Breakfast was called. George Lee, the steersman, came and sat down at the table, and said: "Jim, what's the matter with ye?" "Nothing; I never felt better in my life," replied James. "What did you give up the lock for last night?" "Because it did not belong tone of bitterness: "You're a coward; you ain't fit to be a boatman. A man er a boy what won't fight for his rights ain't no good nohow." James only smiled, and went on with his breakfast, making no reply. At some place further along the route James was standing on the deck, with the setting-pole against his shoulder, and

several feet away stood Murphy, a boat-hand—a burly fellow of thirty-five. Some one threw the line, and owing to a sudden lurch of the boat it whirled over the boy's shoulders and flew in the direction of the boatman. The rope knocked Murphy's hat off into the water. "It was an accident, Murphy!" exclaimed the boy. "I am sorry." "I'll make yees sorry!" bellowed Murphy, thoroughly enraged; and like a wild bull ho plunged at James, with his head down, thinking to knock him over into the water, after his The lad stepped aside, and dealt Murphy & heavy blow behind the ear, dropping him to the bottom of the boat, amongst the copper ore. Then, to bring hostilities to a sudden close, he leaped upon Murphy, and thus held him down-"Pound the fool, Jim!" cried the captain. James had him fast, and refused to strike. he h'ain't no more sense than to get mad at accidents, give it ter him. Why don't yer strike?" "Because he's down, and in my power," answered the boy. "Got enough, Murphy? You can get

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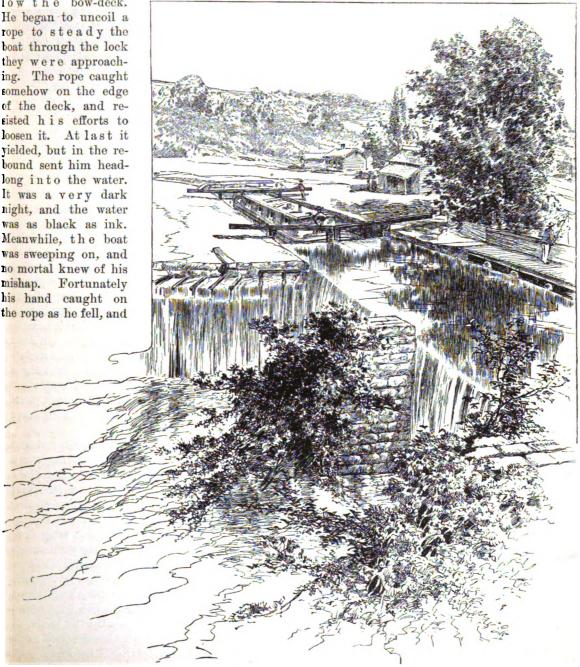
up when you have," said James. "Yis," an- | swered Murphy. They shook hands, and were fast friends ever after.

James appeared to possess a singular affinity for the water. He fell into the canal no less than fourteen times during the three months he was on the boat. The last time he fell into the water he came near losing his life. It was a very rainy night, when he was called up to take his turn at the bow. He was awakened out of a very sound sleep, and responded with eyes half open, scarcely

upon the platform below the bow-deck. He began to uncoil a rope to steady the boat through the lock they were approaching. The rope caught somehow on the edge of the deck, and resisted his efforts to loosen it. At last it vielded, but in the rebound sent him headlong into the water. It was a very dark night, and the water was as black as ink. Meanwhile, the boat was sweeping on, and no mortal knew of his Fortunately mishap.

with a desperate effort he drew himself up, hand over hand, to the deck.

The accident made a deep impression upon his His thoughts more than ever turned to his home and his pious mother. He knew that every day she remembered him in her prayers. He thought of her anxieties, her motherly counsels. He felt rebuked, although he had been an obedient son. A few weeks after this last immersion James Garfield was stricken down by ague. captain settled with the youth, paying him at comprehending the situation, and took his stand the rate of twelve dollars a month for the time



he had been driver, and eighteen dollars a month as bowsman, and James started for home. As he drew near the house he could see the light of the evening lamp through the window. He knew his return would be a glad surprise to his mother. Looking in at the window, he saw her kneeling, with her Bible open in the chair before her. That was enough. Another instant, and mother and son were united again in loving embrace. mother supposed he had carried out his intention of going on a lake-boat as sailor; but the advice he had received from the captain when he made application had turned him away, to meet his cousin, the captain with whom he hired on the canal-boat.

But to resume our leisurely voyage. We are out of the chain of locks that has so retarded our progress, and having passed through the south end of Akron, past the paper-mills, the match-factory, rubber-works and numerous lumber-yards, we soon enter Summit Lake, a beautiful sheet of water, surrounded by hills. On its east bank is a Summer resort called Lakeside, where throngs of people from Akron and vicinity take their out-This lake is the highest natural body of water in the State, and one of the feeders of the canal. Its waters flow out in both directions, north and south, as can plainly be seen from the Floating Bridge. This bridge, crossing a portion of the lake, is used as a tow-path. Occasionally, while crossing this bridge, the mules are pulled into the lake, and have to be rescued by cutting the tow-line, when they swim ashore. The drivers get out as best they can.

The wind is blowing as we cross the lake, and the captain fears the line may break and cause a repetition of a calamity that once befell him when he drifted to the other side of the water, and was obliged to tie lines together to reach across to the mules.

As we once again safely entered the canal, I went ashore to walk and talk with a captain who was taking a turn at driving. "Well, captain," I said, "you have a fine team of mules." "Yas; that 'ere nigh mule is a fine beast. I wouldn't take two hundred dollars fer her, if I could break her of that hard water step. You see I am driving for that very purpose. That kid on deck, peeling pertaters, got her into the notion of it." I asked him what he meant by "hard water step," and what caused it. He said: "Don't yer see the mule takes shorter steps with one foot than with the other? They get in the notion when towing very slow, with a measly kid to drive, that don't 'tend to business nohow, and lets the lazy mule loaf, while the other mule tries to get furder and furder ahead all the time, and throws the heft of the load on him."

experience like unto Garfield's, it occurred to me to take a hand at driving. My experience was of short duration. It was growing dark as I mounted the saddle-mule and cracked the whip to the leader, who started so suddenly that I nearly lost Everything went smoothly until I passed another team of mules. It was then quite dark, and as I took the wrong side of the towpath, the lines became tangled, and nearly precipitated the mules and myself into the canal. After straightening things out, I started afresh at a lively pace. It was soon so dark that I could not see the leader. The next few minutes were uneventful; but soon I heard the leader's feet splash into the water. Peering ahead, I could only see in every direction the rays of the boat's headlight glistening on the water. This but tended to make the darkness even more impenetrable. I thought the best thing to do under the circumstances was to dismount and wait for further developments, which soon came, by the captain's asking: "Why in the deuce don't you go shead? Are you sleepin' straddle that mule? You'll fall off and break yer derned neck." I told him I guessed we had turned around and were about to run into Lake Erie, as I could not see anything but water. He bade me go ahead, as it was only a waste-way; but not knowing what a waste-way was, I declined. Finally he called me aboard. where I staid contentedly thereafter, thinking I had earned a promotion, and that if I should ever do further service, it would be as steersman.

It being such a dark night, the captain concluded to lay up until daybreak. After the mules had been cared for and supper was disposed of we retired. At an early hour next morning we were on deck, preparing for a start. We were at the edge of a forest, where a beautiful stream ran over a chaotic mass of logs that formed a dam, over which the water rushed, falling on the rocks below with a music that mingled with the songs of the birds. It was enough to make one envy the life of a canaller.

We passed the boat Narragansett, and another anonymous craft, its captain making the usual inquiry of "How far ahead of us did you meet the Hattie?" or whatever boat it might chance to be. After breakfast we passed through the outlet of the feeder. Or our right was Mud Lake: on our left, but hidden by a narrow strip of woods, lay Long Lake, noted for its many Summer residences, and a large hotel situated in a pretty grove on a hill. A steam-boat carrying 500 passengers runs between here and Akron along the canal. Just above this lake, and connected with On the banks of one it, are the two Reservoirs. is a Summer resort called Cottage Grove; beside the other stands the "Old State Mill," a quaint As I was ashore and desired to make my canal | structure, surrounded by noble elms. This last-

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named sheet of water is one of the most delightful I have ever seen.

After passing through a wood, there opened to our view a charming vista—on the one side of the eanal, as it gracefully bends, rows of willows, tall elms and poplars; and on the other, fields of wild flowers. Then came Robinson's farm, where lie the decaying timbers of the Ohio, the first boat ever run on the canal. It was built without nails, wooden pegs being used instead of iron, the latter being at that time a scarce and costly article. We soon reached New Portage, which is the head of the Tascarawas River. Here we saw cattle standing knee-deep in the water under the drooping willows, chewing their cuds, swaying their heads and bodies back and forth, drinking in the fresh morning air, and rolling their great brown eyes toward us—a picture for a Bonheur. This place marks the end of the Great Indian Trail, still so called, although a road now takes the place of the original trail, crossing from Old Portage to New Portage, connecting Cuyahoga and Tuscarawas Rivers. Over this trail, a distance of several miles, the Indians used to carry their canoes, to continue their hunting-trips on the river.

The first lock we enter after leaving Akron is Wolf Creek Lock. Then comes Wolf Creek proper, where rests G. G. Grady, after forty years of patient service. G. G. Grady is an old canal-boat. Wolf Creek gets its name from the numerous wolves that were killed in that vicinity in early days. Canal-men tell many interesting stories of hair-breadth escapes they used to have with these rapacious animals. Our captain, ene of the oldest now running on the canal, told me that, years ago, while lying off Wolf Creek, he had a carcass of veal stored under the stern of the boat, and one night a window was accidentally left open. In the morning a big gray wolf was seen to spring out of the window into the water and swim ashore with a portion of the The boatmen gave chase with gun and ax. The wolf, not caring to loose a good breakfast, dropped his meat to give them battle; but a well-directed bullet soon laid him low. thus secured the meat and its purloiner. The wolf was triumphantly exhibited at the stations along the route. At each place the health of the brave captain was drunk, to the ring of overflowing glasses of whisky and apple-jack.

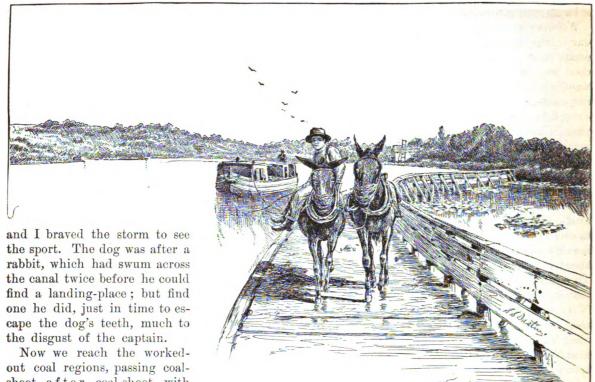
At Clinton Lock, as we continued our voyage, I witnessed a most startling exhibition of mule-kicking. The animal began by kicking the pipe out of the driver's mouth. Then he kept time to the tune of the driver's whip, after which he stood on his head and tried to send a telegram with his heels by the wire that runs along the tow-path, to announce at the next station ahead

that he would be there on time and right side up with care.

Clinton is a canal town, and the only thing of interest I saw there was an old scow fitted up as a tintype gallery, and tied to a snubbing-post. I am told it does a thriving business during the canal season. Near by a man was sitting in a barn-door, astride a chair, while a tonsorial artist gave his hair a close clip with a pair of sheep-shears—rather an uncomfortable-looking tool for work around the ears.

The Tuscarawas River runs parallel to the canal from Clinton to the Ohio River—sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other. Sturdy oaks and drooping willows skirt the banks of the stream, with banks of intermingling golden-rod and purple asters. What attracted my attention at Canal Fulton, our next town, was an old wooden hotel, dilapidated but inviting, with a bevy of fresh-looking country lassies at the window. Such a curiosity as an artist in sketching attire, sitting on the bow-deck of a canal-boat, could not fail to attract a flattering amount of attention. We soon passed a heavily laden boat with four horses hitched tandem, struggling through a bad level. She had sprung a leak, and was working the pumps to keep afloat. We had the privilege of looking down with scorn upon other and poorer boats, as we had the newest and best boat on the canal. Our captain took advantage of this, and told the captain of the other to get his old scow out of the way, as a boat requiring four horses and with the pumps going hadn't any right on the Ohio.

Here the rain began to pour down, driving me to the cabin, and putting the captain and driver out of sorts. The first outbreak after the storm had gathered was the deep hollow voice of the driver, in the distance, calling to the captain to "steer his old tub to the shore, and get another driver, as he would not drive that hide-bound, crippled old biped of a mule another step." He was wet as a drowned rat, and testy as a hornet. However, after much persuasion and a good dinner of raised biscuit, mashed potatoes, ham and eggs, tomatoes, coffee and peach-pie—a dinner to melt the hearts of most seasoned canal-boatmenhe cheerfully took to the tow-path again, and was soon heard singing, "Wait Till the Clouds Roll By." In fact they were rolling by, at a rapid rate. Near Fulton Lock stands a spacious old grist-mill, tottering on its foundation. This is a relic of the good old days of prosperity along the canal. little further on we pass Palmer's Island. Then I am driven to the cabin again by the downpour, to enjoy the company of the good-natured cook. I had just found a cozy corner, when I heard the captain yell, "Sic him, Watch! dern your onery hide—sic him!" The excitement was contagious,



CROSSING THE FLOATING BRIDGE, SUMMIT LAKE.

Now we reach the workedout coal regions, passing coalshoot after coal-shoot, with great piles of slag indicating the large amount of coal

once taken out. Beyond is Millport, a small burg, with large breweries on the banks of the canal. A boat was being loaded with the barrels. was water, water everywhere, but not a drop of beer to drink. We pass Brigport Coal-mine, the oldest in this region; then Massillon, a thriving manufacturing town of about 12,000 inhabitants, with fine business blocks, quaint old houses, and the largest threshing - machine and portable engine works of Ohio, besides many other iron industries, paper - mills, etc. The rain continues, and the wind is blowing a miniature hurricane. The captain, though an Irishman, is compelled to go below to light his pipe. I take a hand at the helm, and in the few minutes the captain is below I succeed in running the boat ashore. The captain appears above the hatchway, inquiring, "What in blazes are you trying to do?" I reply: "The dog wanted to come aboard and get dry." "Dog be hanged. A dog that can't catch a rabbit in the water can't ride on my boat."

By this time what little sentiment there was in my soul had been drowned out, and I was willing to trust the boat to the care of the captain. We were nearing Rochester, a small town built in the manner of Western cities, with alleys running back of the buildings. It was once a great grain-shipping locality. The large warehouses are still standing, but deserted. This town, once so prosperous and hopeful, now bears the funereal aspect

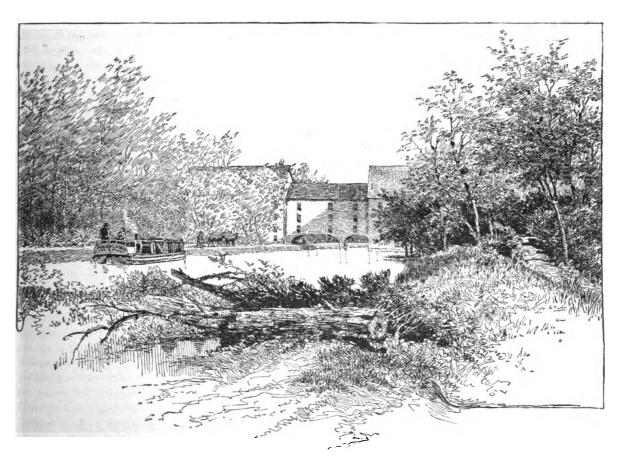
of so many similar places that depended on the canal for support. But few of the houses have been painted for a quarter of a century past, and many are untenanted and tumbling down. It was nearing night-fall as we reached here. The rain was falling, and overhead hung heavy clouds that moved slowly by, with, now and then, the deep, rolling thunder pealing forth, making the earth tremble. The houses looked haunted; the people, as they passed, or grouped themselves under a friendly awning for shelter, seemed discouraged and weary of life. Such, at least, were the weird imaginings inspired by the storm. A half-mile below Rochester is Savon, a place similar in general appearance to its gloomy neighbor. Here we tied up in the lock for the night, and were about to retire, when another boat hove in sight. captain called: "Get out of that lock P. D. Q., Dick is a nickname borne by our captain. We had to vacate the lock, as the other boat was running at night, and we could not block the We let our boat float without tying up the remainder of the night. I did not sleep much, having the upper berth. I could hear too plainly the rain on the deck, only six inches above my head. In the middle of the night there was a heavy thud. We had run ashore. With a start, I raised up in my bunk, and received a severe knock on the head. I resolved to lie down again, and risk the terrors of the raging canal. I felt in

my little sixteen-inch bed as nearly the sensation of being in a coffin as I cared to experience.

We were up at five o'clock, and soon on our way. The morning was clear and cool, with the prospect of a fine day. Bethlehem was passed, then an old packet-station, the only one still standing. It is built of logs, and is ancient-looking enough. The barns where relays of horses were kept have entirely disappeared. The next place, Wild Cat Basin, is a pleasing spot to look upon. Boatmen tell of a driver who, as he passed this place one moonlight night, whistling and watching the shooting-stars, was startled by a blood-curdling scream. He paused to look back and see what he knew to be a wild cat pursuing him. He sprang into the water, closely followed by the cat. The captain of his boat fortunately saw his danger, and shot the cat just as it was about to fasten upon its somewhat tough prey. The driver thenceforth carried a gun through that dangerous region.

We stopped to take on hay and provisions, the cook getting off to see to the culinary department. She returned after making the purchases, but was unable to get aboard, as the boat had swung around. The captain told her to climb on. She

ain't going to swim to that boat." She was finally taken on, but not until the boat had been swung around for her especial accommodation. No we reached the aqueduct that crosses the Tuscarawas River, with the high hills rising almost into mountains for a background to the picture, and the winding river, with clumps of trees on its banks, far below us, stretching on until it hides its shining length behind a wooded hill. Then came Bolivar, another shipping-point for grain. Here the old Sandy and Beaver Canal, no longer used, branches from the Ohio Canal, and runs to the Ohio River through a section of the coal and grain country. At the time of its building there were no railroads. In this vicinity is laid away to rest the John R. Buchtel, an old deck-boat formerly used to haul grain. I saw but one of these in use during my trip. This locality has splendid farms, presenting a charming scene. On our left lies a portion of the Zoarites' farms (a strange religious community). They own eighteen thousand acres of land, with fine herds of Holstein cattle, some of which are seen standing in the water, others feeding on the wooded river-banks, the sunlight breaking through here and there on the bright-coated animals as they group themsaid: "By jiminy, I am here to tell you that I selves in the shade. We lock through the four



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locks near Zoar before reaching the village. There we run under two immense flour-mills built on the canal, but long since deserted for the new mills near the railroad. Then came Long Basin, leading into the finest stretch of the canal, called Feeder Level. A little below is a waste-way, where mules have to wade belly-deep, after drinking The saddle-mule lay down to drown the flies that had been bothering him. The driver took a header, coming up much demoralized. He soliloquized so forcibly, that I can only give a suggestion of his introductory remarks, which were to the effect that "she was a blank old turkey-buzzard, not fit to tread a water-wheel to put out the fires of the infernal regions," and that he would "fill her full of mud and sink her so deep, the crows couldn't pick her carcass." We came to Stone Quarry Lock, and Stone Quarry Level, where I saw two salt-wells in operation. A small island in the river is a Summer resort for the people of Canal Dover. The Iron City, as Canal Dover is called, is a place of ten thousand inhabitants. The river here is wide and deep enough for small steam-boats to navigate. met one loaded with a jolly crowd of excursionists going to the island. I again took a hand at steering, having fully recovered from my last experience at the helm. It was not long before, in turning a bend in the canal, I ran ashore. driver shouted to me: "If you don't get on now I won't lay up for you again." This is a saying boatmen have when the steersman runs the boat ashore. I was disgusted, and gave up steering for good.

Sugar Creek Basin, with a dam where the creek crosses the canal, has an interesting tow-path bridge. We next locked through a guard-lock. Near by stood the State boat Samuel Bachtell, trying to make lock, with a one-legged man at the helm, and no driver to guide the poor wornout mules. Blicktown is the next village. Many of the farmers in this section have coal-mines on their farms, but only mine for their own use. New Philadelphia, the county seat of Tuscarawas County, gets its name from the early settlers, who were Pennsylvania Dutchmen. This is a great grain region also. Just below is Lockport, a mining and milling town, with Oldtown Basin and its high hills for background, where you can see no less than six coal-banks, some of which have been worked for fifty years. At New Castle Lock, also, the hills are filled with coal, some of the mines delivering immense quantities, while others are exhausted. Brownsville is well named, as the houses are all brown and exactly alike, standing in rows on either side of the street, with never a tree to shade them. A more forsakenlooking town I never saw.

canal, and the end of our journey. The lower division is from Trenton to Portsmouth, on the Ohio River. This latter division is not much used, and its scenery presents little variety. Trenton was at one time, no doubt, a flourishing town, but it has had its day. The shipment of coal is its only enterprise. We arrived here at half-past six in the evening; but so lonesome did the place look, that I walked on to Urichville, some four miles distant, to see if I could catch a train for home. In this I was disappointed; but having passed the night at the last-named place, I left at an early hour next morning, well content to get home by steam, and not at all envious of the life of a canal-man.

There has been talk, of late, of making a shipcanal of the old Ohio, to connect Lake Erie with the Ohio River. Such a project, if ever carried out, would be equivalent to the infusion of a potent elixir of life into this somewhat aged and decrepit section of the Buckeye State.

SOMETHING NEW ABOUT THE EAR BY ANDREW WILSON.

If one were asked to select any portion of man's wonderful frame which is more wondrous and more complex than another, I should advise the candidate for honors in elementary anatomy to choose the ear. For, unquestionably, the ear is more complex than the eye-probably more intricate, indeed, than any other of our sense-organs. To begin with, there is the outer ear, which is in itself worth some study, as Darwin has shown us, in respect of its conformation. The passage or canal of the ear passes inward, and is blocked, like a cul-de-sac, by the drum-membrane or tympanum. This membrane receives the waves of sound and transmits these vibrations to the internal ear, which is inclosed within the temporal Now, it is this internal ear which is of such marvelous structure and of such intricacv. Let us try to think of its various parts for a moment or two. On the inner side of the "drum" a tube (called the "Eustachian tube," after an old anatomist) leads into the throat. This arrangement evidently serves to insure equality of air-pressure on each side of the drum, whatever else may be its use. Between the brain and the drum is a bony partition, bearing two apertures. One of these is oval in shape, and the other of rounded outline. The next part of the ear consists of a chain of three small bones or "ossicles." which lie across the drum in such fashion that all vibrations of that membrane must, of necessity, be communicated to the bones. One bone is like a hammer in shape, the second like an anvil, and Trenton is the end of the upper division of the | the third like a stirrup. The flattened plate of

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the stirrup-bone is placed on the oval opening in the bony partition already named. The next part of the ear is the *labyrinth*, which contains fluid, and which receives the ends of the nerves of hearing whose mission it is to carry the messages they receive from the outer world to the brain.

The labyrinth itself is composed of two parts. Of these, the first is the cochlea, which resembles the shell of the snail somewhat in appearance; while the second is constituted by three curious semicircular canals. Inside the cochlea is a very wonderful structure, called, after its discoverer, the organ of Corti. This is really a microscopical sounding-board, or something more complex still. It consists of about 4,000 minute rods or arches, which are graduated in length and height as we pass from the top to the bottom of the snail-shell. Each arch or rod vibrates in unison with a particular sound-wave, and from their action we are supposed to gain notions of tone. Helmholtz tells us that the rods of Corti correspond to the seven octaves which are in common use; and this fact, with others, seems to teach us that, as a tone-indicator, the organ of Corti plays its part very well by us in our appreciation of sounds and their pitch.

Of the semicircular canals of the ear and their particular uses or duties, we have hitherto not been quite so well informed. Of yore, it was believed that they gave us a power of estimating the direction of sounds, and, until lately, we had to be content with this assertion. Now, however, we have come into possession of fresh facts regarding these canals and their uses, and this brief recital of the anatomy of the ear and its parts hat been intended by me simply as an introduction to a little bit of very recent scienceor, rather, of scientific discovery now elevated into the rank of accepted fact. As early as 1824, Flourens, the great physiologist, in experimenting upon these canals—which, by the way, are placed in three planes at right angles to one another—suggested that they might prove to be the organs of a sense of novel and hitherto unknown nature; and Professors Crum Brown and Mach have succeeded in confirming this opinion, and, what is more to the point, in elevating it into the region of certified fact.

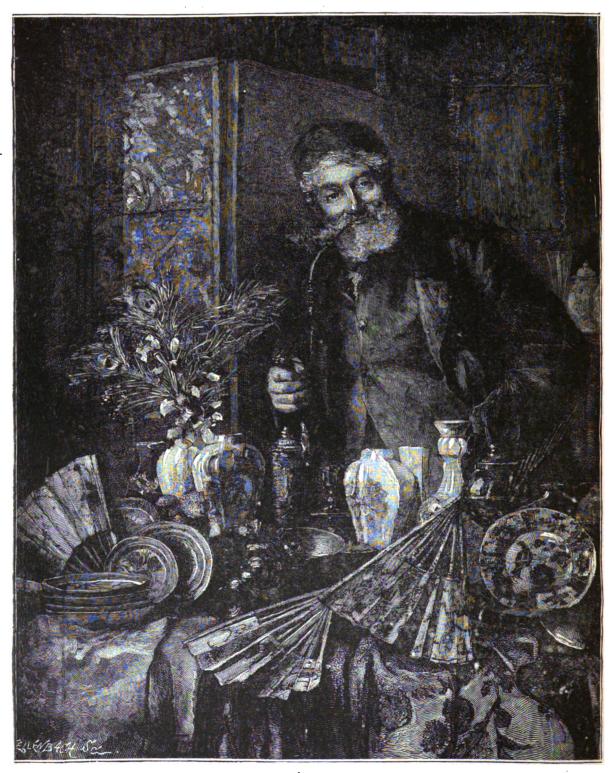
As the former scientist lately remarked in the course of a public lecture, we really possess little or no means of judging of motion. We move through space in this old world of ours at the rate of 68,000 miles per hour, yet we are all unconscious of the movement. The rapid, even motion of a train may be really unperceived, and of many other circumstances relating to movement the like remark holds good. Yet, any deviation of motion from the straight line is at once perceived—how or why is the puzzle; but at least we are con-

scious of the transition, say, to a curve or to a steep gradient. It is the same, as has well been pointed out, with the ascent in a lift or in a balloon. At first we seem to be going down, but midway in the lift we become unconscious of the movement, until the apparatus comes to a stop. Experiment helps us here. A revolving table is constructed as in Mach's experiments, and this is placed in a hut on whose paper-blinded windows no changing lights or shadows are allowed to impinge; or the subject may be simply blindfolded. Lying on this table on his side, and comfortably resting with his head on a pillow, the person is whirled rapidly round by the rotation of the ta-At first he is conscious of the motion, but in a moment this sensation disappears, and, if the table whirls on at a given steady pace, all sensation of movement continues to be absent. Let the rate of rotation, however, be altered, or let the table come to a stand-still, and the consciousness of motion once more wakens into activity. Some means or other we must and do possess. therefore, for enabling us to determine this alteration of speed.

Lying on the table, as we have seen, on one side, consciousness of motion is absent. When, however, the subject is placed on his back, or when he turns of his own accord suddenly, he feels as though the table had stood straight up, and as if he were being shot headlong into some vast abyss. Here, it is evident, consciousness and reason itself, of which consciousness is the servant and minister, are evidently much at fault; for the person is lying flat and safe on his back, after Next comes a little hint from that experimenter on our bodies we name "disease." There is an ailment called "Menière's disease," which, first described in 1861, shows as its symptoms giddiness, a staggering walk, with a tendency to fall on one side, and deafness on one or both sides of the head. Examination of the ear in such cases seems to show that the seat of the ailment resides in the semicircular canals we have been discussing. A study of the disease, therefore, tends to confirm what experiment suggests; and the conclusion we arrive at is that the canals in question, formerly regarded as part and parcel of the hearing-sense, are really the organs of a new sense—that of motion. They give us information about the nature of the rotations of the head, and it is quite possible their sphere of usefulness extends even beyond this limit. We see in these curious canals tubes which contain fluid-a condition suggestive enough, in a common way, of an apparatus to record changes of level. fluid acts against delicate hairs when rotation occurs, and probably in this way communicates to the nerves of the canals an impulse which, in the brain, becomes translated into a sensation of

motion. The turning of the head to right and left | seems a small thing, indeed, viewed from the ordinary stand-point. But if what has here been recorded is correct, it is obvious our knowledge of as we pass sorrowing or rejoicing through the how far and in what direction we have made that | world's ways.

movement is due to these curious canals of the ear. They are organs of sense which minister to our safe conduct as we move through space, and



BRIC-À-BRAC.



"HASTENING TO THE FIRE, SHE KNELT BEFORE IT, STRETCHING OUT HER LITTLE HANDS TO THE BLAZE."

I SHALL always blame myself concerning it—always. To be sure, what I did was innocently done. But I am not yet old enough, being a man just a little past sixty, to have given way to such garrulousness. Here, however, is the whole story at full length. I only hope that those for whose eyes it is intended will judge me as leniently as possible.

Vol. XXIX., No. 3-19.

I have lived for many years past about a quarter of a mile from Riversford, which is an unimportant little town on the Hudson River Railroad. I have seen the place grow up from a mere handful of houses, clustered around the station, to a thriving village, and thence to the town it now is. The Riversford people are proud of their home, and hope to see it a full-blown city some day. I

know very little about it. I very seldom go there, for my old servant and housekeeper, Mrs. O'Brien, best known to me and to the world at large as "old Kitty," makes all my purchases, and buys the marketing, and keeps the house in order with the help of her youngest daughter, Sarah, who being pock-marked and otherwise ill-favored, is likely to remain an old maid, and to stay in my service indefinitely. Indeed, I think she expected at one time to succeed her mother as my house-keeper and general factorum when that good woman has given up work forever and gone to take that rest in another world that she never thought of enjoying in this one.

Being, as I have before said, well advanced in years, and a confirmed old bachelor, and possessing literary and artistic tastes that are scarcely comprehended, much less shared, by my neighbors, I had fallen into the habit of being very much to myself, for I have no near relations and only one or two intimate friends. One of these, Miss—or as she preferred to be called—Mrs. Betty Conway, owned a small estate, very near to my own. She was nearly ten years my senior, but that did not prevent the Riversford people from gossiping at one time a good deal about our intimacy, and declaring that Mr. Seagrave and Miss Conway "were sure to make a match of it some day." But we never did, and, in fact, we never even thought of such a thing.

Miss Conway was the last surviving member of an old Virginia family. She had quitted the United States just before the outbreak of our Civil War, and had transferred to foreign shores all her fortune and her personal belongings, such as her antique tea-service and dinner-service in massive silver, some fine old diamonds and a collection of costly old laces. What brought her back to the United States, and what had decided her to take up her residence at Riversford, nobody ever knew. She never was given to talking about hèr own affairs, and in her later years she developed a strong tendency toward miserliness, living alone with her two superannuated negro servants, Black Dave and Dinah, going nowhere, and receiving nobody except myself. I used to drop over once or twice a week to take tea with her, when I was always regaled with the best of hot biscuits and the most delicate and perfumy tea in the world, this last being almost her only extravagance. She used to look like a figure out of an old fashion-plate, sitting bolt upright before me—for she scorned to rest her spine by leaning back—always dressed in some old-fashioned moireantique or brocaded silk, remnants of the stock of finery laid in "before the war," and with costly rings glittering on the thin and yellow, but small and perfectly shaped, hands, of whose delicate mold and proportions she was justly vain. The girls have taken to dressing nowadays much as Miss Betty did during all the years that I knew her, but when we first became acquainted her gowns looked very much out of style indeed.

I think I knew more of her private affairs than any man living, and I wish now that I hadn't. She had a foolish way of hoarding all her savings from her income, of changing the money into tendollar gold pieces and of keeping it about the house, instead of depositing it safely in the Riversford Bank, as I begged her to do.

"You will be robbed some day, or mayhap murdered, Miss Betty, for the sake of your savings," I said to her one evening, when she was talking to me about the increase in her hoard.

"Nonsense!" she said. "Nobody knows anything about my money but you. Even Dave and Dinah have not an idea where I keep it. It is all inside the pedestal of the bronze bust of my father that stands in the left-hand corner of my bedroom. Who would ever think of going to look for it there?"

I still tried to persuade her to put her savings in some securer place of deposit. First she laughed at me, and finally, as I persisted, she got angry.

"Banks break, Mr. Seagrave," she said, "and cashiers run away. Let's change the subject please."

So we established ourselves at our usual evening's amusement of backgammon—she played chess uncommonly well, too—and I said nothing more about her money. I think that she took to hoarding her superfluous income from some vague idea that she might one day be in want of ready money, for she had only a life-interest in her share of her father's estate.

We had a very stormy Winter last year, and the trains on the railroad were often delayed by the However, as I never went traveling, that troubled me comparatively little; though I used to feel uneasy and anxious about the snowed-up passengers whenever I heard the long-continued whistling of the helpless locomotive, when it came to a stand-still in our neighborhood. There was a deep cutting just the other side of Riversford which made the travel in snowy weather particularly difficult. We had had several severe snowstorms at the beginning of the Winter. But the worst one that I could remember since I had lived in my present home set in on Christmas Day. not only snowed heavily, but the wind blew continuously and with unusual violence, and it was bitterly cold. I was unable to spend the evening with Miss Betty, as I had promised myself the pleasure of doing. Fortunately, old Kitty had laid in a good stock of provisions for my Christmas dinner the day before, and neither turkey nor mince-pie was lacking to do honor to the season. So, after dining comfortably, I had a huge

fire built in my dining-room fire-place, I brought a new volume of travels from the library, and having dismissed my servants to bed, I sat down to pass a quiet evening, having a jug of good hot whisky punch, compounded after a special recipe of my own, and set near the fire to keep warm.

But somehow I could not settle myself peacefully to my reading. The wind howled without, and the snow beat against the windows, and my mind went wandering back to a tour that I had made in Europe in my young days, full thirty-five The Paris of the Second Empire, years before. when there was no Grand Hôtel, and no Bon Marché, and no new Opera-house, when the Boulevards ended at the Madeleine, and the Rue de Richelieu was a fashionable street, and the Maison Dorée a celebrated café, rose up before me with the vividness of an experience of yesterday. should I, the tranquil and contented resident of Riversford, find myself haunted thus suddenly by the scenes and places that had been familiar to me so many years before? It was hard to tell. Yet on that stormy evening I felt the .ennui of my daily life weighing upon me as I had never done before. O for an event—an arrival—something to happen, even if it were something unpleasant, to vary the monotony of my existence! I strove at last to shake off the unpleasant impressions that had taken possession of me. threw a fresh log on the fire, poured myself out a brimming tumbler of punch, and was in the act of rising to go to my library in search of another book, when a knock resounded at the outer door. I hesitated for a moment before going to open it, for a visitor at that hour of the night, and in such a storm, could hardly prove a welcome guest. But the knock was repeated, and a piteous cry of "Let us in-pray let us in-we are freezing-we are perishing!" swept away my last scruples, and I hastened to remove the fastenings. There entered at once a whirlwind of snow and two persons, one a tall, strongly built man, who supported in his arms the form of a delicate and seemingly insensible woman.

"Can you not give us shelter?" asked the man, in good English, but with a strong foreign accent.

"My house is not a hotel. A little farther on-

"Yes, I know—but my wife is almost dead with cold and fatigue. I do not know the way to the town. Do not send us away to perish at your threshold."

"Well, in my poverty and my simple home I have nothing to fear. Enter, if you will."

"Thanks."

And my unexpected guest hastened to enter, still bearing his frail burden in his arms. I tarried to refasten the door, and when I entered the

dining-room I found him in the act of unfastening the heavy cloak, laden with snow, which shrouded the form of his companion. Once released from its folds, she seemed to revive. She shook herself free with the gesture of a bird pluming its wings, and hastening to the fire, she knelt before it, stretching out her little hands to the blaze. I could see then that she was very young, not over seventeen, and that she was exceedingly pretty. She was very small and slender, with dainty, refined features and large, dark eyes—a high-bred-looking girl, in spite of the disorder of her simple but stylish traveling-costume.

"It was so kind of you to let us in," she said, while still basking in the warmth of the fire. "There has been a railway accident down yonder, and we lost our way trying to get to the town."

Her husband came forward as she spoke. His aspect was not altogether prepossessing. Tall and powerfully built, with broad shoulders, a low brow and a square-shaped head, he seemed to me a strange personage to be the spouse of the delicate little beauty beside him. His voice, too, when he spoke had an accent of honeyed and assumed gentleness which positively repelled me. He wore a showy sort of a hunting-suit, with a broad belt around his waist.

"I must give some account of myself, I think." he remarked. "I am a Hungarian by birth—a pianist—and Leonie and I have come to America to seek our fortunes. We have just arrived. Our greeting has not been a hospitable one, εο far as the weather is concerned."

I took from a cupboard the remains of my Christmas dinner, part of a cold turkey, a fragment of mince-pie, a jar of candied fruits, a piece of cheese, and some bread and butter. These provisions I set forth in order upon the table.

"You must need some supper after your fatigue," I said, proceeding to carve the turkey.

"Indeed we do," replied the young girl, "for; to tell the truth, we have had no dinner. How fortunate we were to stop at your door; and we thank you so much!"

"We were advised," said the man, pausing with a morsel on the end of his fork, "to seek for shelter at a house a little beyond this. A maiden lady lives there; Miss—Miss—Con—Convers—or some such name."

"Conway—Miss Betty Conway. Yes, it would have been better for your young wife, perhaps, to have had a lady to take care of her."

"But she is poor, perhaps—we might have felt like intruders—like burdens on her hospitality."

"Poor? I only wish I were half as rich as she is."

"Then she is generous and kind-hearted, I suppose?"

"More of a miser than anything else. Ah, if I had just half of the gold pieces that she keeps hidden in her bedroom!"

"What a strange idea! Has she a strong-box, then, in her sleeping-room, this eccentric Miss Conway?" said the fair Leonie, helping herself to a crystallized apricot as she spoke.

to light a cigarette. Leonie curled herself up in the great arm-chair like a petted kitten and went to sleep, and I lighted a cigar to keep my guest company.

"Decidedly you are not curious," he said, with a forced laughter. "We break into your house in the middle of the night like burglars, and you "No; she deposits her money in the pedestal | never even ask us who we are. Suppose that we



THE EARLY DAYS OF FREDERICK THE GREAT, KING OF PRUSSIA .- ELIZABETH CHRISTINE .-

of a bronze bust that stands beside the mantelpiece."

"What an odd idea!" And with that the little beauty delicately moistened her lips with some choice maraschino which I had brought out for her delectation. Her husband said nothing more, but ate eagerly and like one famished, refusing the maraschino, but helping himself more than once to brandy from the liqueur-stand. Then, the meal once finished, he asked my permission are malefactors who have come to murder you and to rob the house?"

"A house wherein there is nothing worth taking-neither plate nor jewels nor money-is never in any great danger. Besides, the sweet face of your charming wife is a passport to all hearts."

"You are right," he said, glancing toward her as she lay asleep, looking prettier than ever, with her long, dark lashes resting on her rose-flushed "But I must tell you something concheeks.

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cerning ourselves. Leonie is the daughter of a wealthy merchant of Lyons. I was her music-teacher; we fell in love with each other; and, being unable to gain the consent of her parents to our marriage, we made a runaway match of it. I hope to get pupils after awhile in some one of the large Western cities."

I looked with renewed interest at the lovely, slumbering girl, and could not refrain from a thrill of involuntary pity for the infatuation that had placed her destiny under the control of one who was apparently so much her inferior. Meantime, a strange and invincible drowsiness stole over my senses. I had taken nothing but a half-glass of whisky punch since the arrival of my guests, and that I had merely sipped at intervals, while they were eating their supper. So I could refer my sudden sleepiness to the effects of nothing that I had taken. I strove, however, in vain to shake it off. My companion sat and smoked in silence. Only the soft breathing of the slum-

berer in the arm-chair was audible in the stillness, for even the storm had subsided, and the wind no longer howled without. The cigar fell from between my fingers. Oblivion took possession of me wholly, and I knew no more.

I awoke with a start, some hours later. My guests were They had stolen away gone. while I lay asleep. The first pale rays of the wintry dawn were shining in the now cloudless skies, and but for the table strewn with the remains of the impromptu repast, I could have imagined the whole affair to have been a dream. I roused myself with difficulty, stiffened and chilled as I was, for the fire had long died out. As I rose to my feet my eyes were attracted by a tiny object lying in front of the great arm-chair. It was an ear-ring formed of a black pearl surmounted by a single minute diamond, one of the pair that I had noticed as adorning the pretty ears of Leonie. So it was not a dream, after all.

I retreated to my bedroom with intent to make a hurried toilet, and to escape from old Kitty's reproaches respecting the raid I had made on her store of eatables over night. But before I was dressed, there

came a loud knocking at my door, and a cry of, "Oh, Mr. Seagrave—oh, sir—do come out—there is a shocking piece of news!"

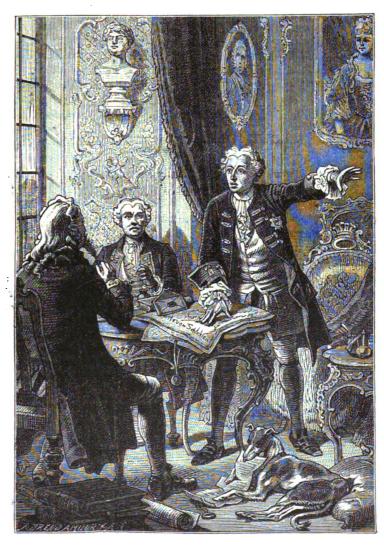
I hastened out, in great excitement, my head full of Leonie, and thoroughly expecting to hear that she had been found frozen to death by the way-side.

"What is the matter, Kitty? Why, you look as pale as a ghost!"

"And no wonder, sir. What do you think has happened? Miss Betty Conway has been murdered!"

"Murdered?"

"Yes, she was found dead on the floor of her bedroom, an hour ago. The house has been ransacked from top to bottom, and all her jewelry and silverware were taken. And the robbers even upset the bronze bust of old Mr. Conway, pedestal and all—left it turned upside down on the floor. But the poor old lady, sir—she was strangled, and I suppose never had time to cry out for



FREDERICK UNFOLDS HIS DESIGNS.

help, for Dan and Dinah, who sleep in the outhouse, heard nothing."

"And is there no trace—no clew to the murderers?"

"Only one thing. Dan found, lying near the body, a pretty little ear-ring—a black pearl with a diamond above it. But, then, no murderer would wear such a thing—now, would he, sir?"

But after-investigations showed the two sets of footsteps leading to the house, one heavy and masculine, the other the dainty mark of a woman's delicate tread. The assassins never were discovered. Who were they? Whence came they, and whither did they go to seek a refuge? The mystery never has been solved. Sometimes, when I have read of the strange lives of certain great European criminals, such as Prado or Pranzini, I have fancied that one or the other of them might have held the clew to the secret.

But I shall never forgive myself for the foolish tattling that revealed to my midnight guests the story of my poor old friend's hoard, and so brought about her untimely death. I mean to sell my house and to leave forever a neighborhood that is now so fraught for me with painful associations. Perhaps I may summon up courage to cross the ocean for a second time. At all events, I shall soon depart from Riversford, never to return.

ABOUT IDLENESS.

By J. D.

IDLENESS is a word which generally is not dear to Anglo-Saxons. If they are idle, they will not admit it, but claim, as an excuse, the necessity of rest. Or they may say, not always without reason, that they are only idle in appearance. A poet may sit smoking through a long morning by his fireside, or may "boo about," like Wordsworth, in the open air, and be doing a piece of good work all the time; a scientific man who seems listless and indifferent to all that is going on around him may be on the eve of an important discovery: it will not do, therefore, to say off-hand that a man is idle who appears to be so; that depends upon circumstances.

The sleep of a laboring man is sweet; and sweet, too, is the idleness of a busy man. The zest of life is variety; and the statesman immersed in public affairs, or the physician in large practice, when he gets an idle hour, knows how to appreciate the luxury. Doing nothing, to a man usually overwhelmed with work, is an indescribable solace; it is enforced leisure which a person of active mind finds so intolerable. This has often proved the chief torture of imprisonment; it is this that has rubbed the bloom off many a young and hopeful life. Spenser under-

stood the misery of idleness when he loitered at court in hope of preferment, and learnt what a hell it is

"To lose good days that might be better spent,
To waste long nights in pensive discontent:
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow:
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow.

* * * * * * * *

To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares:
To eat thy heart through comfortless despairs."

"Work without hope drains nectar in a sieve," says Coleridge; and hope disappointed again and again clogs the springs of life and too frequently produces chronic idleness. To paint pictures and to find no purchasers, to write books that fall dead from the press, to invent a machine of which another reaps the profit, to produce poems that are neglected by the public and languidly praised by your best friends, to make a strenuous struggle for money or fame or love, and to find that the struggle is a vain one—these are trials that test a man's mettle, and which, if his heart fail him, may lead to the indolence of despair.

There are mild degrees of idleness which make the vice appear almost like a virtue, and there is an idleness which is wholly to be justified. Castle of Indolence stands, as its poet tells us, in "a pleasing land of drowsy head" that invites to repose, and a sweet forgetfulness of the carking cares of life. Who can blame us if for a little while we step aside from the crowd and rest in this enchanted ground? The mariner that has battled with a storm for weeks may be allowed the brief luxury of doing nothing on reaching the haven; and, after the achievement of any great work, it is but natural and pardonable to rest awhile, and to let the days go by as they please. True, it may be, as Cowper says, that "a mind quite vacant is a mind distressed"; but there may be a healthy idleness without vacuity, and the man who, after a free employment of platform rhetoric, wins an election, may be excused if he stretches himself at full length upon the grass, and reads a novel. There is a time for doing nothing, as there is a time for work, and one shrinks a little from the hyper-industrious ladies who knit while they talk, knit upon a journey, however beautiful the scenery, and would, I venture to say, knit in church if it were considered proper to do so. I have also known men too restless to be calm, and to whom business means life, which it is not. They detest holidays, they write letters in railway-carriages, they abridge the hours of sleep, and almost deem it a waste of time that they are forced to sleep at all. They "eat the bread of carefulness," and it is clear from their diseased activity that the food does not agree with them. Nothing comes of all this fuss

work more calmly and has "leisure to be good," and therefore happy, is generally more prosperous even in a money point of view.

A desperate inclination to be idle has afflicted men who have fought against it valiantly and done admirable work in the world. Dr. Johnson deplored a disposition to idleness all his life long; it was a disease, he said, that must be combated. In his diary he writes: "This year I hope to learn diligence." And he had little patience with people who urged excuses for laziness. When a friend suggested that it was not good to study too soon after dinner, Johnson replied: "Ah! sir; don't give way to such a fancy! At one time of my life I had taken it into my head that it was not wholesome to study between breakfast and dinner." With the love of contradiction that gave such vivacity to his conversation, he pretended once that no one loves labor for itself, and that if we were all idle there would be no growing weary; but this was only Johnson's talk. Burdened with melancholy, with disease and with infirmities, no man resisted with more energy the inclination to do nothing. He kept his intellect bright and keen in old age, read the "Æneid" through in twelve nights, and could write at the age of seventy-two: "My purpose is to pass eight hours every day in serious employment. Having prayed, I propose to employ the next six weeks upon the Italian language for my settled study."

Two striking features of Johnson's character were his enjoyment of idleness and his love of knowledge. He liked to cross his legs and talk, and complained that John Wesley, who knew nothing of what Lamb called "divine leisure," was always in a hurry; and he said that every man whose mind is not debauched will be willing to give all he has to get knowledge. Probably this conflict between two inclinations served to make Johnson a greater man than he would otherwise have been. It certainly made him more human, more sympathetic, and less of the mere bookworm, who, like George Eliot's Casaubon, lives by books alone, and has no interest in people.

One can understand and sympathize with the idleness of a man like Johnson, who was a mighty worker in spite of it, but there are scores of people in the world who live to do nothing, and what is to be said of them? There may be a pleasure in persistent idleness which only the idle know, but to understand it perfectly needs an education. So long as a man has any conscientious scruple about wasting his time he may have moments of enjoyment, but he will be troubled also with regrets. To be idle with impunity it is necessary to agree with the late Mr. J. C. Morison, that there is no such thing as moral responsibility;

and when this belief is firmly established the man who is not forced to work for bread may idle to his heart's content.

It is pretty certain that a man vowed to idlehess will never go far in pursuit of his hobby. There is really no reason why he should. A man of the "lazy, lolling sort" can kill time anywhere, and be of as little use to his fellow-mortals as a parrot or a lady's lap-dog.

MARCH.

By Agnes Potter McGee.

Tell me, restless, moaning wind,
Why your grief is voiced so deep.
Is it that you cannot find
Where the flowers lie asleep?
Tucked within their warm brown bed,
Underneath the frost and snow,
Lilies white and poppies red,
Is it this you fain would know?

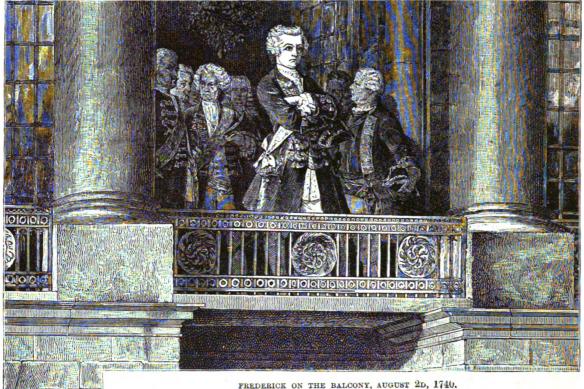
Or mayhap your sister sweet,
Crowned with gifts denied to thee,
Follows with her footsteps fleet,
Tauntingly, o'er land and sea;
And you long to clasp and hold,
Close against your chilly breast.
Her green mantle, stitched with gold,
And her skies, in sunsets drest.

But you must not pause nor stay—
Onward, grieving, you must go;
Nothing bright to cheer your way,
Only frost and only snow;
You can never know the hours
That your sisters hold in store,
Perfumed with a thousand flowers,
Butterflies and fairy lore.

Is it this that makes you grieve
Through the watches of the night,
Underneath the old gray eave,
And within the chimney's height?
Is it this that makes you rave
Wildly through the cold, bleak day,
Lashing into foam the wave,
Dashing high the feathery spray?

Little wonder if it is,
First month of the joyous Spring,
Nothing hast thou of all this,
Naught of all, yet all to bring;
For to you the task is given
To prepare the earth and air,
Frost and snow by you are driven
Back within their chilly lair.

But when comes your last brief day,
And your sister weeps anear,
You will kneel and meekly pray,
And her smiles will give you cheer;
And your face will catch the sheen
Of the sunlight on her hair,
And your voice will hail her queen,
As you vanish through the air.



THE EARLY DAYS OF FREDERICK THE GREAT, KING OF PRUSSIA.

I.—APPRENTICESHIP—ACCESSION—CONQUEST OF SILESIA.

By A. H. GUERNSEY.

FRIEDRICH WILHELM I., the second King of Prussia, died May 31st, 1740, and was succeeded by his son, born in January, 1712, whom

the world has come to style "Frederick the Great." The young King had reached his twentyeighth year. His youth had not been a happy one. He underwent more than the usual amount of cuffings and canings from his well-meaning but obstinate and irascible father,

who was vexed by what he deemed the effeminate and dandyish proclivities of the lad, who preferred a gay dressing-gown to military uniform, and playing on the flute to learning the catechism. was brought up most strictly, and, after a fashion, very religiously. But as he approached manhood he fell into divers evil ways, which aroused the wrath of the King, who redoubled his severities, and made the life of the prince an unendurable one, from which he resolved to escape when an opportunity should present itself.

Such an opportunity presented itself in 1730, when the prince was eighteen. His father had taken him on a trip to Mannhelm, a town in Baden, not far from the French frontier. Frederick resolved to slip across the frontier, and thence make his way to England, whose King, George I., was his great-uncle. He had won over two young officers, Lieutenants Katte and Keith, to accompany him in his flight. The scheme was discovered when on the point of execution. Keith managed to escape, but the prince and Katte were arrested. The wrath of the King knew no bounds. His own son and his accomplices had been guilty of desertion from the army, a crime, in the King's

"Desertion," he wrote, in pious rage, "is from of which belonged solely to the King. Katte

estimation, the highest which man could perpetrate—an offense alike against God and man. prince; that, they said, was a matter the decision.



FREDERICK AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-EIGHT.

hell; it is a work of the children of the devil; no | was tried and found guilty, but the court recomchild of God could possibly be guilty of it." A | mended that the punishment of death should be

court-martial was ordered for the trial of the cul- | commuted to imprisonment for life, for the reason

that the act of desertion was only resolved upon but not fully carried out. The stern King would listen to no plea for the mitigation of the penalty. "It is better," he said, "that he should die than that justice should pass away from the world." So the young man was duly put to death.

The fate of the prince, thus left wholly to the decision of his royal father, was for awhile un-The decision cost him anxious days and sleepless nights. Of the aggravated guilt of the prince there could be no question. He, an officer in the army, had not only attempted to desert, but he had induced others to do the same; he had intrigued with the agents of foreign Powers against the policy of the King. Such conduct surely deserved death. He called to mind the stern maxim, "Let justice be done, though the world perish." He looked through the Bible for something which might warrant him in sparing the life of his son. The utterance, "Mercy before justice," seemed to point the way. The ambassadors of foreign Powers, and his own most trusted officials, united in urging mercy. your Majesty desires blood," exclaimed General von Buddenbrock, "take mine; that of the Crown-prince shall not be shed so long as I can speak." Finally, the King was brought to the conclusion that in the exercise of his royal prerogative he might lawfully spare the life of his son; but he must be subjected to severe punishment, "in order to crush, soften and change his heart." He was therefore imprisoned in the fortress of Küstrin.

Frederick was mildly treated at Küstrin, where he had ample opportunity for reflection for almost a year, when the King went to the fortress, and was greatly delighted at the change which had been wrought in his son. Frederick was released from custody, and set to work in a subordinate capacity in the office of the Administration of Public Domains at Küstrin. He acquitted himself so well that his father took him into favor, and in the following year chose a wife for him, whom Frederick accepted without a murmur. Before long he was made colonel of a regiment. stationed at Ruppin, a day's march north-west of The prince and his young wife took up their abode at the neighboring Castle of Rheinsberg, situated upon the shore of a pretty little lake encircled with wooded hills. A few alterations and additions transformed the old castle into a pleasant villa.

Frederick passed six happy years at Rheinsberg. His military duties as commander of the regiment must, first of all things, be punctiliously performed; and Friedrich Wilhelm found in his son a drill-master after his own heart. The Ruppin regiment came to be a model for the whole army. Not another regiment could march and

wheel with such precision; in no other regiment were arms and uniforms in such perfect order. By such means, aided by the present now and then of a tall recruit whose inches qualified him for a place in the Giant Guards, Frederick managed to keep his father in good humor.

These perfunctory duties duly performed. Frederick had time for pursuits which suited his own inclination. He had a fine ear for music. and "played upon the flute like a born artist." was fond of poetry—or at least of French verse and wrote much, some of which is by no means as bad as it might have been. He exchanged exaggerated compliments with Voltaire, and gradually gathered around him a circle — mostly Frenchmen-of taste and culture, almost of genius, who discoursed with him upon literature and philosphy; upon the origin of the Beautiful, the Good and the True. There were recitations, concerts and dramatic performances; there were boat excursions upon the lake, and not unfrequent dancing parties in the frescoed ball-room of the castle. Nor were graver occupations wanting. Frederick learned as much of the art of war as books could teach him, studied the science of fortification, the modes of attacking and defending fortified places, and the like. Moreover he wrote the "Anti-Machiavel," an essay which, after having passed under the eye of Voltaire, was printed in 1739. Nothing can be more humane and philanthropic than the sentiments of this treatise.

"The people" (so writes Frederick) "have given to themselves princes for this reason only, that they need judges to settle their disputes and protectors to secure their property and welfare against greedy neighbors. From nothing, therefore, should a prince be farther than from looking upon himself as the absolute lord of his subjects. He is indeed only the first servant of the State. All his efforts should be directed to this end—to accomplish something useful and noble for the weal of his people; to them must he sacrifice his own preferences and inclinations; and thereto he must avail himself of all aids—of all capable men whom he can win over."

War should be waged only for righteous ends. And he proceeds to point out what wars are justifiable on the part of a prince:

"Defensive wars are not the only justifiable ones, but also a war for the maintenance of rights which are contested by a greedy neighbor; even an offensive war, when one sees himself in danger of being wronged by a powerful enemy. In such danger, most unquestionably he may take upon himself the hazard of making war."

As time passed on, and the health of Friedrich Wilhelm declined, he called his son more and more to the capital, and committed to his hands a larger and larger share in the conduct of public affairs. When near his death he laid upon his son this solemn and affectionate injunction: "The Great Elector brought to our House its

beginning and its true prosperity; my father acquired the royal dignity; I have put the country and the army in order. Upon you, my dear successor, devolves to maintain what your fathers have begun; to secure the pretensions and the domains which, by God and the law, belong to our House." Frederick accepted the charge, in a wider sense than his father had in mind.

Frederick was in his twenty-eighth year when he acceded to the crown of Prussia. He was of middle stature, slender figure, but vigorous and active, with fresh complexion, fair hair and keen blue eyes—"the most beautiful pair of eyes in Europe," was said of them long afterward. portrait which we have of Frederick at twentyeight bears little resemblance to the bent, withered, snuff-begrimed old man of forty years later. His manners were engaging, and his conversation, in French, ready and fluent. Of German he knew little, and for it cared less. "He had German enough," says Macaulay, "to scold his servants, or to give the word of command to his grenadiers, but his grammar and pronunciation were extremely bad; and he found it difficult to make out the meaning even of the simplest German poetry." His latest German biographer, and eager eulogist, says that "he spoke German like a foreigner." Macaulay uses precisely the same words of his French, and we think with far less accuracy. "Every youth of rank," says Macaulay, "was taught to speak and write French. Even Friedrich Wilhelm thought it necessary that his children should know French." He had a French nurse, and afterward French attendants; his chosen companions in early manhood "The wish," continues Macaulay, were French. "perhaps, dearest his heart, was that he might rank among the masters of French rhetoric and poetry." That he possessed a keen intellect is questioned by no one; and it is incredible that with all his opportunities, his capacity and his industry, he should not have been able to master the language which he used almost exclusively every day of his life. That he never produced any great work is satisfactorily accounted for by Macaulay: "Nature, which had bestowed upon him, in a large measure, the talents of a captain and administrator, had withheld from him those higher and rarer gifts, without which industry labors in vain to produce immortal eloquence and

During the two or three years which preceded the accession of Frederick, men had come to the conviction that his reign would mark a new era for Prussia. Most men looked for an Augustan age in Germany, of which Frederick should be tha Mæcenas. Nobody seemed to have dreamed that he was destined to rank as one of the six

great captains of the world. They had yet to learn that he was destitute of any scruples as to the ends at which he aimed, or the means of attaining those ends. There is a constitution or condition of the eye which we call "color-blindness." Of Frederick we may say that he was "right-and-wrong-blind."

Frederick lost no time in making it clearly understood that he was to be King in a sense far wider and quite as strict as Friedrich Wilhelm had been. When his generals came to congratulate him, he assured them that he held them as dear and esteemed them as highly as their deceased leader had done; but he gave them to understand that there was to be no more of those "accustomed brutalities," which many of them were wont to exercise toward their subordinates and toward civilians in general. He admonished all official personages that they must have a single eye to the welfare of the country, and if their own personal interest should seem to conflict with the general good, the latter must always have the preference.

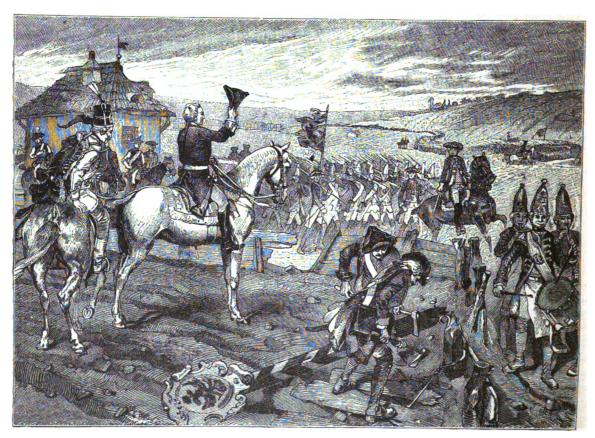
King Friedrich Wilhelm was hardly buried before the "Giant Guards," which had cost so much money, and whose extraordinary privileges had occasioned so many heart-burnings in the rest of the army, were summarily disbanded. He would have no special favorites who could be presumed to influence him. This was especially distasteful to the foreign ambassadors, one of whom mournfully complained that there was nobody about the King whom one could use to get what he wanted; and as for ambassadors themselves. "they are of less account than in any other court."

On August 2d, 1740, two months after the death of Friedrich Wilhelm, the oath of allegiance to Frederick was formally administered at the castle in Berlin. When the public ceremony was over, the King stepped out upon the balcony and gazed at the multitudes thronging below. He stood there for half an hour, lost in thought, without speaking a word. His biographer will have it that it was then and there decided what course of foreign policy he would pursue in a crisis which must arise. The essential point was this: Charles VI., Emperor of Germany, was near the point of death. The significance of the fact lay in this, that Charles was the last male scion of that great House of Hapsburg to which so many crowns had fallen, and who had come to be practically, though not nominally, the hereditary Emperors of Germany, for the Electors had for a long time chosen a Hapsburg to wear the imperial By immemorial law these various Austrian dominions followed the male line, upon the failure of which they would pass to different heirs. The daughter of Charles, Maria Theresa,

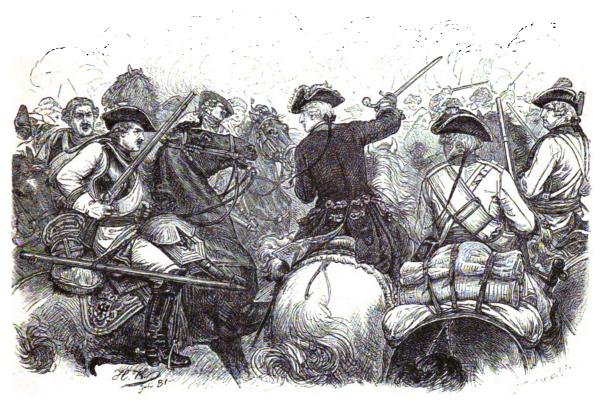
was the wife of Francis of Lorraine. To secure for her this great possession had for years been the object of Charles. At last in 1724 he put forth a "Pragmatic Sanction," or authoritative rescript vesting in her the succession to all the hereditary dominions of the House of Haps-The new law of succession was ratified by the Estates of all the dominions which composed the great Austrian Monarchy. There were several persons who had apparent hereditary right to one part or another of these dominions. Every one of these formally renounced his claim in favor of Maria Theresa. All the great Powers of Europe-England, France, Spain, Russia, Poland, Sweden, Denmark, the German Empire and Prussia—pledged themselves by solemn treaty to maintain inviolate the Pragmatic Sanction. Yet everybody knew, or might have known, that all these renunciations and treaties were not worth the paper upon which they were written; that the Kings of France and Spain, the Electors of Bavaria and Saxony, were waiting only for the death of Charles VI. to clutch at some share in the spoils of Austria.

That Prussia would then appear as a claimant was hardly thought of. Any possible claim that she might once have had seemed to have been nullified long ago. They had never amounted to

more than this, that some ten generations ago one of the Brandenburg Electors and the Silesian Duke of Liegnitz had entered into an Erbeverbrüderung (Heritage-brotherhood), by which, in case the line of either should become extinct, the other, or his heirs, should succeed to the patri-The Silesian line became extinct in mony. 1675; but the German Diet refused to recognize the validity of the Erbeverbrüderung, which would have given half of Silesia to the Elector of Brandenburg, and the Hapsburgs took possession. Of so little value did the Silesian claim come to be, that toward the close of his life the Great Elector was glad to give it up to Austria in exchange for the little Principality of Schweibus. But the Austrians managed to convince the young heir to the Elector that they had acted under a misapprehension in ceding Schweibus, and got from him a promise to restore it when he came to the Electorship. The retrocession was made in 1695. Casuists even then argued that Schweibus, the consideration for which the Silesian claim had been surrendered, having been given back to Austria, the original Silesian claim came into force again. But neither Friedrich I. nor Friedrich Wilhelm appear to have made any formal claim upon Silesia, though it is quite probable that the latter had it in his mind when



THE INVASION OF SILESIA-FREDERICK CROSSES THE BUBICON.



FREDERICK AT MOLLWITZ.

he enjoined his son to "secure the pretensions and the domains which, by God and the law, belong to our House." Here is the sum and substance of the pretensions of Frederick to Silesia.

As soon as tidings came of the death of Charles VI., Frederick called to him Count Podewils and General Schwerin, the councilors in whom he put most trust, and unfolded to them his design. The substance of what he said to them is thus told by himself: "I propose to you a problem to solve. If one has a good opportunity, shall he make use of it, or shall he not? I am all ready with my troops and everything else. If I do not avail myself of my advantage, all men will see that I have in my hands an implement which I do not know how to use. If I do use it, they will laud my skill." Podewils mistrusted the scheme, which he thought involved innumerable hazards; but finding his remonstrances of no avail, he said, mournfully, to Schwerin: "The flame grows hotter instead of decreasing. To us, under the circumstances, remains only the glory of obedience." Immediately after the death of her father, Maria Theresa was crowned "King of Hungary." Frederick sent her the most amicable greetings. He would be most gladly happy to be able to act in her interests, "but for that he must be placed in a position to do so"—that is, the claims of Prussia must be recognized. The Austrian ministers replied, thanking him for his kindly feelings to-

ward Her Majesty the King, but "there was nouse of talking about by-gone matters."

Vague suspicions as to the hostile purposes of Frederick began to spring up. The Marquis d'Adomo, Austrian Ambassador at Berlin, shook his head sagely, remarking, "The Prussian troops are all very fine, but the Austrians have smeltpowder." Count Gotten, whom Frederick had sentto Vienna to report about affairs, was so impressed by the self-confidence of the Austrian Court, that the best thing he had to say to his master was that "perhaps he might come out of the affair with honor." The French, who were openly mustering against Austria, sought an alliance with Frederick, who told them that he was ready for service, but "only as a second Gustavus Adolphus"—that is, as an equal ally, who must look out for his own interests, and those of his State and his people.

The Austrian Court seems to have taken for granted that whatever Frederick had in mind, no active operations would be commenced until Spring. They were taken completely by surprise when, without any declaration of hostility, Frederick, on December 16th, 1740, crossed the Silesian frontier with a force of about 20,000 men. On that evening he scrawled a jubilant dispatch to Podewils:

"MY DEAR PODEWILS: I have passed the Rubicon, colors flying and drums beating. My troops are full of spirit;

the officers, of ambition; and our generals are hungry for glory. Everything goes according to our wishes, and I have reason to expect the best possible from this enterprise. A sure instinct, the cause of which I know not, predicts good fortune for me, and that I shall not appear at Berlin without having shown myself worthy of the blood from which I sprang, and of the brave soldiers whom I have the honor to command."

The Austrian troops in Silesia were too few to offer any resistance; they could only throw themselves into some fortified places. The capital, the great city of Breslau, had gained the right to exclude any Austrian garrison from its walls, and in case of need to defend itself by its own citizens. The Austrian troops now sought admittance. This was strongly opposed by one party of the burghers, and as strongly urged by the other party, who succeeded in procuring the admission of the Austrians. But before the city could be placed in a position for defense, Frederick, at the head of a strong force, appeared, January 1st, before its walls. He promised to maintain the neutrality of the city "so long as the present conjuncture lasted." The offer was gladly received, and two days after the Prussians took possession of Breslau "for a few days." Those few days have not yet come to an end. To the Austrians only remained the fortresses of Glogau, Brieg and Reisse, which were soon closely blockaded, and before the month was over Frederick returned to Berlin to receive the congratulations of his subjects. This apparent conquest of Silesia had been only a military promenade.

But this was only the beginning of the end. Spring had not fairly opened before Maria Theresa collected a considerable force from other parts of her dominions, and sent it to the relief of the beleaguered fortresses. Frederick hurried back to Silesia to oppose them. On April 10th, 1741, the armies came in sight of each other at the little hamlet of Mollwitz, not far from Brieg. forces were nearly equal - some 22,000 men on each side. The Austrians had a decided preponderancy in cavalry; the Prussians, in infantry. The action opened about noon. The Prussian cavalry, led by Frederick in person, were worsted, some of them breaking into wild flight, Frederick being swept along with them. He thought the battle a lost one. He rode from the field with the hope, say some, to bring up his more distant troops, and with them aid to secure the retreat of the remnant of his beaten army. Others have it that he fled in affright. At all events, he saw nothing more of the battle, and had no share in the victory which crowned his arms. The infantry, under Schwerin, stood like a rock. Resolved to "win the battle or not to survive its loss," he led his men into the tumult of the cavalry fight, which was not yet over. They advanced with even step, as if on a parade-ground. Horse and foot melted away before the terrible quick-fire of the Prussians, and as the sun was going down the Austrians were in full flight. The victory was a complete one; but it cost both sides dearly. Each had lost more than a quarter of the numbers with which it went into action.

The rout at Mollwitz was the signal for a general onslaught upon Maria Theresa. The opposing claimants to the Hapsburg succession made common cause against her. Of all these, the claims of Charles Albert, Elector of Bavaria, had the most ostensible ground. He was the husband of the elder sister of Maria Theresa, and save for the Pragmatic Sanction, his wife stood before Maria Theresa. Supported by France, he got himself crowned as King of Bohemia, and the German Electors chose him Emperor, as Charles All Europe was now divided into "Pragmatics" and "Anti-Pragmatics." Both parties sought the aid of Frederick, who would rather have joined himself with the former, if they would make it worth his while. They could not or would not do this, and early in June, 1741, he entered into a league with France and her confederates. Maria Theresa even seemed inclined to conciliate Frederick, and early in October an arrangement was entered into by which the Austrians were to evacuate the greater part of Silesia. and thus be able to take an active part against the Anti-Pragmatics. Frederick took advantage of the departure of the Austrian troops to summon a convocation of the Prelates, Magnates and Estates of Silesia. They assembled in the Council-house of Breslau, and on the 8th of November took the oath of fealty to him as their King and Duke.

But the agreement between Frederick and Maria Theresa did not result in a definite treaty. She had entered into it with the design of separating Frederick from the other allies so as to be able to meet them with her whole force. Her position seemed the better one. France and Bavaria, with whom Saxony had now united, held late in the Autumn nearly all of Bohemia; but Maria Theresa was undisturbed in the greater part of her monarchy, and forced back her enemies at all points.

It was far from the interest of Frederick that Maria Theresa should get the full upper hand of her present enemies, for he knew perfectly well that in this event she would turn all her force against him. The sword of Prussia must be thrown into the scale to restore the balance. The Anti-Pragmatics were eager to avail themselves of his indispensable support, which he was quite ready to give. A plan of campaign was soon formed. The Austrians must be threatened by strong forces in every quarter, while the main com-

bined army under Frederick should move upon Vienna. Frederick forced his way into Southern Moravia, and the inroads of the Prussian cavalry reached almost to Vienna. But he was ill-supported by his allies. Some of them put forth little or no effort; others grew jealous, and began to intrigue against him; and he was glad to get out of his position in Moravia without serious harm. He fell back into Bohemia, where he awaited the only thing which could fully relieve him from his difficulties—a great and successful battle.

He had not long to wait in a position some fifty miles south-east of Prague, his centre being at the little hamlet of Chotusitz, near the town of Czaslau, whither Maria Theresa, eager to punish the Prussian King—who, she averred, had "for the second time treacherously assailed her"—had sent a large part of her best troops, under command of Prince Charles of Lorraine, brother of her husband.

Both sides were eager for battle. The action commenced, as at Mollwitz, with a sharp cavalry engagement, in which the Austrians had the best of it at several points. Their horse and foot furiously assailed the firm ranks of the Prussian infantry. Frederick looked calmly on until the fury of the attack had spent itself. Then, placing himself at the head of his fresh reserves, he gave the order to advance. Before noon the enemy were completely driven from the field. In this, his second great battle, Frederick retrieved the reputation which he had lost at Mollwitz. He himself modestly ascribes the victory to the valor of his army, and notably to Prince Leopold of Dessau, who was made a field-marshal on the battle-field. But one can see that he himself displayed the highest qualities of a great captain.

This great reverse decided Maria Theresa to offer peace to Frederick upon his own terms. He had not the slightest scruple about leaving his allies in the lurch, as he knew they would have left him if occasion served. On July 28th, 1742. the Treaty of Breslau was signed; Maria Theresa made over to Prussia nearly the whole of Silesia, together with the Countship of Glatz. Frederick engaged to remain neutral in the further contest between Maria Theresa and the Anti-Pragmatics. The acquisition of Silesia was an important one for Prussia. It had an area of about 15,000 square miles, with a population of 3,500,000, thus increasing the territory of the kingdom by about one-third, and its population by fully a half. Silesia was fully half Protestant, and a decided majority of the inhabitants were inclined toward Prussia rather than toward Austria. Frederick's wise and tolerant conduct toward his new subjects won them over completely; and from his day to ours Brandenburg itself has not been more thoroughly Prussian than Silesia.

COMPOSITE PHOTOGRAPHS.

"Composite" photography is a device which first came into notice three or four years ago. A sitter is posed before the camera, which is adjusted to give a large picture of the sitter's face. The positions of the eyes and lips are marked on the ground glass, and then the plate is exposed perhaps for one-tenth of the usual time.

Another sitter then replaces the first, and the eyes and lips being made to correspond with the marks on the ground glass, another brief exposure of the same plate is made. The process is repeated with eight other persons, and the plate is then developed.

The result is a picture in which the common characteristics of all the sitters are strongly marked, while individual peculiarities are only faintly shown. There are some exceptions to this rule, however, as a blonde person with a very smooth skin will counteract the effect of many darker and more wrinkled faces. Hence the composite portrait of a group of persons of different ages appears younger than the average of the sitters' ages.

The first face taken is also found to be more strongly impressed than the others, if the exposures are equal.

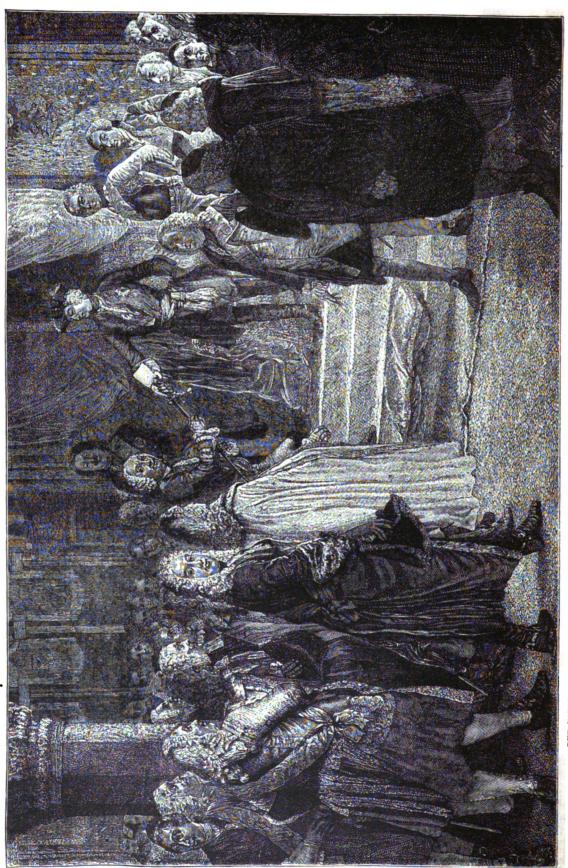
The method may be of value in establishing definite national or local types. It is at any rate an interesting subject of study. Applied to portraits of the same person drawn by different artists, it is probable that composite photography may give a more correct representation of the original than is afforded by any one of the pictures. In this way several "new" portraits of Washington and other celebrated persons have been obtained.

When applied to autographs, it is claimed that this method serves to establish perfectly characteristic signatures. It may thus be of great service in the detection of forgeries.

FAR happier are the dead, methinks, than they Who look for death, and fear it every day.

—Lucilius.

CHINESE SAYINGS.—Some of the ordinary expressions of the Chinese are very sarcastic and characteristic. A blustering, harmless fellow. they call a "paper tiger." When a man values himself overmuch, they compare him to "a rat falling into a scale and weighing itself." Overdoing a thing, they call "a hunchback making a bow." A spendthrift they compare to a rocket which goes off at once. Those who expend their charity on remote objects, but neglect their family, are said "to hang a lantern on a rope, which is seen afar but gives no light below."



THE ZARLY DATS OF PREDERICE THE GREAT, RING OF PROSEL.— PREDERICE RECHITES THE SUBMISSION OF SILESIA.— SEE PAGE 296.



"THE SERVANT STOOD IN THE DOOR-WAY, WITH AN INQUIRING GLANCE. SOPHY POINTED TO THE THING."

IN A QUIET STREET.

By G. H.

SOPHY drew a long breath when they came at last to No. 17. She leaned a little more heavily on Audrew's arm, as if renouncing all personal care for her equilibrium while the contemplation of that most interesting of all houses should go Andrew supported her sturdily, and his light-gray eyes and her slate-blue ones strayed with an expression of mingled curiosity and pleasure from the scraper to the little mansard-windows and back again.

"Isn't it nice!" said she, at last.

"Isn't it, though !" said he.

They stood in a quiet, narrow little street; they could scarcely hear the noise from the

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removed. No. 17 broke the line of plain, uniform houses by being lower, and standing further back from the street, than they. The space between it and the sidewalk was railed in, and had at some time been cultivated; the grass now, however, looked sickly;

the two standard rose-trees, in their green boxes on either side of the little gate, had neither flowers nor buds, and whatever was in the two small box-edged beds did not distinguish itself but by looking dusty and untidy.

"What possibilities, though!" said Sophy to herself, with a thought to her big petunia-beds at home, her balsams and portulacas. Flowers throve for her.

"Isn't it queer," remarked Andrew, "about the windows? Do you notice, Sophy? They are clearly not meant to see through."

Sophy's glance became at once intent on them. They differed from their neighbors by being framed heavily in stone, the cornice of each arching and eaving over a carved head, a grimly smiling lion; the lower ones were paned partly erowded thoroughfare not more than two blocks with stained, partly with ground, glass; those of Digitized by **GO**(

the first story were entirely of ground glass; the blinds of the attic-windows were closed.

- "I wonder why?" said Sophy, not wholly pleased. "Do you know who lived here before?"
- "No. Only that whoever owned the house wanted to be rid of it in a hurry. That is how we happen to get it, you know. If any one had told me of such luck, I just shouldn't have believed it."
- "Isn't it delightful!" said Sophy. He didn't answer, but swung his umbrella in such a fashion that it expressed his sentiment more clearly than English.
- "Now, love," he said, when he had pushed open the gate for her and rung, "I mustn't stop any longer." He consulted his watch. "Bless me! I must be off, or old Plummer will be——"

"Well, don't delay a second, then," said Sophy, nervous for him. "What does he say when he is that way? No, never mind telling. Run along, dear!"—and she watched her young husband's slender proportions diminishing down the quiet street, until the corner cut him from sight.

Her spirits then fell as much as a sensible young person's can in so short a space as half a What a shame that he should have to leave, when it would have been so pleasant to go over that dear little house together! But with that sense of disappointment upon her, the house all at once did not look so dear or so pretty as be-Clearly, they had been very slovenly, unthrifty people inhabiting it last. What did any one mean, she wondered, examining from a little distance a mass of broken blue-and-yellow flowerpots mixed with clods of dry earth falling away from the long roots of a blackening plant, by dropping things like that from off their windowledges, and never picking them up to see if they might not be glued together and turned to some

She had time, too, while waiting for the door to be opened, to think thoughts of severest disapproval about the windows. Why should one wish to shut out the light of heaven in that way? How could any one not care to know what went on in his own street, or object to his neighbors seeing what his front drawing-room was like? Those windows should be changed at once, or if not at once, as soon as convenient—for, of course, the house itself being so very expensive, she must be careful of Andy's money.

"Why do they keep one waiting like this?" she began to fret, having exhausted the freshness of that interest. She pulled the bell again, not as Andrew had done, but so that, when, having drawn it out to its utmost capacity, she let the handle fly back, she could hear a wild peal echoing through the silent, unknown regions within.

"That is sure to bring somebody," said she, satisfied thus far at the result of her energy. But the bell had such a cheerless sound as it very gradually lessened, and with a dying persistence kept sounding on and on, long after one would have thought a bell must have exhausted itself, that, "What a disagreeable bell!" she exclaimed. "What people can they have been to tolerate a residence like that! It shall be changed at once, or, at least," she sighed, "as soon as convenient." She listened; the bell was still faintly giving forth its half-mournful, half-petulant summons. It made her distinctly uncomfortable to hear it; no common bell could ring so long—what ailed it?

And still no one came. She tried, in midst of her impatience, to form some possible image of the inside of that sealed house, but her imagination could not take her far; it stopped at a green-reps sofa and chairs, such as she had once seen in a furnished house she went over with a friend, then in the same joyous circumstances as she at this moment—newly married, that is to say, and in search of a proper field for housekeeping. A green-reps sofa, and on the mantel-piece two tall candelabra with crystal pendants, a foot-stool before each of the arm-chairs, something in Berlin wools—— She turned with a start; the door had opened so quietly, she had not heard it.

"What a horrid, unnatural door !-it must be changed!" she had time to think before she could quite distinguish the person who had opened it. The hall was almost dark, the doorlight being of thick stained glass, and the window from which it presumably received the day blinded. The woman who stood well inside the threshold must have been in black, for as Sophy gazed she received a fantastic impression of there being just two pale hands and a pale face floating against a dull black atmosphere. The hands seemed thin and bony, the face rather hollow. the eyes—a dim, glassy glare flashed upon her from the spot where she looked for them; but that, though it sent an icy chill through her at the moment, proved, on further observation, to be the effect of spectacles. The face might not be more than forty or forty-five, yet, when the lips moved, as if to speak, they disclosed a mournful gap in the upper row of teeth.

"Are you in charge?" asked Sophy, nervous in spite of herself, as she stepped across the threshold, and felt how much chillier, unaccountably, the air was indoors than out.

"So to speak," answered the pale head, softly. It seemed to have gone just as much further back as Sophy had come forward, and she could still distinguish no outline of shoulders, or anything but that floating sallowness of face and hands.

"Well, I am the lady," said Sophy, firmly, and

her good sense coming to the rescue of her nerves, she stepped in, and giving a tug to the tasselstring of the dark blind that masked the hall-window, made it fly up, and through the ground glass came light enough to lend the head and hands a body clothed in straight folds of lustreless black.

Sophy surveyed it with a feeling of relief which she hoped the other did not appreciate.

"My husband thinks of buying this house," she said. "I am going to look over it. You needn't come, please. I shall find my way quite easily. I can call if I want you, you know."

She gave a rapid, circular glance to the little hall, and when she turned to ask some practical preliminary question about the heating and lighting, she found herself alone.

"I will put that person out-of-doors at once," she decided, wondering how that person could have melted down the back stair-way so quietly, "or as soon as I can find some one else."

The hall-way was not like that of the other house, her one ideal of a furnished house for a newly married couple. Firstly, it had not that pleasing air of expecting visitors; the servant was very evidently in charge only, so to speak, as she had said, for certainly everything must be just as it had been left by the former lodgers or owners on their departure—a hurried one, the disorder would seem to indicate.

The dust of several weeks lay upon the yellow marble tablet which, supported upon slender, carved, inward-curving gilt legs, supported in its turn a gold-framed mirror that reached almost up to the ceiling, that ceiling tinted delicately, and stuccoed, and touched here and there with dim gold. Dust blurred the carpet and the woodwork. A round, Indian-looking lantern hung near the door—a thing of tarnished filigree and glass, which, when lighted, might glare like rich rubies and emeralds, but for the moment looked dark and dispirited enough. The card-basket under the mirror had been upset, and a few dusty bits of pasteboard lay scattered on the yellow marble and the floor. In the corner, on a slender stand, to whose equilibrium the slightest inadvertency must be fatal, stood a tall, painted vase crowded with long-dead flower-stalks; the dry petals of some score of gorgeous speckled lilies lay thickly strewn on the floor about it, and the jar over which Sophy bent curiously emitted a faint, nauseating odor that made her start back frowning and wrinkling up her short pink nose with a muttered "Pah!"

Altogether it was disappointing. Sophy discovered now that she had unconsciously been looking forward to a neat, bright oil-cloth on the stairs, and a respectable umbrella-drain, and a rack with lots of pegs. There was something

else about the place, the dawning consciousness of which made her uncomfortable.

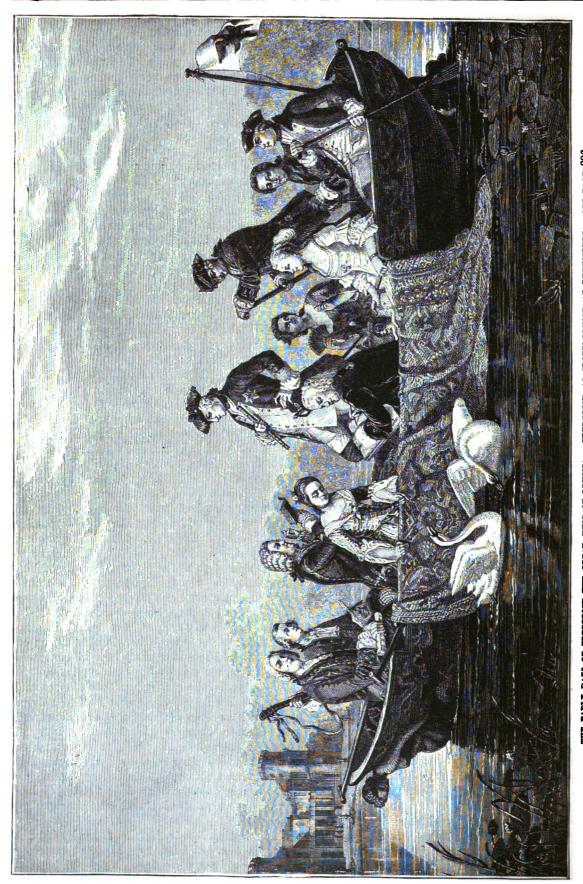
Without stopping to pursue her investigations on the ground-floor, she climbed the stairs. But that whiff of stagnant water and festering lilies seemed to follow her and dim her pleasure, at least as much as Andrew's absence.

The upper hall-way was rather dark, though the doors giving on to it stood all more or less open. Sophy pushed past a half-drawn portière, and found herself in a bedroom. She stood still, and made an astonished, disgusted survey of the disorder.

The windows were those seen from the street, opaque, white glass, sown with little clear stars. through which the light came brighter, but which could scarcely serve as points of outlook. sunshine was further interdicted by thin lace curtains, and hangings of a pale-blue silky stuff dotted with rosebuds. The same stuff was gathered across the two doors and covered the little sofa and chairs, low-standing pudgy pieces of furniture, luxurious withal, soft and springy, and rolling easily on their casters. The walls-vieux rose, though Sophy didn't call it that—boasted half a dozen water-colors, landscapes, each no larger than your hand, but mounted on an enormous mat, and framed in a narrow rim of gold. The bed, upholstered and curtained with that same flowery blue, was tumbled and unmade, the sheets and coverlet hanging drearily down over one edge of it, and dragging on the floor. So it must have stood for weeks, thought Sophy, in deep wonder, and started forward suddenly and lifted from the white bear-skin by the bedside two little forsaken slippers. These she examined closely, trying to build up some theory concerning them; but vainly—they were small and blue and dainty, and the foot that shaped them must have been an arched and a plump one, that was all. She let them drop, and turned about, chilly, uncomfortable and puzzled. That same faint, sickening smell of decay made her seek its cause; on the little table, amid a multitude of confused, dusty things, was a large bowl of dead roses.

In the grate, she now noticed, were ashes and charred ends of wood, and what could easily be recognized as burned letters, for unconsumed scraps of note-paper peeped between the bars and lay on the unswept hearth beside the poker, which one must fancy having been dropped where it lay, after a hurried attempt to thrust those accusing letters deeper into the long-dead flame that had reduced them to that black, uncompromising ruin.

Why accusing?—why hurried? Sophy did not know; it was just an impression, but certainly everything did seem to speak of a feverish haste—it looked like flight, almost. Why should the



THE RABLE DATE OF PREDERICE THE OFFICE, RING OF PRUSSIA. - TREDERICE, AS CROWN-PRINCE, AT RHEIMBERG. -- SEE PAGE 296.

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 Egyptian Viol. 2. Snake-charmer's Flageolet. 3. Hindbo Kingri. 4. Hurak, or Hindoo Drum. 5. Tyrolese Three-stringed Violin. 6. German Pitch-pipe. 7. Indian Bell. 8. Yueh-chin, Chinese Guitar. 9. Laos Organ. 10. Murchang, or Hindoo Jew's-harp. 11. Spindle Violin. 12. Sarunga, or Viol. 13. Uhr-nsien, Chinese Viol. 14. Hsiang-ti, Chinese Flageolet. 15. Kyee-zee, Burmese Gong. 16. Japanese Violin. 17. Ram's-horn. 18. Kartall, or Hindoo Castanets. 19. Chang. from Japan. 20. Indian Drum. 21. German Guitar. 22. Indian Viol. 21. Hindoo Ood. 24. Hindoo Sitar. 25. Hindoo Karuai. 26. Hindoo Cheng. 27. Hindoo Shepherd's Pipe. 28. Hindoo Nakkara. 20. Indian Drum. 21. German Guiss.

O Cheng. 27. Hindoo Shepherd's Pipe. 28. Hindoo Nakkara.

MUSIC OF ALL NATIONS.— A GROUP OF CURIOUS MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.— SEE PAGE 318.

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table-cloth be jerked half off the table like that, endangering the rose-bowl? Why should so many things be lying wildly about the floor?

Sophy dropped into the nearest chair, and tried to collect her thoughts.

In that dim, close place one seemed to have lost all sense of the world outside; one couldn't suspect its warmth and yellow sunlight. One couldn't tell in what part of the world one was, nor at what season of the year; no sound came, no natural light. It was like a bonbonnière made into a tomb.

If she had cared to cast a glance into the broad, low mirror over the mantel, between the reflections of the Sèvres statuettes, she would have caught sight of her own ordinary little face under its home-made bonnet, looking quite pale and expressing in every line an eager "Why?"

Yes—why?—she had thought of it down-stairs, too — why was this house, crowded with these things, which, little as they appealed to her taste, were undoubtedly costly and fine, offered to her husband at that price? It was no mean sum, of course, a little over what Andrew's father, who meant to do handsomely by them, had promised to lend, but she was not so ignorant as not to know that ten times that amount would not have paid for all this hateful rosebud finery. That box there, for instance, upset on the floor, with a lot of foreign—looking beads scattering from it—wasn't it thickly inlaid with pearl? She didn't like it herself, but it must be sinfully expensive.

However, she must see all before coming to any conclusion. She passed from the other door into a large dressing-room, distinguished by the same characteristics as what she had seen already—dust and disorder, yet a singular elegance, distinctly feminine. And dead flowers everywhere, and that unwholesome air.

The upper floor was entirely dark; she had to grope for a window and throw open the blinds to see at all. They seemed to be servants' rooms, rather bare and not suggesting her at all—her of the blue shoes. Satisfied of that, Sophy searcely glanced at them, and came back to the first story. What she saw in the other two rooms brought no expression of relief into her grave little face. She then descended the next flight of stairs, and when she had seen everything she sank on a maroon satin pouf, feeling miserable.

She sat thinking for some time, with wide eyes, afraid almost to stir, and impelled every now and then to look over her shoulder; then, suddenly, with heroic resolution, leapt up, pushing back the pouf with such violence that it upset several chairs and a jardinière; went to the windows. one after the other, and after a brief, determined struggle with each, had every one of them wide open. And the air and light came pouring in

from astonished garret to basement. Then she looked about for something large enough—yes, that little bath-tub in the dressing-room would do. And into it went all the flowers and all the stagnant water.

That was better, but by no means well. Still, some spell seemed snapped with the human noises falling on the brooding silence, the fresh air dispelling that smell of dissolution. Sophy, indeed, could scarcely think now, as she pushed things vigorously into their places, why she had had that creepy feeling when she came into the blue room—what had given her the impression that everything had a guarded, secretive look—that the poker, if it could, would have jumped up to demolish the very ashes of those skeleton letters.

She took off her bonnet and wrap to set seriously to work. First, she must get the servant to help her carry down-stairs the dead flowers. She paused in the door-way a moment to study the woman in black before summoning her to assistance. She was turned half away, polishing a copper tea-kettle; there was nothing about her that Sophy could now detect to justify the unpleasant impression she had produced.

"What is your name?" said Sophy.

The spectacles lifted themselves slowly, and the answer came: "Chisholm."

"Chisholm? — Mrs.? Ah, yes. Well, Mrs. Chisholm. I wish you would come up-stairs and help me. The house is in a shameful condition—shameful!" she proceeded, severely; as she mounted the stairs with Chisholm at her heels. "I don't understand such neglect. The dust is an inch thick over everything, and those flowers are quite enough to upset one. Don't you know that you might become very ill staying in a place like this? It would have been better to exert yourself a little than to run such a risk as that, Mrs. Chisholm—besides the moths."

"I've not been staying here," answered the woman in black, without a trace of resentment in her voice.

Sophy turned about for an explanation.

"I saw you ring," Chisholm went on, in her soft, monotonous voice, "from the house opposite, and came around by the back way to let you in. I shouldn't have cared to stay here all alone," she added, lower, as if to herself.

"But you lived here with the former occupants?" said Sophy, as they lifted the wreck of lilies and roses and orchids.

- "Yes."
- "Who were they?"
- "Their name was Huggins," said Chisholm, promptly.
 - "How long since they left?"
 - "Near a month."
 - "And what was the matter?"



The spectacles fixed themselves on Sophy's face with an expression of uneasy interrogation.

"I mean," added Sophy, "why need they leave the house looking so? One would think a lady must have some pride about it. It looks like lunatics up-stairs, I'm sure. But perhaps they were obliged to leave suddenly—in a great hurry?"

To this Mrs. Chisholm made no answer; perhaps a sheaf of rushes falling from among the others prevented her hearing; however that might be, she said, presently, "They were leaving the country altogether, on account of the lady's health," and Sophy did not think it dignified to put any more questions.

She pinned up her dress, tied a napkin about her head and ordered Chisholm to do the same, and armed with brooms and dusters, they set to work to tidy up the place against Andrew's ad-

For several hours they worked steadily, and the little house began to look brighter and cheeriernot exactly pleasing to Sophy, but she mustn't let that weigh too much; such a bargain would not soon again come in their way, and no doubt she could, by persevering attempt, transform the house from what it was to something nearer her earlier dream of a home with Andrew.

Meanwhile at every turn she came upon bits of evidence of her presence: ribbons, worn glovesmostly long, pale-colored ones-odds and ends of feminine attire, all with the same faint perfume clinging to them. Sophy sniffed at them pensively, searchingly, with a feeling of causeless dislike, nay, positive repugnance.

By afternoon she had collected these things in a perfumed heap well within the grate; and when, after having visited the house from top to bottom and failed to find a morsel of anything more she could judge to have been specially hers, she set a match to it, and saw the offensive trifles smolder drearily for a few seconds, then blaze up and become undistinguished ashes, she breathed a sigh of relief, and proceeded with her housecleaning, refreshed.

Her joy was not of long duration. The house had taken on a certain respectable orderliness which, though far from the perfect freedom from speck or stain Sophy hoped in time to adorn it withal, would have satisfied many a lesser ménagère, when in polishing a certain double-paneled mirror, set in the turn of the hall stair-way, she felt it yield under the pressure of her hand. She wondered for a few seconds how she could have broken it, but stared when it divided in the middle, and the two wings swung softly back.

It opened into a tiny, low-studded, luxurious room, lighted from the top; the sky-light was

dulled by the rain that must have fallen in through it since the house was forsaken. disorder here seemed to have a more desolate character even than above; the drawers under the book-case that filled the further end of the room had been pulled open and left so, as after a pillage; an exquisite little desk, so placed that it should receive at once the light from above and the warmth from the fire-place, stood open, revealing its crimson satin lining and a confused litter of blank note-paper and envelopes. The lid had been so rudely dashed back as to upset the inkstand that lay broken on the carpet, the centre of a great black stain.

From a life-long habit of considerateness, Sophy stooped to pick up the pieces of glass, so that no person should get cut. Among the trifles blackened by the accident to the ink-bottle, she took up an oval bit of pasteboard which arrested her attention; it was dimly recognizable as a carte de visite cut to fit some locket; in fact. there was near it the bit of gold-rimmed glass that had probably fixed it in place. She held it to the light; one couldn't tell much about the photographed face; but on the back of it, still to be seen through the wash of ink, were the words:

"To Lina. Her affectionate husband, Felix."

"Lina!"

Presently, in one of the many books that lay about, she saw that name again, on an envelope that seemed meant to mark the place: Lina Bonastelle - Miss Lina Bonastelle - why not Mrs. Huggins?

She opened other books, thinking to find a name on the fly-leaf perhaps; but in vain. Most of the books were in a language she did not know, it might be French or Spanish or Italian. But there were plenty of English ones, too, only not such as she was familiar with, she found, when she began reading the titles of those on the shelves—not Dickens nor Cooper. An unfolded newspaper, which she picked up from the neighborhood of a smoking-chair, bore the date of some five-and-twenty days before.

She found a cigar-end during her investigation; and as she looked about for further circumstantial evidence of another presence in the place than that blue-slippered, delicately scented one, she came upon something that for the moment made her feel quite ill and faint: a little white silk table - cover, heavily embroidered in pale colors, lay tumbled upon the floor near the tiny round table it must have covered; and in straightening it out she perceived that it was stained at one end, considerably stained, with a pale-brownish red, like blood many days after its shedding.

When Andrew arrived, he found her sitting on half open, and the fine, soft-toned carpet under it | the stairs, owl-eyed and wretchedly nervous. But

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he was in his best mood, and inclined to take the most pleasing, common-sense view of things.

"A boudoir, as I live!" he exclaimed, in his jolliest, most ringing tones, as she took him into the room behind the mirror. "Sophy—Mrs. Battledore, Junior, you are going to have a boudoir like a duchess!—a place to sulk in, you know, that's what it means. When her lord on his ducal knees has offered her a tiara of diamonds, and she thinks there ought to have been ear-rings to match, she comes in here and reflects what a brute he is. And as for those two drops of red you are trying to have hysterics over," he said, waving the table-scarf, scornfully, "one can find

when he had quieted and cheered her. "I call this deliciously pretty; and that blue with the roses—could anything be more tasteful? And that little statue of Love whetting his arrows?"

A pang shot through Sophy's heart. She was glad she had destroyed the little shoes and the perfumed gloves, and said nothing about them.

As for her misgivings concerning the price of the house and its real value, Andrew did not see anything in them. He was sure the knickknacks would be more than paid for—but if it was a good bargain, why, let them congratulate themselves.

you are trying to have hysterics over," he said, So she allowed herself to be made easy, and the waving the table-scarf, scornfully, "one can find house was bought, and their trunks and packing-



MUSIC OF ALL NATIONS.— BUSSIAN MUSICIANS.— SEE PAGE 318.

a thousand explanations of them. Why, see there," he went on, pointing to the desk, "don't you see that the lock has been wrenched open? Key mislaid, I dare say—no time to call in lock-smith—impatient person forces it open with delicate little hands—gets hurt—catches up the first thing to wipe off the blood—and there you are!"

And, indeed, what satisfied Sophy more than the words was that the steel plate about the keyhole was found, on examination, full of sharp little embellishments, such as might easily tear the finger-tips of any one trying hurriedly to break it open.

"Isn't it jolly!" said Andrew, looking about |

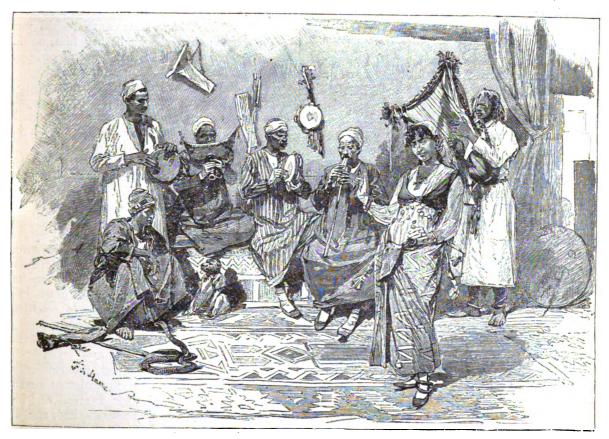
boxes were brought into it, and their modest wedding-presents of silver and glass placed well in view on the sideboard. Mrs. Chisholm was retained, after all; Sophy found that she improved on acquaintance; she was very quiet and silent, but had clear ideas about her duties.

While Andrew was with her, Sophy was quite contented with her new home. She grew even to feel a certain pride in the possession of those pretty flower-vases and musical instruments and foreign books. She had altered the arrangement of the furniture as much as possible, had tried to purge, to exercise it, so to speak. Her bedroom looked now, as much as it could with antecedents





SERVIAN GUITARISTS.



▲ SOUDANESE ORCHESTRA.

so fond of pink and blue, sober and sedate—like herself. It must be confessed that when Andrew thoughtlessly praised something that must have been in her taste, that conjecturably weak-minded Mrs. Huggins's, Sophy was set at once to planning, in the silence of her little soul, how it might be altered past recognition, or got rid of entirely. So the porcelain Cupid and several other mythological dignitaries found their way to the attic; so the dumpy blue chairs and sofa were swaddled in thrifty chintz covers; so the crystal chandelier was dimmed at once, and protected from the flies by a bag of green tarlatan.

And in the forenoon, while she was very busy, she was still happy enough, even though Andy had gone to the office. And in the afternoon she did not yet find herself heavy on her own hands. It was with the approach of night that a chill uneasiness began to creep through her; chiefly when "Old Plummer" kept Andrew later than usual, and tea-time passed, and the cozy had to be drawn over the tea-pot, and the muffins sent back into the kitchen. Then something strange seemed to her to pervade the air, something antipathetic to warm flesh and blood. Long sighs came through the crevices under the doors, and a faint smell of mold. mixed with a hint of that unknown perfume which had been in the forlorn little gloves and bits of ribbon. Sophy at such times would sit quite still, instinctively trying to make herself small, wishing that Mrs. Chisholm would come in, yet not daring quite to lift her voice and call. She always laughed at herself, however, as soon as Andrew had got home, and begun to tell her the events of the day, while she poured his tea.

Small need to say that though the bouloir had been put in scrupulous order, it was severely closed in behind its mirrors, and as much as possible ignored. Only, as a good housekeeper cannot let things go to ruin for want of care, Sophy one afternoon took a fine dust-cloth and overcame her prejudices so far as to betake herself to the little bouloir with the best of housewifely intentions.

Her heart stood still as she pushed open the narrow glass doors, and looked between them. Dear Heaven! how could such a thing be? Was she dreaming? The little room was in exactly the same condition as she had first seen it; the sky-light open and the carpet under it wet with rain; the desk, which she had naturally closed and pushed back against the wall, was open and in its old place; the drawers under the library were all drawn out in an uneven, disorderly, hurried way; books were lying about; the table-scarf was dragged off the table, in just the old fashion; and in the air floated that same hated yet sweet perfume which she had oftentimes fancied fleet-

ing before her through the halls at gloaming, accompanied by the faintest possible rustle of feminine dresses.

She scarcely knew how she got down into the kitchen to Chisholm. She looked like a poor little ghost of herself.

"Chisholm, have you been up-stairs in the boudoir?" she asked, with a quiver in her voice.

"No, ma'am." said Chisholm, at once, without looking up from the towel she was hemming. "You said you had rather take care of it yourself, on account of the Venetian glass as needs such care in dusting."

"That is so—but——" Her voice faltered, and

she sank into a kitchen-chair, looking hard at Chisholm. That person appeared as composed as ever, but, somehow, on this occasion a strong mistrust of her entered Sophy's soul. She reflected a few moments, closely watching that common, pale, unexpressive face, then rose, having concluded to say nothing further. If she told her what she had seen, and the servant knew really nothing about it, as Sophy had a sickening fear she might not, the woman would, perhaps, be scared, and wish to leave her; and she certainly couldn't bear being left alone in that house, she was so frightened. And Andrew that night would not be home until late, quite late, he had said! "Old Plummer" was exacting night-labor from his clerks, as it was the last day in the month.

Well, she must be as brave as she could until he got home; then she would beg him, on her knees if necessary, to take her home at once—or at least to some respectable boarding-house.

So she helped Chisholm to get tea ready with as much appearance of case as she could assume. Then she went up into her own bedroom, and lit all the lights, and sat in a low chair with her work, to wait for Andrew.

The time went but slowly. She stitched and stitched, and did her best to think of pleasant things, but when she looked up to the clock to see how many hours had passed, she found it was only minutes since she last looked. The house seemed to her full of faint noises. Every now and then she was made half sick by the sound of a muffled tread in the hall below; her fancy would accompany the ghostly footstep up the stair-way; it would seem to stop just outside her door; she would strain her senses to catch the door-knob beginning to turn slowly—and then would realize that the sound was only the blood in her own ears.

in its old place; the drawers under the library were all drawn out in an uneven, disorderly, hurried way; books were lying about; the table-scarf was dragged off the table, in just the old fashion; and in the air floated that same hated yet sweet perfume which she had oftentimes fancied fleet-

She should know it in a thousand. She jumped up joyfully, took her candle, and, freed suddenly of all her fear, ran down to meet him.

In the turn where the mirror stood she stopped. It was half open; yet she had closed it tight—that she knew surely. The most ordinary interpretation of the circumstance being the only one to present itself to her mind with Andrew's well-known footfall coming up the street, she thought, "That treacherous Chisholm—I shall eatch her at it now!" and burst into the boudoir.

She could not even scream. It stood at the further end, a gray thing, against the background of gold-lettered books dimly visible in the light from the candle that shook in her hand. outlines of it were rather misty, but after a few seconds, to Sophy's starting eyes it became quite clear. The face, framed in a mass of red-gold hair, seemed horribly pale; the eyes were large and hight and fixed, ringed with a lived hue. They were full upon Sophy, with an unblinking, stony stare, at which she felt her blood freeze and her She could not move. The apparition, as well, stood quite still, and Sophy dared not withdraw her gaze from it. A whiff of that wellknown perfume came to her nostrils, mingled again with that strange, unpleasant suggestion of mold. of extinction.

She never knew how long she stood so petrified. A sound outside made her turn. Thank God! Chisholm, with her lamp, slowly climbing the stairs on her way to bed. She gasped her name. The servant stood in the door-way, with an inquiring glance. Sophy pointed to the thing. Chisholm's eyes followed her mistress's hand, then returned to her face with a puzzled expression.

- "What is it, ma'am?" she asked, softly.
- "Do you see nothing?" whispered Sophy.
- "Where, ma'am? There? Just the book-case, ma'am."

"That woman, with the hair, and the awful

"There isn't any one, ma'am. Oh, ma'am—poor thing, are you feeling ill?"

And she put her arm around Sophy's shoulders to support her, and drew her to the divan, where she forced her to sit. Sophy then saw the tall, slight figure move. Without a sound, and still with its eyes fixed upon her, it gained the door. A strange, malicious, terrifying expression passed over the wonderfully beautiful features. Suddenly two rows of ghastly white teeth flashed through an evil grin, and when Sophy, who shuddered and closed her eyes tight to shut it out, looked again, she and Chisholm were alone, and a long, shrill peal from the little bell that had so jarred upon her nerves that first day rang wildly through the house, rousing every least echo in it.

"I rang-of course it was I," said Andrew, later, chafing her chilled hands and applying salts to her nostrils. "And as for what you tell me, you poor darling thing, you have been overworking lately, trying to set such a luminous example to heads of households, and you have made yourself quite nervous. Chisholm's told me all about it. Of course I don't mean to be disagreeable, dear, but it is all nonsense about the house being haunted, and that creature with the hair. And you evidently forgot, and hadn't tidied up the place as you supposed. There, drink that, little goose, and you'll feel better. And to-morrow we'll write to one of the girls to come and stay with you and cheer you up. Which shall it be-Janet or Bab?"

It was sister Bab who came, and Sophy was presently chaffed and scolded into half disbelieving her own senses; whereby she became a most interesting personage to herself, as having a delicate, nervous organization which must receive constant attention and never be overtaxed.

Andrew. while her pallid, shattered condition lasted, brought her home little bunches of flowers, and Bab and he were laboriously cheerful in her presence. In a few days she had, in a measure, regained her spirits, but on one thing she insisted: that, if they could not move away at once, at least as soon as an occasion presented itself the house should be given up at the same figure which had acquired it, else she should think Andrew did not care for her, or at least that he loved a bargain better.

So Andrew made it known to the old gentleman through whom he had chanced to hear of the house that it was again for sale, and with a sigh tried to reconcile himself to the hardships attending marriage with doves of nervous temperament.

Sophy did not have to wait very long. It was only a few days after the memorable night that Bab came to tell her a lady was below who wished to see her about the house.

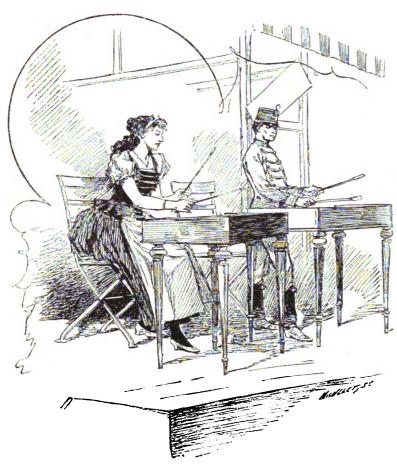
She went down at once, with a joyful impulse to say all she honestly could in praise of the little house where she had been so miserable. The lady stood near the mantel-piece, with her back toward the door through which Sophy entered. She was dressed in the height of fashion, in a dark street costume, glittering with jet.

When she had been standing there a few seconds, unnoticed, Sophy coughed slightly. Her visitor turned at once, and when her eyes fell upon her face, Sophy was obliged suddenly to lean on the nearest arm-chair. There was the mass of red-gold hair, those were the large light eyes.

"I hope I have not inconvenienced you, madam," said a musical voice, "by calling so early; but——"

Sophy, following an ungovernable impulse,

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MUSIC OF ALL NATIONS.— HUNGARIAN CYMBALIERS.— SEE PAGE 318.

had touched the bell, and Chisholm stood in the door-way.

"Do you see her?" said Sophy, in a hoarse aside.

Chisholm nodded, gravely.

An expression of great amusement curved the lady's lips; two rows of magnificent pearly teeth flashed for a second in Sophy's eyes, then their laughter was politely extinguished in a lace hand-kerchief, from which was borne to Sophy's nostrils that charming, familiar fragrance.

Strangely, as she became less frightened, Sophy became more annoyed. She eyed the stranger haughtily. She was exquisitely beautiful, not a bit pale to-day; indeed, the deep, soft rose on her cheek seemed more than nature.

She met Sophy's severe glance without the least hint of embarrassment, and went on talking in the most business-like manner about her intended acquisition of the house.

"Oh, no," she said, when her easy manner had restored to the bewildered Sophy a little of her case. "I don't care to visit the house. I have been in it before. Mrs. Huggins was a good friend of mine—an excellent friend. Indeed, that reminds me of a point where, perhaps, you can be

of assistance to me. When I last was here—it was just before Mrs. Huggins left—I lost something, which there is just a chance you may have found." She opened a jeweled locket that hung by a broad ribbon about her neck. "I mean the portrait once contained in this. The glass must have fallen out with it."

Sophy remembered at once, and ran up-stairs to get the ink-stained effigy.

"Is this it?" she asked, handing it to the stranger. "It was black like that when I chanced to find it."

The stranger took it, and examined it with eyebrows arched sharply over her luminous light eyes.

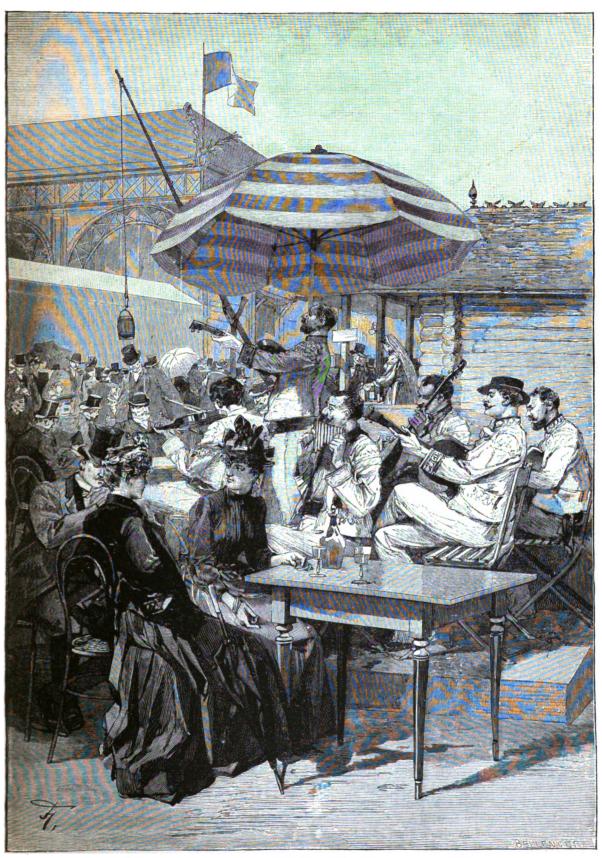
"Yes, that is it. But how strange!" she went on, as if to herself; "how very strange!"

Presently, however, as if giving up the solution to some puzzling question, she put it in the locket, and shut that with a snap.

"I am very much relieved," she said, pleasantly, "and I thank you, and hope you will



A PROVENÇAL TAMBOURINAIRE.



THE ROUMANIAN LAUTARS, OR GYPST MUSICIANS, AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

forgive the trouble I have given you. You know how one sometimes cares to have a trifle no one else can see any use in."

As she rose to go she cast her eyes all about the altered drawing-room, with an ill-disguised expression of disgust; and when they lighted on the green tarlatan bags about the crystal sconces and chandelier, she muttered, "Bourgeoises!"

But Sophy did not know French, and Mrs. Orrery's visit (such was the name on the fair lady's card) left her with a heart lighter than it had been since the day she first set foot in that quiet house in the quiet street.

It was months, however, before Sophy's mind was quite at rest. She had at last, impatient of Andrew's commonplace explaining away of every mysterious circumstance she could recall, determined never to refer again to anything relating to No. 17, which did not, however, prevent her puzzling over it a good deal at odd moments, when, one day, as she was going shopping with one of her boarding - house acquaintances, a worldly, talkative little person, the gold-red-haired lady passed them in an open carriage.

"Who is she?" said Sophy, eagerly, perceiving that her friend followed her with a face of recognition as long as she was in sight.

"Don't you know? Truly? Where have you lived all these years? It is Lina Bonastelle."

And at a request for further information she went on, volubly: "She's an actress. Such an actress! You should see her do 'The Lady of the Frozen Heart, 'or 'Servirol.' When she laughs in the mad scene in 'Servirol,' you are simply goose-flesh all over. She has such a romantic story, too—but I'll tell you that another day, for I must really leave you now. Well, if you must have it, in two words, then. She was married to Orrery-Hon. Felix Orrery-for a whole year before any one knew it. If his Presbyterian uncle, on whom rested most of his expectations, had known he had married a lady on the stage, you see, he would without a doubt have disinherited him. It was said, when for nine days or so her affairs became town-talk, that she had a house in a quiet, out-of-the-way little street, where they could meet safely, and be happy undisturbed. She managed very cleverly. There was a friend, an intriguing little nobody-in-particular, with lots of reddish hair like her own, whom she took into her confidence, and sometimes left in her place to represent her; they looked enough alike for that, and the situation was piquante—Lina enjoying the peace of domestic life in her quiet little house, while her friend received the troublesome people to whom their acquaintance with her from beyond the foot-lights seemed to give a kind of claim on her leisure. But now the friend turns traitor, and takes every sort of advantage of her situation,

which when Lina discovers, the two women quarrel, and Lina's double threatens exposure, which means ruin to Orrery. Lina swallows her pride and rage, which, from what one imagines of her, can't have been a pleasant dose, and does what she can to conciliate and silence her enemy, who at once becomes arrogant and exact-Lina pays without a murmur the debts contracted under her assumed personality—bleeds herself to satisfy the creature's demands. And one fine morning, when, having so provided that if the worst comes to the worst her marriage cannot be proved, she resolves that patience may be safely considered exhausted, and comes to a stand? and defies her enemy—it is all in the papers that the Presbyterian uncle has died and Felix Orrery is his heir."

"I see it all now," said Sophy, suddenly droppring her work and looking up.

"See what?" asked Andrew.

"She came for the photograph," went on Sophy, thinking aloud. "It had his face, and her name, and 'Your affectionate husband,' on it, and was a proof of their marriage, which would be of use to the other woman if she could find it. And in her search for it the actress upset the little room which I had tidied so carefully (for I had tidied it, as I declared before), and unconsciously got the things back in the positions familiar to her—for she was the Mrs. Huggins, of course, who lived there. I suppose she was in a frightful hurry to get away from the little house: when her double threatened to tell about it, and I dare say it was when she needed hush-money! most she sold it. And then, of course, when the uncle died, she wanted it back. And Chisholm. had been her servant, and let her in, pretending: not to see her when I caught her rummaging, that night. Oh, I see it all! And the mistiness; in the outlines was caused by the smoke from the candle she must have blown out when she heard me. She seemed floating in the air. I might! have known that queer smell was the candle. And when she saw I was frightened, she put on that grisly-ghost expression on purpose — mean thing!"

"Will you kindly tell me, Sophy, what you are talking about?" said Andrew, wondering if she had gone mad.

And Sophy set forth fully her theory about the house in the quiet street.

MUSIC OF ALL NATIONS.

MUSICAL instruments are found among the rudest nations, and their development from the simple beginnings to the elaborate modern articles form a study of civilization, and of the constant

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influence of music. The recent Exposition at Paris brought together not merely instruments of curious shape and power, but performers from all countries who could give their native instruments full scope and effect. The result was most interesting, for, in the hands of a performer trained to use it, an instrument that in the hands of an unskilled person gave but unsatisfactory sounds may move and thrill where the master-hand touches it. Servian musicians, in fine blue coats, with white shirts and pantaloons, artistically grouped, drew the attention of many, as from their tambouras (fine-stringed instruments of all cizes) they drew a slow and melancholy music.

Tambour and tambourin look alike in print, but are very different instruments. Alphonse Dandet thus describes Valmajour, the immortal tambourinaire: "He was indeed a striking figure, his yellow vest over his shoulders, his brightred sash contrasting with his snowy linen. His Iong, light tambourin hung by a strap from his left arm, and with the hand of that arm he held a little fife to his lips, while with his right he struck the tambourin, his face expressionless, one foot thrown forward. Small as it was, the fife filled space like a strain of cicadas, just adapted for this limpid, crystalline atmosphere, where every sound vibrates, while the deep-toned tambourin sustained the melody and its flourishes."

Russian music carries us back to the Slav world. The women wear a red skirt trimmed with gold, an apron embroidered in red and blue, a short jacket, white Russian chemise embroidered at the wrist, a necklace of stones of different colors, a red or white diadem with gold embroideries on the head. The men wear a black velvet sleeveless jacket over the red Russian shirt, a red satin cap, with black velvet border, and generally high boots. They play the melodies of Glinka and Tschaikowsky, and some French music. Their concert calls up memories of the steppe, tender and dreamy.

The Roumanian Lantars attracted attention. They are gypsies peculiar to Roumania. Prince Bibesco, the organizer of the exposition of that country, says that Lautar was the name of the leader of a famous Bohemian band, known everywhere for its excellent singing and playing. Great noblemen summoned them to the festivals at their palaces. One day a grandee was entertaining Liest; he summoned Lautar, whose performance astonished the composer. He was so carried away by his enthusiasm, that, after drinking Lautar's health, he filled his glass with gold pieces; then he sat down to a piano and improvised one of his finest compositions. Lautar listened, completely under the charm. Suddenly he beckoned to his companions, who took their instruments, a sil, following their chief, repeated

Liszt's improvisation. The anecdote is charming, and gives some idea of the musical instinct of these people.

Their music has not the absorbing power of the Tziganes; it is more voluptuous. It is a pleasure to see them in their short jackets, trimmed on the back with black, and with red on the sleeves, white pantaloons with black stripes, a red waistcoat and sash; they are swarthy, black-eyed, have well-kept mustaches, little or no beard. Their instruments are the violin, violoncello, cymbal, the cobza, a short-handled lute of large capacity, and Pan's pipes. The melody is vague, with no determined motif, with an occasional light, bright passage, or a strain for dancing. One of their most esteemed pieces is, "The Star," a poem of Alexandri, set to music by Demetri G. Floresco.

Mile. Ilona Covaes and her brother Dego, from Buda-Pesth, executed czardas on the cymbal with wonderful volubility, and won a silver medal.

The Soudanese execute their strange music on a kind of harp, a double flute, a kind of tambourine, and a species of bagpipe, while an Alma dancer moves the feet slightly, but swaying the body, keeping time with the clink of the waistbells and castanets.

China and India are of special interest, as dealing with regions which were the birthplaces of so many of the instruments in use amongst ourselves, changed though these be from their original forms. There seems little doubt, for example, that we owe the harmonium to China, and that instruments played upon with a bow had come originally from India, whither, too, we must refer the original use of "sympathetic strings."

Musical instruments, like all other products of man's handiwork, are subject to the laws of evolution, and each arrived at its present state by gradual stages of improvement. If the genealogies could be all followed back to the earliest stages, most instruments could be referred to such simple original forms as, for example, hollow or solid logs, reeds, or hunters' bows. With the rapid disappearance of the more primitive native instruments, the difficulty of tracing the history of music backward by means of primitive "survivals" increases year by year. Every effort should be made to collect and place on record the simple forms, as from these we greatly derive our ideas of the "dawn" of music. The illustrations in the present number are especially valuable.

A LITTLE Love in the wide world astray
Knocked at the door-way of thy heart, fair maid;
Another Love came forth to him and said:
"Brother of mine, proceed upon thy way;
To seek a shelter thou in vain art come;
Too many of us are here—there's no more room."

—Italian Epigram.

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HERON'S WIFE.

BY ETTA W. PIERCE,

CHAPTER XVII .-- (CONTINUED).

A GUN was leveled at Heron's breast. Vivian struck up the muzzle, and the shot whizzed in mid-air. A club was hurled at the young preacher—he caught the weapon, and laid about him, right and left, so vigorously, that for a moment the whole company swayed backward. Then a stone struck Heron in the forehead. He staggered and fell against his friend. As the latter caught him in his arms, Joe Bagley and his followers hustled both men straight off the steps, and with a shout of triumph sprang to the threshold of the mill.

No farther, for something had suddenly risen there, and barred the way—a woman!

Her silver-white cloak of glacé silk trailed from her shoulders. In her pale, shining dinner-dress, with the Jacqueminot roses in her bosom, and the light from the counting-room shining full upon her, she made a picture well calculated to bring that crowd of rude men to a stand.

There was no sign of fear on her face, no pallor nor tremor. Her large, haughty eyes looked unfunchingly out on Bagley and his company. Beautiful, with the rich queenly beauty that impresses the dullest senses, statuesque as marble, yet intensely alive, she filled the entrance, compelling a silent halt. And as the men stared and gaped, lo! just behind her appeared Jael, tall and straight as a palm, her Juno head rising high above that of her mistress—something menacing in her look and mien, as she sent her black glance outward to the faces of the Blackbirds. There the two stood, blocking the narrow entrance—their bodies the only barrier in the way of forty stalwart mill-burners.

Bagley, breathing out fire and slaughter, like Saul of Tarsus, had one foot planted on the Vol. XXIX., No. 3—21.

threshold when he met the gaze of Jael. A sudden consternation seized the man—he recoiled with a muttered oath—the other Blackbirds recognized her, and made a retrograde movement, also. There was a fresh halt, the clamoring voices died, a hush succeeded. Leaning above Miss Pole's shoulder, Jael looked Bagley full in his evil eyes.

"Go back!" she commanded, like a queen, "and call these others off with you!"

"Traitorous jade!" fumed Bagley. "Come on, Blackbirds!" but the attacking party remained motionless—all save one brawny fellow, who thrust a fresh-lighted torch into the doorway, so close to Sergia Pole that the white ostrichfeathers on her silken cloak shriveled in its flamc. Before she could cry out, Graham Vivian had pushed through the crowd, and reached her side. He dasked the torch from the fellow's hand, and took him by the shoulder.

"Tom," he said, "how is the little lad to-night?"

The man hung his head.

"Rightly, parson."

It was the father of the child that Vivian had rescued from the river.

"Go home to your boy, Tom, and for his sake don't mix in such business as this," said the young preacner. And the man slunk back, and vanished in the crowd.

A few moments of irresolution followed. Doubt and indecision had fallen on the whole movement—perhaps that dark girl, standing repellent and hreatening in the open door, had cast some evil pell upon it. Heron, pale and blood-stained, ut not seriously hurt, seized the opportunity to cramble into a shattered window of the counting-

room. He snatched from his desk a brace of loaded revolvers, and in spite of Bagley's vociferous efforts to drown his voice, he thus addressed the men:

"Those of you who desire work may return to the mills to-morrow, and it will be given youthose who do not, have certainly no call to present yourselves to me at any time. Now, my lads," he concluded, cheerfully, and the light played brightly upon the polished weapons in his hand, "we must consider your little visit ended, and this bit of pleasantry over. I will give you just five minutes in which to quit my premises. If, at the expiration of that time, I find any man inside my gate who has no business here, I shall shoot him. Consideration for your wives and children has alone kept me from defending my property with the means that I had at hand. You have now exhausted my patience — goodnight."

The men on the outskirts of the company vanished first—others followed. The retreat soon became general. Bagley was the last to turn from that door which he dared not enter while Jael impeded his way. He cast one last furious look at the girl, and shook his clinched hand.

"I'll have it out with you some other time!" he cried, and retired, baffled and swearing, in the wake of his followers. Heron swung himself out of the broken window, and joined his friends at the door.

"Are they really gone?" said Sergia Pole, with a suspicion of hysterical laughter in her voice. "May we venture to breathe freely?"

"I think we may," answered Heron; "they will not trouble us again to-night. I did not dream that you possessed such nerve, cousin. But for your presence, and that of your maid, we must have had bloodshed here, and, doubtless, I should have lost the mills."

Vivian turned to Jael. The girl stood listless and sombre, leaning her head against the wall.

"For the second time," he said, in a low voice, "you risk your own safety to help and to save others!"

She cast down her eyes.

"Don't speak of it, sir. If I have power over the Blackbirds, let me use it while I may—it will not"—gloomily—" be for long!"

"Vivian," said Francis Heron, "I must ask you to take Sergia home. I shall remain here with Bruce, and put things to rights for the night. The strikers may have distributed themselves along the high-road, so I advise you to get into a boat, and row up the river."

Sergia was looking at the place in her white cloak which the torch had scorehed.

"I fear it may trouble Mr. Vivian to take me in charge," she said, coldly.

"If you dare trust yourself to me, I shall be only too happy," said Vivian, earnestly.

"I dare!" she replied, with a sudden, bright smile, and gave him her gloved hand.

They went down to the river-bank. The only boat to be found was a little cockle-shell that could not comfortably hold more than two persons. Jael's face fell.

"I will walk by the high-road, miss," she said briefly; "I am not afraid."

A Blackbird herself, and as stalwart as she was courageous, the girl had indeed little to fear. Vivian helped Miss Pole into the boat, and following after, took the oars.

Myriads of stars shone in the purple vault overhead. A late moon was just pushing her orange disk over the ink-black rim of the eastern horizon.

As Vivian glanced backward, he saw Jael standing on the bank, in the shadow of the mills, a tragic figure, motionless as though hewn from granite. Was it the first glimmer of moonlight that made her face so white?

With sombre eyes, she silently watched Sergia Pole and the young preacher as they glided away up the river.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE AUTHOR SPEAFS

For a space neither spoke. The oars proke the current softly. In the dark spaces of sky the shrunken moon climbed higher, with a thin cloud blown, like a veil, across her wan face. Distant lights twinkled on the river-banks. There was no sign anywhere of the strikers—no disturbing element in the universal peace and silence. The events of the last hour might have been a dream but for that scorched and blackened place on Miss Pole's white cloak.

She sat in the boat, with that injured garment slipping back from her shoulders, and showing her close corsage, and the blood-red roses making a dark stain thereon. The elbow-sleeves of fine lace fell away from her full white arms, and one uncoiled tress of hair clung, like a golden serpent, about her milky throat. In that uncertain light she looked supernaturally white and shining.

"Your appearance in the mill-door was most opportune!" began Vivian. "A fortunate thing, indeed, for Heron!"

"Do you think so?" she answered. "I was just wondering if the whole affair did not strike you as rather bold and unmaidenly."

"Could I so misjudge you? It is hard to say how the trouble would have ended but for you and your maid."

She leaned a little toward him. The perfume of the Jacqueminot roses filled his nortrils.

"I have noticed that men do not generally ap-

prove the *outré* things in women. The timid, conventional Miss Priscillas are those who win the admiration of your sex."

He rowed with steady, practiced strokes. The pale light seemed to intensify the flawless symmetry of his face, the profound darkness of his eyes.

"What is your definition of outré things?" he answered. "Not prompt action put forth for a kinsman in peril, I hope."

She laughed softly.

"It was Jael who urged me to seek you at the mills. She knows all the secrets of the Blackbirds; she also possesses some mysterious influence with them. Miss Carbury declares that a wonderful change has come to the girl since you began to preach at Black River."

He grew very grave.

"I have had positive proof of that fact. I only hope that she may not be made to suffer for a heroism that is above praise. Has she relatives, I wonder, who could give her protection in case of need?"

She wondered at his warmth.

"I never heard Jael speak of relatives," she answered, with flagging interest. "She is probably an orphan. It is hard to fancy that handsome, fearless giantess seeking protection of any one."

He made no reply. The moon rose higher, and dropped a little road of light upon the river; into this the boat swept, and glided through its white radiance, as on some enchanted track. The excitement of the night before still throbbed in Sergia's veins and shone in her eyes. She felt a curious exhilaration as she watched Vivian. With that glamour of moonlight on his Greek face, he was absurdly handsome. He impelled the boat onward toward the arch of the bridge, with long, splendid strokes.

"Oh, don't row so fast!" she pleaded, involuntarily; "that is, I mean"—growing confused—"the river—the moon—is so lovely to-night, that one would like to prolong such moments. Will you remember this scene, Mr. Vivian, when other moons shine on you, in the country of the Hottentots?"

He relaxed his speed at her bidding, and let the water slip like ropes of pearl from his uplifted oars.

"I will remember it everywhere—so long as I live," he answered.

"You have chosen a far field of labor." A shadow fell on his face.

"Yes; I have never been able to face certain circumstances in my life with proper courage. I ask nothing better than to go where my name is not, and cannot be, known—where I may forget who and what I am in my work. All fields must

be the same in the sight of God. Africa or Black River—what matter?"

Heron had more than once hinted at the presence of a skeleton in his friend's closet. Sergia seemed now to hear the rattling of its bones.

"Will you ever return, Mr. Vivian, or is your exile to be life-long?"

"Life-long. The kindred who cared for me in my childhood are now dead, and with the exception of Heron, I have no intimate friends. So you will see that exile does not mean to me all that it might to a more fortunate man."

It was very odd, but the composure of his tone filled her with keen exasperation. How could he talk of voluntary, life-long exile without a shadow of emotion? She leaned a little nearer, lifting to his gaze her mocking, dazzling face, with its arched black brows and yellow love-locks.

"You have dedicated yourself to the highest good," she said. "Now look at me! I am of the world, and very worldly! A moralist might draw some painful contrasts betwixt the life you have chosen and that which I hope to enjoy. I mean to be a society belle, Mr. Vivian—a queen in lebeau monde, and outshine all other girls, and drive them wild—quite wild, if possible!—with envy. I mean to wring from life every drop of honey that it holds, and let duty, and all those tiresome, tedious things, severely alone. How shocked you look!" with a little reckless, defiant laugh; "how you must despise me!"

 Λ flush swept up to his temples. He tried to smile.

"You cannot expect me to believe such calumny, Miss Pole—you are simply jesting."

"Not at all. The half has not been told! In me you see the girl of the period, with all her follies. When I think of you, Mr. Vivian, in the days to come, I shall wonder if you have not met some nice, gentle Priscilla among the colonists of those South African towns, and found in her your fate—no frivolous, worldly creature, you know, but a sweet and saintly being, worthy to share such a life as you have marked out for yourself."

At her mockery Graham Vivian's handsome face changed.

"I shall never marry," he answered, in a cold, constrained voice.

"Oh, you have High Church tendencies?"

"Not at all. My future abounds in hardship. Could I ask a woman to share it? Heaven forbid!"

She had drawn off her gloves, and was dabbling one hand in the water over the boat's side. The jewels on the white fingers sparkled softly in the moonlight.

"All women are not selfish and shallow. It is just possible, is it not? that some one—some one—might be quite willing to share your hardship.

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Such things have occurred in the past, you know!"

They had reached the arch of the bridge, and were slipping under it. All the purple silence of the night was upon them—all the charm of wandering winds and shining, unquiet waters. The mysterious night-world of mingled light and shadow seemed fashioned for them alone.

"It is plain that you know nothing of my family history, Miss Pole," said Vivian, in an agitated voice. "I dare say, Heron could not bring himself to speak of it openly while I remained his guest. I will offer to no woman that which is unfit for her acceptance—I mean the name I bear! It is covered with disgrace, and as yet I have done nothing to wipe out its stains. Years ago, I vowed to expiate, so far as possible, in my own person, the misdeeds of one very near of kin —to give myself to the highest and best interests of the world, as some slight atonement for the evil which that other had wrought in his day." His face looked strangely boyish in its pallor and pain. "I cannot speak plainer, Miss Pole-I cannot shock—horrify you with the story."

For a moment or two the splash of the oars was the only sound that broke the stillness. Her eyes shone softly upon him through the dusk.

"Pray do not say another word," she murmured, remorsefully. "I did not mean to lead you to speak of anything unpleasant."

She put out her hand. Satin-soft, shining with jewels, it fell into his own, like a lily a-gleam with dew. As palm touched palm, she felt him tremble, suddenly, violently—this man whom all women admired, and who had never looked twice at any. For the first time, Sergia Pole divined her own power. Her heart gave a mad leap. It was pleasant to discover that, with all his solemn ambitions, his self-immolation, he was only a man!

"I did not mind the unpleasant things," he said, "till I came to Heroncroft—till I saw you. I must go away as soon as possible—a month earlier, at least, than I first intended. God knows," his voice sinking low, "it would have been better for me if I had never seen this place!"

"How flattering to the friends you have made here!" answered Sergia, with lively reproach. "Think of the good you have accomplished at Black River, Mr. Vivian. Not all the Blackbirds are like Joe Bagley—many of them are devotedly attached to you. You ought"—with an arch smile—"you really ought to regret that you must leave Heroncroft at all!"

"And I do—I do!" he confessed, passionately; "I dare not tell you how much! It is the hardest thing in life for me to tear myself from this spot. And yet——"

"And yet?" she echoed, softly, as he paused.

"If I remain here longer, I am lost!"

She made a little movement which shook the red roses suddenly from her bodice to the bottom of the boat. He picked them up.

"Let me keep these," he implored, in a shaken voice.

She shrugged her shining shoulders.

"Poor faded things! Colonel Rivers gave them to me at dinner. Yes, keep them, if you like; they may serve to remind you of this night and—me!"

"I need no reminders," he answered, simply, "since it is impossible for me to forget either. But I would like to possess something that you have touched—that you have worn;" and he slipped the roses into his breast.

The boat drew near to the landing-place—grated against the green river-bank. The moonlight tête-à-tête was over. She had tried her wiles upon him with good success, and now she arose, tall, smiling, beautiful, and stepped ashore.

"Good-night, little boat," she said, sweetly; "good-night, beautiful river; shall I ever see you again in so fair a guise?"

Then she turned to climb the dew-wet bank. In the very act her foot stumbled amid the green things trailing there. She swayed, and as Vivian stretched out an arm to support her, her soft, supple body fell prone against him—yea, upon his very heart—shining dress and perfumed hair, and all the warm white loveliness of throbbing throat and arms half bared. Against his breast she lay for one delirious moment—a marvelous white nestling creature, breathing out her rapture in one long sigh. His arms upheld her—the world seemed passing. Then—who can fathom a girl's caprice?—swift as thought, she gathered herself up, and broke from him with a grand, forbidding air.

"I love you, Sergia!" burst from his unwilling

She grew frigid.

"You forget yourself strangely, Mr. Vivian! In one breath you declare that you can never marry—in the next you dare talk to me of love!"

He hung his head.

"God forgive me! It is true that I have no right to speak the words, but I cannot recall them now—it is too late. I love you—I have loved you ever since you came to Wolfsden!"

"Is not your name unfit for any woman's acceptance?" she said, with a fine mockery in her voice. "Are you not pledged to higher things? I despise a divided allegiance—I despise the person who attempts to compass it!"

He recoiled a step. She saw that she had given him a mortal thrust.

"You can never say anything more cruel than that, Miss Pole!" he answered, hoarsely.



GOING TO SEEK HIS FORTUNE.

She was desperately frightened, and she hurried on from bad to worse.

"I have shown you plainly to-night, have I not," she said, in a softened voice, "that we have nothing in common, Mr. Vivian—nothing!—that there is no middle ground upon which we can meet? Above all things, let us not be ridiculous."

He answered not a word.

"I need not trouble you to go with me farther"—very sweetly. "It will be better for us both to part here. Wolfsden is but a few rods distant, and Jael will wait for me at the gate."

She moved slowly up the bank. He did not try to detain her. If she had expected him to follow, with protest or abject supplication, she was disappointed.

"Good-night, Mr. Vivian," she said, with increasing asperity.

"Good-night, Miss Pole," he answered, in a low voice.

Half-way up the slope she turned and looked back. Would he take his rebuff so quietly? Would he not pursue—call after her? Surely he knew nothing of girls and their ways? Why did he not hurry to her side, and plead and entreat till his dolor was changed to delight? But no! He turned silently, stepped into his little boat, and pushed off down the moonlit stream.

She watched him breathlessly. Why should she care? What could a penniless young preacher, with no worldly prospects, be to her—a beauty, the heiress of a great fortune? Before many months she would have the world at her feet.

She hastened across the high-road to the gate of Wolfsden. There Jael stood waiting, like a dark statue of patience. The keen eye of the handmaid saw that something had gone sadly awry with her mistress.

"Take me home, Jael," said Sergia Pole; "I am very cold and tired—take me home."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE AUTHOR SPEAKS.

SIR GRIFFIN HOPEWOOD was madly in love—yea, hopelessly enslaved in the meshes of the grand passion!

From the perils of a half-dozen London seasons, from the machinations of a score of English dowagers, the blonde baronet had triumphantly escaped, only to fall an easy victim to a little American girl just out of school, with no fortune but her face, and a family record so terrible that even an infatuated lover must shudder to think of it.

And yet, Sir Griffin was stubbornly bent upon making Hazel Ferrers the next Lady Hopewood.

Pride of birth, and class prejudices bred in the bone, failed now to move him. He was very far gone indeed, and love in this practical nineteenth century is the same passion that it was in the days of Cleopatra and that amorous Roman who flung a world away for its sweet sake.

It was a black, starless night, with thunder muttering in the sultry sky. The Wolfsden clocks were chiming twelve, as Sir Griffin, very red in the face, arose from a table in Colonel Rivers's library, where the two men had been playing at cards.

To tell the truth, the baronet did possess a sad weakness for gaming, and in his American friend he had found a kindred spirit, whose skill in games of chance unfortunately surpassed his own.

"As usual, Rivers," he said, "you win, and I lose."

"Better luck next time," smiled the amiable colonel. "Take courage, dear boy!"

Only a man madly infatuated, and with an income of fifty thousand pounds per year, could have borne with equanimity the losses that Sir Griffin had sustained at Wolfsden; for though Pitt Rivers might assure his ward that he always returned his winnings to the baronet's purse, Sir Griffin himself could have told another story.

"By my soul, colonel," said the baronet, "it is plain that

"'The good stars met in your horoscope,"

as in that of Browning's heroine. One always finds you upon the winning side. Did you ever in your life meet with anything that could be called a reverse?"

Rivers gathered up the stakes from the cloth, and put them in his pocket.

"Once!" he answered, laughing, "and it was a staggering experience! True, I have had wonderful success in my dealings with men, but with women"— making a wry face—"the devil's own mishaps! Fate, I suppose, must draw the line somewhere."

"Why, man, in Paris you were known as a confirmed lady-killer," said the baronet.

The colonel shrugged his shoulders.

"Yes, dear boy, but in a few individual cases, where I really cared to succeed, defeat has been sure to overwhelm me! As for these little losses of yours, they are, of course, mere bagatelles. You are well equipped against such 'slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,' you know, for your ancestors were thoughtful enough to heap up riches for you ages before your birth. Now"—looking at his watch—"my advice is like Lady Macbeth's, 'To bed—to bed!"

"The heat indoors is unbearable to-night," said Sir Griffin. "I must go out for a turn in the garden before I sleep."

"Then comfort yourself with a choice Manilla," arged the colonel, as he offered his cigar-case. "Should you meet any Blackbirds, you need feel no alarm, for your pockets, fortunately, are relieved of the filthy lucre which might tempt the rotues to make an onslaught upon you."

Sir Griffin helped himself to a weed, and sauntered forth upon the terrace for a breath of cooler zir. He stopped to look up at the white-draped window of Hazel Ferrers's chamber, but all was dark and still there; doubtless she was asleep—his beautiful darling! He kissed his hand to the curtained casement, then lighted his cigar, and was about to move on, when he suddenly heard an odd sound close beside him—the stifled moan of some creature in pain. Sir Griffin was rather soft-hearted than otherwise. With an unpleasant start, he looked quickly around.

The lights were out along that side of the house—deep darkness covered the terrace—he could discern nothing. He listened. The moans were repeated. Plunging a kand into his pocket, the baronet found a match, and touched it to his lighted eigar. A tiny flame spurted up, and by its feeble glimmer he discerned a woman crouching at his very feet, her bady bent, as if in physical agony, her arms, from which the sleeves hung in shreds, clasped about her knees, her forehead bowed upon them.

Never had Sir Griffin seen such arms! They were bloody and torn, as from the strokes of a lash, and seamed with livid ridges from wrist to shoulder. Her neck, partially revealed by a disordered dress, bore the same red wounds—marks of brutal blows, lately administered.

Sir Griffin recoiled in horror and amazement at the sight.

"Hallo)!" he cried; "what is this?"

The apparition leaped to her feet, as if in dire alarm. By the expiring match he had just time to observe that she was tall of stature—that her hair fell in loosened braids on her wounded shoulders—that her pale face was smeared in a ghastly way with the blood of the arms against which it had rested. Then out went the match, scorehing the baronet's fingers with its last glow. There was a scampering of swift feet along the terrace, and all was still again.

Sir Griffin stood and pondered. Who was that poor lacerated creature? Should he call Colonel Rivers, to investigate the matter? On second thought, he preferred to talk with Martin. He stepped down from the terrace, and started off toward the stables, in quest of that faithful watchman.

The garden was very still. An evergreen hedge, as tall as the baronet's comely head, bordered the path he had taken. As he tramped along by this verdant screen, puffing thought-

fully at his cigar, he was not a little startled to hear his own name softly pronounced:

"Sir Griffin Hopewood!"

He stopped.

"Who calls me?" he demanded. The answer came from the other side of the evergreens.

"A friend. Stay where you are, Sir Griffin, and I will speak a few words to you in confidence."

A feminine voice, sweet and refined—no servant's certainly. What hocus-pocus was at work in Wolfsden to-night? Annoyed, yet curious, Sir Griffin attempted to part the barrier of green twigs—it resisted him firmly. He tried to look over its top—all was darkness there. The owner of the voice uttered a quick protest.

"Hold, sir! If that is your game, I shall run away, and you will be the loser. You walk abroad late, even for a lover. Have you been gambling again with Colonel Rivers?"

"The deuce!" muttered Sir Griffin.

"Permit me to offer you a bit of advice," continued the unseen party. "Quit America, at least this portion of it, as soon as possible. You made a great mistake, sir, when you came to Wolfsden, in answer to Rivers's invitation. You had played with him in Paris—you knew the man, and something of the marvelous luck that attends him everywhere. Bah! you are, at best, but a tame hare, Sir Griffin! Go back now to England, and marry your cousin, Lady Penelope, and forget the Yankee witch who has caught you in her toils here at Black River!"

Sir Griffin's face burned angrily.

"Your voice betrays your sex. For what purpose, madam, do you hide thus from sight, and attack me in the dark?"

"Ungrateful man! You are angry because I try to serve you! You cannot see that I am really your friend. Perhaps you think me a Blackbird. I have good reasons for hiding in the dark—one is, that I may speak my mind in covert, but must remain silent in open field. Listen now, and keep your temper. You are desperately in love. You adore Miss Ferrers; but you will never marry her! Cooler days will come, and calmer judg-You think that you have already been shocked enough; but a new and darker revelation awaits you—how you will receive it remains to be seen. Sir Griffin, you come of a race as old as the Tudors. Did you ever hear of an ancestor who could choose for a wife the daughter of a professional thief? Did the Hopewood blood ever mix with a stream so tainted? Not even a Circe could have tempted your father, or your father's father, to so disgrace himself. It seems that you crossed the Atlantic only to bring shame to your family name—to break the heart of the present Lady Hopewood. Wait-! Your foolish

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infatuation will soon be shaken to its very foundation-before another month goes by you will be in England again, treading your native heath, a sadder and wiser man."

This was more than human patience could en-What creature at Wolfsden dared to talk to him like this? With a bound he cleared the tall hedge; but the party on the other side was too quick for him. He thrust an arm into the darkness, and clutched at something that slipped softly away, leaving a portion of itself in his grasp.

Sir Griffin felt that it would be useless to pursue the fugitive, so, with an exclamation of disgust, he resumed his walk, holding the trophy obtained in his plunge across the hedge. When the pity," acknowledged Martin, "and she isn't

he reached the lamp which burned before the stables, he found that his prize was a feminine wrap of dark-blue cloth, with the dew of the evergreens upon it. He called to Martin, who was just coming forth from the stable-door.

"Halloo! Martin-do you know of anybody at Wolfsden who wears a garment like this?"

Martin examined the wrap closely.

"Yes, sir—I've seen it before—I'll take my Bible oath that it is the property of Jael-Miss Pole's maid."

"Ah! a servant of the house? Is she a malicious person, Martin, given to walking in the shrubbery late at night?"

"Well, sir, she walks in the shrubbery, more's

always particular about the company she keeps there; but I never thought her malicious."

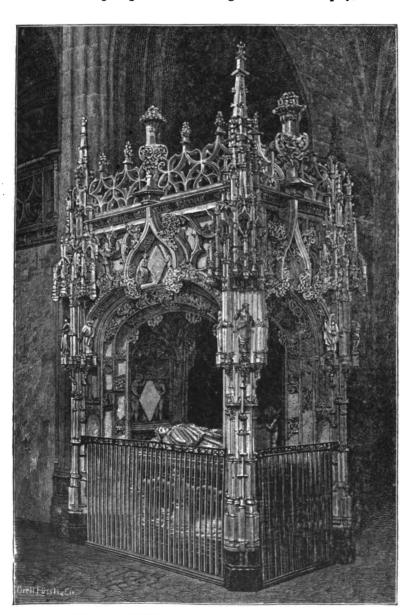
Sir Griffin tossed him the blue wrap.

"Give that back to her, Martin," he said, "and tell her that another offense like the one which she committed to-night will be brought immediately to the ear of her employers."

He was more irritated and annoved than he cared to show. Had his love affairs and Miss Ferrers's family history become the talk of the Wolfsden kitchen? winced at the bare thought. But, strange to say, the party behind the hedge had not talked like a servant. could Miss Pole's waitingmaid know of his ancestryof his cousin, Lady Penelope -of the horror that his American mésalliance was likely to create at Hope Hall? More than all, what was the new and darker revelation that was to be made concerning Hazel Ferrers?

"By the way, Martin," said Sir Griffin, striving to assume a sang-froid which he did not feel, "has any person-a woman, for instance-been hurt at Wolfsden to-night? Have you heard outcriesgroans-anywhere about?"

"No, sir!" answered the astonished Martin.



LAKE BOURGET AND BAMBLES NEAR IT .- TOMB OF MARGARET OF AUSTRIA IN THE CATHEDRAL OF BROU. - SEE PAGE 335.

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"Don't stare, man," said the baronet, irritably. "By Jove! I have good reasons for asking! You are watching alone, I see. Any Blackbirds in the garden?"

"Not to my knowledge, sir. They've kept mighty still since the colonel came backgone into retirement, I suspect. There's a strike on at Heron's Mills, and our neighbor is getting the benefit of their deviltry just now."

"Ah!"

· "As for Joe Bagley, he hasn't shown himself, of late -he's afraid of the colonel, maybe. Jael, his sweetheart, has strict orders to jilt him; but women are queer cattle. If that girl was in the garden to-night, dropping such toggery as this "-indicating the blue wrap-"I'll bet my life Bagley wasn't far away!"

"Martin, is this Jael a tall, dark creature, with a head

like a Medusa?"

"Well, sir, I've no acquaintance with Mejusa," replied honest Martin, "but Jael is dark enough, tall enough-good-looking, I call her; but that's a matter of taste."

A sudden light broke upon Sir Griffin.

"By Jove!" he muttered; "the woman on the terrace!"

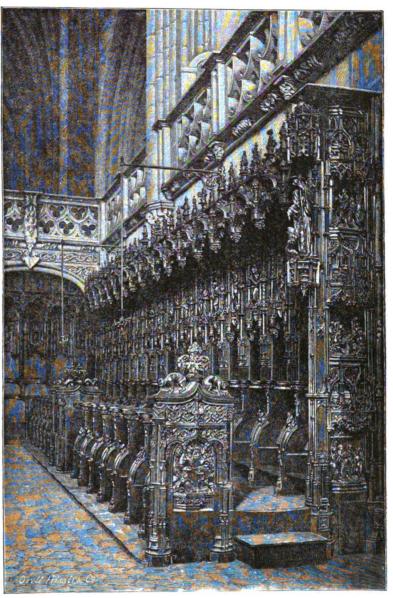
Doubtless she had met her ruffian-lover, and he had

beaten her—nothing better was to be expected of a Blackbird. Could the baronet accept this solution to the mystery?—could he believe that the moaning, writhing creature of the terrace was the same lively party that had intercepted him, a few moments later, on his walk to the stables?

"Gad!" he muttered, more puzzled than ever, "I can't make it out!"

"You look a good deal upset, sir," said the uncomprehending Martin. "Sit down on this bench. I've a bottle of wine here—I'll pour you a glass."

Sir Griffin absently appropriated a seat by the stable-wall. He was upset - sorely perplexed. Martin brought the wine, and a tolerably clean tumbler.



STALLS IN THE CHURCH OF BROU.

"Mrs. Steele sent out this bottle to comfort me in the small hours," he said; "the colonel's housekeeper has a kind heart, sir-she knows the sort or night that parches a man's throat."

Sir Griffin filled the glass, and emptied it; then made a wry face.

"The flavor of Mrs. Steele's wine is abominable!" he answered. "I hope your solitary vigils may be cheered by the stuff, Martin." And as a flash of lightning broke over the dark shrubbery, he added: "There's a tempest impending-I must face back to the house."

Martin went to replace the bottle in some nook known only to himself. While doing this, a noise in the garden arrested his attention. He seized his gun from a rack on the wall, and made nimbly for the hedge. Nothing moved there—the

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graveled paths stretched silent and empty under the black trees—a white moth flew on dusty wings about his lautern—the thunder muttered in the sultry sky, but that was all.

When, after a long patrol, Martin returned to the stable, he found, to his surprise, that Sir Griffin had not moved from the bench by the wall. How long did the baronet intend to embarrass poor Martin with his company?

"It was a false alarm," began the servant; "nothing is astir anywhere, sir."

Sir Griffin did not answer. His head had fallen on his breast—he was breathing deeply and heavily. Martin ventured to touch him.

"The hour grows late," he said, "and the rain is beginning to fall, sir-better get under shelter at once."

But still the baronet did not move or speak. Martin bent and looked in his face.

Mrs. Steele's wine of doubtful flavor had taken swift and startling effect upon the colonel's English guest. He lay helpless and inert against the rough bench, and by the light of the stable-lamp Martin saw that he was buried deep in a drugged, unwholesome sleep.

CHAPTER XX.

HAZEL SPEAKS.

"Heart, are you great enough

For a love that never tires?

O heart, are you great enough for love?

I have heard of thorns and briers."

I STOOD before the mirror, dressed for Colonel Rivers's ball.

Surely the doors of fairy-land had opened to me! Could that radiant young creature in white tulle and snowy ribbons, with splendid, liquid eyes full of happiness, be Hazel Ferrers? Jael pulled into place a fold of my shining drapery, adjusted my full soft sash, and brought me a basket of roses, which Sir Griffin had just sent up to the dressing-room.

Should I wear the Jacqueminot or the Maréchal Niel? One was too red, the other too yellow. I selected a cluster of pale-pink beauties, like a débutante's blush, and fastened it in my coreage. Sergia, clothed, like myself, in whitest tissues, watched me with a smile on her beautiful lips.

"Hazel, you can never look more lovely, even when you wear all the family jewels of the Hopewoods! In that dazzling fleece, to what shall I compare you?"

"A lamb ready for the sacrifice!" muttered the husky voice of Jael.

I gave a nervous start—the words had a sinister sound.

"Fie! Jael, you are too tragic," laughed Sergia. "Sir Griffin will surely think of some gether.

better thing to say, when he meets Miss Ferrers on the stair. Oh!"—her voice changing suddenly—"what is that, Jael?—what is the matter with your poor arm?"

For the girl's sleeve had caught on my dainty rose-basket, and we both saw that, from the wrist upward, her olive-tinted flesh was all swollen and discolored.

"It's nothing, miss," answered Jael, in confusion; "an accident—a mere scratch! It's healing fast." And she hurriedly drew the sleeve into place, and leaning over the dressing-table, as though to avoid our eyes, began to fumble among the boxes there.

Sergia, absorbed in more weighty thoughts, went up to the mirror, from which I had just retired, and looked at herself critically.

"You will do!" she said, nodding, mockingly, to the image in the glass.

Her long, dazzling throat and bare shoulders arose shining from her tulle dress. Flowers, as white as her draperies, filled her bodice. The only color about her was her crown of yellow hair.

"The ball-room is delightful, Hazel," she said, turning to me; "and the supper-room beyond all praise. Certainly my guardian has spared neither money nor pains to make us happy to-night."

"And are you happy, Sergia?" I asked, logically.

She extended one hand for Jael to button the long glove.

"How can you propound such a foolish question? If my heart was breaking, would I acknowledge it on an occasion like this? Hazel, I wonder if poor papa knows that I am making ready for my first ball, and he but a few months dead? I am superstitious enough to fancy that this night will bring me ill-luck."

"Did you not tell me once that it was not for you and me to find our elders in scruples?" I answered, just as Miss Carbury, in heliotrope satin and point lace, fluttered into the dressing-room. She had overheard our last words.

"My dear Sergia." she said, plaintively, "of myself I would never dare to do this thing; but the idea of a ball originated, as you know, with the colonel, and he can make no mistakes. Whatever he says or thinks is always quite right. If he considers it proper for you to dance, why, you may safely do so, of course. It is not for you or me to question his admirable judgment."

Sergia shrugged her white shoulders.

"Great is your faith, when you can defer to a man in such matters, Miss Carbury," she answered, dryly. "Well, then, I will dance, and upon you and my guardian all the responsibility of my frivolity shall rest."

After that we went down to the ball-room together.

What can a girl write of her first ball? In all 1 her life there will never be another so full of chmour and delight. Let me try to set down in order the events of that memorable night—the last happy night which I, as Hazel Ferrers, was ever to know. At the foot of the broad, shallow stair, lined with palms and flowering plants, Sir Griffin met me.

"I am an abominable dancer, he said, ruefully. . "You could not find a worse one, if you tried; but now, at the very beginning of the evening, I want you to promise that you will dance with no one but myself, Hazel."

The despotism of love was pleasant to me because of its novelty. I promised readily enough. How could I care to dance with any but my handsome lover?

It all comes back to me as I write—the ballroom, with its polished floor and innumerable wax-lights: the crowds of fine people, the jewels, the shining tissues, the perfumes, the flowers that filed every nook and corner, the whirlwind of the violins, the "dancers dancing in tune"-all the delightful things that made up the total of the night's enchantment.

A little while after we had left our post by Miss Carbury I missed Sergia, and began to look around for her. She was dancing with her guardian. The ease and grace displayed by Rivers, his perfect mastery of the art, made him the envy of all the males in the room; but Sergia's eyes seemed constantly turning to the door with a watchful expectancy.

"I wonder if our Heroncroft neighbors are here?" I said to Sir Griffin, who was whirling me through a figure. His step was elephantine, his face the hue of a boiled lobster; but I had made up my mind to suffer and be strong, and I capered on with him, like a Manad.

"Mr. Vivian hasn't appeared," he answered. "I suppose one could hardly expect a clergyman to countenance balls. But I saw Heron in the hall just now, in company with an old party of imposing presence—a Judge—— Really, I'didn't catch the name."

My heart leaped into my throat. My grandfather! He was there—under that very roof! Francis Heron had brought him to the colonel's ball!

"I think I must rest a little, Sir Griffin," I gasped; "pray take me to a seat!"

We stopped near a portière, under which Mrs. Van Wert chanced to be standing, in conversation with Gwen Talcott and a gentleman — yes, Francis Heron himself. The charming widow thrust out an ostrich-feather fan, with tortoiseshell mounts, and a monogram in diamonds, and touched me lightly on the shoulder.

at you. Ah, Mr. Heron, is she not like something just out of a frame?"

I stopped, and stared at Mrs. Van Wert in unsophisticated admiration. She was marvelously attired in pale-blue brocade, with a garniture of priceless old lace, like hoar-frost. Magnificent diamonds sparkled on her plump neck and arms, and in her fluffy red hair. These were the jewels of which I had often heard, but never before seen. So dazzled was I that I failed to hear Heron's answer. But Gwen Talcott spoke up briskly:

" Many things are contained in frames-melons, for instance, and early cucumbers. Mr. Heron, have you congratulated the future Lady Hopewood? For my own part, I am ready to quarrel with Sir Griffin for capturing such a American girls for their own countrymen, say I! There ought to be a national law prohibiting the exportation of our choice feminine products to effete Europe."

Heron offered his congratulations, but very coldly. The pretty widow continued to regard me with a critical eye.

"A young girl is like a butterfly in the chrysalis state," she said, with a charming air of wis-"One thinks her tame - commonplace, perhaps, till an occasion like this comes, and presto! her wings spread, and you see all her beauty unfolded. What a pair of arms! No sculptor ever dreamed of anything lovelier! Let me try the effect of jewels upon such flesh."

And before I knew what she was about to do, she had snatched the diamond bracelets from her own wrists, and slipped them upon mine.

With the exception of Sergia's little ring, and the plain gold band that Sir Griffin had put on my hand, I possessed no ornaments. The bracelets were superb. They clasped my flesh like bands of white fire; and I, a foolish child, with a feminine passion for trinkets, could only gaze at the wonderful, blazing things in a transport of admiration.

Heron frowned; Sir Griffin smiled.

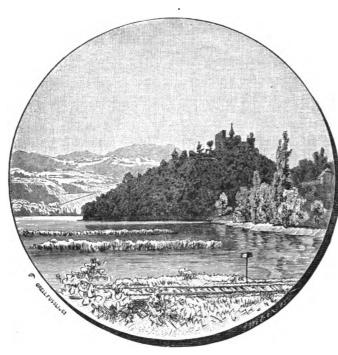
"Never believe, my dear Hazel, that 'beauty unadorned is adorned the most," laughed Mrs. Van Wert. "That saying is grossly false! Confess, now, that your arms are doubly dazzling in these diamond fetters! You can see for yourself that you were made expressly for such display."

I was silly enough to like this flattery. During my sojourn at Wolfsden my vanity had been well fed. I touched the bracelets caressingly, turning them on my wrists in unconcealed delight.

"Oh, I would like to wear them always!" I stammered. "You must be very, very happy, Mrs. Van Wert, in the possession of such treas-

"Pooh!" scoffed blunt Gwen Talcott. "You "Stop, child!" she implored, "and let me look | little simpleton! Yours is the greater treasure!

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LAKE BOURGET AND RAMBLES NEAR IT.— CHATILLON CASTLE. SEE PAGE 335.

I would rather own the arms than Mrs. Van Wert's diamonds!"

I suddenly perceived that I was indeed a simpleton. Ashamed of my folly, I tore off the bracelets in such haste that one fell to the floor. Heron picked it up—examined it with the air of a connoisseur. A curious expression appeared on his sallow face.

"May I ask where these jewels were purchased?" he said to Mrs. Van Wert.

"In the East," she answered. "I have heard my late husband say that they once belonged to an Indian rajah. They are, as you doubtless perceive, of the finest water."

He bowed without a word, clasped the bracelet on her wrist, and turning abruptly, went away into the crowd. My scattered wits returned.

"Oh, I must speak with Mr. Heron?" I cried. "I have something important to say to him!" and I broke from Sir Griffin, and darted recklessly after our Heroncroft neighbor. He plunged into the thickest of the throng—I followed. His small, lean figure disappeared from my sight, but still I pursued.

"Whither so fast?" said the voice of Sergia. As I glanced backward, I saw her at my shoulder, still attended by Colonel Rivers. Her fair face wore a bored, fatigued look.

"I perceive that you are lost, Miss Ferrers," laughed the colonel; "shall we take you in charge?"

"I am searching for a—a—friend," I faltered.
"Is not the ball delightful?"

"I find it very stupid," answered Sergia. "There is positively no one here."

"Why, I thought everybody had come but Mr. Vivian!" I gasped, and pushed desperately on after Heron. I came up with him in the hall, which had been transformed into a bower of bloom.

"Stay, Mr. Heron!" I implored, and he turned about, with an air of surprise, and waited for me to speak. I looked at him, but the words would not come. At the same moment the band struck up a waltz.

"Do you dance round dances?" said Heron, politely.

"I—that is, I don't know," I answered, incoherently. "I have promised Sir Griffin."

"Of course!" bitterly. "He is as jealous as a Turk!—he would not allow you to walk through a quadrille with me. I hope I know better than to expect such a favor."

"Never mind Sir Griffin. Tell me, Mr. Heron, is my grandfather here?"

"Yes," he answered, his manner changing at once. "For days I have been trying to see you, but your lover monopolizes all your time, of late. You remember the night of Judge Ferrers's arrival? You stood at the gate, and saw us drive by together."

"Yes; oh, yes!"

"He has been my guest since that date—he is to remain my guest for a week longer. I induced him to come with me to-night—no easy matter, for he abhors balls—in the hope that you two might be brought face to face here."

A lump arose in my throat.

"How good of you! Oh, where is he?" and I looked wildly around. "Show him to me, Mr. Heron! That night—when you passed the gate—I caught only one little glimpse of him. Has he spoken of me since he came to Heroncroft? He must know that I am near."

"He has not spoken of you," he answered. "Yes, he knows, of course, but it is not easy to understand Judge Ferrers. Come with me, and we will find him."

I forgot that Heron was my rejected lover—that his eyes still told embarrassing tales when he looked at me—I felt only the bond which his intimacy with Judge Ferrers had established between us.

Together we traversed the long hall. Through open doors we saw the terrace and the chestnut walks, hung with colored lights, and the white jets of fountains at play—saw the supper-room. with flower-wreathed chandeliers, and long tables



sparkling with silver and crystal. We heard rich fabrics rustling on the stair, low laughter and soft whispers behind the huge jars of palms, and the band crashing in the ball-room. So we came to a small apartment—a waiting-room, adjoining Colonel Rivers's library. Heron glanced in, gave my hand a reassuring pressure, and drew me across the threshold. Judge Ferrers was there, withdrawn from the revelers, and quietly talking to an old acquaintance that he had found at Wolfsden—Mr. Talcott.

The room had many mirrors, set in plush frames flat against the wall. An antique lamp, fed with perfumed oil, swung by a chain from the ceiling, and directly beneath it, in an easy-chair, sat my grandfather—the only one being on carth, so far as I knew, that was akin to me.

I saw that he looked feeble and very old—that his fierce eyebrows hung lower than ever over his cold, searching eyes—that the hard, bitter lines in his face had only increased with years.

Then Heron led me straight up to the deep chair. From several points of view I broke at once on my grandfather's sight, for the swinging-lamp shone softly down upon my head, and in the mirrors on the wall my face and figure were multiplied in many reflections.

"Judge Ferrers," said Heron, "your granddaughter is anxious to make your acquaintance—it gives me great pleasure to introduce her in due form!"

His voice—he was saying something to Mr. Talcott—died suddenly on his lips. In my white ball-dress, was I like the daughter that he had idolized in the dawn of her womanhood, before her great transgression? Did I look at him with my mother's eyes? He started up from the chair—his face grew white, almost ghastly, in the lamplight.

"Grandfather!" I faltered, unmindful that he had long before disowned me,

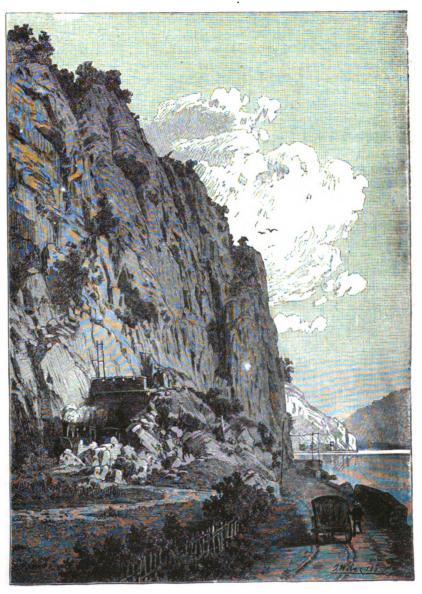
He made no answer. Heron touched his arm. "After all these years, have you no word for your daughter's child? Say something kind to her now—pray do!" he entreated.

Judge Ferrers leaned suddenly on Heron's shoulder.

"I am ill!" he muttered. "Make my excuses to your host, and take me home, boy! This is my just punishment for coming with you to-night—at my age, a man should forswear balls."

Then, by a great effort, as it seemed, he collected himself, and turned to me. He looked as hard as flint.

"Miss Ferrers—you are called by that name, I believe," he said, in a freezing tone—"pardon



TUNNEL OF GRANDS BOCHESS AND LAKE OF BOURGET.

me, I must now retire. When I wish to see you again, I will send for you!"

Heron had implored him to say something kind to me, and this was his only response! He moved toward the door. The master of Heroncroft gave me one eloquent look and followed. I watched them go, then fell into the easy-chair which my grandfather had vacated under the lamp. Mr. Talcott had the delicacy to retire without a word, closing the door behind him. I was left alone in the little waiting-room.

My heart seemed breaking! Tears had not changed that stern old man. As he had hated me in my childhood, he hated me still! Not even Sir Griffin's love could console me at that moment. In spite of all Judge Ferrers's unkindness to my murdered mother, his ill-usage of me, the tie of blood asserted itself in my heart. I longed to go to him—to love and comfort him, in his dreary old age. The joy of my first ball was done; there could be no more pleasure for me this night. Sir Griffin would be seeking me, doubtless, but I crouched there in the great chair, spoiling both my eyes and my white finery with fast-falling tears.

Presently a draught of wind from a bow-window near me extinguished the swinging lamp. I was left in darkness. As I arose to grope my way to the door, I heard steps on the terrace; they drew nearer and nearer. I remembered that some garden-chairs were ranged outside the window.

There was a rustle—a murmur. Some one had appropriated the seats. The voice of Pitt Rivers, fervid, imploring, floated into the room.

"I love you passionately, Sergia!" it said. "I want you for my wife! In my long roving about the world, other women have touched my fancy, but never one my heart. It was reserved for you, a mere girl, to conquer the stronghold which I had thought invulnerable."

"You forget your dead wife, gnardy," faltered the agitated voice of Sergia Pole. "Surely you loved her, did you not?"

"Not as I love you!" he answered, with tremendous earnestness. "You are the first being who ever possessed the power to make or mar my whole life. You know my record, dearest child, and the affection that existed betwixt your father and myself. In dying, he bade me love and care for you. Great God! Have I not obeyed him only too well!"

I was inexpressibly frightened at my position; but some spell was upon me—I dared not move or speak. The window opened not a yard distant—its Indian-silk curtains were drawn back in deep loops—every sigh, every movement on the terrace was audible to my ears.

"Have I no claim above your other lovers—

I, the friend that your father trusted as a brother?" pleaded Rivers, with increasing ardor. "For weeks I have been striving to tell you of my love, and my evil genius has restrained me constantly. Now the time has come when I must speak. Sergia, my pearl, my queen, love me, even as I love you!"

Few women could have resisted that mellow, persuasive voice. As though full of perplexity and distress, Sergia answered:

"Guardy, I never dreamed that you cared for me like this. It hurts me to give you pain, for I am very fond of you in my own way—yes, I love you dearly, both for papa's sake and for your great kindness to me, but not—not as you wish, you know! My mind is made up—I shall never marry!"

A moment of what seemed to be blank astonishment; then he laughed.

"Dear child, that is too preposterous for belief! Why, what whim has seized you? Are you trying to torment me for your own amusement?"

"Indeed, no!" she replied, with dignity. "I simply state a fact. Pray, release my hand—I quite detest the word love. To most people it means only vexation and misery. Oh, don't kneed to me—I shall cry, if you urge me farther. Cannot you see that I would not withhold my heart if I had one to give you?"

I think the colonel was down on his knees before her.

"What! have you already disposed of it, Sergia?"

"No, no, no!" she answered, hotly. "I forbid you to ask such a question!"

"Then," said Colonel Rivers, as though coaxing a willful child, "it shall be my task to show you that your heart exists, Sergia, and that you must surrender it to me——"

"Impossible, guardy!"

"Hush, darling! By the might of my passion I shall conquer you! You are mine—no other man can take you from me. If you already love me a little, you can be made to love me more. I will not rise till you promise to think of what I have said——"

A sudden, sharp cry cut the sentence short—it was a woman's cry, but the voice was not Sergia's. Something strange seemed to flash past the window. I heard an exclamation, a scrambling movement, as though Rivers had leaped to his feet.

"You demon!" he cried, and it was not Sergia whom he addressed. "Curse you!"

I rushed to the window. In some inexplicable way, I knew that something dreadful had happened. I sprang out upon the terrace.

By the colored lamps I saw Sergia supported in the arms of Pitt Rivers, her golden head fallen on

his shoulder, her snowy ball-dress dabbled with fresh blood, and on her drooped eyelids and pathetic lips the pallor and stillness of death!

(To be continued.)

AN APPARITION.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

SHE saw, one day, a starry flower,
Born of the pleasant year's late hour,
Five-petaled in the bowlder's rift.
And then, with many a snowy shower
A sudden storm swept down in power,
And buried it beneath the drift.

She caught a melting flake of snow,
That vanquished. And she cried, "I know
The spirit of the flower was here!
It perished in the storm, and oh,
I think that it was grieved to go,
It left upon my hand a tear."

REVOLUTION RUN WILD.

ONE of the most curious instances of revolution run wild is the project laid before the French National Convention as to the "necessity of revolutionizing the language."

Barnave, the great Protestant orator, and afterward defender of royalty, complained that, being in a country where a certain "ramage" or chatter was necessary in order to be received into good society, he wished to see the said conventionalities of speech disappear with other baubles of a corrupt society. The proposition created no little sensation, and among those who took part in the discussion was the Abbé Grégoire.

The abbé expressed his astonishment that provinces suppressed by decree were still permitted to retain their unconstitutional patois, and that the law, in effacing geographical demarkations, had left dialects alone. Of what good to efface the names Gascony and Normandy from the map, whilst the idiom of the inhabitants revealed the fact by a seditious accent ²

"It is true," said the orator, "that such uniformity is difficult to obtain, but let us not calumniate our fellow-citizens by suggesting that they will reject any notion useful to the patrie, with the sacrifice of a feudal or hereditary habit, the sacrifice of an acute accent affixed to the mute s. Ah! let us not injure them by a suspicion. They have combated federation in politics; with the same energy they will combat federation in syntax and spelling."

And effectively in the 10th Prairial, year II. of the Republic, the é was denounced by a public dccree. It was decided to form a committee for the purpose of compiling a new grammar and dictionary of the French language, such as would

give it that character most appropriate to the language of liberty.

This measure was passed just two months before the 9th of Thermidor—that is to say, the fall of Robespierre and the end of the Terror.

Absurd as may appear the propositions of Barnave and the Abbé Grégoire, true it is that to this day an inhabitant of one part of France may be hardly able to understand a fellow-countryman.

The great Educational Act of 1886 is changing this state of things, and pure French is now finding its way into remote corners of Brittany and Cévennes.

LAKE BOURGET AND RAMBLES NEAR IT.

THERE is no sentiment in our modern travel. The railway-cars sweep you on by the most picturesque scenes, by spots famous for their associations, without a pause for more than a passing glance. People do Europe, and know only the hotels.

Let us pause to visit the country around Macon and Lake Bourget. As the train passes rapidly in front of the hill of Châtillon, we command a view of the entire lake; our way lies between the rocks on one side and the lake on the other, and we have constantly beneath our eyes the most delightful prospect that can be imagined—one that has been eloquently described by Lamartine. Near us is the Abbey of Hautecombe, occupying the summit of a lofty rock overlooking the lake, a truly royal abode, the sombre and melancholy souvenir of a great and lordly race whose ancestors here sleep their eternal aleep; higher up, the smiling village of the Chapel of the Mont du Chat, with its roofs of red tile standing out in pleasing contrast from the dark foliage that surrounas them; still higher the Dent du Chat itself, with its pointed top surmounted by a cross; a little further off, the picturesque Castle of Bordeau and the mountains cominating Chambéry, and in the distance the snowy summits of the everlasting Alps half hidden in the vapors of the horizon.

On the other side we have passed the lake-dwellers' settlement of Châtillon, which has yielded to explorers numerous highly finished objects of industry, including some very fine specimens of pottery. We traverse in succession the tunnels of the Grands Rochers de Brison and of the Colombière, the latter of which leads by a magnificent curve 400 yards in length to the tunnel of Grésine and the lacustrine settlement of the same name, the longest known and the most completely explored of all the assemblages of piledwellings on this lake.

We leave the lake for a moment, but return to

it again and pass below the Hill of St. Innocent, with its villas reflected in the blue waters and with its Angora rabbits yielding the soft and warm fabric so beneficial to rheumatic sufferers; then, after casting a farewell glance at the lake at Port Puer, we finally leave it.

Not far from this charming lake we left behind a place seldom visited by travelers. Bourg-en-

Bresse is a pretty and well-built town occupying the centre of a fertile plain on the left bank of the Reyssouze. The streets are clean and well made, with air and water circulating in abundance. Spacious and beautiful avelead nues from the interior of the town to the environs.

The most interesting feature of Bourg, the marvel of the district, thė gem of the Gothic monuments of France, is the Church of Brou, an historical edifice only about half a mile from the town, built by Margaret of Austria in ful-

LARE BOURGET AND RAMBLES NEAR IT.—WOMEN FROM THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF MACON AND BOURG.

fillment of a vow made by her mother-in-law Margaret of Bourbon. The church is indeed a noble specimen of Gothic art. At first sight it may perhaps strike us as being overladen with ornament, but this impression soon gives place to admiration when we note the exquisite skill with which the decorations have been executed.

The interior is no less strikingly adorned. The magnificent choir, the tabernacle in the lady

chapel, the stalls of the choir, and above all, the tombs of Philibert the Beautiful, Margaret of Austria and Margaret of Bourbon attract the attention of the visitor by their beautiful proportions, and by sculptural details of which the most minute description would give but a very inadequate idea.

At Bourg also the visitor should see the stalls

of the cathedral church. which date from the sixteenth century, a beautiful ivory crucifix of the eighteenth century, and the high altar, a magnificent structure richly adorned with marble and goldsmith's work.

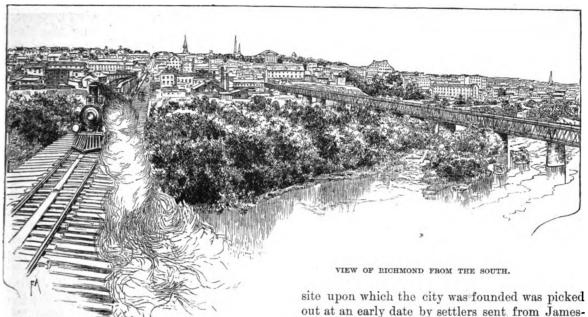
M. Dupasquier, an architect of Lyons, has restored the Church of Brou, and written a remarkable monograph of it.

On the way from Bourg to Ambérieu we leave on our left the last counterforts of the Jura range, and after having crossed the Suran we come to Pont d'Ain, agreeably situated

at the foot of Mont Olivet. At Ambérieu we are at the entrance to the Valley of the Little or Lower Bugey. The railway which starts from this point has found an easy passage through a gap or opening in a mountain-chain—parallel to the main range of the Jura—which runs from south to north, and bears the name of Innimont; its loftiest summit is the Molard de Don (3,999 feet) above the Valley of Rossillon.



RICHMOND. 337



RICHMOND.

By FREDERICK S. DANIEL.

No city in the country has such a famous historical record as Virginia's capital; none is more interesting in relics of the past, or more favored with charming society. It was the first town of importance in the land, as its Province was the first Colony and the first State of importance. From a political capital, of virtually national grasp, it has been changed by the events of the late war into a manufacturing and business centre, but its leading characteristic is now, as formerly, its pleasing society. The transformation to which it has been subjected has produced many changes, vet the distinctive feature of its agreeable, healthy home-life has been preserved intact—a survival of no slight importance, for it is a home-life deserving of standing as a model amidst the precipitations of these times. True home-life is the germ, the only basis, of great national life. Of course no city in the South suffered as much from the impoverishment and destruction of war. Twice besieged, the pivotal point of long military campaigning, and finally overwhelmed, yet to day it stands rebuilt in its parts that were destroyed, amplified, beautified and prospering, and close search is necessary to find even a few traces leading to the era of disaster that struck it between 1861 and 1865. Its many improvements and embellishments within recent years, especially, attest that Richmond also is fairly keeping step with the material progress of other American cities. The

out at an early date by settlers sent from Jamestown to explore and establish a defense against the Indians, who were manifesting nothing like the celebrated friendliness of Pocahontas for the white man. The site was dubbed "Fort Charles," as early as 1644, and, in fact, was a primitive fort, on an extreme frontier limit, for the protection of colonial pioneers. It was the scene of frequent contests with the savages, and was a stand-point in "Bacon's Rebellion," in 1676. Later, a mill was erected on the site by William Byrd, who added a store, when the locality took the name of "Byrd's Warehouse," until its incorporation as a town. The site was laid out in streets and lots in 1737, by the son of the founder, also named William Byrd, but this one with the ominous prefix of "Colonel" to his appellation, and in 1742 it was regularly incorporated as the town of Richmond, planned to cover three square miles, but which at that date were very little covered by a few frame houses and wooden huts. As in gratitude bound, modern Richmond has a street named "Byrd," after the founder, and a rickety dwelling is still pointed out as "the colonel's mansion." It replaced Williamsburg as the capital of Virginia in 1779, during the throes of the Revolution, when it suffered much at the hands of the English raiders, and entered on the nineteenth century with a population slightly in excess of 5,000.

Comparatively speaking, the population has grown slowly, having ever been strictly confined to native elements. Its total is now estimated, while awaiting the Federal census report of this year, at 80,000, and is composed chiefly of two classes — native white Virginians, numbering about 45,000, and 35,000 blacks to the manor born and flocked in from the rest of the State.

From its first founding, very few immigrants settled in Virginia, and consequently Richmond has few citizens who are ignorant of the meaning of "ash-cake and herring," "pone and possum." The few hailing from the European Continent are Germans and Italians, a mere handful; the English, Scotch and Irish are merged in with the indigenes, and their quota is of considerable size. The black population is entirely a laboring one, or is at least counted on for most of the work to be done, and, while not giving satisfaction, because so unreliable, ignorant and sloven, has ever enjoyed a preference over white labor solely through the outcome of long-standing habit. Negro nurses, cooks, servants, negroes all in the line of heavy workers, occupy the scenes, though the cooks in particular are generally reported to have fallen off in skill since bereft of the teaching formerly bestowed on them in the kitchens of the old households. Old-time mistresses took pains and interest in giving to house domestics instruction in the culinary art and house-serving duties, but this interest was given up when the roaming propensities of the negroes were set loose, after their legal emancipation, so as to render their retention in families utterly uncertain and impracticable. The new series of mistresses have hard lines in getting along with their negro help, and yet have patiently given the latter as much instruction as they will take under their changed circumstances and unreliable tenure, for the modern darkies are bent on seeing the world, and refuse to stay long in one place. Many of them crave to get to Northern cities, and then, after a short stay, become crazy to get back to "ole Virginny," and shout that it is the only place for them, until the next roaming fit seizes them to start again, somewhere, anywhere. The new and younger generation of white citizens—the hope and main-stay of the State—are slightly unsettled and confused on the score of the important labor question, only following the time-honored lead just because it is already set, and yet quite ready to strike out in any newer direction. As a fact, they do a great deal of their own work, without so much dependence on the darkies as was the old practice. One of the most keenly felt drawbacks incident to the enlarged proportion of blacks that have flocked into the city is their inability to read and buy newspapers and books, and thus nearly one-half of the population is lost as a reading public, with consequences exceedingly disastrous, especially to publishers and book-stores. newspapers are poorly patronized, whereas if reading proclivities could be cultivated as they would be by an exclusively white public, their circulation would be increased tenfold. The negro element is confessedly the weak side of the city, as of the State, and the competitive necessities of the situ-

ation are silently but surely operating to bring about its gradual removal. Despite, however, so much abounding ignorance among the blacks, and the backwardness due to their presence, good order and perfect decorum are maintained in the city, thanks to a very powerful moral discipline, from year's end to year's end. Evidently the place is ripe for changes and novelties—for grand business undertakings, most of all—and nothing in the way of bigness is looked upon as startling in the career of progress now entered on; this effect may be due to the waking up from a long business sleep, or the introduction of electric cars, or the spirit of the age, singly or united, but it is very marked and perceptible.

There is a strong concentration on business: it is strongly gripped, and, in comparison, public life is unsought, although of course the latter does not go a-begging in a community so long given up in the past to politics and its dealings. The few office-holders who are glad to draw small salaries from the public treasury are jocosely twitted with "knowing nothing of the sufferings of the people." Old things having so largely passed away, new things are what the citizens now aim for, ranging from a patent device to millionaireship, and the list of millionaires has already commenced to grow. Trade has enlarged, and is enlarging, especially in the tobacco and grocery lines; and the erection of numerous buildings has given an unprecedented impulse to real-estate dealings. The structures reared have been generally solid and handsome ones, in the fashionable quarter, or west end, reaching up to and beyond the "College," which itself was a quite out-oftown hospital for soldiers during the war. spirit of speculation is afloat on the curb-stones, where parties, not long ago confined in keeping small "sto's," now stand on the lookout for investments in new enterprises to be caught on the fly and amid an interchange of small talk in the open street. New manufactures are being organized, and old ones are prosperingly patronized. The iron-works and mills are kept constantly employed by contracts, from Government and private parties, and the citizens are moreover stretching out in developing the rich iron and coal regions of the State, where new towns are starting. bacco, as a staple, is recovering some of its lost ground, but manufactures are beginning to give it a squeeze in the race for fortune. The cigarette factory of Allen & Ginter, the largest in the country, is a Richmond establishment, and it was the pioneer in turning out ready-made American cigarettes. The local brands of smoking and chewing tobacco are of the highest, but the cigars are below par, in fact unsmokable, as the native weed is unsuited to make them. The factories of paper, of paper boxes, of wooden-ware and of fruit-

canning are flourishing on the strength of extensive patronage throughout the South.

A half-dozen railway lines enter the city, bringing freight and passengers to its marts. Two, the Fredericksburg and Petersburg lines, recently erected, at the end of the new iron bridge across James River, a large union depot, which is quite an addition to the modern embellishments of the This depot is after the Queen Anne style of architecture, when that order was the rage; but it matters not that it is thus made to present the appearance of a cozy, home-like abode for travelers, who are generally made to pay enough to be entitled to all the comfort they can get out of the grasping railway corporations. The depots of the other lines are small, antique, and sadly in need of abolition, and better accommodations have already been ordered to benefit the traveling public and to impress more favorably strangers and business men visiting the place, for there is a universal aim and effort to welcome new-comers with every courtesy and every facility, especially in the way of business prospecting. The exclusiveness and reserve once exhibited toward visitors are now entirely obsolete. The Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, owned by the Vanderbilts, running through to the sea at Newport News, has greatly increased the general business by its facilities of transportation, and proposes a still further increase by the creation of a big ship-building yard at Newport News, where the embryonic plant for the same already exists. The line passes down tne historic York Peninsula by the ancient capital of Williamsburg, whose college numbers now nearly a hundred students, though the old burg itself merely vegetates.

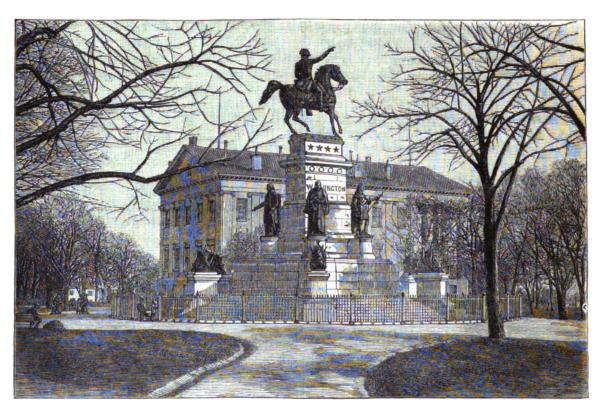
The grandest public edifice ever reared on Virginia's soil is Richmond's new City-hall. of whitish-gray granite, on the Gothic order of architecture, and occupies an entire block upon the sites of the former municipal building and of a church that was expressly expropriated and conveyed entire, à la Western style, to another part of the street. The Grecian architecture would have been far handsomer and more in keeping with the Southern climate and the unique style of the State Capitol, nearly adjoining, on the "State Square"; but it was deemed best that Richmond should have at least one official structure resembling the earlier Gothic architecture of the mother country, and so the architectural pattern, as followed, was adopted by the municipal The windows and other openings of the new edifice are numerous and narrow, and this multiplicity of apertures certainly detracts from that more solid aspect which the pile would on the other order have, and best have; yet the edifice, as it stands, by no means looks flimsy, but is rather handsome, both a credit to the city and the builders. The municipal engineer in charge of the operations evidently watched well, and saw that good work was given for the cost of nearly a round million of dollars. There was not the slightest attempt at cheating or trickery on the part of the contractors, and the consequence was, the turning over to the city of a fine, honest, solid abode for its government offices and courts. The inside accommodations are simple and comfortable, the decorations plain and neat, and altogether the new City-hall will compare favorably with any in the land.

The "Capitol Square," so named because surrounding the State-house, contains the Governor's Mansion, a very plain and modest building, monuments to Virginia's illustrious men, and quite a forest of grand old trees. The "Square," inclosed by a high iron railing, is very attractive, and would be still more so if not half hill-side, and hence only visible by piecemeal. The leading feature is, of course, the equestrian monument to Virginia's great son, George Washington, modeled by Crawford, a New York sculptor, and erected by order of the Legislature prior to the War of Secession. It is, very fittingly, the most splendid and elaborate monument ever dedicated to the memory of the great founder of American institutions. Crawford modeled the statue at Rome, where he lived so long, and it was cast in bronze at Munich, but as the sculptor died in 1857, before the completion of his task, the subordinate figures surrounding the pedestal were modeled by another American sculptor, also a resident of Rome—Randolph Rogers—both being artists of marked ability. The monument is of pure white marble, capped by the equestrian figure, and the subordinate statues stand on marble supports encircling the basement platform. The figure of Washington is very suitably rendered, in the military costume of his day, cocked hat and the rest, as seen in his military portraiture, with one arm extended as if pointing toward his enemy, the invading Britishers. Old Governor Henry A. Wise, who was a great joker, was humorously accustomed, during his term of office, to say that the father of the country was pointing away from the Capitol directly toward the Penitentiary as the proper abiding-place for the obstreperous Virginia legislators. The horse is firmly posed, and is a copy of the horse of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius in front of the Capitol at Rome, though not very successfully made, the body being unmistakably too short for the rider's height and the neck curved in almost a deformed manner, the head and tail being alone fairly imitated. It lacks entirely the simplicity of the great original, and is rather pretentious, not to say finicky. The most interesting and the best portions of the monument are Rogers's creditable portraits of the subordinate erect

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figures, life-size, also cast in bronze, for these figures are all famous Virginians: Jefferson, with the scroll of the Declaration of Independence in his hand; Patrick Henry, standing in the attitude of oratorical delivery, about to thunder forth one of his stirring liberty-cries; Marshall, sedate in his gown, and bearing the book of law; George Mason, holding fast to his "Bill of Rights"; Nelson, representing finance; Lewis, gun in hand, as the pioneer and explorer of the Western wilds. The effect of this assemblage of great leaders is very striking, nor is it disturbed by the sparrows' nests familiarly built on the heads, hats and shoulders of the illustrious worthies. They can well

a regular military corps kept for the preservation of order under the liabilities of the slavery system. It was on "the Square" that the fairest beauties from every section of the State, attended by their gallants, chaperons, and often escorted by celebrated political personages, most delighted to congregate; for to be present on this privileged promenade-ground was like being presented "at court," was to stand on the very centre of the "sacred soil"—an honor coveted by all at least for once in a life-time. Amidst these open-air soirées, and the exuberance of the older generations, many were the courtships carried on between young couples, many the life-long engagements



THE CAPITOL AND THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GEO. S. COOK, BICHMOND, VA.)

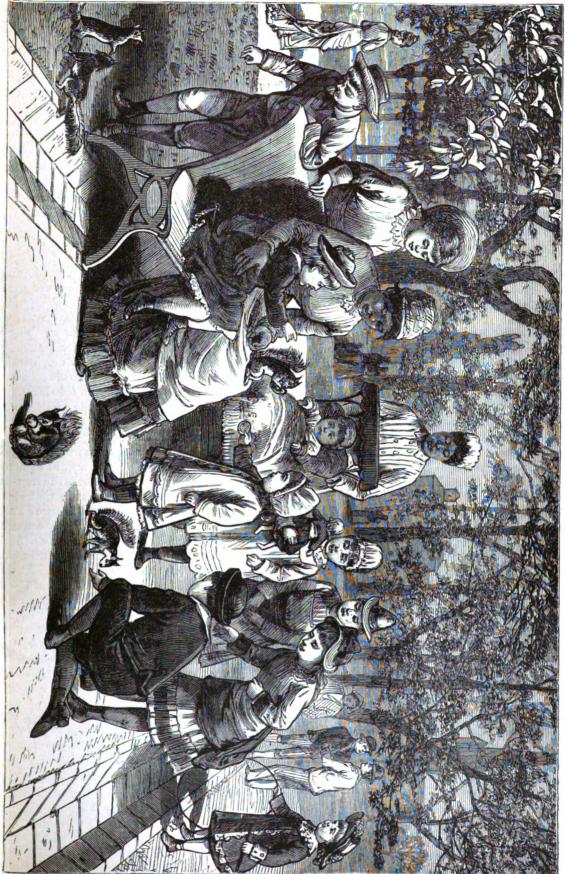
bear this weight. Near by the Washington monument, on the same "Square," is the marble statue to Henry Clay—another Virginian, born at Ashland, who in his day was a favorite at Richmond, then pre-eminently a Whig city—and the bronze statue of Stonewall Jackson, both very modest of appearance and standing on modest pedestals. The Jackson statue was a gift from his admirers in Europe, and that of Clay a gift from the citizens.

This "Capitol Square," in the olden time, was the chosen spot of fashionable Summer promenading, and of stationing on chairs and benches, along the graveled walks, amidst music by the State Band, and parades by the "State Guard,"

contracted between the belles and beaux of the Old Dominion. Upon the close of the war, "the Square" was long monopolized by the emancipated Pompeys and Dinahs, who took their imitative turn at courting and promenading, and so the custom for the whites fell into disuse, and they were forced to restrict themselves to their own private yards and gardens, and to driving out in the country environs. Yet, as in the olden time, "the Square" is still the field of military reviews, parades and artillery salutes, especially on the 22d of February, right under the bronzed George's eye, and on the 4th of July, right under Thomas Jefferson's.

The monument to General Robert E. Lee,

RICHMOND.



FEEDING THE SQUIRERIES, IN THE CAPITOL SQUARE.

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erected through the efforts of the ladies of Virginia, aided by those of the entire South, is located at the extreme west end of the city, in the middle of an open area of several acres laid out in the form of a circle. with walks, benches and freshly planted shrubs, the area to be ultimately beautified with small flower-beds. This monument, made by the distinguished French sculptor Mercié, is really handsomer than that of Washington, and may be classed as the finest, most tasteful piece of monumental art-work on this continent. In course of time elegant residences will be built up all around the new monument, and then it will be the most fashionable centre of the city, for, though now somewhat isolated, the new buildings put up for the newly enriched citizens are rapidly approaching it from the directions of Floyd Avenue and Franklin Street. Both the choice of a site and of a sculptor gave rise to considerable argument among the citizens. The Capitol Square was at once decided to be too small to hold huddled together Washington, Stonewall Jackson and Lee, and the east end of the city, or Libby Hill, would have been inappropriate because lacking in the capacity to grow, so the extreme western quarter was chosen, to avoid the mistake which selection of a stagnant and cut-off point would have resulted in. Considerable desire was originally expressed to have the statue modeled by a Virginia sculptor, but it proved to be a case where the home-industry idea could not prevail, as only "the best" was wanted. After competition, therefore, among the various sculptors of the world, it was found that no native equaled the European tests, and, out of all these, the model offered by Mercié, of Paris, took the prize by long odds, and so the task was awarded to him. His first model was, however, very much modified, or, rather, simplified, from its overdramatic representation, at the express direction of the Ladies' Association, which was rightly bent on securing, above all, simplicity and dignity of design only, in accordance with the character of the great subject to be delineated. The monument itself, built of Virginia granite, is artistically carved on both ends with scrolls bearing lions' heads, with four small columns supporting the top, and beneath, on the sides, two large metal plaques inscribed only with the general's name. The surmounting equestrian statue, cast in bronze, represents the general on his charger, posed in a natural, simple way. The portrait is excellent of the rider, who is seated extremely erect on the horse's back, as truly was his invariable military custom in all his campaigning, whether on the battle-field or on the march, for no warrior was ever more punctilious and correct in military deportment than was the great Southern chieftain. The attitude, however, is not stiff,

but simply erect and easy, the general expression dignified and pleasing. There is but one single, marked, defect, and this is the French style of riding followed by the sculptor, as neither General Lee nor any of his officers were addicted to riding with legs spread out, but were strict conformers to the thoroughbred old Virginia racing style of sitting the horse. The Virginia ladies were long gathering the many small contributions that went to the cost of this work, or \$75,000. but they succeeded in getting better worth for their money than the Legislature got for the very much larger sum it appropriated for the Washington monument made by Crawford. monument is to be publicly inaugurated in May (1890), when Richmond will see a larger crowd than it ever saw before, gathered to honor the distinctively Southern hero.

The views about Richmond are picturesque, taking in the upper falls and the lower windings of James River; the best view in the city is from the top of the Capitol; and of the city, from the Manchester Heights, across the river. There are five pleasure-grounds, or parks, for public enjoyment. Chimborazo Park, which now consists of 29 acres, and Libby Hill Park, with 3½ acres, are in the east end, 150 feet above tide-level. They afford a view of Manchester, the small town and its open back country across the river, together with the five bridges spanning the latter, and of the lower river and its tortuous windings, as of the falls above. Gamble's Hill Park, of 81 acres, on the south and river front, overlooks the iron-works, Belle Isle, and the smaller islands that stud the river, broken with huge rocks. Monroe Park, 83 acres, is in the west end, very level, ornamented with trees, shrubs and flowers, and is a most delightful resort in Summer for the youth and children of its fashionable neighborhood. At the extreme west end is the Reservoir Park, of 160 acres, which is frequented chiefly as a driving-park, though it has a large lake, used for boating in Summer and for skating in Winter, whenever any bearable ice is vouchsafed by the clerk of the weather. Libby Prison has been snatched from its native heath as a curiosity, and is now one of the sights of Chicago, which bought it for exhibition at so much per head, with gay bunting streaming from its mast-poles. But many of the local curiosities cannot be bought, and thus remain over, such as Belle Isle itself, the jail in which Aaron Burr was confined for treason, St. John's Church, in which Patrick Henry displayed his Revolutionary eloquence, besides various other relics. Near the Reservoir Park stands Hollywood Cemetery, with a pyramidal monument dedicated to the soldiers killed in the late war, and with the tombs of Presidents Monroe and Tyler, Randolph of Roanoke, Governor Wise,

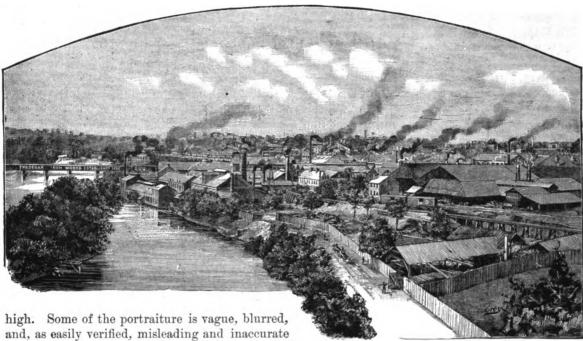
General Pickett, Generals A. P. Hill and Stuart, and "Lieutenant" Maury, of scientific fame.

The Capitol Building, rich in the associations clustering around it, and in its unequaled treasures of the Revolutionary period and early American history, is more remarkable for the unique style of its architecture than for its size or the material of which it is constructed, seeing that it is only of plain brick-and-mortar with a coating of stucco, to which a fresh coat of gray-white paint was given last year. Its architecture is of the purest Grecian style extant in the United States, thanks to Mr. Jefferson. The cornerstone was laid in 1785. During Mr. Jefferson's sojourn in France, as United States Commissioner, he took great pains to find a tasteful and suitable design or plan for a building at Richmond to hold the State government, and, after repeated travels and researches, he at last, while in the south of France, came across a structure in the little town of Nîmes, which so pleased his taste that he at once adopted it for his model. It was the "Maison Carrée" (square house), an edifice of pure Greek architecture handed down in unbroken state from the time the early Greek settlers in the country around Marseilles erected He had plans and drawings of it made, and, then slightly modifying them, sent them to Richmond, and the work was carried out according to his ideas. The difference between the original design and his modification was not great, but a very appropriate one in view of the purpose to be served. The "Maison Carrée" has columns in relief all around, including the sides of the structure, whereas Mr. Jefferson thought best to abolish the side columns and mass them in the portico of the Richmond Capitol, and this was done, without changing the Greek style, but indeed deferring to the more general Greek standard of public edifices, as traced in the Parthenon at Athens and in the Pantheon at Rome. The portico with its pillars and the whole outline of the Richmond Capitol is, accordingly, very effective, whether seen near or at a distance: it at once pleases the eye of the beholder, charms the more its contour is impressed as an image, as a unique structure, something undefinably fitting in its simple and tasteful yet majestic harmony, a product tangibly conveying the idea of superior intelligence, just as all pure Greek art was in fact an immense The building accumulation of superior intellect. stands out in relief on an eminence, in the midst of a well-swarded park, and really leaves nothing to be desired, as its beauty could hardly be improved upon. It might be made of more costly and durable material, or enlarged, but the same plan or design would have to be reproduced under the penalty otherwise of failure; for the rest, as

purposes, and is in fair condition. With so many ugly buildings, public and private, of wretched taste, nondescript dungeon-and-barrack-like, going up hastily and unavoidably all over this land, it is something for the American eye to be able to fall upon one piece of durably pleasing architecture, and Richmond may well be proud of its Capitol, as truly she is.

Its contents are more than curious, for many of them are calculated to bring to mind stirring events, and even recollections, bearing on all the phases through which the United States have passed. Therein are found tokens numerous of the two great wars-of the Revolution at one end of the line, and of Secession at the other endportraits, pictures, flags, arms; official, original documentary deeds; statues, books, curios and like mementoes. There are only two main stories, with basement and attic; on the first or main floor are the two legislative chambers, with a rotunda between them, the chambers being quite undecorated and scantily, severely furnished. The rotunda is entirely empty except of a statuary group directly in its centre, but this group is a chef-d'œuvre, the best preserved and the most prized relic in the possession of the State. It is the marble statue made from the actual casting of Washington's features and person in plaster while he was living, by the French sculptor Houdon, who was sent over to Mount Vernon by Mr. Jefferson for this express purpose. It has even more than the merit of a photograph—it is the great man as he looked in life, not the guess-work that the painters indulged in. The hero, though in stone, has in effect the majesty of goodness on his head and features, and this conception of what he really looked like will remain forever the only genuine one. It has been copied throughout the world, and an enlarged reproduction stands on the steps of the Sub-treasury in Wall Street, New York. The sculptor represented a cane in his hand, as well as a sword on his side, a military cloak beside him, and a plowshare immediately behind his standing position.

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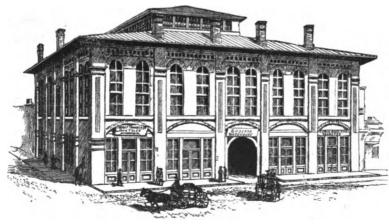
BELLE ISLE, AND THE TREDEGAR IRON-WORKS.

as to the more recent personages represented. Smith and Pocahontas are not forgotten, to be sure, though they are not conspicuously given the post of honor, perhaps because of their standing as matter-of-fact tradition. All the early Governors are present—Lord De la War, Spottswood, Dunmore, Fauquier, etc. The full-length portraits of Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Ashby, Stuart, A. P. Hill, and other generals, are only faint and poor likenesses of the originals, not very creditable to the artists who painted them. Fortunately correct photographs of these generals are abunclant, and it will be possible hereafter to replace these painted portraits with accurate photographic likenesses enlarged to life-size, when a trifle more invention is secured.

The State Library is the gem, the curiosity-shop, of the Capitol, though it is rather small, containing only 40,000 volumes. Many of these

volumes, however, are unique and valuable, because not elsewhere obtainable, being in manuscript, or having been only specially put into type, and so are guarded under lock and key with a jealous eye by the librarian in charge, who is a regularly appointed officer of the Commonwealth. and always of considerable literary taste and ability. He is not only responsible for the valuable books, documents and manuscripts, but expected to be able to furnish visitors and applicants with ample explanations in regard to them, and with correct information as to the historical bearings of the entire collection, which is so full that a good deal of posting is requisite therefor. The most important manuscript works refer to the early settlement and history of the colony and to the Revolution; and there are, besides, original

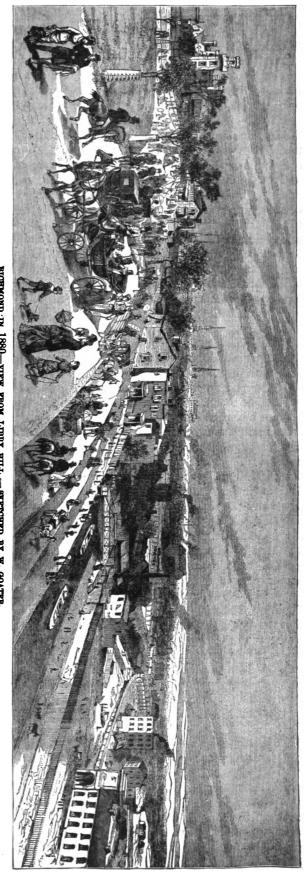
letters, by the bundle, of all the great Virginia Revolutionary characters, which have never been published, and which may ultimately be added to give lifelikeness to the great past, as its importance increases. The general run of the books is well chosen, and the library contains nothing of the literary-trash line, its motto from the first having been, Good or nothing. On the walls are hung portraits of all the State's worthies from the earliest time to the present: the series of Governors is without a break, and they appear



TOBACCO EXCHANGE (SHOCKHOE WAREHOUSE).

correctly, in regular order, aligned like Prussian soldiery, it having been considered that Governors of Virginia passed into history of right by the mere fact of such Governorship. Beneath these portraits are hung, also on the walls, in glass cases, original letters of celebrities, manually signed, famous proclamations, orders written out by the hands of Lee and Stonewall Jackson, official enactments, and so on without stint. One of these documents is startling in its very tragic simplicity: it is a large-size parchment sheet, written in faded, yellowish ink, and declares that the State of Virginia, for reasons good and proper, resumed her sovereign rights and abandoned the American Union on the 17th day of April, 1861, and in the eighty-fifth year of the Commonwealth. It is the original copy of the Ordinance of Secession, that made the war a real fact. All the signatures are to the document, and, upon looking at the hastily hieroglyphed names in yellow ink, few are found of any previous or subsequent eminence, save old Governor Wise, who took such a large share in running the Convention that passed the Ordinance. For all visitors, this document is the greatest attraction to be found in the library, and never fails to excite curiosity, at least.

The introduction of electric cars in the streets has certainly had an electrifying, or stimulative, effect upon the citizens. Richmond was the first city to allow its cars to be driven by electricity, and from the outset harbored no fears in regard to the use of the new motive power. "Give the horses a rest, and let us try electricity," was at once the decision of the citizens, and no sooner was it obtained than an enterprising Northern company laid tracks and wires for the new régime, and the tinkle of the electric gong and the buzzing of the current began to give a new life to the thoroughfares. The overhead-wire system was adopted—really a dangerous one, but at least the wires are not at all an obstruction or disfigurement in the streets, because hardly perceptible, as they are stretched from poles placed on the sidewalks in the line of trees and ordinary telegraph-poles, differing in this respect from the single line operated upon an out-of-the-way avenue at Washington, where the wires and poles, with numerous decorations and globes for lighting, are directly in the middle of the avenue, and constitute a serious and obscuring disfigurement. The cars are driven at an even and unflagging gait, stop readily to take on or put off passengers, and are run at a speed of fifteen miles up the steepest grades



of the many hills. The extra speed generally made is refreshing to all, save perhaps drivers and conductors, who are unable to slack or halt their invisible teams in order to chat with fellowdrivers, or to spurt or loaf along according to their own or their horses' momentary mood. This is one of the many little nuisances, so irritating to the hurried passenger, that electricity nips in the bud. There is not a city in the Union where the old horse-cars are solid that the nuisance mentioned is not also solid. Another good feature consequent upon the new locomotion is the marked decrease of the clattering, spattering, panting and suffering horses in the streets, a relief to the poor beasts and a glamour, so to say, of the new scientific facilities impending. Altogether the electric effects, as displayed in Richmond's streets, form a very suggestive study, and one is led to picture a very revolutionized spectacle in the broad American Union if dynamos be made to replace all manner of horse-motion, to the relief of big trafficking cities especially, where horses so crowd things and space is small for turning No one can look at the streets of this first electric-car-using city and fail to acknowledge that even in the South science is king, vice cot-Electricity has greatly increased the streetcar traffic, because there are many hills, and the new means of swiftly and surely ascending them are generally now availed of, whereas with teams frequently accustomed to balk, as was the case under the displaced system, pedestrians were not always inclined to run the risk of delay by riding. The overhead-wire system is admitted now to be a method of propulsion having great liabilities to danger; but there have never been any deaths or accidents under its employment among the Richmonders, and they express themselves as perfectly content to take all the risks. Moreover, their nerves, hardened by war and war's alarums, are not easily shocked, and the new means of locomotion has taken such a firm hold on their affections that they virtually proclaim, with Hotspur, "'Tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety." At any rate, they are fully decided to put up with the present advanced system until they get one still more advanced, or storage-battery power, if it should be made practically available.

The battle-fields in the vicinity are easily accessible to visiting strangers, who may be conveyed to them by vehicle, boat or rail. They are often inspected as curiosities, and on many of them the earth-works and rifle-pits left by the combatants are still in a good state of preservation. The most attractive are Fair Oaks, to which the electric road is soon to be extended; Mechanicsville, Cold Harbor, Malvern Hill and Savage's Station;

Fort Darling and the Crater, near Petersburg. Vast quantities of the *débris* of war, innumerable leaden balls, shells, muskets and bayonets, have been gathered from these localities, and sold by the people living round about, mostly as "old iron." These missiles, hurled in the fray, carried destruction, but as "old iron" they have returned bread and meat.

The old appellation of Richmond as a city built on seven hills, like Rome, no longer answers to the plan of its greatly extended size. Natural growth has enlarged the lines of the municipal perspectives, and has seized upon the vantageground of other eminences, whose bases are planted at the falls of the river, to crown them with handsome residences and prospect parks. Some of these hills rise to a considerable height, Shockoe, for instance, being elevated over 200 feet above the river-level, and thus pedestrians are compelled to do no little amount of climbing. Public and private improvements, the grading and leveling of lots and streets, have smoothed down, however, much of the primitive rolling landscape, and given to the residence portion the general character of high plateaus sloping toward the river; immediately along which, stretching for a couple of miles, lies the business quarter, rising compactly, tier on tier of solid blocks, to where foundation-stones are forty feet above the river-channel. The architecture of this business quarter is simple and unpretentious, like the store-signs, yet substantial and not altogether unimpressive, especially that of the old bankinghouses with porticoes and columns in the peculiarly local style. One of the very few specimens in this country of the massive and severe form of ancient Egyptian architecture is to be seen in the exterior of the Medical College. The Postoffice, lately reconstructed, is a solid, large and handsome structure adorning the business quarter; but the public edifices are more remarkable for antiquity and associations than as types of superior architecture, though a few are of the finest modern construction. The old mansions of other days give distinction to a number of thoroughfares; for instance, the house of Chiefjustice Marshall, the war residences of Jefferson Davis, of General Lee and others. At the west end, the quarter favored by the wealthy and wellto-do, who have become so after rising from the ranks of poverty since the war, are many homes showing the influence of recent fashions, and having, with surroundings of lawn and garden giving an agreeable appearance of spaciousness, a situation superior to that of the older settled east end, and it is in this fashionable quarter that the handsomest buildings are to seen. Some of the newly enriched have spent over \$100,000 on their new dwellings, and the money came out of

tobacco, manufactures and real-estate dealings, and uniformly they are men who started a quarter of a century ago without a cent in their pockets, but with brains, and indomitable pluck and a fair field, such as never had before existed anywhere on Virginia soil. In walking through the streets of the new quarter, in the prolonged sections of familiar avenues, even old residents are impressed with the general newness and strangeness of aspect presented, so as almost to forget where they are, and to utterly fail to recognize their own city, the space known to them from childhood, and over which their youthful pranks were played. This is more or less the case in every old city in Europe that is now receiving adjuncts in the way of entirely modernized quarters, and in none more so than in Rome, which Italian architects have cut to pieces, to the dismay of art-lovers. The new facilities of Richmond have only added to the great variety of enjoyments which the favored locality and its refined people have at their command. genial climate is a constant invitation to outdoor exercise, and so there is always a good deal of walking, riding and driving; and in the social festivities, parks, drive-ways and scenic surroundings, the attractions of the Capitol, the memorials of patriotism, devotion and valor, the relics of three wars and of the "ancient régime," are found abundant sources of delight for both citizens and visitors.

The public-school system of Virginia, which was only of late years started, has been chiefly elaborated and given greatest scope in Richmond, the seat of densest population. The organization, classification and courses in the schools are on a similar plan of those of other cities of the Union. The city school-property is valued at half a million dollars, with 12,000 pupils enrolled, nearly one-half negroes, for the latter never fail to avail themselves of the schooling facilities, afforded only at the expense of the white tax-payers, whereas the white children are in large numbers sent to private schools as well, and there are no pivate negro schools. The character of the various private schools and institutes, drawing pupils from other States, especially of the South, are superior to the public schools, good as these are; among the higher institutions are William and Mary College, Medical College, Richmond College, Female Institute, Monte Maria Academy of the Visitation, St. Mary's Institute, McGuires', Powell's, Merrill's, and other high schools, of which the list is long. In these high private schools pupils are prepared for the Lexington Military Institute and for graduation at the University of Virginia, founded by Jefferson at Charlottesville, and which has now become a model The highest aim of the Virginia university.

student is to graduate at "the University," and whenever he does graduate it is at the one which was Mr. Jefferson's pet. Attention being nowadays given to business education, there are serieral commercial schools flourishing in Richmond, and a college of telegraphy and stenography, the only one of importance to be found in the South. The patronage of these business colleges is chiefly from the city and the counties of the State, and as the knowledge imparted is of the most practical business principles, the graduates have been uniformly successful in obtaining employment in a section where a first-class business education is at a premium and leads to rapid fortune.

Some of Richmond's artists have achieved considerable reputation in portraying the battles and scenes of the late war, in which they were either personally engaged or saw so vividly presented close at hand. Elder's paintings of battles, especially of the "Crater," purchased by General Mahone, who was the hero of that fight, are full of spirit and realistic coloring gathered on the field, the best yet painted; also his "Custer's Last Charge" is highly meritorious, and his portraits of Southern leaders, from life, are valuable. He recently went to Beauvoir, La., and painted the portrait of Jeff. Davis, and while there was seized with paralysis, which disabled him from further prosecuting his profession. W. L. Sheppard, another of Richmond's artists, has been very successful in sketching on canvas the skirmish, march and camp-life of the war, in which he took part as an artillery officer; he is also a rarely good designer of book and periodical illustrations, and in this line enjoys quite an extensive reputation. Valentine, a local sculptor, has employed his chisel on war characters and subjects. Other Richmond artists have touched on the portrayal of the old-time negro and this overdone "life" specialty, but not to a large extent, as the line is too familiar in Virginia to be a novelty or pleasing.

Once renowned for its newspapers, in the days when "Old Father Ritchie," from his tripod of the Enquirer, ruled the Democratic party of the State with a sharp pen, the city has now only three small newspapers, which are not abreast with its general progress or that of the State, chiefly because they do not receive sufficient patronage, owing to the overnumerousness of the negro population, and the fact that the citizens are too closely absorbed in business to interest themselves much in politics. Besides, Richmonders confess that they have had enough of politics: in the palmy political days of the past they had a big dose; and, moreover, the war served as an extinguisher of like claims and aspirations. Dispatch is the oldest, having been founded in 1850, and the leading paper, being now published

by a stock company, which in itself is indicative of the changed state of the press at Richmond, where formerly individuality was synonymous | Knox and Lafayette; Washington, his family with each newspaper that saw the light of day. The Times is also a stock-company paper, and the State is a small evening sheet, with hardly any claim advanced by itself to be a newspaper. Both the city and State would be enormously benefited by a good, live, modern newspaper, and as the local circumstances grow more propitious, a fine field will be offered for the starting of one. The littérateurs that flourished at Richmond before the war have either departed life or moved to other cities. Bagby, Cooke, Wynne, Thompson, are dead; Pryor and Marion Harland have settled in New York; and only Thomas Nelson Page maintains now the city's rank to literary authorship, Amélie Rives being an Albemarler.

The Virginia Historical Society, of which Chief-justice Marshall was the first President, is domiciled in a club, the "Westmoreland," and club-life is rather a prevailing feature, as there are many of them devoted to pleasant concourse and relaxation and relief from "the cares that infest the day." The Historical Society was organized in 1831, and has been steadily maintained ever since, despite the war, with its rare archives and collections preserved. In these are memorials, portraits, manuscripts (charmingly antique for this new land), relating to the colonial epoch. Here one may see the features of doughty Francis Drake, gallant Walter Raleigh, Queen Bess, the

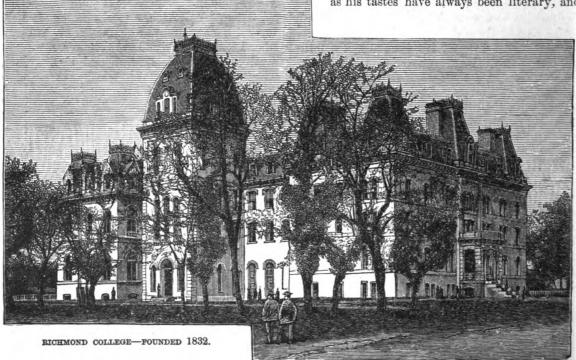
Quaker Penn, Essex; Lord Culpepper, in coat of mail; Pocahontas and Black Hawk; Jefferson,



MONUMENTAL CHURCH.

and friends and generals; the characterful faces of fearless Patrick Henry and Randolph of Roanoke; Governors of the colony, in wigs, laces and ruffles; chieftains of the war, in civil and military garb; and many other paintings, statues, maps, records and queer relics. The collection is complete and well arranged, under the custodianship of Secretary Brock, the most learned genealogist in a State where genealogy is made a culture, and where so many are well posted in regard to their ancestors, and the ancestors of others

besides. The Secretary is well adapted to exercising the functions of his high charge, as his tastes have always been literary, and



he has been a studious statistician from the antiquarian point of view. His archæological and genealogical delvings have been deep, and his work amounts to a big mass, which he keeps around him well in hand, ready to turn to at a moment's call or notice. He has all the "first families of Virginia"—the "F. F. V.s"—down in regular ledgers, properly classified, indexed and labeled, and there are no family intricacies connected with the genealogical order from the present day back

so named because it was faithful to English royalty in the times when Oliver Cromwell tried to break its loyalty.

THE PRESENT GERMAN EMPIRE.

THE proclamation declaring the foundation of the restored German Empire was made on January 1st, 1871, and on the 18th, William, King of Prussia, was saluted as Emperor of Germany, in



THE NEW CITY-HALL, RICHMOND, VA.

to Jamestown, and even beyond, that he cannot settle in short order by consulting his ledgers and other books and registers of reference, in which there are no missing links. His stores of knowledge have been diligently, zealously and originally sought, and have also unbiddenly been sent to him from all quarters, and his mine is equally drawn upon from all directions by all manner of persons. His reputation in his line is so thoroughly well deserved, that his say passes as good genealogical law throughout the Old Dominion,

the Palace of Versailles, by the representatives of the States of Germany. The first Diet of the Empire assembled at Berlin on March 21st, 1871. The present German Empire comprises twentysix States. Of these, twenty-two are monarchical and three (Hamburg, Bremen and Lubeck) are republican. One (Elsass-Lothringen, or Alsace-Lorraine) is an Imperial province under the sovereignty of the German Empire. The other States of the Empire are kingdoms, grand duchies and duchies.

LOOKING FORWARD.

By LURANA W. SHELDON.

COULD we but glance the future o'er, Its hidden depths unveil, Look on the blessings safe in store, Whose mercies never fail— Could we but see the happiness A new year seeks to give Our daily lives, to cheer and bless, How gladly would we live!

Could we behold the grief and care, The painful toil and strife Allotted as our rightful share In each new year of life-Could we anticipate the thorns That in our pathway lie, Before another morning dawns How gladly would we die!

Yet, innocent of each, we grope With blind persistence on, 'Upheld by patient faith and hope, Each daily duty won; A future's burdens unconcealed Our faltering hearts benumb, While sorrows one by one revealed Are conquered as they come.

HOW TO FAIL IN LITERATURE.

Mr. Andrew Lang, upon the principle which makes so many of us teachers who have no personal experience of the subject we propose to teach, has been lecturing upon "How Not to Succeed in Literature." He has given some admirable recipes to the volunteer contributor for almost certain failure, but one first-rate recommendation he has left out. In addressing a magazine editor, it will never do, of course, to be overmodest; while, on the other hand, a too great confidence is to be avoided, so that a middle course, of which the following is an example, is a very favorite one: "I do not pretend to be a person of exceptional genius, but I venture to think that the inclosed contribution will be found at least up to the average of the articles in your magazine." This rarely indeed fails to displease; but if you say "your mag." (instead of "your magazine"), failure may be said to be

Editors will thoroughly indorse most of what Mr. Lang says, especially the last part about the author who calls to "see about" the review of his book: He who would fail could not begin too early to neglect his education, and must on no account observe life and literature. To cultivate a bad handwriting was an elementary precaution often overlooked. Those who would court disaster should be as ignorant and as reckless as possible. As a matter of style, they should always

was determined to energetically refuse to entangle himself with such;" and should use more adjectives than words of all other denominations put together. They should also hunt for odd terms, as "a beetling nose," and should have startling descriptions, as "the sun sank in a caldron of deathly chaos." Unusual terms should be put where they would cause the reader the most surprise — as, for instance, trees around a man's house might be called his "domestic boscage." "Fictional," for "fictitious," was to be distinctly recommended; "all the time" might be employed for "always," "back of " for "behind," and "do like he did" for "do as he did." versing Cæsar's advice, it might be said that he who would fail must avoid simplicity like a sunken reef. A young author wrote generally for money, or from vanity, or to astonish his family—which he never succeeded in doing-or from mere weariness of unemployed hours. The last cause seemed to be an infallible reason for failure; he who would fail could not begin better than by having nothing to say. It was an excellent plan to notice nothing, to take everything in the lump; to go through the world with eyes and ears shut, and then to embody the results in a novel or a poem. A young writer turned eagerly to verse, and his favorite authors sang of disappointment and gloom. Mr. Lang here said that, not liking to quote verses of other people's, he had written a few poems himself, to show distinctly how not to do it. A good way to disgust an editor or a publisher was to begin with the word "only," which might also serve for a heading, as:

"ONLY.

"Only a spark of an ember, Only a leaf on a tree, Only the days we remember, Only the days without thee, Only the flow'r that thou worest, Only the books that we read, Only that night in the forest, Only a dream of the dead, Only the troth that was broken, Only the heart that is lonely, Only the sign and the token That sigh in the saying of 'Only!"

Another of Mr. Lang's specimen poems began:

"When the sombre night is dumb, Hush'd the loud chrysanthemum, Sister, sleep! 'Sleep!' the lissom lily saith."

This sort of thing was a certain way of coming to grief in literature; but, he added, a man might. perhaps, do very well in an undistinguished way by writing such lines for the sister art of music. Alliteration was a splendid means of failure, and place adverbs after the word "to," as "Hubert | imitation was to be urged on young authors as

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leading to the greatest possible maximum of failure all round. Mr. Lang gave many other pieces of advice to authors how not to get their books published, but admitted that they might, in spite of all efforts to the contrary, get into print, and then he instructed them how not to get reviewed. One plan was to write to a critic to endeavor to induce him to give a favorable and an unfair judgment by reminding him that the author once met him somewhere. Young authors would not believe in the honesty of critics, but, while holding that everything in reviewing was done by bribery and corruption, they never offered the critics a quid pro quo. A writer who wished to fail with an editor should always insist on seeing him and wasting his time—a thing that an editor most hated, unless his visitor was young and beautiful. In conclusion, Mr. Lang said that if writers really wished to succeed, they might turn his advice outside in, and give the same attention to literature that was required for success in other arts.

MARKET-PLACE AT RIO JANEIRO. By S. T.

Beside the principal quay of the Italian-like port a large open space extends a considerable distance, which in the early morning hours presents one of the most picturesque scenes in the world, one for which, if regarded only as a study of color, an artist would require the rainbow on his palette! It faces the beautiful Bay of Rio, and has for a background tall houses brightly painted with gaudy frescoes, Italian - fashion—albergi trattorie—and open shops all mixed up together. The bay in front, as every one knows, is one of the most magnificent in either hemisphere, Naples and Sydney alone worthily contending with it for the palm of loveliness.

The mist lies heavily on the picturesque curve of the Corcovado, proudly growing immediately behind the city, and on the flat-topped Gavea. Long after the day dawns, the peaks of the distant Organ Mountains, towering to a height of 8.000 feet, are still hidden from view, while the weird Pao da Assucar (Sugarloaf), which stands sentinel at the entrance of the harbor, is dimly seen through a mantle of silver-green. As the sun climbs above the low-lying mists, its first gleams fall on the overhanging terraces of houses above the town, and then sparkle on the wet rocks of Forts Lagé and Santa Cruz, and spreads in silvery ripples across the calm expanse of the great bay extending ten or twelve miles between mountains covered with the richest verdure, revealing along its shores handsome chicaras, or country houses, surrounded with palms, and fairy isles, well wooded and inhabited, checkering the

surface, and helping to make up one of the fairest scenes upon which the eye can rest.

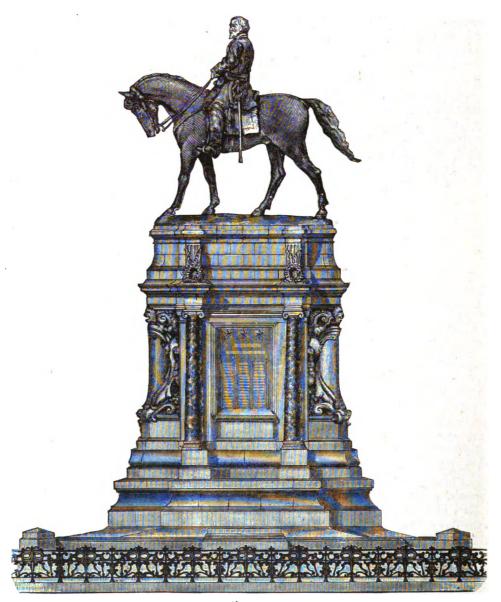
Soon the brightness becomes dazzling, and the day begins in earnest. Fishing-boats, laden with their cargoes, sparkling and flashing in the bright sun, and others laden with strange fruit, crowd the quays. Boats from the numerous ships-ofwar, and merchantmen bearing the flags of all nations (conspicuous among them the Stars and Stripes), shoot across the bay, and you alight at the market-steps amidst a babel of sounds. Portuguese fish-venders, fruit-sellers, and fat negresses in gay turbans, with bare shoulders like the bronze busts in the Uffizi Galleries, and with the same smooth, burnished sheen of dark metallic lustre, jostle each other in their eager haste. Some of them have fine laughing eyes, and teeth of dazzling whiteness. Piles of fruit and vegetables, sugar - cane, bananas, dates, passion - fruit and oranges cover the quays. A mingled incense of cigarriti, fish and other indescribable odors greets another of the senses-perhaps the most sensitive one. Blacks—slaves no longer—hurry along with huge burdens. Some of them are remarkable for their fine physique, their lithe, erect forms, well-poised heads, and carefully dressed and frizzled hair. The trade in "ebony," as it was called, has so long ceased that all these were born in Brazil. Most of those seen in the streets of Rio have long been free. It was in the coffee fazendas up-country that the slave population had been chiefly employed.

Nowhere else, except in the Piazza del Erbe at Verona, or about the Rialto of Venice in the early morning, when the market-boats, deep-laden with rich fruit, flock to the quays, can anything so wonderful in color be seen - the purple of the grapes and figs, the scarlet gourds, the crimson fish - baskets, prawns ten inches long, fish unknown, and tropical edibles which are unnamable, in endless profusion. Citizens, priests, Sisters of Mercy, etc., are everywhere; and Brazilian matrons, each attended by a female black with frizzled hair, wearing a cotton gown, and bearing a market-basket, are seen making bargains, or departing cityward with a stately carriage quite Spanish in its profound dignity. Portuguese everywhere is the lingua heard, though now and again we hear the soft vowel sounds and charming diminuendos of pure Italian.

"Sunset colors" are the every-day hues of Brazil, and the living things also exposed for sale testify this on every side. Birds with brilliant plumage, flamingoes, the black and yellow torcha, with its pretty ways, the smaller humming-birds, and birds displaying beautiful metallic hues; marmosets and lion-faced monkeys, and everywhere playing amidst them little negro children in the scantiest attire, and negroes of jet-black

hue, forming no inconsiderable feature in the scheme of color. Numberless birds are used only for the inimitable imitations of flowers for which the fashionable Rue do Ouvider is famous. Lovely camellias and other rare flowers are imitated with perfect skill, every petal and shade being matched from the breast or throat of a humming-bird.

Long before noon the market is over, and the busy crowd dispersed. Rio is just within the tropics, and after 9 A. M. the heat becomes intolerable. Mules quickly convey the contadine through suburbs lined for miles with the handsome chicaras of the wealthier classes, each standing in its own grounds. And then beyond, through roads crowded with tropical vegetation,



BICHMOND.—THE LEE MONUMENT, WITH MERCIE'S STATUE, IN PROCESS OF ERECTION, AT RICHMOND, VA. SEE PAGE 337.

Crowds of mules abound, for mules are in universal request; the adjacent streets are traversed by tram-cars, all drawn by mules; they rush down one narrow street and up another on single rails, like fire-flies; even the State carriages are drawn by mules, and the whole traffic of a city containing 500,000 inhabitants is carried entirely by mules.

trees hung with orchids, lianas, and strange parasites, aloe-trees, the wild spreading fig, and masses of daturias filling the air with the sweetness of their long white bells, amidst all which sport pink and white feathered insects, humming-birds and blue butterflies—a dream of color which will make other skies seem leaden, and other flowers pale and sombre in comparison.



44 SHE STEPPED FORWARD AND BENT OVER HIM, AND THE FACE UPON THE PILLOW WAS SCARCELY WHITER
THAN HEB OWN. 'DO YOU KNOW! ME?' SHE ASKED."

LISABEL CRAY'S PUNISHMENT.

By Frances Hodgson Burnett.

"Don't tread on my train, Laurence, and don't look unamiable, because Sir Archibald is staring at you, and, of course, he knows we are quarreling, as we always are."

Miss Cray leaned upon the stone balustrade of the balcony, but did not look her companion in the face.

Laurence Darrel stood a few paces from her, his eyes fixed steadily upon her, a perfect rage of suppressed fire in his face.

Four years ago, when this now dazzling creature had come to her patron's house, an awkward, neglected school-girl, he had been all in all to her; and now, in her newly found power and triumph, she was going to cast him aside as she would have done a worthless trinket or a half-worn glove.

"Pah!" he said; "how well you play the traitress! You must have been born to it, my angel. You know what I brought you here to say—you knew from the first moment. I am going away to-morrow."

"Yes," said Lisabel Cray, serenely; "of course I know that—to those coal mines of Sir Archibald's. How very disagreeable! Right in the middle of so warm weather, too. How long are you going to stay?"

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"Forever!" was the sudden and passionate answer.

She looked up at him, lifting her large wine-dark eyes slowly, and then looked down again at the flowers upon the terraced beds below. For a moment it appeared almost as though she was going to say something worthy of her womanhood; but when she broke the brief silence, her speech was a terribly frivolous one.

"My dear Laurence," she said, with complacent serenity, "why will you insist on being so vehement, when you know Sir Archibald is listening? .I thought we settled this affair yesterday."

"Settled it!" he echoed. "Is it a matter easily settled: It is not settled. Lisabel—"

"Sir Archibald is becoming interested," she interrupted. "And you are standing on my train, Laurence, and this is positively the last dress I can buy this month, for my quarter's allowance is spent twice over, and Sir Archibald is getting stingier every day."

"You are terribly afraid of Sir Archibald," Darrel sneered. "Is it Sir Archibald who is to take my place, Lis?"

She laughed outright, a delicious, round-toned, full-sounding laugh.

"There!" she said; "now you are sensible. But it is not Sir Archibald; it is not anybody yet, Laurence."

"Then you might have given me longer grace," he answered. "I was not tired, if you were."

She drew a half sigh.

"Did I say I was tired?" she asked, more gently than she had spoken before. "I think not. Laurence."

"You were not tired once," he answered-"you were not tired two years ago; but Sir Archibald had not discovered then that his pebble was a diamond in the rough. Do you remember the long, dreary dinner-parties, Lisabel, when your dresses were too short, and your arms too long, and when Sir Archibald said that you were 'gauche,' and wished that your father hadn't died, or had left you to some one else as a charity charge? Those were the days when my humble star was in the ascendant."

She laughed again as complacently as ever.

"Remember it! Would it be possible for me to forget it? It is because I remember it so well that I have decided that it will not do to face it again; it is because I remember it that I am selling my birthright for a mess of pottage, as you so eloquently expressed it a few days ago. The fact is, I must have the pottage. My dear Laurence" —lightly—"have you any idea what this dress cost?"

"Not the least."

"I thought not"— with a half-pitying, halftolerant shake of the head - "and so I won't tell you; but if you take into consideration the fact that there are twenty others quite as costly in my wardrobe up-stairs, you may possibly imagine how many hundreds, or thousands, per annum it takes to gain credit for the unexceptionable taste which Sir Archibald says is my only redeeming point. I could not dispense with one of the articles in question, Laurence; and, with all your amiability and admiration for my unworthy self, how many bank-notes could you afford to put into my purse every quarter-day to buy Mechlin like this?"touching the lace at her white, well-turned throat -" or rubies like these?" - holding up her ringed hand. "My dear Laurence (you see I can't quite overcome the old habit), it won't do-it really won't."

Laurence Darrel's dark-skinned face turned a shade paler.

"You are jesting," he said, hoarsely. "You have jested so often, that I have lost faith in your most serious words. You cannot mean what you are saying. Our petty quarrels have not ended in this."

Lisabel turned her face away, and looked out at the huge oaks standing silent and majestic in the sunshine of the old park. Then she turned to and as she turned away and left him, her hands

her lover again, and her face was a shade paler,

"It is not the quarrels," she said. "It is stern necessity."

"And you are in earnest?"

"For once, yes. I meant what I said yesterday, and to-day I mean it more than ever. I will not say that we are unsuited to each other, because that would be ridiculous, and transparent. If we had had the good fortune to be rich we should have been very happy, I have no doubt. We are simply unfortunate enough to be too

Understanding her nonchalant daring, even as thoroughly as he did, Laurence Darrel was, for the moment, almost thunderstruck. He was innately better as a man than Lisabel Cray was as a woman; and from the first, when he, a modest young journalist guest at her patron's house, had pitied her as a shy, awkward school-girl, he had lavished upon her a tenderness she was simply incapable of returning.

"I have been a dull fool not to understand this before," he said, fiercely. "I have been the dullest of fools; but I am not the first of the species, and shall not be the last. Men have been fools before, and will be again, as long as there are women to lead them to a fool's paradise."

Lisabel smiled serenely.

"Isn't this a little out of place?" she said-"this quarreling, I mean. If we were married, or engaged, of course we should be expected to quarrel; but, under existing circumstances, do you know, it really appears to me to be a great waste of words, and a trifle absurd into the bargain. Besides, as I have told you several times, Sir Archibald is watching, and you look excited."

Darrel drew closer to her side, a spark of malignant fire in his eyes. He knew how to touch

"Sir Archibald is watching us, is he?" he said, savagely. "I wonder if Sir Archibald ever saw me kiss you, Lisabel? I have kissed you often enough before, and us this is my farewell. I suppose I may kiss you now."

And before she could speak, he had thrown one arm about her waist, and kissed her twice.

"They are the last," he said, grimly.

Another woman might have been crushed and humiliated bitterly, but in the midst of her agitation and pain, Lisabel Cray was quite conscious of Sir Archibald Redmond, who, in the room beyond, was pretending to drink his after-dinner port with nonchalance. But there was a touch of womanhood in her careless, worldly heart, for all its shallowness, and now it leaped out in defiance of her.

"Laurence," she said, "you are horribly cruel!"



were trembling so nervously, that, before she had crossed the room within, she dropped her book. and her patron, turning in his easy-chair to look at her, saw that there were tears in her eyes.

There was no other farewell between the two. Though they must unavoidably meet again and again, their youthful romance was ended here with these few angry and light-sounding speeches.

Lisabel went to her room, and Darrel came back into the parlor to listen to Sir Archibald's stiff, pretentious discussions, for Sir Archibald Redmond was his patron also. In conjunction with his literary labors, he held under that gentleman a nondescript position as agent and secretary, and just now Sir Archibald was deeply interested in some valuable coal mines he had opened upon one of his estates. The fact was, Sir Archibald's coal mines were his hobby. There were coal mines here at Borrodaile, and Laurence had occasional business to perform in connection with them. He was going to the other mines tomorrow, and, accordingly, was constrained to listen calmly to his employer's directions, while his brain was on fire and his pulse beating like a trip-hammer. It was evening before he left the house, for Sir Archibald was even more than usually pompously precise, but he had seen nothing more of Lisabel.

In fact, Miss Cray did not come down-stairs again until some time after his departure, and when she made her appearance at last, Sir Archibald's small stock of patience was quite exhausted. It was one of her duties to read to him in the evening, and her want of punctuality was a heinous crime in her patron's eyes when it interfered with his whims. The moment the door opened, he turned toward her, peevishly. He was as impatient of delay as the weakest of irritable women.

She came forward, and, drawing forth her watch, held it out to him, with a radiant insouciance to which her pallor gave the lie.

"You have been waiting twenty minutes," she said, "while I have been discussing the respective merits of preserved quinces and candied apricots with your housekeeper."

He brightened at once, as he generally did under her influence, his irritation overcome by her good-natured serenity.

She drew a chair near a dainty inlaid work-table, and took up a pamphlet and began to turn the leaves slowly. For a few moments Sir Archibald watched her in silence. He was not a handsome man himself, and it is possible that his own lack of personal attractions made him all the more sensitive to personal beauty in others. In his rich, large-patterned dressing-gown, his thin, undersized figure looked more effeminate than it really was; his face was irritable, finical and weak; all his shallow pride and conceit expressed

itself in the stiff punctiliousness of his manner. He regarded the tall, rounded figure before him with a curious, self-satisfied appreciation of its loveliness. At length he coughed, expressively.

"Darrel leaves to-morrow."

Lisabel turned a fresh page, complacently.

"Ah, indeed," she said, with innocent calmness. "And the coal mines?"

"The coal mines are in excellent condition," replied Sir Archibald, "and promise to render Hibblethwaite invaluable as an estate. But that is not what I wished to say. Darrel tells me that—that your engagement is broken."

His manner surprised her; it startled her into a train of thought toward which her wildest dreams had never led her. Her heart gave a delirious throb, half fear, half exultation. She could not trust herself to look up as she made her reply.

"Mr. Darrel spoke truly," she said, in a low voice. "I thought it best that the engagement should be broken—best for both of us. We were very young when we entered into it, and for some time, I think, we have both felt that we had made a mistake."

"You are quite right, Lisabel," he said—
"quite right, of course. These boy-and-girl engagements are seldom of any ultimate importance, and—and I think your decision a very sensible and correct one."

"Shall I go on with the treatise?" Lisabel asked, softly, breaking the awkward little silence that followed.

"Not—not if you are tired of it," her patron replied, with awkward gallantry. "Choose something else."

"I am not tired of it," she said, hypocritically. "I was very much interested, and, with your permission, I will finish it."

The fact was, this same treatise had bored her to the verge of distraction; and even as she spoke she had a repressed enjoyment of her own mendacity.

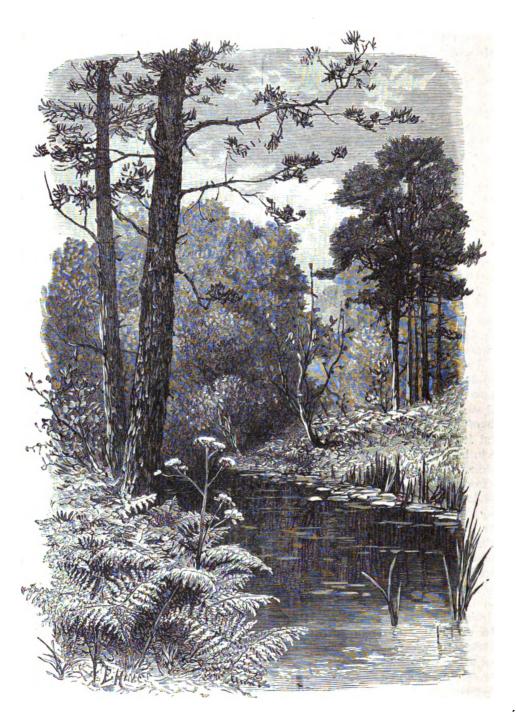
Sir Archibald was one of her standing jokes, and in her good-humored, high-handed fashion she had satirized him unscrupulously a thousand times. Gratitude, you will observe, was not one of her characteristics.

"Besides," she had said to Darrel, "what have I to be grateful for? He took me because he could not help it, and snubbed me as long as I was of no use to him. If I had red hair and high shoulders he would snub me now; but I have not, you see. Bah! it is the way of the world, and I am of the world."

There had been a certain flavor of forlorn romance in her life, and when she had come to the Redmond establishment, she had made her appearance the tallest of ungainly, shabby school-

girls, and Sir Archibald had at first tolerated her | awkward young creature common charity comwith a stiff resenting of her awkward shyness. But a year later, meeting her one day upon the over her shoulder when he spoke to her suggested staircase, as she was going to her room after a a novel train of thought.

pelled him to protect, but the face she turned



WHERE THE BROOK LEAVES THE FOREST.

walk with Laurence Darrel, whom she had encountered by chance, he looked at her big, handsome eyes and supple form, and was roused to a sudden recognition of the rare change in her. He had never thought of her before, unless as an

From that time Lisabel's life was a changed one. People who had slighted or patronized her began to court her attention, and in a very short time she learned to understand the significance of the change, and, being adaptable enough, she

took up her sceptre and wielded it with right royal daring.

In time she ruled Sir Archibald with a creditable diplomacy truly astonishing.

So it was that this evening Lisabel Cray bent herself to the task of pleasing as she rarely did. There was a zest of amused curiosity in it which gave it a novel interest. She was trying her power, and she brought to bear upon this elderly, self-conscious, worn-out aristocrat every weapon in her armament.

When she finished the treatise, and laid it aside to listen to his pompous thanks, she could have

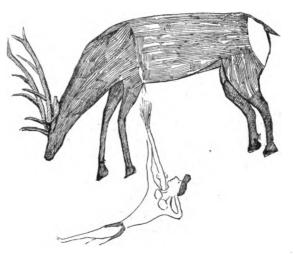


THE PICTOGRAPHIC AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SIOUX CHIEF. HALF-MOON, THE SIOUX CHIEF (KILLED IN CUSTER'S FIGHT, 1876).— SEE PAGE 361.

laughed in his face at the thought of how she was reading him. In the whimsical excitement, she forgot Darrel, his bitter reproaches, and the half remorse his fierce kisses had brought to her. She was calculating every inch of vantage-ground to be gained. She did not pause to ask herself what the victory would entail upon her; she only considered the victory in the abstract.

And she was not disappointed. Sir Archibald became, after a ceremonious fashion, almost jubilant. He found himself making speeches that were comparatively brilliant, and accordingly felt gracious. Lisabel's presence pleased him, and her occasional deferential remarks touched his vanity.

On retiring for the night, he kissed her hand

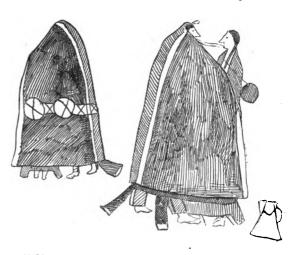


HOW HALF-MOON KILLED HIS FIRST ELK.

graciously; but if he could have seen her fair, nonchalant face when the door had closed upon him, he might have repented his gallantry.

But, notwithstanding all this, I cannot truthfully say that she slept very easily that night. She was a woman, after all, if only an indifferent one. Her calculations and her foibles were as physically natural to her as her superior form and sleepy, velvet eyes. She had been born with them, and circumstances had developed their strength. Perhaps some ancestors had handed them down to her through two or three generations, for certainly she was as constitutionally worldly and deficient as she was constitutionally indolent and lavish. With twenty thousand a year she would have made Laurence Darrel the best and most tactful of wives - ready-witted, graceful, serene; but, without the twenty thousand, it did not occur to her that love and faith might take the place of lavishness and luxury.

But Lisabel did not sleep easily to-night; she



MARRIAGE, OVER A COFFEE-POT OF WATER—DEPARTURE OF BRAVE AND SQUAW UNDER ONE BLANKET.

remembered the sudden, passionate kisses and bitter words, with an indescribable sense of wretched discomfort, when she was alone—a feeling which was, perhaps, for the time almost as intense as a better woman might have experienced.

"They are the last," he had said, and the words had struck her with a vague foreboding. There had been a time when her love for Laurence had been the one glow of happiness in her life; but that had been when, through long, miscrable dinner-parties, she had been so wretchedly conscious of her shabby dresses and her ignorance of ctiquette. Darrel had taken pity on her then, and rescued her from her ignominious misery with such little attentions as some men know well how to bestow delicately and with generous chivalry.

He had been a hero and a god in her eyes, and when the odd friendship had ripened into something deeper, and he had told her that he loved her, the delicious whirl of bewilderment and excitement had seemed like a dream to her, and it had ended at last in the boy-and-girl engagement of which Sir Archibald had spoken so loftily.

She half laughed, half sobbed, as she thought of the first night of their engagement, and how she had kissed her poor little garnet ring, and slept with her cheek upon it, and stared in the mirror at her carmine cheeks and big, glowing eyes, wondering if it was true that she was growing beautiful, indeed. But that was over ages ago, it seemed, and now she was on the verge of placing beyond the pale of possibility any return to the girlish dream.

But if her night was a sleepless one, there were few traces of sleeplessness on her face the next morning. The sunlight brought her fresh spirit and forgetfulness, and she went down into the breakfast-parlor to pour out Sir Archibald's chocolate, looking wonderfully fresh.

She came into the room with a red musk-rose in her hair, and a tint on her cheeks scarce less bright than its petals—one of the great dashes of marvelous color peculiar to her—her large, divinely molded white arms and shoulders showing through the diaphanous folds of her vaporous white wrapper.

Sir Archibald's thin, elderly face told its own story. He could not drink his chocolate, and trifled with the delicate little game paté on his plate; but Lisabel drank her chocolate serenely, and enjoyed the repast with a cool fortitude quite her own.

She had an extravagant fancy that, under some circumstances, she would really have liked her absent lover to hear her patron propose to her, if he was going to propose. She had laughed at his pompous conceit so often and so mercilessly, merely for the sake of hearing Darrel protest against it.

But at last Sir Archibald arose and left his chocolate, in despair. There was a gorgeous antique ring upon his little finger, and he drew it off, and came to his protégée's side.

"My dear Lisabel," he said, coloring, and hesitating nervously, "I—will you—may I ask you to accept this ring?"

The dear Lisabel dropped her white eyelids with becoming demureness, and then, suddenly recollecting that he had only asked her to accept the ring, raised them again.

"Ah, my dear sir," she said, pathetically, "how generous you always are! How can I thank....."

"Stay!" said Sir Archibald. "Do you understand me? If you accept the ring, you accept me also."

A faint thrill passed through the fair diplomatist's heart. Poor Laurence! How much handsomer this ring was than the poor little garnet-set circlet she had prized so highly in her more inexperienced days! Then she held out her divinely white hand.

"I will take the ring," she said, softly; but her elderly lover had barely slipped it upon her finger before a sudden, muffled roar of deafening sound shook the house to its foundations, and made her start from her seat, cheeks and lips bloodless with horror.

"Great God!" cried Sir Archibald; "what is that?"

"It is the mines!"—the words broke from her white lips like the ghosts of sound. "I have heard it once before. Oh, Heaven, be merciful!"

There had been vague rumors of ominous signs in the mines for several days, and a few of the old miners had predicted some coming catastrophe, and here it was, indeed. The shafts were within sight of the house-windows, and even that instant wild, shouting and shricking figures were dashing across the space of ground between the village and the pit's mouth—some with outflung arms and frantic gestures of desperation; others stumbling along without cry or sound of any kind, only desperate, it seemed, in their wild anxiety to be free from the spot. . . .

Where was Laurence? Far from Borrodaile by this time, and in his study below Sir Archibald paced the floor in an agony of nervous terror. He had been down to the mines once, and had returned agitated beyond all pretense at self-control. It would have been the most absurd of mockeries to turn to him for even the shadow of consolation.

Having watched the hurrying figures until she could bear the sight of them no longer, Lisebel was turning into the parlor from the balcony, when a fresh stir and bustle about the mouth of

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the shaft struck her with a new horror of curios-They had been bringing up the dead and wounded all morning, and now it seemed that their last burden had awakened new excitement, for the by-standers were crowding around it eagerly.

Who could it be? She would have given worlds at that moment for the sound of a friendly voice, or the touch of a friendly hand. In contrast with the sickening bustle beyond the park-gates, all within seemed so deathly in its She watched the crowd around the pit's mouth intently. They had taken the dreadful, undefined heap of humanity and laid it upon a litter, and were moving away.

Where were they going? Not toward the village; no, they had turned toward the park-gates, and a man was running before them, evidently as messenger. A horrible shock of dread shook her from head to foot, and she hid her face in her hands.

She was already woman enough, despite her moral deficiency, to be offering up a prayer of thanksgiving that Laurence Darrel was not in Borrodaile; that there were miles of sunshine between him and this horror. But the litter had passed the park-gates, and was coming up the avenue, and below, the messenger stood upon the stone steps, speaking aloud.

She held to the stone balustrades of the balcony until the veins stood out like blue cords upon her hands. The study-door opened, and Sir Archibald came out, and she heard again the terror-struck exclamation that had broken from his lips a few hours before.

"Great God!" he was saying, "this is fearful! I thought that-

She heard no more, for by this time the litter was upon the terrace below her, and, as her strained eyes fell upon it, the truth burst upon her in its full force. There had been no need for her prayer; it had come too late. The horrible, crushed thing beneath - this battered thing, white-faced, red, wet with blood, and beaten out of shape, was the man whose lips had pressed hers but vesterday—the man she had laughed at, and dismissed so lightly—Laurence Darrel.

She cowered down upon her knees on the floor of the balcony, and buried her face in the folds of her white dress; she could have fancied it red and wet, also. She forgot all for this moment but the bitter, handsome face, and the passionate kisses, and the poor little garnet ring. Heavy feet passed up the staircase outside the parlor-door, and she knew they were carrying their burden to a room above.

She could have faced separation, but she could not face death. She had such a horror of it! She feared it as all such women must; she feared | bering womanhood awoke for once that day. She

it even more than she did the old age that would make her faded and wrinkled.

She staggered to her feet, and went out of the parlor at last, trying to calm herself; but at the door Sir Archibald met her.

"Where is he?" she asked.

"We put him into your room," he answered: "it was the nearest. The medical men are with him now. He was detained at the mines this morning until it was too late to leave for Hibblethwaite, and so remained behind. Merciful Heaven! what fearful chance held him there? If he had only gone! Poor fellow!-poor fel-

When the physicians passed out of the bedroom-door, after the examination was ended, the last who came found himself face to face with Lisabel Cray.

"Will he die?" she said.

"My dear young lady-" ne began.

She stopped him with a quick wave of her

"Will he die?" he said again. "Tell me." "He is dying now."

She passed by him without another word, and made her way into the room beyond.

She drew near to the bedside, and looked down, shuddering. This was scarcely a human form the ghastly outlines beneath the sheets had scarcely aught of humanity in them; crushed, battered hands were swathed in fearful. blood-wet bandages; the handsome face was gashed and bruised almost beyond all recognition. Only last night this man had kissed her! She grew deathly sick as she bent over him.

"Laurence!" she said.

The hoarse, strained breathing did not alter. He had not heard her—he could not.

She turned to the housekeeper; the woman was, perhaps, the only friend she had in the house, for, as might be expected, the servants were not very partial to their master's favorite.

"Go down-stairs," she said, breathless with her despair (she forgot appearances almost). "I will stay here. I want to-to be alone with him for a few minutes. Don't let Sir Archibald come up yet."

She fell upon her knees beside the maimed figure when the woman was gone. There were only a few moments before her. Perhaps before she could rouse him some one would enter; perhaps she could not rouse him at all.

"Laurence!" she cried out - "Laurence, for God's sake try to speak to me!" and in all her life before she had never uttered the name of God as she uttered it then.

But there was no answer.

Perhaps all the full strength of her long-slum-

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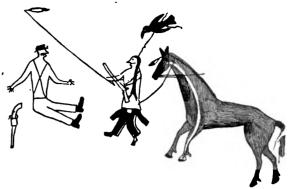
IN AN ENGAGEMENT WITH A HOSTILE TRIBE—HALF-MOON CARRIES OFF HIS COMBADE.

forgot that her daring plans had worked smoothly, and that she had gained more than she had even hoped for; she forgot everything but the ghastly. bandaged figure upon the bed. And until midnight this ghastly figure lay almost without a change, only occasionally muttering and moaning, now and then gasping out indistinct words, whose sound was more horrible than silence. But at midnight a change came. The mutterings and gasping ceased, and a deathlier pallor crept like a gray shadow over the face, and at last the eyes opened, slowly and painfully, and fell upon the watching figures at the bedside. The stiff lips moved faintly, and, after bending over him for a moment, to try to catch his words, Sir Archibald turned to a tall white figure shrinking in the shadow of the curtains of the bed.

"I think he is asking for you," he said. "Speak to him, Lisabel."

She stepped forward and bent over him, and the gashed face upon the pillow was scarcely whiter than her own.

"Do you know me?" she asked.



KILLING A WHITE MAN.

The lagging voice came up from the depths; it seemed to answer, faintly, "Yes."

- "Do you wish to speak to me?"
- "Yes," again.

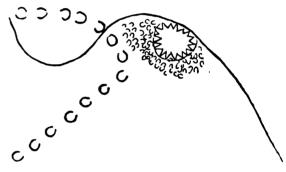


DIAGRAM OF A GREAT HORSE-STRALING RAID—RIVER, FORT, AND GOVERNMENT CORRAL (THE FOURTEEN HORSESHOES REPRESENT THE NUMBER OF HORSES STOLEN).

"What do you wish to say?"

A silence, and a dropping of the heavy lids, and then an effort.

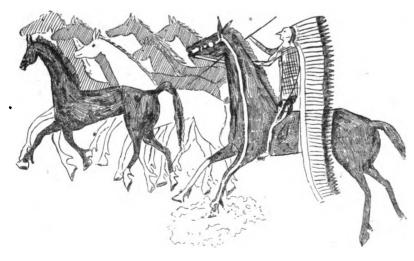
"Is—this—the—the end?"

"Tell him the truth, poor fellow!" said one of the physicians, pityingly.

"We—we think it is," she faltered.

Another silence, and another leaden dropping of the glazing eyes, and then with the same effort they were raised again, and wandered over her face and figure weakly, and, at last, reaching her hand, and the ring Sir Archibald had placed upon it, a swift, wild, wonderful blaze of passionate light shot into the dying eyes, triumphant over bruises, blood-stains, and ghastly bandages.

"Where—where is it?" he Digitized by



TRIUMPHANT RETURN FROM A BAID.



HALF-MOON OVERCOMES TWO U. S. OFFICERS AT TURTLE BUTTES, ON THE BIG HORN RIVER.

gasped —"the ring—I gave—to—to the—woman I loved—the garnet ring?"

This was the last. There was a struggle, a gush of blood from the white lips, and the passionate outcry died away forever.

"He is dead, poor fellow!" said the physician, when, a moment later, he stepped back from the bedside. "Whoever the woman he loves may be, her romance is ended. Good Heaven, Sir Archibald, Miss Cray has fainted!"

For there, at the foot of the bed, the ringed hands slipping from the hangings clutched at in its fall, the tall, white figure lay insensible.

Two or three years later, when this same physician was relating the history of the Borrodaile colliery explosion to a friend, he ended his description of the death-bed scene with this addition:

"I have heard it said that the woman he raved about was Lisabel Cray herself, and that there had been a love affair between them; but however that was, she married Sir Archibald a few months after, and created a marvelous sensation

in society in the season that followed. The fact is, she is a very beautiful woman—a trifle heartless, people say; perhaps, if the story concerning the love affair is true, a trifle reckless; but she is a superb creature, nevertheless."

IRVING'S STORY.

HENRY IRVING tells this story: "A haberdasher in London had joined the Junior Garrick Club, and became inoculated with the idea of going on the stage. So he sold out his shop, re-

serving an ample supply of underwear, and invested the proceeds to eke out his salary as an actor. In time, his grand dreams of surpassing Kean and Kemble having departed, he was an humble utility man at the Theatre Royal, Manchester. But his invested money gave him income enough to provide a Christmas-eve supper for his associates at the theatre. One of them hesitated to accept, because the weather was so cold and his clothing was so thin and worn. Be-



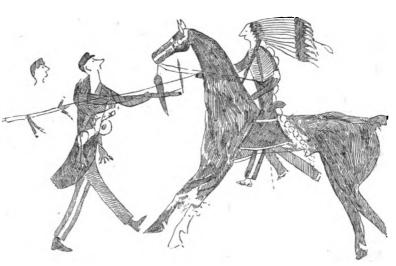
DUEL WITH A CROW RIVER INDIAN.

fore the supper the ex-haberdasher pushed this poor fellow into a bedroom, saying: 'There's a little present for you in here!' It was a suit of warm woolen underclothing. Fancy this poor actor's feelings when, comfortably clad, his body and his heart equally warm, he took his place at table. I can feel that grateful warmth yet," exclaimed Irving, "for I was that poor actor."

THE PICTOGRAPHIC AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SIOUX CHIEF.

BY CAPTAIN GALVIN GRAY.

THERE is a familiar conception, nine-tenths falsehood and a very thin one-tenth veneer truth,



EILLING A UNITED STATES ARMY BUGLES.

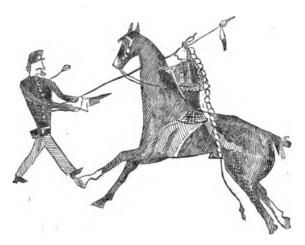
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maging among the second-class and obscure bookstalls, to find there the treasure that sends him home happy. This conception may have been true some decades back; and up to a comparatively recent date one might often meet, walking down the quays of the Seine, in Paris, a man with marvelously deep pockets in a coat that bulged out on both sides. He was the Hon. John Bigelow, then Minister to the Court of Paris. This curious and literature-loving statesman wandered and poked among the book-stalls that, in certain localities of the quays, were to be found in almost every house.

But the old-book world has now been pretty thoroughly threshed, and the treasures are mostly garnered in the houses of the rich, or are only for sale by famous dealers.

The bibliophile is not a dog in the manger. He guards his prizes with great care, but if he instinctively knows you to be one of the clan, you can ramble among his alcoves and shelves, gloat over Aldines and Elzevirs, and wish for the wealth of a Crossus that you might take home with you all those volumes, enriched with the bindings of David, Lortie, Trautz-Bauzonnet and Chambolle-Duru.

In such a treasure-house the writer the other day came across a strange, unique, yet intensely modern, book. He had wandered into the lit-



FIGHT WITH A UNITED STATES INFANTRYMAN.

erary salon of Mr. Edmund F. Bonaventure, at the San Carlo—a delightful "lounge" for the bibliophile or art student.

"There is something American," said the connoisseur, handing over a handsomely bound book. It was a pictographic autobiography of Halfmoon — otherwise called Big Turtle — a Sioux chief, killed in the battle of the Rosebud, June 18th, 1876, and who, with four other chiefs, was

that depicts the bibliophile as continually rum- | June 28th, 1876. The book appealed at once to "one's business and bosom," for it contained seventy-seven colored crayon sketches, the work of the dead warrior's own hand, depicting various events and deeds of his by no means passive life. This pictorial chronicle was taken from Halfmoon's dead body by Sergeant John R. Nelson, of Lieutenant Rowe's troop, Second Cavalry, as certified to by Lieutenant Rowe and Major James S. Brisbin, of the same regiment. In 1868, one J. S. Moore, while returning to Nebraska City from Montana, was killed and scalped by Half-Moore had carried a common accountbook, which the Indian chief appropriated, using the blank pages to sketch his adventurous exploits in love, war and horse-stealing. This kind of pictorial practice is a favorite diversion among the more intelligent Indians, who in the long Winter evenings gather in their council-lodge to recite their battles, raids and hunting exploits. The chief draws his picture and passes it around the circle. After every one has looked at it, and emitted some non-committal grunt, the hero tells the story and explains such details as the sketch necessarily omits. When not on the war-path or hunting, this is the principal amusement and medium for the exchange of ideas in many tribes. A large proportion of the achievements recorded are in the line of horse-stealing. This is, doubtless, because the Sioux warrior's standing and influence in the tribe are estimated by the number of horses he owns or has captured.

It is especially the custom of the Sioux warriors. as it was of the warriors of the Six Nations, to record by illustrations or sign-pictures their prowess in battle and the chase.

In the trans-Mississippi tribes, those who have relied for subsistence upon the immense herds of buffalo, elk and antelope which once grazed on the plains, these pictorial records have been ordinarily executed on the dressed skins of animals, though in some few instances Jesuit missionaries testify to having seen these records handsomely and profusely illustrated on the inner bark of the birch-tree. These Jesuit fathers taught them the use of paper, and the Government agents have supplied them with colored crayons.

As already stated, Half-moon's body was found on the Custer battle-field, and his book with it. All sorts and conditions of men have been attacked with the autobiographical malady. From the literary potentate down to some wretched murderer scribbling in his cell, all have developed the characteristic symptoms, but few have left to their credit such a record as our Sioux chief Half-moon.

His first pictures are rather feeble efforts at depicting animal life. In one he comically shows found lying in state on the Custer battle-field, how he lay in the grass till the elk he had been

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A LITTLE SAMARITAN.

stalking nearly walked over him. No doubt he brought the meat into the camp, and as his comrades sat round the night-fire, gorged with their meal, the picture was passed from one to the other, as he gave them the embellished narrative of the hunt.

In a more elaborate drawing he celebrates his wedding. The Sioux cannot rank as a warrior or sub-chief without first taking a squaw to wife. To secure a helpmeet, the suitor must be the owner of some horses, for the bride's father expects at least three or four as a preliminary to handing over his daughter.

The marriage obligations are taken mutually over a stream, or some vessel of water, according to the Sioux tradition. In this instance the ceremony is performed over a coffee-pot. A second picture shows the happy pair, covered with the same blanket, going off to their tepee or lodge.

Close upon the heels of love comes war. Halfmoon depicts, with no little spirit, an engagement with some hostile tribe. Each horseshoe-track indicates a horseman of the enemy; the round dots with heavy strokes are bullets; and the spear - heads, arrows. His comrade's horse has been shot under him, and the warrior himself wounded, but Half-moon carries him out from the midst of the battle, the bullets and arrows flying thick and fast around them. The bravest exploit an Indian can perform is to bear off his wounded or dead comrade. For this feat he is entitled to wear the war-bonnet, made of porcupine and eagle quills, ornamented with the gay plumage of the mountain birds, and interwoven with the sinews of the otter, which is the "squaw thread."

The Sioux warriors are always practicing for this feat of carrying off the dead and wounded. One man will pretend to be disabled, while his companions gallop past, and, bending over, as only an Indian can, lift him on the passing horse.

Half-moon did not forget to make a drawing of the killing of Moore, the man from whom he took the account-book. From the picture, it would appear that the white man was so frightened at the mere appearance of the chief, that he let his revolver drop out of his hand. The Sioux has dismounted, while his bird of good omen hovers over him. No doubt the next scene was the scalping of the unfortunate victim. In another illustration he records his return from a successful horse-raid. He invariably distinguishes between horses captured from the Government, from citizens or from Indians. The former carry the Government brand, U.S., but these letters are turned about in curious ways by the Sioux artist, n a being his favorite combination. Horses stolen from citizens are distinguished by being shod, whereas those captured from Indians have no shoes.

A striking instance of a picture, or diagram, in which everything is indicated by conventional signs, is where a snake-like black line represents a river; at the head of the bend, a many-pointed star shows where a fort stands, and around it a large number of horseshoes mark the corral. crowded with horses. Fourteen large horseshoes bear witness to the rich results of the raid, and



CAPTURE OF THREE WHITE WOMEN.

it can easily be imagined that even the taciturn chiefs chuckled as Half-moon told and, no doubt, retold the deed. Cutting fourteen horses out from under the very noses of the Great Father's soldiers must have given Half-moon a high place among the chiefs of his tribe and from this time his shield bears the heraldic emblem of a half-moon, to be superseded later, however, by the sign of a turtle, after he achieves still higher distinction by killing an officer and a sergeant. This is an historical fact, and took place in the vicinity of the Turtle Buttes on the Big Horn.

One noticeable trait about this savage artist is that at times he shows his own reverses. In two instances he records the shooting of his horse. and the very ignominious fall of the big chief. No doubt by some heroic fighting he got out of the scrape, and thereby hung a tale which beguiled the long hours of the Winter night, and was listened to with wrapt attention by the other braves. In every instance where he has recorded an encounter either with a white man or an Indian he has been very careful in showing himself giving the coup—a word learnt from the Jesuit missionaries. When an Indian sees that he has his enemy in his power, he counts coos, according to the Sioux parlance, by striking the captured person lightly on the head or shoulder with the bow, lance or "coo-stick." The poor wretch. whether man or woman, is reserved for stripping and torture at some more convenient time and locality.

Among the Indians themselves this custom of Digitized by

"counting coos" has great significance. Without it a prisoner can be scalped by any other warrior who may be taking part in the fray, and the latter gets all the credit of the deed.

The tepee, or lodge, of this champion horsethief and man of blood must have been hung round with many a scalp. He depicts the capture of an army bugler, and shortly after captures a white man in his wagon. Nor are his exploits alone confined to men and horses. Twice he shows how he captured some squaws, and once three white women surrendered themselves. Amidst a circle of horsemen, he fights a duel with a Crow River Indian, and the picture shows him giving the "coos." He is now dressed in the jacket of the sergeant he killed near Turtle Buttes, and in the trousers of the officer he dispatched in the same engagement. These clothes Half-moon seems to have always subsequently worn when starting off on the war-path.

It was, doubtless, a providenti a l bullet that put an end to this bold Sioux's career, if his graphic account of his own deeds is at all veracious; and, indeed, there is no doubt that each picture is the record of an



KILLING A WHITE SETTLER.

actual deed, for each of them must have had its witnesses from among his own tribe, who would not have hesitated to denounce him as a Munchausen, had his pictographic autobiography been fiction.

ANECDOTES OF DRUGS AND DOCTORS. By Mary D. Titcomb.

MANY persons now living, and not yet aged, will gratefully remember the delicate generosity of a distinguished physician—an occulist and aurist of New York city. His genial ways and sincere sympathy are themselves a healing agency to the nervous and suffering. He always seems to find a bright side, somewhere, to turn to the patient, even if the ailment is very serious or hopeless of cure. He learns intuitively if his patients' means are limited; and some of them will never forget his unaffected generosity and delicate recognition of the dignity of all labor, as, declin-

ing to accept more than half his usual fee, he would say, "You are one of the guild." A kindness thus tendered is worth scores of roughly bestowed charities; and in the future the memory of this physician will be cherished as much for his sympathetic goodness as for his remarkable skill.

Lemuel Hopkins, the eccentric Connecticut student and physician, one day found the friends of a patient lamenting over her, as dying.

"Had I not better send for a clergyman?" asked the father. "My daughter is dying."

"No," replied the doctor.; "you had better send for the undertaker, and have her measured for her coffin."

The father indignantly remonstrated at this unfeeling remark.

"My meaning is," said Dr. Hopkins, "that if your daughter is left quiet, she will recover; but if you disturb her as you propose, in my opinion

she will certainly die."

The girl was kept quiet, and recovered.

Dr. Hopkins ruthlessly upset the practice common, in his day, in febrile diseases. Being called to see a child in scarlet fever, he found the

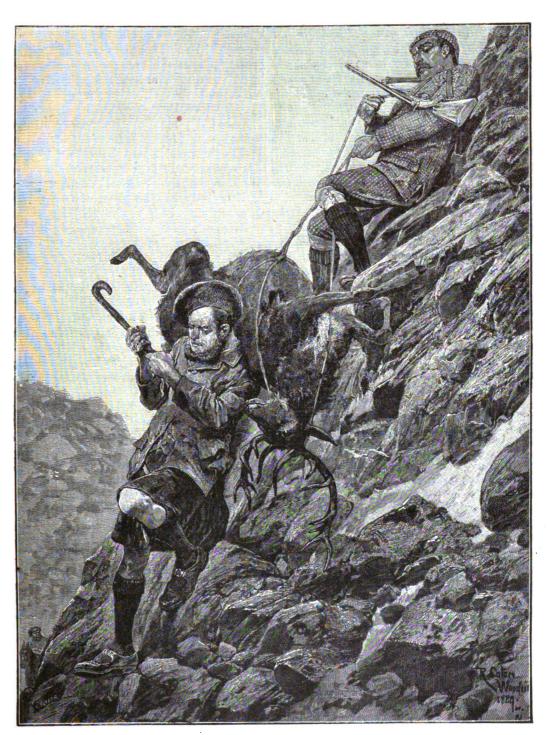
little sufferer loaded with bedclothes, the room hot, every crack and key-hole being stopped up to keep out the air. The doctor was a stranger to the family. He entered the sick-room in his usual unceremonious manner; his large eyes, staring about, quickly took in every detail of the situation. It was a pleasant Summer day, and without a word he took the child in his arms, hastily went out of the house, and sat down with it in a refreshing shade. The amazed family thought him crazy, and threatened him with broomsticks; but he quieted them, and ordered some restoratives for the child, which soon recovered under such novel treatment.

Dr. John Hunter's somewhat irritable temper could not easily endure the frequent interruptions to study and laboratory pursuits which his wife's fashionable entertainments and frivolous amusements caused. One evening, returning home, he found the house in the confusion and hubbub of a grand party, about which his good lady had for-

gotten to inform him. Entering one of the large reception - rooms, he gazed at his unexpected guests, who were equally amazed to see him, dusty, toil-worn and grim.

Mrs. Hunter's rooms were speedily deserted by the astonished crowd.

But Dr. Hunter was by no means an unkind, though a very busy, man. Time was precious to



DEER-STALKING IN THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS-A SHORT OUT ON THE WAY HOME.

"I knew nothing of this kick-up," he said, | briefly, "and I ought to have been informed of it beforehand. But as I have come home to

him, but he was always ready to help those needing aid. A young student once desired to get suggestions from him about medical studies. "Come study, I hope the present company will retire!" | early to-morrow morning," said Hunter, "as soon

after four as you can." The young man kept the appointment, and found Hunter in his laboratory, dissecting beetles. He was an untiring student himself, and devoted to comparative anatomy.

Busy men can sympathize with Dr. Baillie, who, by pressure of duties, was sometimes betrayed into irritability. "Don't sneak to me!" he would say, holding up his hands, when his family pressed about him, to welcome him home after a day of great fatigue. But, presently, the cloud would pass from his face, and with a smile he would exclaim: "Now you may speak to me."

A lady, more notional than ill, had kept him listening to a most minute account of her ailments, until his patience was nearly exhausted. At length he escaped from the room, when a servant overtook him on the stair-way, with the request that he would step up-stairs again.

"May I eat some oysters when I return from

the opera to-night?" asked the lady.

"Yes, madam," said Baillie, "shells and all."
Few men have exhibited more eccentricities than Abner Hersey, a Massachusetts physician. His whims and caprices banished comfort from his household, and his extraordinary dress marked him in public. "I would rather be chained to a galley-oar than do it," was a favorite saying of his.

His brother's widow once wrote to him that she was intending to visit him soon. Much annoyed and excited by this information, he replied to the letter thus:

"MADAM: I can't have you here. I am sick, and my wife is sick. I have no hay nor corn for your horses. I have no servants in my family, and I had rather be chained to a galley-oar than to wait on you myself."

We presume the visit was postponed.

One of the vagaries of Messenger Monsey—a medical celebrity of the eighteenth century—was his novel method of dentistry. A piece of catgut was fastened around an offending tooth, and a bullet attached to the other end. A pistol was charged with this bullet—then, pull the trigger, and out comes the tooth!

Doctors may not have so much need as lawyers to cultivate keenness in retort, but many have shown their quick wit on occasion. An apothecary, not noted for his politeness, while receiving some directions from Dr. Erasmus Darwin, who had an impediment in his speech, observed that "it was a pity that a man of his great abilities should stammer."

- "Not so much to be regretted as you suppose, sir," spluttered the doctor. "It gives a man time to think before he speaks."
- "My d-e-a-r John Hunter," drawled the fashionable Dr. Garthshore, who, as some writer remarks, used to "look into Hunter's dissecting-room, wind up his watch and fall asleep." "My d-e-a-r John Hunter—"

"My d-e-a-r Tom Fool!" was the mocking retort.

The great anatomist was too busy a man to waste his time.

- "Well, sir," demanded the presiding member of the British Navy Board, of a young applicant, "what do you know of the science of your profession? Don't keep the board waiting, sir. Supposing a man was brought to you during action with his arms and legs shot off, what would you do? Make haste!"
- "By Jove, sir," responded the young surgeon, "I should pitch him overboard, and go on to some one to whom I could be of more service."

The reverend Board burst out laughing, and the applicant got his certificate for his presence of mind in the face of such a question.

Everybody has heard of Abernethy's laconic prescription given to an indolent bon vivant, "Live on sixpence a day, and earn it"; and also of Sir Richard Jebb's response to the old gentleman's everlasting question, "What may I eat?" "You must not eat the poker, shovel or tongs—they are hard of digestion—nor the bellows: but anything else you please."

Abernethy's prescriptions were made with the strong belief that the majority of ailments resulted from abuse of the stomach.

"What is the matter with my eye?" asked a gentleman of the great surgeon. "It is exceedingly painful."

"Which one?" said Abernethy, closely examining the eyes. Then interrupting the details of the patient, he continued: "Don't bother. I will tell you all about it. The mischief you apprehend depends, I take it, altogether upon the stomach—at present. I have no reason to believe there is anything else the matter with you."

The incredulous patient here began a list of symptoms, while the surgoon, leaning against the table, calmly murmured, "Diddle-dum, diddle-de-dum, diddle-dum-dee," until he finished. Then Abernethy explained how a disordered stomach affected every organ in the body, more or less, gave the patient explicit directions about diet, a simple medicine, and told him his eye would be all right if he followed his advice.

"I am told you know how to cure bad stomachs," said a gross-looking man. "Mine is very bad, doctor."

"I can't cure your bad stomach," said Abernethy. "You must do that yourself. Don't be stuffing yourself with beer and brandy. Exercise yourself; walk about the fields, and omit a fourth part of what you now eat."

"What!" responded the man, disconsolately. "Won't you let me have my pint of beer, or my glass?"

"Do as you please," replied the surgeon. "But

if you don't follow my directions, you will not get well."

"Go home!" exclaimed Abernethy, to another patient, who confessed to excessive eating every day; "eat less, and there will be nothing the matter with you."

On another occasion, the surgeon, having listened impatiently to the frivolous details of a nervous patient, returned a shilling of his guineafee, saying, sternly: "There, madam, go and buy a skipping-rope—that is all you want."

The eccentric Dr. Scott once ordered a sick man "to dine early, drink no more beer, and discontinue the use of snuff."

After awhile the patient returned, complaining he was not getting well.

"You still take snuff," said Dr. Scott, instantly detecting that his directions were not wholly obeyed—and the man was forced to admit the fact. "Then go off and die," said the doctor.

It was a good prescription—the man went away, obeyed previous orders, and lived to be ninety.

In the time of Sir Astley Cooper's most aristocratic practice, he received many enormous fees—numerous capitalists who visited him feeling it beneath their dignity to make any fee less than five guineas. But his largest single fee was the noted 1,000 guineas which, tucked into a night-cap, was flung at the celebrated surgeon, by an eccentric gentleman upon whom he had performed a successful operation.

Radcliffe received some very large fees from royal patients—Queen Mary sending him 1,000 guineas on one occasion, and 1,600 at another time. In 1768, Dr. Dimsdale went to Russia, and inoculated the Empress Catherine and her son, for which service he received £12,000, and a life-pension of £500 a year. Joseph of Austria rewarded the truthfulness of his physician, who told him he could not possibly live two days, by an annuity of £2,000, and creating him a baron.

Although it is still the practice of physicians in many European cities to leave the amount of the fee to the inclination and judgment of their patients, it would scarcely be allowable to follow the example of the lady who, having received Dr. William Hunter's professional advice, asked what she should pay him. But he declined to fix the fee; and as, notwithstanding her urgent request, he persisted in refusing to do so, she rose, courteously thanked him for his attention, and left him—slightly annoyed.

It was the charitable Dr. Fothergill who, in reply to a friend's reproof for refusing a fee from one who was found afterward well able to pay, said: "I had rather return the fees of many, with whose circumstances I am not perfectly acquainted, than run the risk of taking one from a man who ought, perhaps, to be the object of my

bounty." When he paid his last visit to a patient in restricted circumstances, he would often slip a bank-note into his hand, always inventing some pleasant reason for the gift.

Generous and liberal to those in needy circumstances, Dr. John Bell, of Edinburgh, also knew how to reprove illiberality in others. On one occasion he received from a rich Lanarkshire laird a check for £50 for services which he regarded as deserving much higher remuneration. On leaving the house, Dr. Bell met the butler, and giving him the check, said: "Here, you have had a good deal of trouble opening the door for me—there is a trifle for you."

The astonished butler took the check to his master, who, understanding the hint, sent the surgeon a check for £150.

The London surgeon who, having asked 100 guineas for setting the broken arm of a poor country clergyman, benevolently reduced the sum to 100 pounds, on learning that it was impossible for him to pay such a sum, cannot be regarded as a fair specimen of the profession.

Sir James Simpson, noted for his achievements in the use of anæsthetics, was equally careless in asking a fee and in acknowledging its receipt. Everything was stuffed into his pockets, which were occasionally emptied when overfull. One stormy night, being disturbed by a rattling window, Simpson got up, fumbled around in his pocket for a piece of paper, and tucked it into the window. The next morning, Mrs. Simpson, discovering that the plug was a letter inclosing a £10 note, remonstrated with her husband for his carelessness.

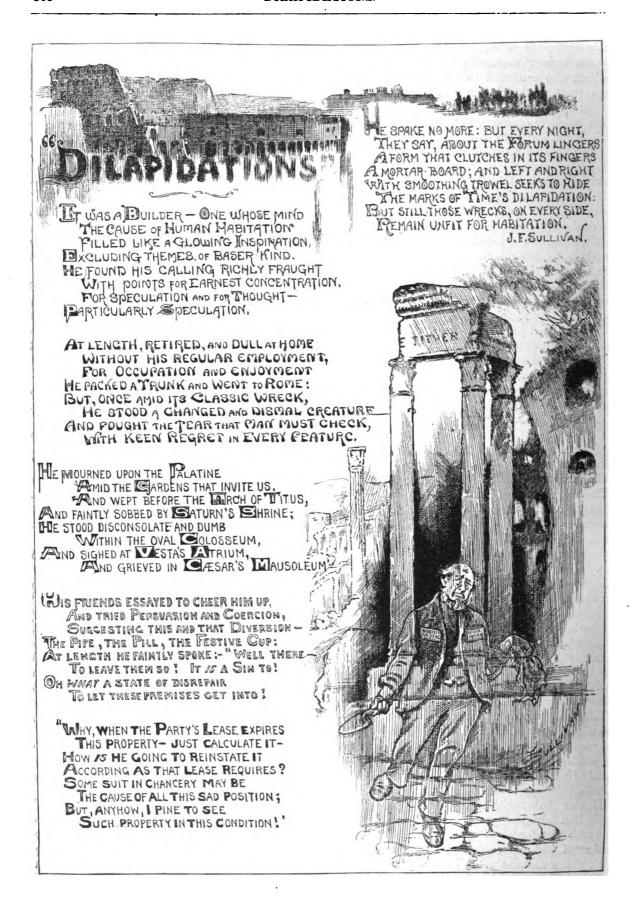
"Oh," responded the doctor, "it's that £10, is it?"

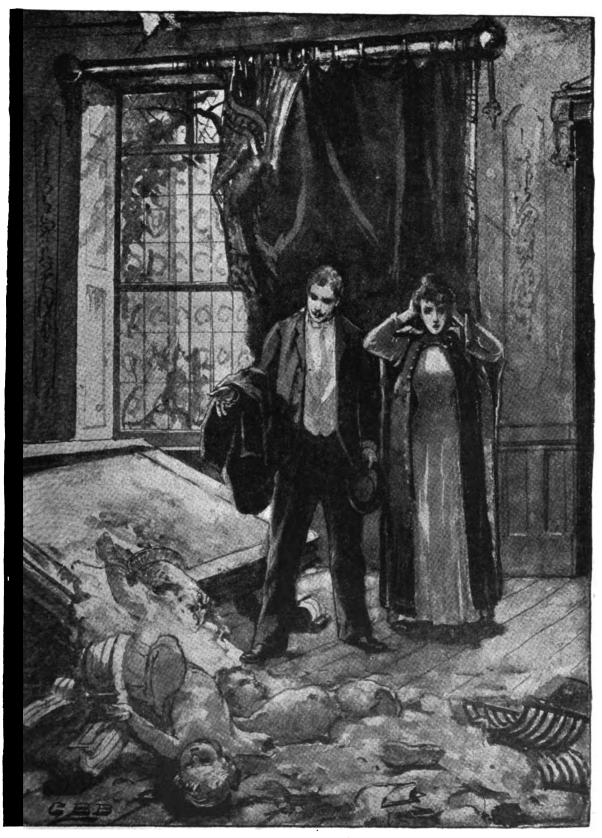
"That £10" was a fee sent him in place of a larger sum which was rightfully expected, and the doctor had wholly ignored it, neither taking it out of the letter nor acknowledging its receipt.

Medical science has made long strides during the present century. Even to glance at the brilliant and almost innumerable galaxy whose investigations have in recent times illumined the healing art, and to whose skill multitudes owe life and comfort, might be bewildering. Their works do follow them.

Yet, without invidious distinction, it may be said that, as in past ages, so now, "the best physicians are Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet and Dr. Merryman."

BRAZILIAN titles of nobility are only held for life, and are easily purchasable. The Emperor Dom Pedro, who was a humorist in his way, built and maintained a lunatic asylum with the product of the titles conferred in the course of his long reign.





CALLED AWAY.—"THE WHOLE OF THE GREAT STUCCO CENTRE-PIÈCE—CUPIDS, BOSES, BASKET AND ALL—HAD

FALLEN FROM ITS POSITION ON THE CEILING."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

Vol. XXIX., No. 3—24.

EVEN UNTO DEATH.

By H. S. KELLER.

DEAR hands so still, so white and cold, So pulseless on the pulseless breast, I long to take thee in my hold, And let heart-mem'ry lisp the rest.

Ah, lips so chill, so silent now!

No longer touched by mortal breath,
Except my own renewing vow,
Which follows even unto death.

CALLED AWAY.

By LUCY H. HOOPER.

THERE were five of us that Winter in Frankfort who used to meet at the house of Professor Mohrenheim: I. Richard West, my cousin Horace Crawford, and three young Englishmen — the Messrs. Moore, who were brothers, and who were there studying under the professor's care, while my cousin and I were also engaged in acquiring the German language. Horace was destined to study engineering, whilst I had thoughts of becoming an artist, and worked with pencils and paints sometimes, in a small way, in the Frankfort Gallery. But I had been left fairly well to do with the world by my deceased parents, and so had not the sharp sting of poverty to impel me to very vigorous exertions in the cause of art. The truth was that I took to painting rather as an excuse for lingering in Frankfort, and for prolonging my lessons with Herr Mohrenheim, rather than for any marked vocation or actual talent. I may as well confess at once that I was, or, rather, all five of us were—in love with Christina Mohrenheim, the old professor's youngest and only surviving child.

She was a lovely little creature, then only just eighteen, and a perfect realization in flesh and blood of Goethe's Gretchen. Her large blue eyes, with their naïve expression of innocent wonderment; her profuse golden hair, her sweet little mouth, all cherries and just meant for kisses; her soft, rounded form, which somehow always put me in mind of a dove, and her fresh, delicate bloom, made up a most captivating picture. I used to get her to sit to me, when, like Desdemona, she had dispatched her household cares, and sketched her in every possible character and attitude; sometimes as the Margaret of "Faust," dreaming over the jewels, or plucking the petals of the daisy, or flitting, a weird vision, past her bewildered lover on the Brocken; sometimes as the Clörchen of "Egmont," or the Ottilia of the " Elective Affinities." Sometimes, too, I would make an excursion into the realms of Shakespeare, and depict the fair German girl as Ophelia crowned with wild flowers, or Desdemona with

her fair hair wreathed with pearls and pressing Othello's love-token, the fatal handkerchief, to her gentle breast.

I always planned a grand picture, to be painted from one or the other of these sketches, but somehow that painting never was finished, nor, indeed, was it ever begun. But I have to this day a whole album filled with the drawings that I executed during that delicious period of newly awakened, and as yet unavowed, love.

Christina was not always at liberty to sit to me. She was a busy little mortal, always on the go, and occupied all day long with the household duties of her father's not very extensive estab-The professor kept but one servant, lishment. old Katrine, and brave little Christina used to get through at least half the work of the house. She was devotedly attached to the old servant, who had been a member of the household ever since the marriage of Christina's mother, and who, though cross-grained and contradictory, returned the affection of her young mistress with an unbounded devotion. Frau Mohrenheim had died when her little daughter was not quite six years old. She was very much younger than the professor, and had greatly resembled her daughter, if one could judge from the water-color drawing that hung in the professor's study. Christina loved to talk about her mother, whom she perfectly remembered, and who, by all accounts, must have been a very winsome and warm-hearted ladv. She was only twenty-eight when she died of a sudden attack of inflammation of the lungs. She was literally wrapped up in her little girl, idolizing her with a tender fervor not often called forth, even by the fact that the child so loved is an only one.

Christina used sometimes to talk to Katrine by the hour respecting this loved and unforgotten parent, and during the hours that she sat to me the conversation often drifted to this topic, so allabsorbing in Christina's mind. She described to me her mother's aspect, and her peculiarities of dress and manner.

"There is one thing," she said, "that I shall never forget, and that is my mother's voice. It was so clear and musical—not sharp and quick and abrupt, as our German voices are apt to be, but with a sort of lingering melody in its tones. It is what I remember best about her. When I close my eyes, and all is still around me, I think sometimes that I can hear her calling as she used to do, 'Christina, my little Christina!' as soon as she returned home from a walk or from paying visits."

Like a true lover, I sympathized fully with Christina's tender regrets and reminiscences, and I think I achieved the conquest of her heart by making in secret a miniature copy on ivory of that

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dear mother's likeness, and having it mounted in little pearls as a brooch, to present to her on Christmas Day.

We had a very merry time that Christmas, as I well recollect. We all of us made interest with the old professor to get us up a tree, a mission which greatly interested Christina, and into which she threw herself with much energy. She would scarcely have permitted herself—the shy, modest child—to show so much pleasure in, and to take so much trouble with, her preparations, had she realized why all her father's pupils were so anxious to have one. The tree, in fact, as we all well understood, was simply for us a pretext for offering pretty things to Christina, and articles of rather more value than we should have dared to offer her on any other occasion.

Horace Crawford's gift was an enameled cross attached to a slender chain. John Moore, the eldest of the three young Englishmen, presented her with an elegant work-box, and his younger brothers combined to purchase a pair of chain bracelets. Christina had prepared a pretty little trifle in her own work for each of us, as well as for her father and Katrine, but she was altogether overwhelmed and amazed at the beauty of the presents made to her. But it was my brooch, bearing that beloved mother's face within the circlet of pearls, that carried off the honors of the occasion. It appeared that, as sometimes happens, my copy had brought out a characteristic expression that was lacking in the original portrait, and which I had perhaps unconsciously transferred from the features of the daughter to that of the mother.

Christina received, I think, no less than three offers of marriage during the last week of the year. Poor child, she was really distressed and bewildered by the ardor of her foreign wooers. I found her one afternoon curled up in a big chair in her father's library, and crying heartily to herself. It was some time before I could coax her to tell me the cause of her agitation. Finally she ceased to shed tears, and confessed to me that John Moore had been making love to here in a very impassioned fashion.

"And I do not love him, Herr West," she sobbed, "and it worries me so to have him tell me that he is going to die if I will not marry him. I do not want to marry him, and to go away to that gloomy England, and leave my good father. Oh, if the motherling were only here, to tell me what I ought to say to him, so as not to hurt his feelings!—for indeed I like him much, though I cannot accept him."

I felt a good deal encouraged by Christina's want of appreciation of the addresses of the young Englishman, so I sat down beside her, and took her cold little hand in my own.

"Christina," I said, as gently as possible. "America is neither gloomy nor solemn, and if I were to ask you to be my little wife, and to come across the ocean, and live in the United States with me, do you not think that you could one day make up your mind to marry me?"

She looked at me for some moments, with alarm and amazement dilating her great blue eyes.

"Now here is another!" she finally exclaimed, in a dolorous tone. But she did not draw away the small hand that lay closely prisoned in mine, and after a little while I had gained permission to kiss away her tears, and had called up dimpling smiles instead to the rosy cheek whose blushes were finally hidden on my shoulder. My shy Christina was won at last, and nothing remained but to fix the day for our marriage.

It was all speedily settled, for the professor's reluctance to part with his only child was soon overborne by the sincerity of our mutual attachment, and also by the fact that I had a comfortable fortune, and could offer my wife a pleasant home and all the advantages that wealth can bring.

We were married in early Spring, and I took my bride to London and Paris, returning to Frankfort in June. It was our intention to engage a villa in the environs of the city, and to pass there the Summer, so that Christina could see something more of her father before definitely taking her departure for her new home. We had some difficulty, however, in finding just the house to suit us. Some were too far off, others too old. and many too new and staringly modern to suit our ideas. Finally, Christina came in one morning in a great state of delight and enthusiasm. She had found just the place to suit us—such a charming old house; it had been built by one of the burgomasters of Frankfort, in the last century, and we could have it at a bargain. I must come with her at once to look at it.

So off we drove in the bright Summer morning, and when we reached the house in question. I was as much delighted with it as Christina had been. Such spacious rooms, with lofty ceilings and quaint old carvings on the cornices and mantelpieces, and wonderful ornaments in stucco on the ceilings, and in one or two of the rooms there were curious frescoes, representing mythological scenes, upon the walls. The house was fairly well supplied with modern furniture, which, as my wife poutingly declared, took away half of the charm of the place. The drawing-room, however, quite enchanted her. There, all the furniture was at least a century old, the chairs and sofas being covered with faded tapestry, and the centre of the room occupied by a large inlaid table of particularly beautiful design. This table stood directly beneath the centre-piece of the ceiling,

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which was exceedingly elaborate and massive, representing in full relief a group of Cupids disporting themselves around a basket of flowers. The Cupids were as large as babies of two months old, and projected with their basket fully two feet into the room. This style of ornamentation is, I have been told, very often to be met with in old German mansions, but seldom in so elaborate and artistic a form.

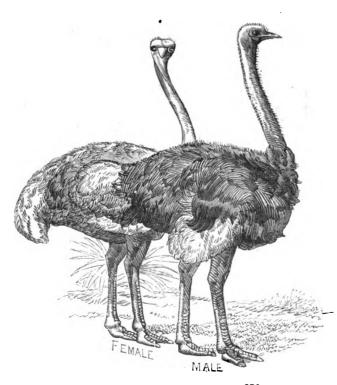
We admired and examined everything in the room over and over again, and finally my little wife perched herself on the corner of the large square centre-table and began to discuss with me the changes we would make in the drawing-room when we came to live at the villa. Her piano would stand beautifully in that corner, and we could move the sofa to the other side of the fire-place, and the large arm-chairs must go on either side of the window, and so on. And so we were chattering away, full of suggestions and contrivances, when suddenly a voice arose from some place down-stairs, calling: "Christina!—Christina!—come down here quick—quick!"

"Who can that be calling me?" said Christina,

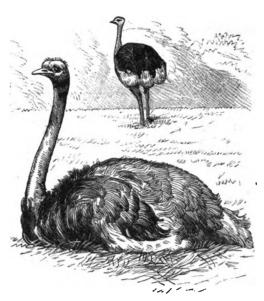
pausing suddenly in her merry talk.

"Oh, Katrine—or your aunt Anna, perhaps they may have followed us out here to look at the house."

"Well, as I was saying," continued Christina, swinging her little feet to and fro as she sat perched on the corner of the high table, "I think that two servants, or at most three—"



OSTRICH-FEATHERS. — SEE PAGE 376.



FEMALE SITTING ON THE NEST.

She was again interrupted by the voice from down-stairs, calling anew, and this time with a ring of agonized supplication in its tones: "Oh, Christina, do come down-stairs!—come!—do come!"

"Whoever it may be, the person is growing impatient, little one," I said. "Let us go and find out what is wanted."

So Christina slipped down from her high perch, and we hurried to the rooms below. What

was our amazement to find no one there! The front door was bolted as I had left it on entering. Every window-shutter on the ground-floor was closed and securely barred.

"Our visitor must be out in the garden, Tina," I said. "Let us go and see."

Out into the garden we went. There was no one there. The solitary gate was locked, and the rusty key refused to turn under the pressure of my strong fingers. A moss-grown statue or two peered at us from amongst the bushes, and a thin stream of water trickled drop by drop from the broken fountain, its plash alone breaking the stillness. The grass-grown paths showed their untrodden verdure under the glowing June sunshine. We looked in every clump of bushes and peered behind every crumbling pedestal. Not only was there no one there, but we could find no trace of an entrance by which any one had gotten in.

"This is very odd, Tina," I remarked. "Where can your aunt Anna have gone to?—for I am sure I recognized her voice. But now that we are here, let us look

about the garden and plan some improvements. I think that a bench under that old elm-tree——"

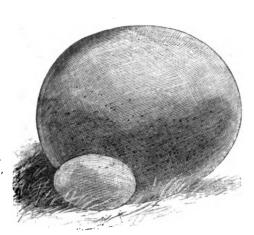
My words were interrupted by a loud crash—a noise like thunder, or like the explosion of a quantity of gunpowder, which seemed to come from the room we had just quitted. Looking up at the open window, we saw pouring forth what seemed to be a cloud of smoke. Christina screamed, and clung to me in terror.

"The house is on fire!" she cried, in alarm. "Come, let us escape at once!"

"Dear child, the house cannot be on fire when there was not a gleam of fire anywhere about it. Do not be so frightened. Come, let us go upstairs and see what is the matter."

So, still very much scared, and holding fast with both hands to my arm, Christina was at last persuaded to return to the drawing-room. The sight that met my eyes on re-entering the room struck me dumb with astonishment and horror.

The whole of the great stucco centre-piece— Cupids, roses, basket and all—had fallen from its



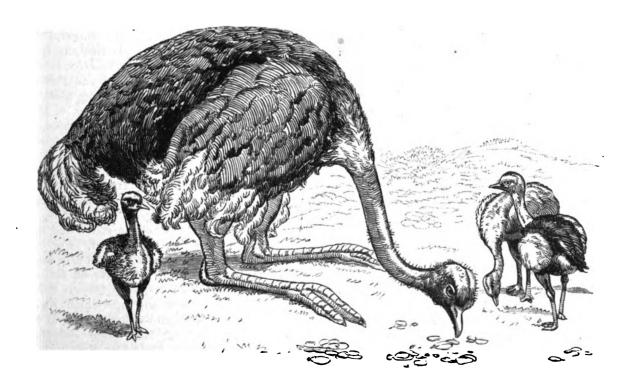
RELATIVE SIZES OF OSTRICH'S EGG AND HEN'S EGG.

position on the ceiling, and in its descent had shattered to fragments the heavy table beneath. The whole mass had come down directly on the corner of the table where Christina had been sitting. Had she not been summoned away by that voice that called her, she would have been instantly killed.

And whose voice was it that had summoned her, and by so doing had saved her life? That we never knew. No one, as we ascertained, had followed us to the villa, and no intruder could

have found entrance there through the locked doors and barred windows. Could it be that the voice that had saved my darling from certain death was the utterance of a being not of this world? So Christina thought. She did not like to talk about her mysterious preservation. But one day, while we were discussing the subject, she said to me, with deep awe and conviction:

"Richard, when I thought about that strange call afterward, I remembered I had heard those tones before. It was the voice of the motherling."



ON GETTING FAT.

BY ANDREW WILSON.

Some little time ago I discussed the grim question about "getting old," and the consideration of that topic has suggested in turn the somewhat analogous subject of "getting fat." Doubtless a certain proportion of us grow fat as we advance in years, but "the lean and slippered pantaloon" stage of existence is also a fact and a verity of It is, however, not elderly parties alone who begin "to put on flesh," as the saying runs, that are greatly troubled by corpulence as a fact of their life. The sounds of groaning and sighing come mostly from young men and maidens and from middle-aged folks, whose tailors and dress-makers take to assuring them that they are increasing in girth. The horror of "getting fat" is perchance more widely represented among us to-day than of vore. For one proof of this statement see the advertising pages of the daily journals, and note the anti-fat pills and potions which are therein described as fitted to restore peace tothe mind and symmetry to the corporeal belongings of adipose humanity. Again, witness how the man who is getting fat is pestered with the medical advice of those unqualified practitioners, their anxious friends. With their "You mustn't eat this" and "You shouldn't eat that," and "You can't afford to drink this" or "You ought to drink that," the poor man's life is made thoroughly miserable. As a rule, fat men have no faith in doctors. Somehow or other, I fancy Mr. Banting is to blame for this idea. When that prosperous but adipose upholsterer published his pamphlet, he laid stress on the fact that he had more than once appealed to the Faculty for relief, but in vain; and the matter is supposed to end with Mr. Banting's own search after a fat-cure. But he is careful to observe that after all his disappointments he did meet with a medical man who understood something about corpulence. This was a Mr. W. Harvey, F.R.C.S., of Soho Square, London; and, curiously enough, there came under my notice the other day a volume on corpulence of which Mr. Harvey was the author. It bears date 1872, and is an exposition of the views entertained by Mr. Harvey on the cure of obesity. So that when Bantingism is spoken of we should not forget that Mr. Harvey was the real source and author of this system of treat-Honor to whom honor is due; and there is no question that the Banting treatment formed a kind of pivot on which the whole question of fatness and its cure was made to turn.

Of course, the whole question is really one of Only the most unblushing ignorance can assert that to cure corpulence pills and potions is true that, in some cases, getting fat is part and parcel of a person's constitution. Corpulence must show in the blood, just as do our other physical and our mental qualities. He would be a rash man who attempted to quarrel with his constitution, and who insisted upon being reduced in bodily circumstances, nature and common sense notwithstanding. There are, doubtless, limits and degrees of corpulence; but the aim of all treatment is not to attempt the impossible task of altering one's nature, but of living according to the diet-rules which will best favor a spare habit of body. This leads one again to remark that the only true cure of fatness is by diet. There is no escape from this dictum. Unwise and illogical living is at the root of acquired corpulence, and reform in diet and exercise and all the habits of life conversely form the foundation of rational cure. "What is it that makes fat?" is a question which may be answered shortly by saying most things one eats, and certain things more than others. For example, it is certain that on a nitrogenous food—or, to put it popularly, on a flesh or meat dietary—we may manufacture fat. It is equally clear that the non-nitrogenous foods-by which we mean starches and sugars, and fats and oils—will give rise to fat; but especially and notably the starches and sugars. The fats themselves, taken as food, are not markedly fat-producers. This is a declaration which will startle the popular mind, but it is nevertheless true. Fat in the body is not simply material of that nature added to the frame. On the contrary, the kev-note of the whole matter lies in the fact that the fat of the body, whether scarce or plentiful, has to be manufactured by the body out of the food. There is no other source of fat possible; and Professor Michael Foster never wrote anything more epigrammatic, or more true in a physiological sense, than when he laid down the law that "fat is formed in the body out of something which is not fat."

The proofs of this declaration are clear and simple. Cows and pigs grow enormously fat, yet there may be only the merest percentage of fat in their food. The fatted geese of Strasburg develop their oily livers out of the starch and sugarof the maize on which they are fed. For every 100 parts of fat contained in the food of a certain pig experimented upon, 472 parts of fat were stored up. Clearly the porker's fat was formed from something (starch and sugar chiefly) which was not fat. Bees make wax and fat out of their "Getting fat" means simply the honey-food. taking of fat-forming foods by a body which is constitutionally disposed to manufacture adipose material. In Banting's treatment, the starches and sugars were limited, while the flesh-foods form the means leading to safety and success. It were given in fair if not excessive proportion.

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Fats were also limited; but this was, in itself, a dietetic error, for in the modern treatment of corpulence, fat is freely prescribed, and with advantage. Later forms of the treatment of "getting fat" simply act up to the knowledge we possess about fat-manufacture in the body. to-day the starches and sugars are limited as the chief sources of easily made fat; while, in the second place, the flesh-forming (nitrogenous) foods are prescribed along with fat as part of the dietary of the corpulent person. The reasons for this latter treatment are found in the fact that if we give to the body a fixed amount of fat with a modicum of flesh-forming food, the body's own fat is thereby physiologically burnt off, consumed and used up. Fat itself, given as food, checks the appetite and limits the wear and tear of the body. It is, therefore, a valuable food on the former account for the obese person. But along with care in diet, and the forbidding of sweets, sugar and potatoes, the corpulent person must rule and regulate his life advisedly as regards ex-This question of exercise, be it observed, is of a highly important kind. As a rule, your corpulent person is not actively inclined, and prefers easy repose to exercise. Then, sometimes, when active exercise is taken, the patient does not regulate his food. Having stimulated his appetite by exercise, he fails to diet himself according to his doctor's orders. It is clear that the whole question is one of bodily income and expenditure; and no stout person need lose hope so long as he bears in mind the cardinal points above noted regarding food and work. There is, in short, no panacea for the cure of "getting fat" —is there, in truth, a panacea for any earthly ill whatever? But wise feeding and judicious exercise form the nearest approach to the perfect cure for corpulence, and the wise man will put his trust in these measures, and leave pills and potions for those who foolishly scorn the wisdom which lies in the practical science of foods and drinks.

PROCESSES OF PHOTOGRAPHIC PRINTING.

RECENTLY a number of processes in photographic printing have been introduced, the most noteworthy being the bromide. This uses paper coated with an emulsion of gelatine and bromide of silver, like the ordinary negative paper. The printing is done by lamp-light in a few seconds, and the print, which as yet shows no trace of picture, is developed like a negative. The result is a gray or black picture, which at first sight would be taken for an engraving by one whose ideas of photographs were derived from the ordinary purple albumen prints.

Perhaps the most important use of this bromide paper is in the making of enlargements. In a suitable enlarging camera, or in the dark room itself, a magnified image of a small negative, illuminated from behind, is thrown by a lens upon a sheet of this paper, which, after a sufficient exposure, is developed and fixed. The result is a fine enlarged positive picture, if the negative is a very perfect one, and in any case an excellent foundation for work in crayons or watercolors

The large crayon portraits, which are now so common, are usually made in this way.

A variety of this paper is made in such a manner that the finished picture can be removed from it and applied to plaques, vases, etc., or to glass plates for window transparencies.

CAXTON THE PRINTER.

It was in 1447 (says Donald G. Mitchell in his new book, "English Lands, Letters and Kings") that William Caxton issued the first book, printed with a date, in England. This Caxton was a man worth knowing about on many counts: he was a typical Englishman, born in Kent; was apprenticed to a well-to-do mercer in the Old Jewry, London, at a time when, he says, many poor were a-hungered for bread made of fern-roots; he went over (while yet apprentice) to the low countries of Flanders, perhaps to represent his master's interests; abode there; throve there; came to be Governor of the Company of English merchant adventurers, in the ancient town of Bruges: knew the great, rich Flemings who were patrons of letters; became friend and protégé of that English, Princess Margaret who married Charles, Duke of Burgundy; did work in translating old books for that great lady; studied the new printing art, which had crept into Bruges; and finally, after thirty odd years of life in the busy Flemish city, sailed away for London, and set up a press which he had brought with him, under the shadow of Westminster towers. Fifteen years and more he wrought on there, at his printer's craft—counting up a hundred issues of books; making much of his own copy, both translation and original, and dying over seventy in 1492. A good tag to tie to this date is—the Discovery of America; Columbus being over seas on that early voyage of his, while the first English printer lay dying.

GLUE 7 parts to 35 parts water, applied while warm, is the best paste for large photographs, as with the usual starch or flour paste, prints of large dimensions are apt to cockle. After mounting, always turn the prints face downward.

OSTRICH-FEATHERS:

FROM THE BIRD TO THE BONNET.

BY MARIUS A. GOUY.

WHEN free, the ostrich can give a horse and its rider a long chase over the desert-sands. The bird is both swift and strong, and can carry a man on its neck and shoulders at a very rapid pace. It is naturally a runner, and possibly this natural impulse to go may inhere in its plumes, for it is



"BUNDLES" ON A STRING.

true that when a fair lady or a proud "knight" dons the ostrich-plume the feet are at once moved to promenade on the sidewalk, to church, or with martial music to march grandly up the street. An ostrich-feather worn in the head-dress of an African warrior denotes an enemy slain in battle: it is reasonable to suppose that the plumes in the hats of our fair ladies are also signs of conquests.

The best feathers are found in Egypt, some fine ones in Syria and Arabia, while the great source of supply for all grades, the best and poorest, is South Africa. Within ten or fifteen years just past ostrich-farms have been established in Texas and California, but the quantity of

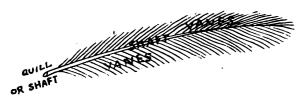


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE COMPONENT PARTS OF A FEATHER.

feathers produced so far has not affected importations to any great degree. Those importations amount to many millions of dollars in value.

The price of what are called raw feathers was once as high as \$500 a pound. This was before any process for bleaching was known. Now, any feather, however gray, brown or black, can be bleached in a few hours, at a small expense, into a pure white. Yet the price of feathers as imported,

or raw, is from \$500 to \$400 a pound. Feathers from male birds sell for one-third more than others. A fine white plume thirty inches long would, before the discovery of the bleaching process, readily sell for \$25 or \$30. Now, an equally fine one may be had for about one-third that price. The bleached feathers can be colored any desired tint, as one may see in the shop-windows, or on the ladies' hats. It is the process of manufacture, by which the raw feather is transformed from a dull gray, stiffish, homely object to a bright, flexible and beautiful ornament, that is now the subject to be treated.

The raw feathers are gathered in large quantities in the molting season, which occurs every six months. Many are also got by the chase and killing of the ostrich, but no hunter needlessly kills a bird.

The very best white natural plumes are plucked from the live bird soon after the new plumage has



CURLING-ENIFE.

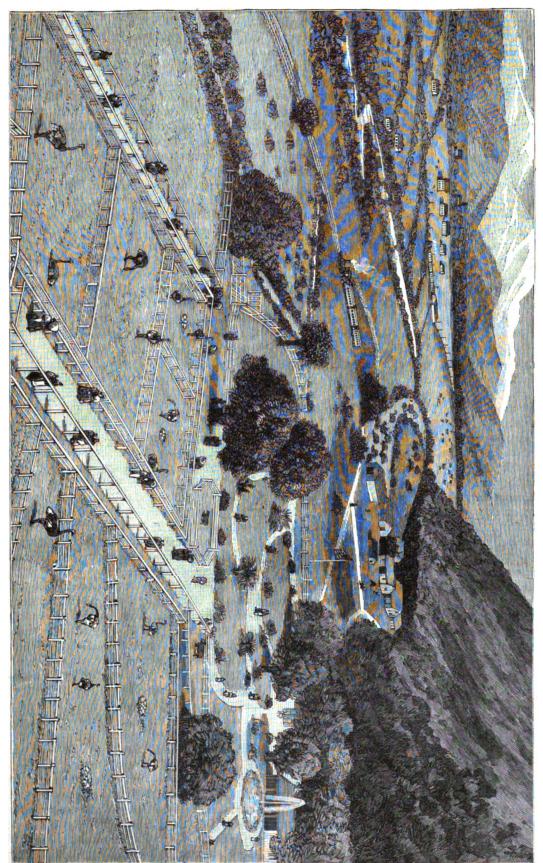
matured, but very few are got in this way from wild birds; and those from the ostrich-farms in Texas are not quite so fine as others from the deserts of Africa.

Feathers are assorted and tied in bundles of about 400 each for export at Cape Town, and it sometimes happens that small sticks, stones, lumps of clay or other useless but weighty materials accidentally find their way into the bundles. These are profitable to the exporter, but a loss to the importer. The bundles are packed in cases of about 50 to 100 pounds each.

The manufacturer buys in quantity and such quality as may be wanted to fill orders for certain styles of goods, tips or plumes, good, fair, medium or best, in many grades to suit the market.

The first work is to string the feathers in clusters of three, tied with a strong twine, fifty on a string. Usually about ten pounds are handled at once. From the beginning the skill and individuality of the workman shows itself both in the quantity and quality of his work.

They are ready for the wash, which is a thorough laundry process, with plenty of soap and water, a liberal use of the scrubbing-board, and



GENERAL VIEW OF A CALLFORNIA OSTRICE-FARM.

unlimited steam-heat for boiling, with a final rinsing in six or seven changes of clean water, and a final bath of ammonia, diluted, but strong. Ten pounds of feathers lose in weight by washing from an ounce to a pound, which depends on the purity of the raw feathers.

The bleaching is a chemical process which requires many hours, usually all night, after which another thorough washing and then a bath of thick starch, when the "strings" are suspended to dry. But the feathers are not left to dry in peace, but are beaten and flung in a peculiar manner backward and forward, until the starch has dried and dropped out of the feathers. If allowed to dry in the filaments they would be broken or glued fast to each other, and the feather spoiled; but as it is managed, the filaments are separated from each other, the feather made light and tremulous at the extremities, or, rather, throughout the length of the feather. Before the starch treatment the feathers look more like goose or turkey feathers, and are comparatively of little value as compared with the lively ostrich - plume. The flying starch soon covers the workman, who very much resembles the famous "dusty miller," white from head to

Now the cleaned, bleached, opened white feathers are ready for the fingers of the girls. So far they have been entirely in the hands of men. Men gather them in the desert or on the plain, sort and pack them for export, work the ships in which they are brought to port, handle them at the custom-house and at the wholesale dealer's, and so on as just described in the process of manufacturing. Men usually untie the clusters from the string, when the feathers are thrown on a heap on the broad table before the girls, where they show no sign of having recently been dragged through so many waters charged with many varieties of chemicals, but are simply feathers whose dirty faces have been washed white and clean.

You would be surprised to see how roughly these young girls handle the feathers. They pick up one, strip it through the fingers, turn it over, and then with knife or seissors clip the ends off even at the tip. This is called trimming the vanes

That we may more clearly make the operations understood, a diagram of a feather is shown on page 376, with names for the different parts.

This work is called preparing, for it is preparing the feathers for the stitcher who sews them together, as will soon be shown. The girl pares the quill and the shaft between the vanes, on both sides if it is to go between other feathers. Then these trimmed and pared feathers are laid together in groups of four, five, or even seven, one over the other, when they are stitched carefully

in a peculiar manner, so as to conceal as much of the silk thread as possible. This makes a mass of filaments, or vanes and filaments, which is three to seven times as much as any one feather naturally has, and so much the more useful in forming a full plume.

This part of the work requires the best skill the worker can command. The manufacturer's profit or loss can be reckoned from this very mo-If the preparer has had experience, and uses judgment, she may make from two to four dozen more tips out of a pound of feathers than a less careful or less skillful worker would do. Here is a difference in number of goods made from a pound which will be a loss or a gain of five to fifteen dollars in the lowest price, and more in highgrade work. If a dozen tips sell for \$18, then the loss would be thirty-six to seventy-two dollars on a pound. When the work is on feathers worth \$400 a pound the value of a careful, painstaking, experienced woman of clear head and quick judgment is almost beyond estimate. Fortunes are made on the skillful labor of a few such workers. and many a firm has gone to ruin through the wasteful work of incompetent preparers.

The tip or plume is then "fortified" by sewing a wire to the shaft in place of the quill that was cut off.

There are many other points to be observed by the preparer which must be omitted here for lack of space, excepting one. The male feathers have longer vanes, and are superior in every way to those from the female birds. Also the feathers from the right side of a bird have a bend one way, and those from the left bend the other way, which particulars, and many others, must be carefully noted, and used or avoided as may be proper for the occasion. Skilled workers can pick out male or female feathers, and right or left, at a glance.

Examine your tip or plume for the stitching. See how carefully the silk is hidden under the shaft, and only appears at the proper places to give the needed tie or bind to the several shafts composing the plume. Unskillful stitching must be taken out, sometimes more than once in the work of beginners, because if the thread is drawn too taut, or the stitches put in the wrong place, the plume is made more or less inflexible and unsalable. Every tip is a study, and will be a success in proportion to the skill and taste of the worker. The "good enough" style of work lessens the value of the goods, but the thoughtful girl who makes every stitch count by putting it in the right place is worth more to her employer than the giddy, careless hurry-scurry who puts her stitches anywhere "so they will hold."

Once more our feathers must be treated to a bath; this time of chemicals for coloring—hot water charged with dye-stuff, in which they are

boiled for hours and hours. Five or six hours of steam-boiling fixes in the feathers any desired color or tint, hue or shade. Feathers will take nearly as many and as delicate tints as silk, and they are also as brilliant. Before the discovery of a bleaching process, white feathers were so dear that few were colored; but now any feather, black, gray or brown, may be turned in a few days into any brilliant tint desired. White plumes are now chiefly used on the hats or chapeaus of Knights Templar, and in some other societies.

A variety of colors or tints may be given to one tip or plume—at the base, brown; in the middle, red; and at the tip, yellow; or any other variety may be chosen, as fashion may direct. The dver's skill is not limited, and besides simple tints or colors, the plume may be barred, mottled or specked at will, for it is merely a question of chemistry and skill. Combinations and varieties of colors and tints are so numerous that any colored dress or hat can be matched. Each dyer has a sample-card of about a hundred tints and hues, made of silk cut in small pieces, glued to the card-board, and numbered. The sample tints are added to more or less each year by a new tint, or a deeper or lighter tint of some favorite color, and less popular ones are dropped out. Each tint also has a name as well as a number. The name is often changed, while the tint or hue remains What was mahogany last year, this vear is Eiffel Tower. Chemists are constantly inventing or discovering new dye-stuffs or improving the old.

The wire stems are covered with tissue-paper, deftly wound on and secured at the end; white for all tints, but black for black tips only.

Once more the feathers must be treated to a bath—this time of steam. The girl holds the tip by the wire stem and in a jet of steam for a few seconds, when it is ready for the curler. Any girl can learn the art and mystery of steaming a feather in a lesson or two, but a first-class curler is a prize in any factory. A good curler need never want for employment. Even when a cyclone of labor-strikes sweeps away all the other workers, the curler is the vary last to go, if she goes at all. Curling, like preparing, is a matter of taste and skill. The fingers must be strong, and the eye quick to see the best forms-curves, circles, or what not, as the keen, smooth-edged knife glides over or under the vanes, now turning these a little more and those less, until the whole mass is formed to suit the eye. Then the feather, or tip, is laid down on the edge of the table on its under side, and it is combed into a regular roll along the edge all around the tip, as carefully as the fair curler might arrange the curls about her own head.

Now, the reader will imagine, the work is done,

and we have an ostrich-feather ready for the hat. Not quite yet. We have a single feather, and if Dame Fashion would be satisfied with that, the work would be nearly but not altogether finished. But style requires three feathers in one tip, and the effect is beautiful, much more so than can be produced with one plume, except it is a very long one, with correspondingly long vanes and filaments. The high price of such plumes would limit their use to a few, as it does, while the tip of three short plumes may be had by almost any one who earns moderate wages, or has an indulgent parent.

Forming and grouping the bunches of tips is an art, and a decorative art, on which much of the salable value of the goods depends. However gorgeously they may be colored, or skillfully curled, if the buncher is an unskillful worker she will lower the apparent quality of the feathers by clumsy or tasteless bunching.

When the bunches are made—how are they made? Let us see. The wire stems of the three tips are tied together near their ends, so that one will be a little above the other two. The ends of the plumes are then bent forward until the three form a group that is acceptable to the eye of the buncher. When a dozen bunches are ready, they are placed in a paper box.

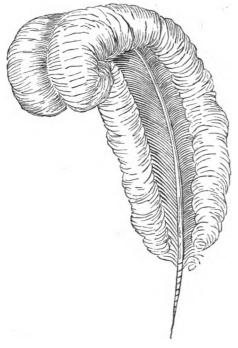
The packer must have a quick eye for delicate shades of color, for the box must bear a uniform appearance—that is, all of one color or tint—and the forms must also be changed more or less, so as to present a general harmony, and not look as though they had been tumbled into the box anyhow. The bunches are sewed to the back of the box. The box is neatly made, about 20 inches long, 12 wide and 4 deep, and the edge ornamented by paper lace.

The feather is now ready for the dealer. ways and means of manufacture may not be interesting to the reader, but they are intensely so to those engaged in the business. The thousandand-one tricks of the trade are very annoying and often exasperating to the girls, as we must believe from the evidence afforded by frequent strikes among them, and for many reasons it might be well to throw some light on certain methods of making money out of girls by trick and device in this business, but our limited space prevents. One thought must suffice for the kind-hearted Simple labor and time are not the only elements which enter into the work of making ostrich-feathers into ornaments. The inordinate greed of an unscrupulous proprietor has in some notorious cases led him into a system of downright robbery of his girls, causing many a heartache, reducing hundreds to the verge of starvation, driving others to the street and to the bad, so that one feels that the gorgeous feathers from



BAW FEATHER.

some large factories are saturated with tears and sighs, and haunted by the shades of ruined souls. Fortunes of many millions have been gathered by such almost inhuman means. Roses without thorns can you suppose such riches are? Wealth acquired by craft and oppression enables its possessor to override criticism, although in some cases the law itself may have been defied and



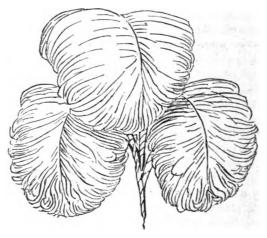
CURLED FEATHER

Canada been sought as a temporary shelter from a passing storm.

The finished ostrich-plume is one of the most beautiful ornaments which may be used to deck the hat of fair lady or brave knight, and it is sad to reflect that some of its associations are anything but pleasant. Its beautiful form and glowing color might excite in us pleasureable emotions always, if we were not compelled to feel that those forms are in some cases produced by workers whose humanity has been nearly crushed out of them, and whose life's blood has been dissipated in the varied tints and hues of the plumes.

THE KRAKATAU ERUPTION OF 1883.

This memorable eruption destroyed every trace of life on the island. About a year ago Mr. Treub, the Director of the Botanic Garden at



A "TIP," OR BUNCH.

Batavia, published the result of his observations on the new vegetation of Krakatau. This vegetation is totally unlike that which previously clothed the island. The first forms that showed themselves after the eruption and spread considerably were sea-weeds, and these were succeeded by ferns, now found in great numbers. The germs of these plants were brought by the winds and waves, and by birds. The species are analogous to those of the Polynesian Islands, from which they were undoubtedly derived; and Krakatau, in its present condition, illustrates in an admirable way the process by which Nature provides for the dissemination of plant-forms over wide areas. A not less curious result of the eruption was the transport, distinctly proved in one case at Port Elizabeth, Cape Colony, of fishes and sea-snakes, similar to those of Sumatra and Java.

The masses of pumice, ejected from the vol-

cano, obstructed the seas, both north and south of Krakatau for a long time, and were only gradually dispersed by the ocean-currents, and drifted to far distant shores. These masses of pumice were first observed at Port Elizabeth, at the beginning of 1887; and the discovery of the strange marine forms of life followed.

JOHN BROWN'S FORT.

A Mr. M. S. Brown, of Kansas City, has pur- The truth will, perhaps, never be known; but I chased the building at Harper's Ferry familiar to often wonder, when I see the title-page author

travelers as "John Brown's Fort." It is the intention of the purchaser to imitate the misdirected enterprise of the syndicate that removed Libby Prison from Richmond to Chicago. He will take the building down and reconstruct it in precisely its present form, visiting different cities alternately. The building being a comparatively small one, it will not be difficult to transport it from point to point, as desired. When on exhibition the fort will be filled with such relics of John Brown and the insurrection as are n o w obtainable. Unless the exhibitor can also take along the Potomac and the Shenandoah

A BOX OF TIPS READY FOR THE MARKET.

ers and the Blue Ridge Mountains, his reproduction will be sadly incomplete. •

A SUCCESSFUL NOVEL.

I know of an instance (says a writer in the Buffalo Courier) where a singularly good and original plot was found in a story written with a grammatical error in almost every line. The author was advised that her manuscript contained the material for a good story, but it would have to be rewritten. She consented, and the manuscript

was placed in the hands of a competent writer. When the book appeared, the author scarcely recognized her work. The plot was there, but nothing more. As the reader predicted, the story, as rewritten, proved a success. To-day it is one of the best-known novels in the literary world, and the author, whose name appears on the title-page, receives all the credit, while the real author contents himself with the knowledge that his bank-account is \$250 larger by the work. The truth will, perhaps, never be known; but I often wonder, when I see the title-page author

receiving the congratulations of her friends at the success of her book, if her conscience ever pricks her.

MARK TWAIN tells an amusing story against himself in connection with Darwin's infirmity. He says that a friend, returned from England, told him he had paid a visit to the great scientist. He received him kindly, showed him his library and dissecting-room, and, pointing to a table on which stood a lamp and an open book, said, "You must be careful not to disturb that. That book is the 'Innocents Abroad.' I keep it open on the table, and always read myself to

sleep at night, and read myself awake in the morning." Mark was much flattered by this tribute to his humor, and, when Darwin's Biography was published, procured a copy to see what might be said about himself. He searched it through in vain. The only possible allusion to himself was the statement that, in his later years, Darwin suffered from a species of atrophy of the brain, which incapacitated him from the enjoyment of any decent literature at all, and compelled him to seek mental rest in the perusal of trashy novels and vacuous "humor."

GEOGRAPHICAL NEWS.

By George C. Hurlbut, Secretary of the American Geographical Society.

Africa may be said to absorb the interest of the colonizing nations, as well as the efforts of the most enterprising explorers. The changes in the map of this continent from year to year are really surprising, and no publishers, not even the indefatigable Perthes Institute of Gotha, can keep up with them. In Eastern Africa, beginning with the Red Sea Coast, three European nations especially are incessantly at work. The English, as the occupiers of Egypt, naturally control the Egyptian coast: then come the Italians, now securely planted at Massowah, and having practically taken possession of the long-coveted Abyssinia by the acknowledgment of their presence as protectors of King Menelik. They have reached this result with no more reason for self-reproach than usually attaches to the civilized man in his relations with less developed races, and their triumph is significant, because it may fairly be regarded as the third solid establishment of a civilizing power in Africa. The English in South Africa and, possibly, in Egypt; the French in Algeria and Tunisia. and, less certainly, in Senegambia, have planted themselves for all time. The Italians will do the same in Abyssinia, where the climatic conditions are every way favorable, and the difficulties are fewer than those with which the French and the English have had to contend. The defiant Mohammedanism of the Algerians delayed the French progress; the Boers and the Zulus, both independent and intractable, resisted the English domination; but the Italians have the singular advantage of dealing with a native people of Christian faith, and obnoxious, as Christians, to their neighbors, while the authority of the chiefs is, at the same time, both personal and feudal, so that, with sagacious handling, the European may be sure of keeping his hold on the good-will of the Abyssinians as a people. This is a most encouraging prospect for the future of North-eastern Africa. Further to the south the indications are less pleasing. The vast territories vaguely claimed by the Sultan of Zanzibar have fallen into the hands of the English and the Germans, and the dissensions of these rivals keep back the development of the country. The Sultan has just made over to England for fifty years the ports of Brava, Marka, Kismayu and Warshek, and he now possesses no point on the main-land of Africa. Lamo Island, claimed by both Germany and England, has been awarded to the latter by the Belgian minister, Lambermont, who was selected as arbitrator. The arrangement between these two powers with regard to the division of the land between the Indian Ocean and the Victoria Nyanza Lake has not produced the results anticipated. It was hoped that the explorers of each nation would keep within limits, and avoid crossing each other's path; but human nature has been too strong for agreements. Under various pretexts parties have been sent out with instructions perhaps necessarily vague, and they have trespassed. The reports sent home have made ill-feeling, and this has irritated the natural jealousy of men seeking the same objects, until from rivals in colonization the two powers are not far from taking the position of antagonists in Eastern Africa. The reported massacre of Dr. Peters's party, ostensibly engaged in the relief of Emin Pasha, is even considered by some excited Englishmen as a kind of retribution upon the Germans for meddling with the large designs of the English in Central Africa. What these designs may be no one distinctly avows; but they have certainly been the cause of much exploring activity on the part of Stanley and of those who have accompanied or have followed him. One discovery reported by Stanley is that,

after following the base of the snowy range Rujenzori, he established the fact that the southern Nyanza, now called the Albert Edward Nyanza, has an exit at Serulike, which receives over fifty streams from the Rujenzori, and finally enters the Albert Nyanza. The Albert Edward Nyanza, therefore, which is some nine hundred feet above the level of the Albert, is the true source of the south-western branch of the White Nile. No great changes have occurred in the region of the Congo. The railway company, to which the concession has been granted for the railroad around the falls, has begun work, and the engineers expect to have the task completed in five years—not an extravagant length of time, considering the distance of the scene of operations from the base of supplies and the unfavorable elements of which the company can dispose in the heart of Africa. Other difficulties begin to show themselves in the anomalous position of the Congo Free State, which is coming to be considered as a kind of Belgian colony, a condition which would evidently change its relations with the rest of the world; and also in the growing hostility of the Arabs on the Upper Congo. In the meanwhile new stations are established on the affluents of the great river. The most interesting of recent papers on the explorations in the Guinea Coast region is the last report of Lieutenant Tappenbeck, the young German officer who died of the African fever at Kamerun, in July last. This report, brief as it is (it fills only five pages) shows the high qualities of the born explorer, full of resource and self-reliance, considerate and steady in his dealings with the savages, but ready to carry things with a high hand, when the necessity declared itself, as it did once on this last march to the coast. The geological and botanical explorations of this German possession have shown that it has immense resources, though the climate is a standing menace to the white man.

NYASSA LAND.—The facts which have led to the Anglo-Portuguese debate about this inland region of Southeastern Africa have at last been made known, and they do not seem to justify the harsh criticism of Portugal by the English journals. It is first to be remembered that no European power has, anywhere in the interior of Africa, a clearly marked and definite boundary to its possessions. The Portuguese are more familiar than any other Europeans with the Nyassa country, where their flag and their presence have been known for centuries. They sent an expedition under Alvaro Castelloes, an engineer officer, to study the line of a projected railway in the Upper Shiré. The military force which accompanied the expedition was commanded by Major Serpa Pinto, justly famous for his explorations from ocean to ocean, and noted for his tact and discretion in dealing with the native tribes. In July last the expedition was attacked by the Makololos. Serpa Pinto drew his force together and repelled the attack, but without retaliating. A parley ensued, and after a halt of a good many days the expedition went forward, the Makololos having dispersed, as if satisfied. Suddenly they appeared again on the Shiré and attacked the Portuguese. This time Serpa Pinto gave them a sharp lesson, and they returned no more. Among the trophies of the field were several British flags, the presence of which in the Makololo camp puzzled the Portuguese commander, until it was recalled that, early in the year, the British Consul in Mozambique, Mr. H. H. Johnson, had obtained from the Portuguese authorities a safe-conduct in order to visit the Makololos. The visit of this British agent, it is thought, may have had something to do with the hostile spirit shown by the tribe. In any case the result is to be regretted, for the first duty of the white men in Africa is to aid every effort at peaceful exploration and development, and to make common cause for right aims.

STANLEY'S RETURN.—The main facts of Stanley's march, with the rescued Emin and Casati and their people, to Bagamoyo, on the Indian Ocean, have been told by the telegraph all over the world, and no one is yet in a position to add anything to the bare outlines given in the telegrams. There are contradictions and weaknesses in the story, and some insinuations that should have been suppressed, but the successful accomplishment of the great enterprise moves all men, and there will be no diminution of interest in the subject when the explorer's book, announced for next Summer, makes its appearance. A book in some respects even more interesting will be Emin's own connected history of all that he has seen and done during his six years' complete isolation from the world in the heart of his Equatorial Province. Supplemented and sustained, as it undoubtedly will be, by Casati's record of the same period, Emin's book will set in their true light the events of a singularly steadfast and honorable career.

LITERARY MEMORANDA.

Quebec is one of the most picturesque cities in the world, and of all the cities on the North American Continent her picturesqueness is probably the most individual and exotic. The historic associations which have gathered about her site in the three and a half centuries since Jacques Cartier cast anchor at the foot of those fortresslike cliffs lend that glamour of romance needed to enhance the gifts of nature and the embellishments of art. "Canada has not much of a past," says Dr. Grant, "but all that it has from Cartier's day clusters around that cannon-girt promontory; not much of a present, but in taking stock of national outfit, Quebec should count for something-indeed, would count with any people." In "Picturesque Quebec" (Belford Company) none of the possibilities of the subject, either literary or pictorial, have been neglected. The result is a sumptuous folio volume with more than a hundred admirably engraved illustrations, copious descriptive text and editorial comment, and a glowing preface by Julian Hawthorne - a work of substantial value as well as artistic charm.

"Bohemian Days," by Clara Moyse Tadlock (John P. Alden) is the rambling, inconsequent, but always cheerful. narrative of a modern pleasure-jaunt around the world. Great Britain and Ireland, France, Switzerland, Italy, Greece, the Holy Land, Egypt, the Red Sea and Indian Ocean voyage, Ceylon, Penang, China and Japan, the Pacific, and finally California and our own "Great West"in short, the regular stopping-places on the globe-trotter's beaten track—are successively flashed before the reader's mental eye. like stereopticon pictures, with comments of about the same character and depth as those which usually accompany that form of entertainment. The book is incidentally instructive, as illustrating how little it is possible to see of the world in a trip around it. From its very superficiality, however, it escapes being boresome, and that is no slight achievement in a 520-page narrative of travel. Thumb-nail sketches and process cuts are scattered somewhat arbitrarily through the text, which they cannot be said, as a rule, to really illustrate.

"Oo" is not a misprint, nor a rebus, as the reader might hastily conclude. It is the title of Charles Lotin Hildreth's exciting tale of mystery and adventure in Orbello Land (Belford Co., New York). Orbello Land is an unexplored desert region of Central Australia, where the youthful hero of the story, searching for his father, discovers the marvelous underground city of Oo. Profuse illustrations add to the realistic effect of the narrative, which is quite worthy of comparison with Rider Haggard in his

most imaginative vein. Like all first-rate books for boys, this one will fascinate adult readers no less.

Dr. Wolfred Nelson, who was for some time connected with the State Board of Health at Panama, and acted as resident correspondent of New York and Canadian newspapers, gives the results of his extended observations on the Isthmus in an illustrated volume entitled "Five Years at Panama; Or, The Trans-Isthmian Canal" (Belford Co.). The doctor's picture of life at Panama is not, as a whole, inviting. The moral of his remarks on sanitary matters is: "Keep out of the tropics, if you can. Should necessity force you within them, avoid all forms of alcohol, that you may spend your later days in peace and comfort." But the climate alone is not responsible for the large mortality; a fair proportion of the latter must be attributed to bad associates and the moral relaxation of society in that part of the world -- "to want of firmness and those corrective influences so necessary for the best of us." As to what Dr. Nelson ignobly styles "the Great Undertaker's Last Ditch," meaning De Lesseps's canal, the enterprise is depicted, with an imposing array of figures, quotations and official statements, as a gigantic and utterly hopeless failure, not to say worse.

In "Looking Forward" (F. T. Neely, Chicago) the sanguine author peers into the future as far as the time when Chicago shall have a World's Fair. This date is fixed—rather prematurely, as it may seem—at 1892. The account of a visit to this imaginary Exposition, however, is given, in the past tense, with no little vivacity of fancy and elaboration of detail. Amongst the features foreshadowed are the Crerar Tower, destined to dwarf the masterpiece of Eiffel; a pageant of aerial travel, like Tennyson's "pilots of the purple twilight"; and the vision of a New Chicago, embodying, as the author declares. "a summary of the crimes and delinquencies of the present Chicago." Portraits of prospective heads of departments are given, and the book is enlivened by numerous drawings from the facile pens of De Grimm, Zimmerman, and others.

MARY NEAL SHERWOOD'S translation of "Dosia," Mme. Gréville's exquisitely sentimental Russian story, has been added to the "twenty-five-cent series" of novels issued by T. B. Peterson & Brothers. It is good literature, and, as such, capable of leavening not a little of the mass of unwholesome fiction extant.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

ILLUSTRATED TRAVEL, ADVENTURE, DESCRIPTION, ETC.

PICTURESQUE QUEBEC. Edited by George Monro Grant, D.D., with a preface by Julian Hawthorne. Illustrated by T. Moran, Schell and Hogan, Bournill, O'Brien, Gibson, Ogden, and others. 160 folio pp. Cloth, \$5.00. Belford Company, New York, Chicago and San Francisco.

BOHEMIAN DAYS. By Clara Moyse Tadlock. 519 pp. With Illustrations. John B. Alden, New York.

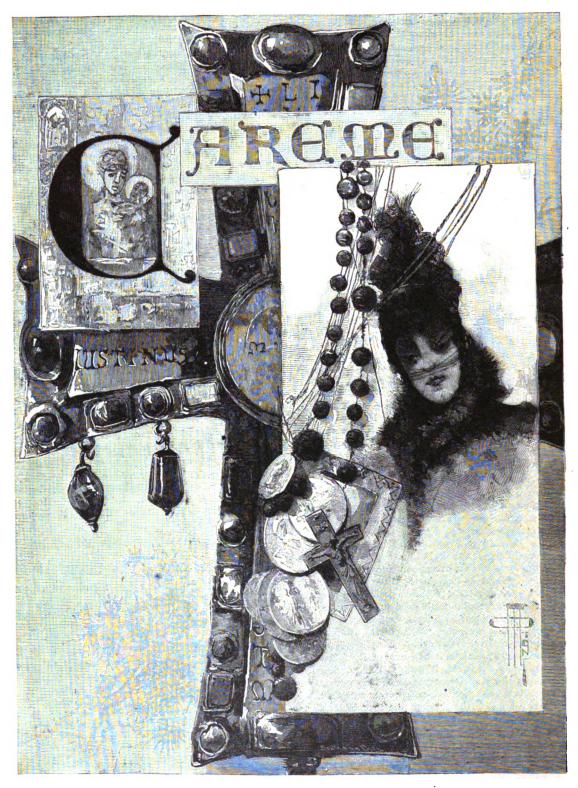
Five Years at Panama; Ob, The Trans-Istrimian Canal. By Dr. Wolfred Nelson. 287 pp. Illustrated. Cloth, \$1.50. Belford Company, New York.

Oo: A Boy's ADVENTURES IN OBBELLO LAND. By Charles Lotin Hildreth. 316 pp. Illustrated. Cloth, \$1.50. Belford Company, New York.

FICTION.

Dosia. By Henry Gréville. Translated by Mary Neal Sherwood. 260 pp. Paper, 25c. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

LOOKING FORWARD. A VISIT TO THE WORLD'S FAIR OF 1892. Illustrated by De Grimm, Zimmerman, McDougall, and others. 176 pp. Paper, 25c. F. T. Neely, Chicago and New York.



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THE PARTING GLANCE.



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APRIL, 1890.

\$3.00 PER

THE SENATE AND ITS LEADERS.

THE celebrated assertion of an English states—
man, "The American Constitution is the grandest ever struck off at a single blow," is incorrect, age from a legislative mint, it could not have



THE PRESIDENT OF THE SENATE (VICE-PRESIDENT LEVI P. MORTON) IN THE CHAIR.

Vol. XXIX., No. 4-25.

endured for over a hundred years, as it has, because no purely brand-new constitutional coinage ever proved to be endowed with any real vitality. The American Constitution has prospered, because it was the outcome of centuries of experience, because it embodied the best political ideas and rights inherited from Anglo-Saxon ancestry by the colonists, and improved upon by them, afterward, during two and a half centuries. As finally formulated, their institutions were a naturally healthy outgrowth. None better than these old colonists knew that the operation of shaping the coat to fit the man was a sound one, and that any attempt to fit the man at short order to the coat would surely be fatal, according to the very natare of things. The manner of drawing up the schedule of these institutions was the work of wise men, but, after all, this work itself was necessarily inspired by the people, whose agents they were, and therefore, in a strictly original sense, there is no room for entitling them "founders," as is usually done, though of course their share of credit does not admit of questioning. In their part of adapting the style of the new government, they avoided blunders by following closely the long-settled ideas and ways of their constituents, and by leaving aside all artificial idealism.

In instituting the Senate to share executive as well as legislative power, the "framers" conferred upon it the greatest dignity and weight, and so to-day it stands the most powerful political body in the world. England's House of Lords and the various Continental "upper houses" dwindle into insignificance when compared with the far-reaching influence of the American Senate, and, on the score of talent and ability, it entirely eclipses While "the Lords" is a dull, inefficient corps, almost existing on sufferance, and while the Continent's Senatorial chambers are filled merely with grandees perfunctorily acting, the American Senate, like a magnet, draws to itself the most eminent political intellects of an entire people, and thus becomes, through competition, a picked and chosen assemblage for the active management of a nation's affairs. the House of Lords at London, or the "Palais Bourbon" at Paris, or "Monte Citorio" at Rome, or the "Reichstag" at Berlin, and then step into the Senate Chamber at Washington: the difference is striking, not in a certain dignified aspect common to each, but in the real sharing of power, in the individualities composing the respective memberships, the first-mentioned sitting half asleep and almost as "bodies dead," the second appearing unmistakably wide awake, and potently deciding questions directly concerning the greatest and the largest civilized people in existence.

Instituted as a position of the highest political honor, Senatorship was intended by the framers

to be filled only by the foremost men from each State, and, as a rule, it has been. That occupants have not always been up to the level of the office, that inferior men, and even merely "moneyed men," have occasionally squatted into it, is no reflection either on the office itself or its institutors, but only on the electing States, and hence the Senate continues justly to enjoy the same high rank originally given it as the pre-eminent branch of the national legislature. Thus it is seen that the Senate wing and chamber of the Capitol is a shade more artistically finished and elegantly equipped than those of the House of Representatives—that there is far more of decorum and courtesy in the Senate than in the House, and that Senators are looked up to as possessing greater weight in the government than simple Representatives. Generally, too, the Senators entertain an adequate appreciation of their lofty places. While the House is too often turned into a howling bear-garden, owing to the less experienced and accomplished material of which it is composed, the Senate is, on the whole, a model debating society, in which only on extremely rare occasions are epithets hurled and unparliamentary expressions swapped by the speakers, according to the common practice of the younger and rougher members of the House.

The methods of business followed in the Senate involve a profuse employment of that circumlocution and red-tapism which are considered indispensable, as healthy checks, in all government operations everywhere, of high or low degree; but, taking its qualities and defects just as they are, the body may fairly be credited with doing a good deal of work, and with doing it well. The monotonous humdrum of its routine business, the drawling tones of the clerks reading bills, petitions, etc., is exceedingly wearisome to both eye and ear, particularly disgusting to strangers assembled, at an early hour, in the galleries, to listen to the national eloquence in its most approved form. Indeed, they are to be pitied when they thus get caught by the opening proceedings, which must unalterably be had before "the morning hour has arrived," or rather until the set time for formal speaking begins. The disappointed strangers are sometimes so dazed and utterly wearied with official phrase-reiteration, its incessantly boring and knockdown hum and twang, as to be under the necessity of vacating the premises before hearing the smallest bit of a speech. On a field-day it is different, and when it is known in advance that the great guns of Senatorial oratory are to be shot off, the galleries become jammed and packed so soon as the doors are opened; sitting and standing room in them is at an honored premium, and the reading of "the Journal," and all other discomforts, are put up

with in the enthusiastic eagerness to catch the "winged words."

The Senate is almost exclusively a body of lawyers, now as in the past. Its peculiar functions absolutely require that its members should be · learned in law, its special international duties as to foreign treaties and appointments demanding this learning, which in the House is not equally needed or desirable. The Senatorial celebrities of the past were all lawyers, more noted for flights of rhetoric, however, than for legal lore. present style of oratory is greatly changed from that of the past. Then it was redundant, highly colored, impassioned, much mixed with poetry and quotations from Latin and Greek; now it is plain, pointed, colloquial English, not so sonorously tickling to a crowd's ears, but very effective as the medium of business, though this change indeed has occurred everywhere in unison with the modern spirit of simplification and condensa-

The eloquence of the grand old Senatorial trio, "Clay, Webster and Calhoun," is famous as a tradition, and only as a tradition, for none such would be tolerated nowadays, when hurried folks would have no leisure or fancy for listening to long-winded speeches stretching over many solid days without a break, barring "sudden indispositions" of the speakers at the hands of Providence. Yet these, as many others of the Senate's galaxy, were undoubtedly men of greater intellectual calibre than their successors: no one could say that Mr. Hoar fills Mr. Webster's seat, that Mr. Blackburn fills Mr. Clay's, or that Mr. Butler fills Mr. Calhoun's. The style, form and method have altered for the better, but the difference in character and intellect between the Senators of the past and those of the present leans not to the Yet, though without such side of the latter. eminent qualifications of leadership as the olden Senators had, the Senators of to-day are very skillful debaters and diligent workers, especially in the committee-rooms, where most of the legislative business is prepared. Not so strictly or narrowly partisan as their predecessors, they appeal in this improved age to a far larger audience, one that has grown to be very highly enlightened and developed, and they may really be said to be compelled to speak to and act for "popularity," represented by the universal press, rather than by the old-time clapping spectators who ruled from the galleries. The leveling tendencies of this much more highly developed era afford less opportunity for the rise of towering "talkers," and so Congressional leadership is imposed by the nation itself, by a guiding public opinion, by the many on broad lines rather than by the few on narrow lines, though, truly enough, however developed may be any age, there must ever be

room, in theory, if not in practice, for marking men on top, precisely in the position of its highest exponents.

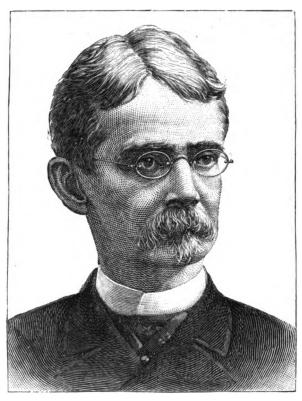
As at present composed, the Senate, besides its nearly equal party division between Republicans and Democrats, may be classified into several groups, viz., the New England Eastern group, the Western group, the Southern group, and there are also the poor group and the millionaire group, each wielding a special influence. largest and most compact group is that from the fifteen Sonthern States, forming three-fourths of the Democratic minority membership. The Southern Senators are comparatively poor, living on their salaries, only four being rated as moderately rich, namely, Brown, Beck, Barbour and Though among them appears no shining, superior intellect, they all rank as men of honorable character, display great personal weight, and, acting solidly as they invariably do, their compactness tells with wonderful moral force. They now stand free from reproach, especially from that originating in the slavery régime which so burdened and shackled their predecessors during seventy years. Provincialism remains, however, a salient ingredient in the Southern group, adding both its peculiar value or the steadiness and definiteness which spring from natural growth and settled stand-points, and, likewise, its peculiar drawback, or a certain backwardness arising from isolation, an excess of provincialism which necessarily prevents adequate external contact, keeping up with the times, and a sufficient output of exertion instead of the indolence sure to arise under such surroundings. The Western group of Senators, generally well-to-do, and not a few of them passed masters of millions, are marked with all the characteristics of their new and budding section, overflowing with "Western" ideas and ways, brimful of energy, not stickling over the moralities, not squeamish over means for an end, but rich in expedients and bent on success before all else. Keen, hard sense, not culture or trained thought, distinguishes their flow of oratory, and renders them as debaters always entertaining, often amusing. The New England Eastern group is small, but potent in wealth and polished culture, for, though it also embodies a certain amount of provincialism, its members have roamed and searched the modern world, and hence their native smartness stands backed by a vast accumulation of facts and figures, ready for use at a moment's notice. In the Western and Eastern groups are included the great array of millionaire Senators, who have been the cause of such an outcry, the West's arch-millionaires, in particular, having been persistently accused of purchasing their curule chairs. Indisputable proof in regard to such

accusations, either for or against, has not been forthcoming.

The sedate aspect of the Senate in session is striking; the dignified air of experience and repose about the elderly gray-haired members filling the mahogany seats on the well-carpeted floor is appropriate and pleasing. "Here, at last," says the beholder, "are men not swayed by passion, by the hot blood and changing prejudices of youth: these are the ones to transact the gravest concerns of a great nation!" Well, it is only fair to say that years have diminished their passions, and given them experience of life, and yet, after

all, only in degree, as the record might be made portunity for exploring distinguished "bumps," to show.

Even about and around these grave and reverse idiosyncrasies of a lot of tall, big-bodied suberend seigniors, ranged under the mantle of the jects, than is to be had from the galleries during



HON. JOHN J. INGALLS, KANSAS, PRESIDENT PRO TEM.

Senate's "grandeur," the traces of comedy and farce are visible. the net-work of inmeshing foibles patent. From the galleries, looking down on the floor, the number of bald-headed Senators is at first surprising, and afterward consoling, through the reflection that they have grown so in the service of their country. The balder, the better, moreover, this being the fashion and badge of service. The craniums are big, too, as if well stored with brains, and the collection would offer a most tempting field for study to any "phrenology" expert; certainly one could never get a finer op-

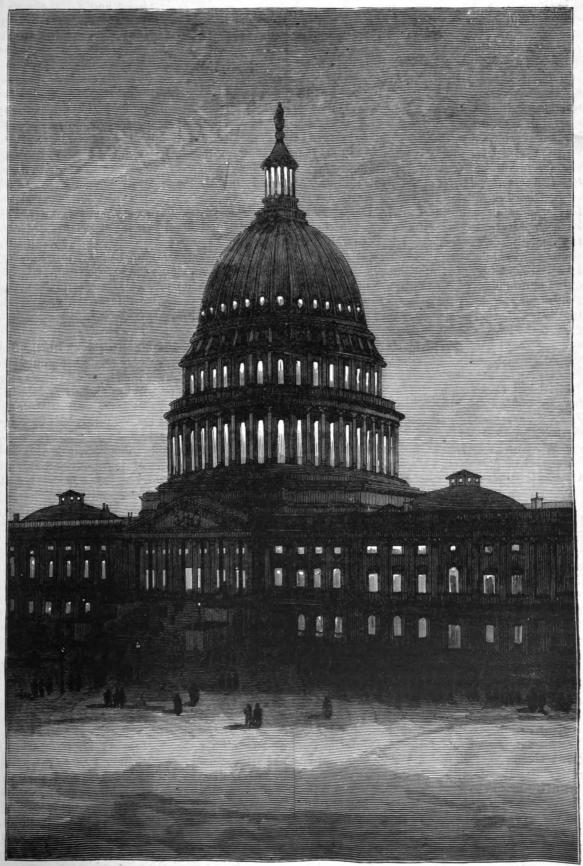
portunity for exploring distinguished "bumps," and for observing in full play the emotions and idiosyncrasies of a lot of tall, big-bodied subjects, than is to be had from the galleries during







HON. WILLIAM M. EVARTS, NEW YORK.



ILLUMINATION OF THE CAPITOL DUBING A NIGHT SESSION OF CONGRESS. Digitized by

a sitting. If satisfactory results could not be ciphered out by means of such plain figures as there present, phrenology would have to acknowledge itself a failure.

The Vice-president is according to the Constitution President of the Senate, but, as that officer cannot always attend its sittings, a Senator is chosen by the body itself to act as presiding officer, or President pro tempore, in his absence. Mr. Ingalls, of Kansas, is now President pro tem., having so acted for several sessions. The post is the one of highest trust and importance in the Senate's organization, its occupant being thus the leading personage, and the present incumbent is besides prominent in his own individual right. By both the Republican and Democratic side of the chamber, Mr. Ingalls is admitted to be an admirable presiding officer, and this admission is by no means merely complimentary. The duties of the position are such as to test keenly both the abilities of the occupant as a parliamentarianthat is to say, as a general manager of a debating body, proficient in deciding upon rules, precedents and other nice points, and also his fairness in dealing with the members, whose sense of fair play is ever on the alert.

Mr. Ingalls has long been noted as the sharpesttongued orator, the most fluent thrower of unpleasant, yet strictly parliamentary, expressions, in the Senate; and his tilts, when on the floor, are not courted in view of his thoroughly Wild-West system of tomahawking and scalping his opponents, figuratively speaking. But, as presiding officer, he has been an agreeable surprise to both his friends and foes, a pink of courtesy, a model of impartiality, dignity and good sense. His decisions are remarkably correct, clearly and promptly delivered, and his knack of expediting matters is so great that it may truly be said to have changed the method of transacting the business of the chair from a long-hand into a shorthand system.

He has a natural talent for sifting, condensing and lopping off useless details, and the common run of provoking and irritating tangles are swiftly solved at his hands without the least bother. deed, he has been metamorphosed in the chair, and this change from the rabid debater to the calm, model manager is so strikingly strange and novel as to have centred upon him a good deal of extra admiration and interest. Only an apparent change, yet it displays such an unusual faculty of adaptation, and not merely of imitation, as to keep the respectful attention of the Senate, and of all visitors, fixed on his personality even over and above the office he holds.

Mr. Ingalls does not belong to the category of bald-headed Senators, retaining an ample growth

tall, slim and erect, jerky and stiff, extremely nervous in temperament, restless in movement and look, after the manner of the inhabitant of the West, of which he is a modified type; and it is precisely on account of this nervous restlessness that his enforced calmness in the chair, listening to wearisome debates under the bonds of discipline, duty and the exercise of self-control, excites all the more admiration. True, he dispenses with as much of this terrible discipline as he thinks he can with safety to the reputation he has secured of being a veteran in the art of listening to leaden entertainments, and, during a long, set speech from which no interest is possible of extraction, he hastens to call up some member to take his place. He has a cultured, intellectual air, blended with one of practical shrewdness amounting to hard, downright cunning, to foxiness, for the small size of his head and shape of physiognomy give him a decidely foxy look. All his life an assiduous literary student, his style of oratory invariably bears evidence of a very close attention to polish.

Having attained the highest honor in the Senate, Mr. Ingalls has been credited with aiming for a still higher one outside, and certainly he has at least been talked of as a candidate for the national Presidency. When Senators visit him in the chair, as many of them do in behalf of pointers or requests, he turns a ready ear to them, while nicely grading his degrees of hearing according to the weight of the applicant and the subject in hand, but spares very little time to them, sending each away as quickly as he can, because he is a very close watcher, inwardly and outwardly, of the proceedings. To all he is courteous, but, as Hamlet's courtesy was, so his may be taxed as not of the right sort, being for the most part a formalism put on for momentary use, and with good effect; rather than proffer this forced courtesy to some of his antagonists, a;)parently he would prefer to pass them unnoticed, or to salute in a gingerly style instead of with the whole hand of fellowship. It is amusing to look upon the subordinate officials, and the playful pages, hearkening to his rapid order, then scattering at break-neck speed to meet the requirements of his electric gait; it may be only a glass of water sent for, to be placed on the raised stand for his leisurely sipping, but if a keg of whisky or beer were ordered, it would be fetched with not less urgency or questioning. After the morning details of the sitting has been gone through, the presentation of petitions, bills, etc., he vacates the chair to enjoy his lunch-time, and during this hour, or escape from the strain which attaches to his supervising control, some designated member takes it. The strain comes from his consciousof hair, which is snow-white. In person he is | ness of being at the head of a big machine pos-

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sessed of tremendous liabilities bearing on the orderly management of all its parts, and not because he allows business to drive or annoy him. Far from allowing anything of the kind, he has been a crusher of the ancient phraseologies, much of which he has succeeded in reducing to a few lines, or even a couple of words, particularly in the formal putting of resolutions and bills on their passage to becoming laws.

For his greater cares and responsibilities he receives a larger salary than other members, but the office is not one to be coveted except for its honor. As presiding officer he has been eminently successful, but, nevertheless, he is much better fitted for a seat on the floor of the chamber, for there he is in his natural element, because only there can he freely and effectively give rein to his expressional skill, which has never been parried except by a still greater vehemence, or broad abuse directly leveled and flung at his offending head. On a noted occasion of wrangling between him and an Indiana Senator, his brilliant pyrotechnical display was shut off only in this way.

Mr. Harris, of Tennessee, is the best parliamentarian in the Senate, having had a lengthened experience as Senator and presiding officer. In this sense he is easily "deacon" of the corps. Thus, whenever momentarily called upon to take the chair, he has a walk-over, and knocks out the hardest points that may come up; presiding is not only fun for him, but for others who like to see him keeping his hand in practice. in the chair, his squeaking voice is heard rattling off his rulings with a rapidity that would be stunning, if not distinctly, simply and correctly made, as he makes them. He decides and acts with swiftness, because, having mastered the regulations and usages, he does not have to stop to think over them; his rattling voice pours out one steady stream of words, sung connectedly one with another so as to form an endless chain. It is a little fatiguing, but not to him. Not endowed with an imposing or graceful aspect, he certainly makes in the chair a comical figure, despite the respect which his special talent and his high standing as an earnest States-righter serve to secure for him. He and Mr. Edmunds, of Vermont, constitute a rare-looking duo, it being "nip and tuck" which of the two has the baldest head and most sui generis oddity. Mr. Harris has a personal appearance amazingly akin to the stereotyped Chinese; he his low, chunky and fat, round-headed, flat and smallfeatured, very sallow of complexion, with small almond eyes, and completely bald; also waxedpointed white mustache. A cue and a gown would make the resemblance perfect, but, as he is, the resembling impression forces itself irre- | sure of his footing.

sistibly. He has, moreover, a way of sitting absorbed and still that only adds to the similarity of the picture. Mostly rooted in his seat, motionless, he talks with members who come to his desk, pays no attention to cards sent in, and closely follows the debates. An invitation to take the chair removes this apparent lethargy. and starts him forward like an arrow from the bow, or a school-boy freed from confinement. Likewise, silly and unnecessary calls for "The roll," "Let's have a division," move him to instant opposition, and he invariably squelches them, it being impossible for him to sit by and see the rules butchered without coming to their rescue.

Mr. Edmunds is his companion from the point of view of rarity in vast, smooth, cranial superficies open to the four winds. Otherwise they are utterly unlike. Mr. Edmunds has been dubbed in the press "St. Jerome," and beyond any doubt he is a vigorous imitation of Domenichino's picture of that saint, hanging just opposite Raphael's "Transfiguration" in the Vatican Palace at Rome. Mr. Edmunds stoops, is tall, lean of body and lank of face, though his skull is round enough. Usually seated grave and rapt before law-books on his desk, as becomes the expounder of the Constitution that he claims to be, only occasionally may he be seen to take any part in merriment or laughter. His attitude has been described as posing before the Senate, on the strength of an austere air, and solemn exits and entrances, generally with law-books under his arm; for the rest. there is not a prominent member who does not pose more or less, the gallery crowd alone being enough to instill into them a certain priggishness. He is a strong dialectician, though an uninteresting and inferior speaker, with a harsh, drawling tone of voice. Provincialism in him is unhealthily pointed and pronounced.

Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, is not only the most distinguished Senator from the West, but of his party in the Senate. As a leader of great experience, weight and ability, he quite eclipses his party colleagues, and so the principal rôle in any important debate is instinctively taken by him, and it is generally admitted that his superiority of intellect and character fairly entitle him to the distinction awarded by his own side of the cham-Tall, slim, not ungainly in person or movement, he has somewhat the look of an old-fashioned country banker, or parson, as he sits reading or writing, apparently giving no attention to the proceedings, though in reality no one gives more. No member is more quiet and dignified than he is, and few can speak as forcibly. He is an old stager on the Congressional track, and is so familiar with all its lanes and turnings as to be

Mr. Hoar, of Massachusetts, the fussiest Senator on the floor, evidently imagines that he is expected to fill the place of Daniel Webster, and he fills it by talking, continually popping up with the formula, "Mr. President, I desire to make a few remarks," and continuing with a flow of des-

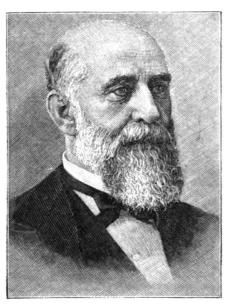
pleasant to look upon flitting in every direction, his style of speaking is of the feeblest sort, and between him and his colleague, Mr. Dawes, equally as feeble and more drawling, though not so persistently tiresome, the fame of Massachusetts' great orator is kept alive.



SENATORS AND LOBBYISTS IN THE "MARBLE ROOM," ADJOINING THE SENATE CHAMBER.

nltory words. He is the typical "few-remarks" statesman. He intervenes also in the remarks of others, is a general corrector, and will not be still, sit still or keep silent. He is a Webster afflicted with the gab, close-shaven, spectacled, and with an elderly school-marmy imagery

The case of Mr. Blair, of New Hampshire, is almost as desperate as Mr. Hoar's, though he is to some a trifle more interesting, even if he is generally regarded as a bore, a puzzle, a "whatnot." Verily he is not so tormentingly fussy as Mr. Hoar, but what there is of his irrepressibility about him. His meddlesome personality is not | is whole-souled. He is the single Senator with a



HON. G. F. EDMUNDS, VERMONT.

hobby, the "Blair Bill," which he rides in the Senate, though he runs, in addition, a large assortment outside. In his eyes the Senate means only the Blair Bill, and he is its father recognized all over the land. The Bill has passed several times, has never become a law, however, and so always remains to be repassed. Meanwhile Mr. Blair prepares fresh and additional budgets of vouchers in its behalf. His desk is the most crowded in the Senate, with books, certificates, letters and reports bearing on the famous Bill. He takes occasion, in and out of season, early and often, to allude to it; gets snubbed by the presiding officer, or some member, for doing so, and



HON. JOHN SHERMAN, OHIO.

only sits down to spring up again at the next favorable chance. The hobby does not tire him in the least, notwithstanding all the fretting it causes in others, and the more unmanageable it proves to be, the closer he sticks to it. Truly his care is fatherly, and a very fatherly-looking Senator he is, too, as he glides about or spreads himself to make a speech. He is a good speaker, and only the monotony of his theme causes an evacuation of the Senate whenever he secures the floor, for a big effort, behind a huge pile of leather-covered books, a glass of water and a bouquet of flowers. His colleague, Mr. Chandler, is beside him, a silent partner, although he excels as an



HON. JOHN S. BARBOUR, VIRGINIA.



HON. HENRY W. BLAIR, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

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insinuating private interviewer on both sides of the dividing party line, remaining rarely in his own seat.

Nor is Mr. Evarts, of New York, any active pusher to the front. A recently elected member, with an outside-made fame, to which the Senate can add nothing, his course, as a rule, is silence with dignity, while seeming to enjoy mere membership. He is fond of chatting with others at their desks, and of being chatted with at his own; but, wherever he may find himself laughing and joking, he keeps up with the procession of debaters and voters. When there is no companionable Senator present to chat with, he will for awhile sit by himself, though not long, for he soon starts for the cloak-room in search of one, and there is eloquent to the extent of his tether. Prior to passing the chamber's exit, however, his unfailing custom is to make a half-turn stop, throw his head over his shoulder to catch the last words of the Senator "up," and, according to their pertinency or flatulency, continue on out, or abruptly resume his seat; most often he goes When in his seat, unattended, he presents a feeble, crumpled, doubled-up, neglected and melancholy air; but if a rare occasion lifts him to speak, his distinguished oratorical gear braces and comes back instantly to show him off as "the old man eloquent."

Taciturn also is Mr. Cameron, of Pennsylvania, though one of the leaders of his party. A speech by him is a rarity, and, in fact, he is one of the Senators who cannot speak, but are working leaders, and there are not a few of this build. His principal pastime is conversing with his particular friends. He is not punctual, either in listening or in voting, but the recreating hour for luncheon hustles him out, and keeps him out rather long; and sometimes he doesn't come back at all. Sitting in the Senate seems at least no fun for him

Mr. Hawley, of Connecticut, stout, short, military-looking, is the most attentive listener and occupier of his seat among all; he sits erect, and, when called on to talk by others, persists in keeping a close watch on the member addressing the chair. Not rhetorical, but, in his plain style of rough and ready speaking, his fund of strong common sense stands out in relief. Mr. Voorhees, of Indiana, maintains something of a like quiet attitude, but uses more of the ordinary parliamentary eloquence, and is regarded by his own side as one of its most effective champions in this line.

Mr. Plumb, of Kansas, is an entertaining debater, for, however dry his subject, he handles it in an original way, being an impromptu speaker of great force; an amiable humor, combined with the hardest sense, adds to his attractive style of

delivery, which is as ready as his stout, tall, florid personality pacing freely about his desk. His aim is to go to the point, and he frequently succeeds. Friendly, cheerful, and off-hand with all, he is a favorite, and may be said to come up handsomely to the strict meaning of his name.

Mr. Gorman, of Maryland, the most noted leader on the minority side, is gifted with a talent in practical politics unapproached by any that may be attributed to the other Southern members. He is a slow but an effective speaker; usually he sits calmly in his seat, sleek and trim, and his appearance would never give the idea of his real strength as a great handler of politics. Messrs. Hampton and Butler, of South Carolina, have more a military than a political reputation; both are sorry orators, both are minus a leg, both wear artificial limbs, and both walk about the floor so deceivingly as to be unrecognized as "the two one-legged Senators from South Carolina." There is not a bit of hesitancy in their stepping out, or in their sitting down; no limping in Mr. Hampton dresses negligently, like an old planter, but Mr. Butler is accounted the neatest-dressed Senator, without the least tinge of foppish dudery. They move about a good deal, verily as if they had four legs. Mr. Butler goes all around chatting, on both sides of the Senate, but his comrade is Mr. Cameron; as a rule, at lunch-time, these two are seen flocking together and leaving the Senate's perplexities be-Mr. Vance, of North Carolina, an hind them. ex-Governor, also frequently pairs off with Mr. Hampton, ex-Governor of South Carolina, for a short stroll outside, and then they re-appear, cheery, chirpy and smiling. Mr. Vance looks like an overgrown fat boy, and moreover he has all the wit that is so freely the accompaniment of obesity by the pound, and hence his stories and anecdotes rank high on the floor as well as on the street. Mr. Brown, of Georgia, is the one Southern millionaire; a sweeping beard, a perfectly bald head, a frail, low figure, he has all the look of a strait-laced preacher of the olden days, and delicate health keeps him a silent, unobtrusive sitter in his chair, when his ailments allow him to be present. Mr. Beck, of Kentucky, is noted for his shrewd business talent, his eccentricity and his slovenly attire, the worst visible. Mr. Vest, of Missouri, has a shrill voice that pipes abundantly through the chamber, as he is witty and fond of talking. He is a colloquial haranguer, not a formal speaker; his excess of enthusiasm easily leads him into ranting, to tearing a passion to tatters, but in giving witty retorts and thrusts he is at his best. His colleague, Mr. Cockrell, is a still poorer speaker, but he possesses one merit, or, rather, privilege, over all others—he is the exact image of the real father

of the country, "Uncle Sam," and, even without striped pants, he looks well in the United States Senate, the very place for him, though he would be at home anywhere in the broad Union.

The Senate has a good many "wall-flowers," who take their cue from its leaders.

FREDERICK S. DANIEL.

WHITE ROSES FOR THE DEAD.

By Leon Mead.

From out the chamber still,
 I wander sighing;

I mutter on God's will

A curse that He should kill
 My love—now dying.

Within the garden fair,
The red, red roses,
Like those she used to wear
In her soft breast and hair,
The moon discloses.

I pluck in mute distress
A lovely blossom,
That ere her heart is cold
She may its petals fold
Close to her bosom.

The rose that is so red
I haste in giving:
"Not this for me," she said,
"White roses for the dead—
Red for the living.

"In days that are gone, dear,
When I led fashion,
I wore red roses near
My heart, as emblems clear
Of virgin passion.

"But colder grows my brow,
Our hearts must sever;
Give me a white rose now,
With thy last deepest vow
To love me ever."

I bring a rose that's white, Like her hand this is— She shows a faint delight, And as her soul takes flight, The rose she kisses.

DRAMATIZED NOVELS.

Few literary tasks seem easier of accomplishment than the making of a good play out of a good novel. The playwright has ready to his hand a story, a sequence of situations, and a group of characters artfully contrasted, the suggestion of the requisite scenery, with occasional passages of appropriate conversation. What more is needed than a few sheets of paper and a pair of scissors, a pen and a little plodding patience? The pecuniary reward is abundant; apparently the feat is temptingly facile; and every year we see many writers succumb to the temptation. Whenever a

novel hits the popular fancy, and is seen for a season in everybody's hands, be it "Mr. Barnes, of New York," or "She," "The Quick and the Dead." or "Robert Elsmere," the adapter steps forward and sets the story on the stage, counting on the reflected reputation of the novel to attract the public to witness the play. But the result of the calculation is rarely satisfactory, and the dramatized romance is rarely successful. Frequently it is an instant failure, like the recent perversion of "Robert Elsmere"; occasionally it is forced into a fleeting popularity by managerial wiles, like the stage versions of "She" and "Mr. Barnes, of New York"; and only now and again is it really welcomed by the public, like the dramatization of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and "Uncle Tom's Cabin." So it is that, if we look back along the list of plays which have had prolonged popularity, we shall find the titles of few dramatizations, and we shall discover that those which chance to linger in our memory are recalled chiefly because of a fortuitous association with the fame of a favorite actor; thus the semioperatic version of "Guy Mannering" brings before us Charlotte Cushman's weird embodiment of Meg Merrilies, just as the artless adaptation of the "Gilded Age" evokes the joyous humor of John T. Raymond as Colonel Sellers.

And if we were to make out a list of novels which have been adapted to the stage in the past thirty years or so, we should discover a rarely broken record of overwhelming disaster. reason of this is not far to seek. It is to be found in the fundamental difference between the art of the drama and the art of prose fiction—a difference which the adapter has generally ignored or been ignorant of. Perhaps it is not unfair to suggest that the methods of the novelist and of the dramatist are as unlike as the methods of the painter and of the sculptor. The difference between the play and the novel is at bottom the difference between a precise and rigid form, and a form of almost unlimited range and flexibility. The drama has laws as unbending as those of the sonnet, while the novel may extend itself to the full license of an epic. In contrast with the license of the novelist the limitations of the dramatist were never more distinct than they are today. As the playwright appeals to the play-goer. he is confined to those subjects in which the broad public can be interested, and to the treatment which the broad public will accept. While the writer of the romance may condense his work into a short story of a column or two, or expand it to a stout tome of a thousand pages, the writer for the stage has no such choice; his work must be bulky enough to last from half-past 8 to half-past 10 at the shortest, or at the longest from 8 to 11.

In the present condition of the theatre, in Great

Britain and the United States, there is little or no demand for the comedietta or for the two-act comedy; a play must be long enough and strong enough to furnish forth the whole evening's entertainment. The dramatist may divide his piece into three, four, or five acts, as he prefers, but, except from some good reason, there must be but a single scene to each act. The characters must be so many in number that no one shall seem obtrusive; they must be sharply contrasted; most of them must be sympathetic to the spectators, for the audience in a theatre, however pessimistic it may be individually, is always optimistic as a whole. There must be an infusion of humor at recurrent intervals, and a slowly increasing intensity of emotional stress. In short, the fetters of the dramatist are as obvious as the freedom of the novelist.

Perhaps the chief disadvantage under which the dramatist labors is that it is almost impossible for him to show adequately the contrasting and well-nigh imperceptible disintegration of character under the attrition of recurring circumstances. Time and space are both beyond the control of the maker of plays, while the storyteller may take his here by slow stages to the world's end. The drama has but five acts at most.

THE SENATE AND ITS LEADERS.—HON. WADE HAMPTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.—SEE PAGE 385.

and the theatre is but a few yards wide. Description is scarcely permissible in a play; and it may be the most beautiful and valuable part of a novel. Comment by the author is absolutely im-

possible on the stage; and there are many who love certain novels—Thackeray's, for example—chiefly because they feel therein the personal presence of the author. It is at once the merit



HON. ZEBULON B. VANCE, NORTH CAROLINA.

and the difficulty of dramatic art that the characters must reveal themselves; they must be illuminated from within, not from without; they must speak for themselves in unmistakable terms; and the author cannot dissect them for us or lay bare their innermost thoughts with his pen as with a scalpel.

The drama must needs be sympathetic, while now the novel, more often than not, is an analytic. The vocabulary of the playwright must be clear, succinct, precise and picturesque, while that of the novelist may be archaic, fantastic, subtle, or illusive. Simplicity and directness are the ear-marks of a good play; but we all know good novels which are complex, involute, tortuous. A French critic has declared that the laws of the drama are logic and movement, by which he means that in a good play the subject clearly exposed at first moves forward by regular steps, artfully prepared, straight to its inevitable end. The finer the novel, the more delicate and delightful its workmanship, the more subtle its psychology, the greater is the difficulty in dramatizing it, and the greater the ensuing disappoint-The frequent attempts to turn into a play "Vanity Fair" and the "Scarlet Letter" were all doomed to the certainty of failure, because the development of the central character and leading



HON. J. D. CAMEBON, PENNSYLVANIA.

motives, as we see them in the pages of the novelist, are not those by which they would best be revealed before the foot-lights.

The difficulties and disadvantages of trying to make a play out of a popular tale, when the sequence and development of the story must be retained in the drama, are so distinctly recognized by novelists, who happen also to be dramatists, that they are prone to stand aside and to leave the doubtful task to others. Dumas did not himself make a play out of his romantic tale, "The Corsican Brothers." And in the Fall of 1887 there was produced in Paris two adaptations of successful novels which had been written by ac-



HON. GEORGE F. HOAR, MASSACHUSETTS.

complished dramatists, "L'Abbé Constantin," by M. Ludovic Halévy, and "L'Affaire Clemenceau," by M. Alexandre Dumas fils; and in neither case did the dramatist adapt his own story. He knew better; he knew that the good novel would not make a good play; and while the novice rushed in where the expert feared to tread, the original author stood aside ready to take the profit, but not to run the risk.

PRESERVING BUTTERFLIES.

Dr. F. RODERBERG, of Lower Belgium, has taken out a patent in the United Kingdom for a



won. I. G. Harris, Tennessee (Photo. by Bell., Washington).



HON. A. P. GOBMAN, MARYLAND (PHOTO. BY BELL, WASHINGTON).

method, devised by him, for preserving butterflies and other natural-history specimens. The following is the method: The objects or specimens to be preserved, unless they are already flat, are first pressed out and dried. In the case of butterflies, for instance, the body, which is cut open and emptied of its contents, is flattened out by gradually applied pressure, the wings, etc., being previously fixed in the desired position, and the butterfly thus treated is allowed to become thoroughly dry. A piece of material, such as card-board, wood, or the like, to form a mounting or backing, is then moistened with water, with which antiseptics may be mixed, and the prepared butterfly is laid on this backing; a clean, colorless leaf of gelatine is placed over the butterfly and backing, and the whole is pressed together, so that the gelatine leaf shall firmly adhere to the backing, securing the butterfly thereto. To prevent the gelatine adhering to the pressing and the supporting surfaces, instead of the backing, the surfaces are treated with fat, vaseline, or the like. prevent warping or shrinking and bending of the backing, its under side may be coated with a solution of gelatine, or a leaf of gelatine may be applied thereto. The card covered with gelatine is, after having been well cleaned from fat, etc., sprinkled or moistened on its upper side (i. e., the side to which the butterfly is secured) with water, and afterward thoroughly dried. Finally, the whole is coated with a suitable hard, colorless, drying or siccative varnish (for instance, with an alcoholic solution of red arsenic, to which has been added a small quantity of castor-oil). This coating protects the gelatine and the object or specimen to be preserved from the injurious action of moisture, mildew, or insects. Butterflies and other objects prepared in this manner can be kept in albums, and be transported and examined at any time without liability to injury. There is evidently springing up a fine art among collectors, which will soon transform dried plants and wizened butterflies into the objects of real and graceful beauty they ought to be, and as they are in a state of nature.

A HIGHLAND REEL.

By G. E.-T.

MUCH study, truly, becomes a weariness of the flesh. After a long day's seclusion over desk and books the cobwebs begin to gather about one's brain, and stronger and stronger grows the longing to look upon the face of one's fellows. There are fair faces, too, to look upon, and bright-lipped laughter to listen to not far away, and the shriek of a fiddle or the skirl of the pipes is all that is needed to set light footsteps tripping on a broad barn-floor. Down with pamphlet and pen,

therefore: on with a heavy coat in case of rain, and out into the roaring night.

A heavy "carry" is tearing across the sky, but the air is fresh and clear; and see, yonder, away below through the darkness, by the loch-side, shining hospitable and bright, are the lights of Gartachraggan. Away, then, by the steading, where the patient beasts are stirring in their byres, and a breath is caught of the rich warm mash preparing for their evening meal. through the whin-haughs, where the owls answer each other with silvery hootings, and again and again overhead there is heard the creaking wing of a belated hawk beating to and fro. How the wind sighs in the naked hedges, with a louder whisper where the thick-leaved holly-trees are set! One would almost linger under the soft shelter of the wood, where the air is rich with the fragrance of the undergrowth, and a pleasant security is felt in the stillness by contrast with the roar and sough of the storm in the tree-tops far above. The stones of the dry dike here are covered close with the clinging tendrils of a smallleaved ivy, and wild strawberry and wild geranium in Summer star with white and pink the mossy crannies. A pleasant spot, therefore, it is then to linger in, to watch the red squirrel frolic on the road and the chaffinch build his mossy home overhead. But to-night one's thoughts are otherwise. It is cold, and the south wind is roaring in the wood, hustling the withered leaves to limbo. Down the hill, therefore, at a blithesome pace, jousting and jesting with the storm, till a glimpse of the realm of Oberon is caught below-the foamswept loch, with its lonely islets, seen by the fitful gleam of stars. Life comes back to the jaded heart on such a night, as the fresh wind lifts the hair and clears the brain. There is war in the heavens overhead, and the scream can be heard of wild duck entangled in the driving clouds as they make for their feeding-places at the river's mouth; but in the heart there is only laughter, born of the comradeship of "rude Whew! Draw in here to the shelter till the rain-blast sweeps over. It whistles like arrowy sleet through the branches overhead, and the great limbs roar and struggle in the contest. The bole of the giant ash-tree itself heaves and groans with the effort. But the strong tree has grappled before with the Titan, and the wrestlings of eighty Winters have but given it a deeper grip of the soil. And so the blast blows over, the air clears, and close at hand, a ruddy blaze among the trees, are seen the gleaming windows of the farm.

What a kindly welcome is this! No ordinary "How d'ye do?" and touch of listless fingers, but a heartiness honest as its own broad vowels. The good folk here live close to the soil, and con-

tinually touch the real facts of life. Ennui and cynicism, those soul-cankers of the dwellers in towns, have never found their way to these homesteads by the loch-side, and sweet and wholehearted as the breath of their own hay-ricks are the greetings of these hospitable folk. For the frank grasp that will ease world-cares go to the kindly sea-captain, or the hand that has held a plow. Years have gathered on the heads of the farmer and his wife since first their plowshares turned the loch-side soil, but still they are fresh and hale, and the frost of years that has silvered their hairs has touched them no whit besides. Meanwhile, there has grown around them a brave and comely brood—sons stalwart as the ark-builders of old, and daughters—ah! Look not too long upon these, good youth, or thou art undone (though that might not be the worst thing that could happen thee). For there is choice and difterence among them: the hair of one dark as the starling's wing, another's bright with russet gold; eyes blue as the Summer skies, eyes dark as the woodland wells; cheeks of fair soft peach-bloom, and cherry lips ripe and red. Beware!

Into the parlor? No!-the kitchen is the place. A carpeted parlor can be seen at any time, but such a kitchen only in such a spot. The great fire blazing in the chimney roars defiance to the storm outside, and flashes its warm light upon wall and rafter. Lamps shine bright as silver in their sconces, and plate-racks and harness-steels gleam in the wall's recesses. Not a speck stains the purity of the red-stone floor, and the massy tables and chairs of honest deal are white as driven snow. Into the kitchen, then, and ask for the goodman's health, and whether the plowing has gone forward well, whether the collie that went amissing has turned up yet, and what was done with the tramp who threatened the plowman's wife.

But, listen! the neighbors are coming already, and in the lull of the wind surely that was the sound of the pipes! How the girls' eyes sparkle and their color rises! What tempting access of witchery!—wait a little, take care, keep hold of your heart! Perhaps their sweethearts are coming. The pipes stop at the door, there is a sound of laughter, a moment's pause, and then a new invasion of brave lads and comely lasses, bringing in with them the freshness of the night. Freshvoiced as the Spring thrushes, it is an inspiration to look at and listen to these sons and daughters of the hills.

First of all—for the Highlands are hospitable—something must be eaten. There are scones and butter and bramble-jelly, girdle-cake, and milk from the byre—all the produce of the farm itself, and none the less delicious for the fair hands that have placed them there. Then, hey,

presto! the scene is changed. A space has been cleared in the barn, and lamps hung from the rafters and on the walls light it up in gypsy fashion, casting fantastic shadows into the far corners behind the great heaps of warm cornstraw. A skirl of the pipes, and in a moment partners are chosen. Then more than one secret slips out to the curious eye, for much there is to be read in the language of a blush and a look. The lads stand back to back, two and two, and their partners face them, and as the music takes to the air, featly they trip it in the merry figure-of-eight.

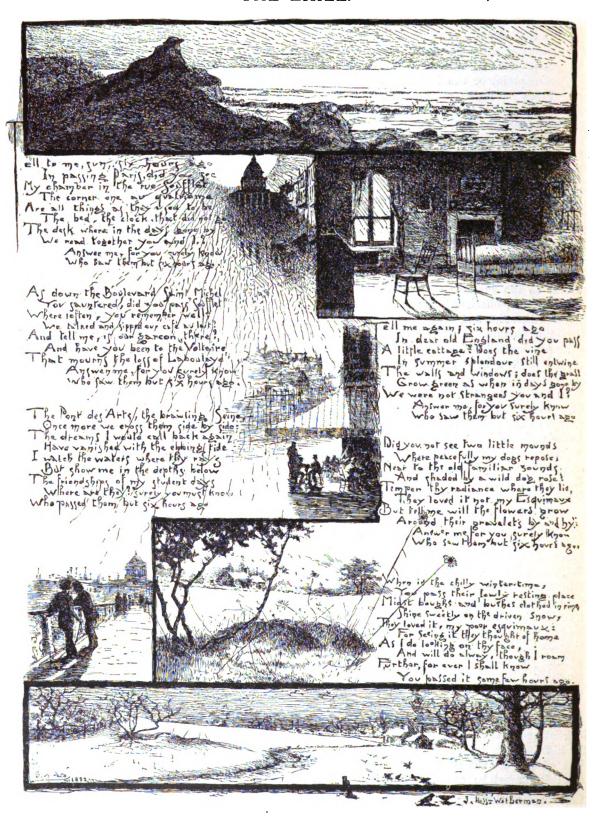
Presently, opposite their neighbors' partners comes the chance to display their spirit and agility, and many a wild capering step is done by the lads with arm in air and a whirl of the tartans, while the lasses, more modest, with downcast look, hold back their skirts daintily as they foot it with toe and heel. Faster and faster the music gathers, faster flies the dance with its changing steps, again and again, with the threading of eights and the Highland fling, while cheeks take flame, eyes flash wildly, and the barn-floor shakes More and more breathless grow in rhythm. lasses and lads, but no one will yield to stop. till at last, with a wild whoop, they fling themselves altogether upon the straw, and the music slowly runs out.

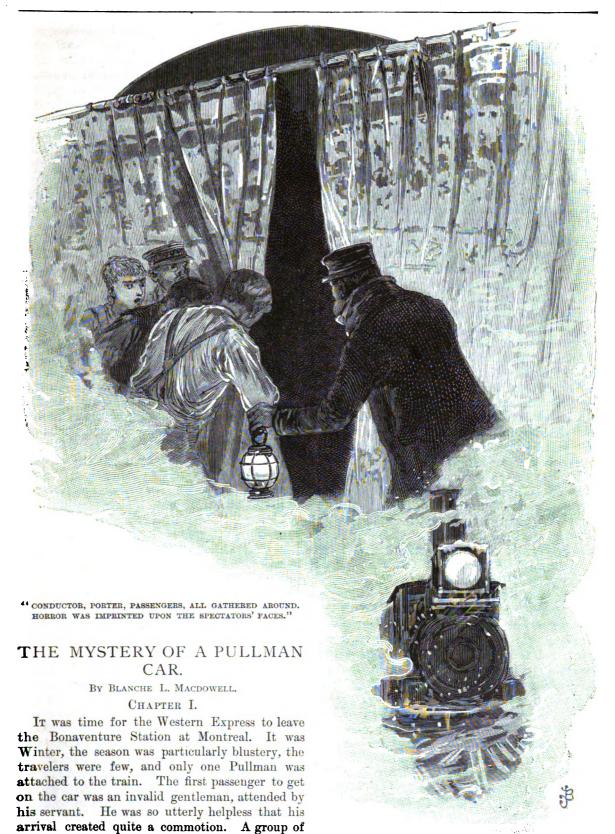
Again and again it will be renewed, with the wilder Reel o' Hulochan for a change, or some wonderful old-fashioned country dance; and only some time in the morning, long after the old folk have gone to bed, will the merry party break up, tired but delighted, to go home in twos and threes along the hills. And the cobwebs of study shall have been blown, like the dead leaves of the woods, to limbo.

A FORMIDABLE WOMAN.

Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE belonged, as everybody knows, to a distinguished theological family. Her sister Catharine was a great authority on the question of Free Agency, and the report of her learning startled a German professor into irreverence. The following is the anecdote, related in some recent memoirs: "A certain eminent theological professor of New England, visiting a distinguished German theologian and speaking of this production, said: 'The ablest refutation of Edwards on "The Will" which was ever written is the work of a woman, the daughter of Dr. Lyman Beecher.' The worthy Teuton raised both hands in undisguised astonishment. 'You have a woman that can write an able refutation of Edwards on "The Will"? God forgive Christopher Columbus for discovering America!"

THE EXILE.





curious spectators gathered to watch him lifted on; the negro porters and two train-hands were

pressed into the service. With some difficulty he

was at length settled in his berth. This Mr.

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"IT WAS A TEMPESTUOUS NIGHT, THE WIND RAVED AND HOWLED, THE SNOW DRIFTED INTO MASSIVE BANKS AND PEAKED DRIFTS, THE ENGINE MOVED SLOWLY."

Rathbon, from the accounts given of him by his attendants, appeared to be an object worthy of commiseration. He was an English gentleman of fortune and position, who had been terribly injured in a railway accident; he was paralyzed and almost blind, his eyes being screened from the light by a large green silk shade, and he constantly suffered excruciating agonies from his shattered nerves. He was traveling for his health, had been for some time in Montreal, and was now going West.

The other passengers consisted of two commercial travelers; a young girl of sixteen going to Toronto to school; Frank Carter, a young lawyer from Montreel, who was going up to attend his sister's wedding; and a very handsome, majestic English woman, attended by a younger lady. The older woman appeared to be about thirty, was draused with simple elegance, her furs being superb. Her companion was an excessively pretty English girl. Frank Carter, the lawyer, recognized the pair, having often seen them at the Windsor Hotel, where Mrs. Mervyn had spent some months. Nothing was known of her except that she lived luxuriously and avoided making This lady reserved for herany acquaintances. self an entire section, her companion, Miss Travers, sleeping in a berth above that occupied by the young girl. Mr. Rathbon had the next section, his servant being located directly opposite, above one of the commercials. After the train had left Cornwall, the lights were turned out, and absolute quiet reigned in the Pullman.

It was a tempestuous night, the wind raved and howled, the snow drifted into massive banks and peaked drifts, the engine moved slowly. The gray Winter's morning had broadened into daylight when Miss Alice Travers awakened. She rather wondered that the lady, who suffered greatly from insomnia, had not called her. the meanwhile, one of the commercials, who was dressing, was engaged in a vigorous search for a boot, and feeling his hand come in contact with something slimy on the floor, sprang upright his hand was covered with blood. Miss Travers drew back the curtains. Mrs. Mervyn lay quite still. She was dressed in a crimson dressinggown, profusedly trimmed with lace; a heavy furlined mantle was thrown over her. Travers touched her, involuntarily a sharp cry broke from her lips, which instantly aroused all the occupants of the car.

"Good God! she is dead!" cried the girl, excitedly.

Right through the heart of the dead woman ran a sharp, slender poniard, which had been driven into the flesh right up to the hilt. Apparently she had died without a struggle; the expression of her face was perfectly calm. Conductor, porter,

passengers, all gathered around. Horror was imprinted upon the spectators' faces; each one regarded the other with suspicion; a terrible crime had been committed in their midst, and who was the murderer? The conductor at once telegraphed to the police at Toronto, and Mr. Rathbon was so overcome by the terrible circumstance that he was seized with violent convulsions, his cries and greans adding not a little to the horror of the scene.

"Would you like me to telegraph to your friends?" Mr. Carter inquired of Miss Travers, who had appeared quite stunned by the shock.

"I have no friends on this side of the Atlantic. I am an orphan, and entirely alone in the world." Carter was a kind-hearted, chivalrous fellow. He was deeply touched by the poor girl's forlorn position.

"You must allow me for the time to assume the place of a friend," he said, earnestly. "My mother and sister live in Toronto. They are the warmest-hearted people in the world, and they will be glad to show you every kindness."

Two detectives boarded the train at Parkdale, a suburb of Toronto. Orders were given that no one should leave the car before it had been thoroughly searched. The negro porter, nearly beside himself with hysterical excitement, shouted voluble protestations of innocence; the sick man lay in a deathlike lethargy of exhaustion. was not an inch of the Pullman that was not thoroughly examined, as well as the personal effects of the passengers, which mostly consisted of toilet-bags, shawl-straps and railway-rugs, and the most diligent scrutiny failed to reveal the slightest clew to the mystery. There was no trace of a struggle; the bedclothes were not even disarranged. On the arrival of the train at Toronto, the body of the murdered woman was removed to a hotel in the vicinity of the Union Station, where an inquest was immediately held, the passengers, still under police surveillance, being all required to attend.

Miss Travers was the first witness. She had been Mrs. Mervyn's companion for nearly a year. The orphan daughter of an English clergyman, she had come to the United States in search of employment, and in answer to an advertisement for a traveling-companion had applied to Mrs. Mervyn, at that time boarding at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York. The relations between them had always been of the most pleasant description. Mrs. Mervyn appeared to be wealthy, was extremely liberal, but her companion had no idea from what sources her employer's income was derived. Her habits were regular; she made no acquaintances; wrote few letters, and always posted them herself; scarcely ever received one. She was excessively reticent, never alluded to her

past, and never spoke of friends or connections. She was very nervous and suspicious; the witness fancied that she was haunted by a constant dread; had suspected that Mrs. Mervyn indulged in opium, but was not positive of the fact; was of the opinion that the murder must have been committed for purposes of robbery. There was a small leather sachel, of which Mrs. Mervyn always took charge herself, missing. A number of costly rings were missed from the dead woman's fingers. Under her dress the lady always wore a She herself had assured Miss Travers that the ornaments were paste, and valuable only for the associations attached to them, but from their size and lustre the witness had concluded that they were valuable jewels. Had slept soundly all night; could form no suspicion of any one.

The conductor and porter gave testimony that they had passed through the car frequently during the night; had seen nothing to arouse suspicion. It would be impossible for any one to enter the car without their knowledge. The negro's frantic excitement drew suspicion upon him, but from the evidence given by the conductor and train-hands, it seemed quite impossible that he could have been the author of the crime.

Miriam Somers had awakened once during the night; had looked out, and fancied that the curtains of Mrs. Mervyn's section moved; saw a tall form dressed in a cloak like the one she had seen on that lady; had naturally concluded that it was the lady herself; could not be positive that it was not a dream; had not heard Miss Travers move all night.

John Barnes, servant to Mr. Rathbon, deposed that twice during the night he had risen to see if his master required his services, and each time, finding that gentleman sleeping quietly, had returned to his rest; had heard nothing to alarm him during the night; had often seen the two ladies at the Windsor Hotel, where he was stopping with his master; had heard the servants remark that the English lady must be very rich; was himself well known in Montreal; had relatives there; had been employed in the General Hospital for three years; had been in his present position three months; had been engaged by Mr. Rathbon because that gentleman's former attendant was ill, and obliged to return to England; his employer had made many friends in Montreal; when free from pain was very sociable; was a kind and liberal master.

There were no papers or letters in Mrs. Mervyn's trunks that could furnish the slightest clew to her identity. If suspicion touched any one, it was Miss Travers, but nothing could be proved against her. A verdict of murder against some person or persons unknown was brought in. Later, it was found out that the sum of \$10,000

was lodged to Mrs. Mervyn's credit in the Bank of Montreal, but the most searching inquiries failed to obtain any information regarding her antecedents or connections.

Miss Travers found herself a stranger in a strange land, utterly desolate under most trying circumstances. During the terrible ordeal she behaved with great courage, but when it was over, she began really to feel the effects of the shock. Her bewilderment was illuminated by flashes of consternation. She found herself without power to anticipate, much less decide, what was to come next. In this emergency young Carter showed himself a true friend. He brought his mother to visit the desolate girl, and the old lady invited Miss Travers to make her own house her home as long as it suited her to do so.

CHAPTER II.

It had been Alice Travers's intention at once to seek a new situation. When she announced her determination, Mrs. Carter, a kind, motherly soul, who had taken a violent fancy to the English girl, made her a proposal. Since her daughter's marriage, the old lady had decided upon making her home with her son in Montreal. She was in delicate health, and required a good deal of attention—would Miss Travers remain as her companion? She would be treated in all respects like a daughter.

For two years Alice lived in the Carters' pleasant home, and in the serenity of a tranquil existence somewhat recovered from the effect of the tragic occurrences of the past. Frank Carter, who from the first had been greatly attracted by the gentle girl, had decided upon asking her to become his wife, when a new character appeared upon the scene, abruptly shattering the young man's hopes of happiness and molding the fate of Alice in a fashion directly opposed to anything that she had ever imagined.

A French capitalist, who had come to Canada for the purpose of finding profitable investments, had business relations with Frank Carter, and in that way established a sort of intimacy with the family.

This Léon de Léry was said to have made an enormous fortune in South America. He brought excellent letters of introduction, and being an accomplished man of the world, clever, brilliant, fascinating, was much courted by both English and French society in Montreal. The surprise of his friends was very great when it was announced that the French millionaire was about to marry Mrs. Carter's companion. The engagement was a short one, and the turn of Fortune's wheel, which suddenly elevated the penniless English girl to a lofty pinnacle of worldly success, seemed

very extraordinary. M. de Léry was the most ardent of lovers, the most indulgent and considerate of husbands. Alice's new existence appeared like a fairy tale; she had only to form a wish, instantly to have it realized.

A few days after, hunting in a cabinet belonging to her husband for an account which she wished to settle, Mmc. de Léry found a ring. She carried it to the light and examined it curiously. She turned white as ashes. It was a ruby of



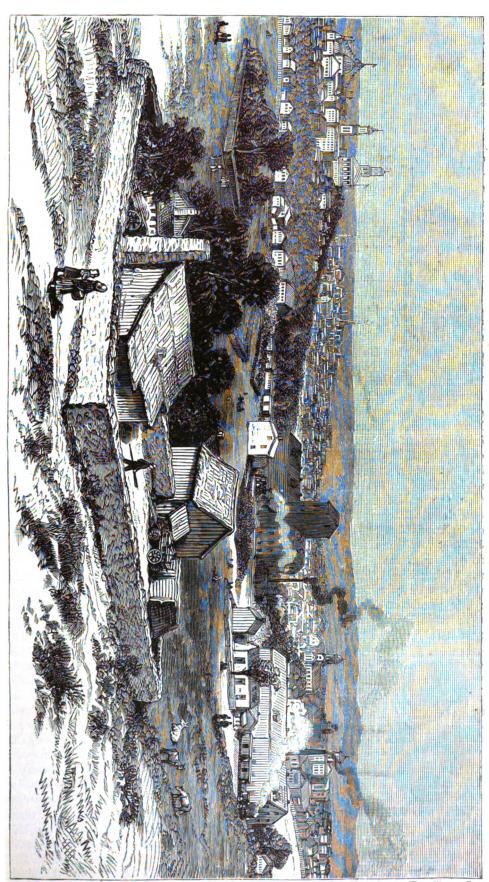
IN THE TENNESSEE BLUE-GRASS.— STATUE OF GEN. ANDREW JACKSON, AT NASHVILLE.— SEE PAGE 407.

"I am a genuine Cinderella. Shall I awaken some day to find myself in the ashes?" she once exclaimed, merrily. Then the first frown which she had yet seen darkened her husband's brow.

"The true philosophy is to accept the good of the moment," he replied, somewhat coldly. great size, and exactly like one worn constantly by Mrs. Mervyn. She sought her husband, crying, impulsively:

"Léon, the sight of this ring has quite upset me. Is it yours?"

De Léry stretched out his hand for the jewel.



VIEW OF NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

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"Certainly."

Then, as he listened to her explanations, he smiled indulgently.

"Your imagination has played you a trick, little wife. It would require keener eyes than yours to detect differences in stones of equal size and weight."

Alice was silent. An unpleasant impression still lingered on her mind.

Mme. de Léry's grand ball was decidedly the social event of the season; indeed, it was said that so splendid an entertainment had never before been given in Montreal. The blonde English beauty of the hostess was heightened by her exquisite Parisian toilet. Her husband regarded her with an air of satisfied pride.

"My queen, you only require the glimmer of jewels to render you perfect."

He opened a jewel-case, and clasped a necklace of sparkling diamonds around her slender throat.

"Many an aristocratic dame in Europe would sell her soul for such diamonds as those!" he exclaimed, proudly.

Alice grew white to the lips; a convulsive shudder shook her from head to foot; it was on her lips to say that she hated diamonds, the recollections connected with them were so unpleasant; but it seemed such an ungracious manner in which to receive the princely gift, that she retained sufficient self-control to keep silent.

In the preoccupation which her duties as hostess entailed upon her, Mme. de Léry failed to notice the absence of her husband from the room. Later, when the guests had departed, looking around the deserted rooms, still odorous with flowers and brilliant with lights, she remembered that she had not seen him since early in the evening. None of the servants could give any information concerning him. Tired and perplexed, the lady retired to her own room. As she was replacing her jewels in their case, she found, pinned to the satin lining, a tiny scrap of paper, containing the following lines:

"Dearest Alice: Fate, which no man can control, obliges me to leave you. If I should not return within a week, never waste a thought on me. I do not blame myself for having sought your love; I have made you happy, and have endeavored to secure your future. For your own sake as well as mine, I earnestly conjure you to make no effort to penetrate the mystery of my disappearance. Trust nobody but the Carters, who will be good friends to you. Believe me, dear, I have loved you truly since the first moment my eyes rested upon your sweet face.

Yours,

L. DE L."

At first Alice utterly failed to realize the situation. Her first idea was that a practical joke was intended; but that was so entirely at variance with her husband's character, that she instantly dismissed the suspicion. The strangeness of it all smote her heart with a deeper pang than the

hour's horror had yet given her. She had suddenly come to a dead pause. Past and future were dissociated by this dreadful event. Had her husband suddenly been stricken with madness? Was it a cruel hoax? An instinctive longing for some one to stand by her in this emergency came over the forlorn and desolate creature. Early next morning she sought Mrs. Carter. Days freighted with pain and anxiety passed on, but time brought no solution of the mystery. M. de Léry's conduct was inexplicable. His pecuniary affairs were in perfect order. Should he never return, his wife would be handsomely provided for.

Perhaps a month later, Frank Carter visited New York on business. While there, he was thrown into contact with a clever American detective, who was at the time much elated by the capture he had lately made of a gang of "crooks," the most skillful criminals, he declared, who had ever entered the United States.

"Old countrymen, all of them," he insisted. "We don't produce that kind here. If it had not been for a woman's jealousy we should never have caught them at all. We missed the leader, the sharpest crook it has ever been my fortune to hear of. When he found he was trapped, he just disappeared as though he had sunk into the earth. He belonged to a good English family, and had had a university education. He trained a band of criminals, forgers, counterfeiters, burglars, and reigned over them like a king. Devil Dick he was called, because he seemed to have the devil's own luck. He had a positive genius for what actors term 'making up,' and the cool audacity of the fellow was something marvelous. Once, dressed as a workman, with his basket of tools on his arm, he walked into the Capitalists' Bank in New York, and throwing the basket upon the floor, stood upon it, coolly sweeping off \$5,000 before the teller's eyes, and disappeared before the bank official had recovered from his consternation. You must have heard of the Pullman-car murder, committed between Montreal and Toronto? It made a great sensation."

"I happened to be on the very car."

"Then you will be interested in hearing that we have at last found a clew to the mystery. Mrs. Mervyn had for years been a member of this very gang. I believe myself that she was Devil Dick's lawful wife; she certainly was the only one who ever ventured to defy his authority. He was a handsome fellow, irresistible with women and with a decided weakness for a pretty face, and his wife was furiously jealous. A very clever robbery had been carried out at the Hôtel de Callière, in Paris. The Duchesse de Callière was robbed of diamonds worth \$80,000. The jewels were given into this woman's keeping, and after

a violent quarrel with her husband she disappeared with them. He tracked her all over the world. You remember the invalid Mr. Rathbon? That was no less than Devil Dick himself. His presence in Montreal was signaled by a series of the most daring and successful burglaries. Devil Dick punished his wife's treachery, and recovered possession of the jewels. The conductor and one of the train-hands were members of his gang. The jewels once secured, they passed them to a confederate outside, at one of the way-stations. We caught five of these fellows; they all deserve hanging, but I don't know if they will get it. I have a conviction that we will never take Devil Dick alive. Handsome fellow, isn't he?"

As Carter looked down upon the photograph, he turned pale and sick. In the delicate, almost effeminate features, the languid, supercilious smile, he instantly recognized Léon de Léry.

He never told Alice of the discovery he had made; he knew it would only add to her pain. The following Spring, when the ice on the St. Lawrence broke up, a body, recognized by the watch and the clothes as being that of M. de Léry, was brought to the surface by the Spring freshets. So Devil Dick was reverently buried, wept and mourned for as though he had been the best of men. Even after Alice became Frank Carter's happy wife, she still cherished a tender memory of her first love.

IN THE TENNESSEE BLUE-GRASS.

BY WILLIAM H. BALLOU.

Notwithstanding the several histories of Tennessee—none of which are adequate, and, it is generally claimed, should not have been written—the origin of that Commonwealth, one of the last to enter the original Union and one of the last to leave it, is singular, and exceptional of all the States. Evan Shelby, afterward a general under Washington; Isaac Shelby, his son, and afterward the first Governor of Kentucky, and John Sevier, who became the first Governor of Tennessee, were the pioneers. They came on horseback from Virginia in 1769, and encamped on Watauga River, in Upper Tennessee. Such was the beginning of the first settlement west of the Alleghanies.

On the geological map of Tennessee is a large blue area indicating the Trenton period of the Lower Silurian age. This area comprises about 3,000 square miles, and is known as the Bluegrass region of Tennessee. At its north end stands Nashville, and at its southern extremity, Columbia, two of the most historic points of the State, and which have given the nation two Presidents, Jackson and Polk. In this marvelous area

the climates of the continent blend, and every material product of our national soil grows in luxury and profusion, uninterrupted by extreme cold or heat, and unsurpassed in quality and quantity. Utterly impoverished by the disastrous war, it has speedily arisen to become perhaps the richest section of the globe. It is termed the middle basin of Tennessee, in which blue-grass grows in profusion and farming is devoted chiefly to diversified crops and fine stock-raising. woodlands and underbrush are all cleaned and seeded with blue-grass, which affords the finest pasturage. The blue-grass may or may not be as fine as that of Kentucky, but the country is better watered, the Winters milder and better adapted to raising fine blooded stock. While there are no large fortunes, men are in easy circumstances, and live more at their country homes than elsewhere in the world. On all radii out from Nashville are numerous hospitable homes, and the gentry have each one or more stables and their pack of hounds with which to enjoy the chase of deer and fox.

Leading out of Nashville are many noted pikes, all of which are more or less celebrated. On the Lebanon Pike is located the Hermitage of Andrew Jackson, and on the Harding, the Belle Meade Farm. The original settlers on the Harding Pike were John Harding, Mr. Bosley and Willoughby Williams, comprising six miles of great estates. The owners of these estates to-day are General W. H. and Judge H. E. Jackson, proprietors of Belle Meade; Mrs. Archie Cheatham, of Cliff Lawn, a niece of John Harding; and Mrs. Lemuel Whitworth, a granddaughter of Mr. Bosley, and the descendant Williams on the original Williams place.

Belle Meade, the largest and typical estate, lies in the basin, on Richland Creek, a beautiful, clear stream of water, surrounded by noble hills and broad valley lands, deep-set in blue-grass. farm comprises 5,250 acres, quite equally divided between the two owners, or better, perhaps, their It has a park of 460 acres in which are from 200 to 300 deer, nearly as wild as in their native state. Improvements have been extensively made here since the war, largely in preparation for the care of thoroughbred horses. On the place are about 100 brood-mares, besides celebrated stallions. Here have lived the celebrities Bonnie Scotland, Priam, Vandal, Jack Malone and Glencoe; and to-day, with their beautiful forms, poetic limbs and glossy coats, Lake Blackburn, Iroquois, Inquirer, Great Tom, Bramble and Plenipo. There are sixty yearling colts, which no doubt will sell on average for from \$600 to \$1,000. On the outer lines are twenty-four miles of stone fencing; on the highlands, bluegrass and grazing; in the lowlands, corn, oats

and hay, all of which latter is fed on the place. addition to the blooded stock are fine New Hampshire and Vermont Morgan mares and stallions for the breeding of roadsters; a large herd of Shetland ponies, Cashmere goats, flocks of ___ Southdown sheep, and herds of blooded cattle for beef and milk. There are two immense creameries. producing over a half-ton of the most delicious butter each month, and which I inspected and tested with envy. Most of the hired labor on the estate

THE CAPITOL, NASHVILLE.

comprise the former slaves of General Harding, who could not be lured away from the place, and are so kindly treated that the labor problem has no existence in this retreat; and which is true of all the homes of the gentry. Belle Meade has its own saw and grist mills, carpenter and blacksmith shops, equipped with a full force. When the war broke out there were herds of sixty buffalo and thirty elk, which the Federal soldiers found well adapted to banquets. Here, too, are great orchards, producing all the finest fruits, and affording a large surplus for the market.

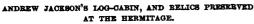
On the Franklin Pike, and within six miles

John M. Lees, John Overton, Van Kirkman and John Thompson.

On the Gallatin Pike are many farms, the principal estate, and one of the largest in Tennessee, being that owned by the Hon. Jere. Baxter, and known as Maplewood. Maplewood comprises some 1,400 acres, mostly devoted to Holstein and Jersev cattle, as well as to blooded running and trotting horses. The estate represents an investment of over a quarter of a million dollars. Maplewood has a large and com-

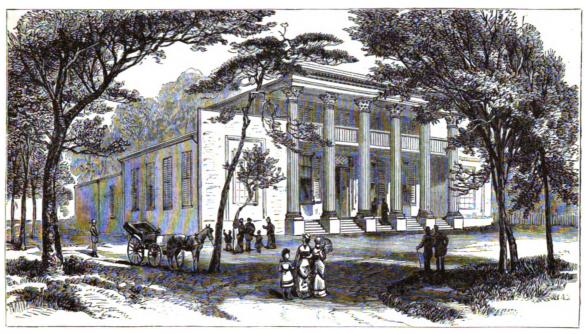
modious residence, and nowhere are there more evidences of culture, such as Greek statuary, Japanese embroidery, and curiosities from every clime, and a large library of rare works. The proprietor of Maplewood is a self-made man, and to-day one of the most enterprising citizens and owner of the largest block in Nashville. He donated twelve acres of valuable land for the Masonic Orphan Asylum. He built and owns the Baxter Block in Nashville, one of the world's largest office-buildings, and the most imposing edifice in the city. Mr. Baxter will probably be the next Governor of Tennessee. His income of Nashville, are the magnificent farms of Judge | from his business is upward of \$50,000 per year.







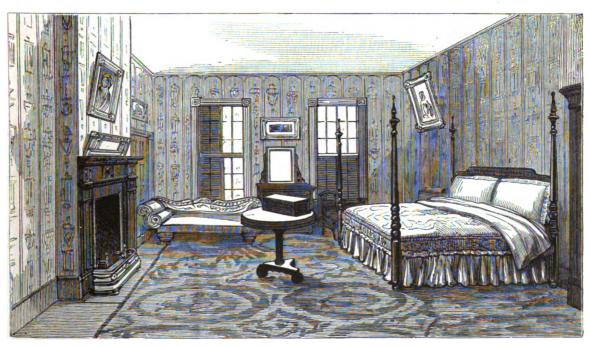
THE TOMB OF JACKSON, AND CANOPY PROTECTING IT.



THE HERMITAGE.

The Hermitage comprises nearly 700 acres of land, owned by the State, but for many years it was not well preserved. It is now occupied by the grandson of General Jackson, and soon will be erected here a home for the Confederate dead by the Ladies' Hermitage Association, similar to that caring for Mount Vernon. The association is repairing the mansion, restoring the tomb, adorning and beautifying the grounds, preserving the relics and furniture, and making the place a

Mecca for visitors. The American people, each one of whom has as much pride and ownership of Old Hickory as any Tennesseean can possibly have, will be glad to know that the Hermitage is to be so well cared for. The mansion is the old style, common everywhere South, with high pillars and double porticoes. The granite tomb and columns are well preserved, and there is a grand old drive leading to the house from the pike, bordered with rows of spreading trees. The greatest curiosity



ROOM IN THE HERMITAGE IN WHICH JACKSON DIED.

here is the original log-house in which the general lived. Other cariosities on the place are the old spring-house, the negro quarters, and the chair of General Washington in the drawing-room of the mansion. Near the Hermitage is the Clover Bottom Race-course, at which Jackson and contemporaries raced their thoroughbred horses. The Hermitage Club of Nashville was named after this estate. Before reaching the Hermitage, on the pike from Nashville are the notable estates of James Taylor, David McGarvock and John Harding, who married the sister of Judge H. E. and General W. H. Jackson.

The remaining pikes comprise Nolanville, Murfreesborough, Granny, White, Charlotte, Hyde's Ferry, etc., on which are many beautiful estates. In Williamson County are numerous fine farms for twenty miles along the Franklin Pike. Of these, the most celebrated is that owned by Major Campbell, at Spring Hill, near Franklin, where are bred the finest Jersey cattle.

The most noted landmark in Nashville is the old residence of ex-President James K. Polk, wherein Mrs. Polk still lives, together with Mr. and Mrs. George H. Fall, the latter being her niece, and Miss Sadie Polk Fall, her grandniece. Mrs. Polk is now eighty-four years old, in good health and the enjoyment of life. She relates an unpublished incident concerning her husband. When Mr. Polk was a candidate for Governor against James C. Jones, the campaign was very like that between Lincoln and Douglas. Jones was an unknown and raw farmer, who had been sent to the Legislature, where he found he could make a speech. He was put on the Harrison ticket as an Elector. He made sufficient reputation, so that he was next pitted against Polk for the Gubernatorial race. Mrs. Polk states that after her husband had canvassed West Tennessee and returned to her, he remarked: "When the election is over we will return to Columbia."

- "What do you mean?" she inquired.
- "I mean that I am about to be defeated."
- "Isn't that rather strange?"
- "Yes," he replied; "but Jones will be elected by less than 500 majority."

It was even as predicted, showing how closely Mr. Polk knew politics, and there was no better politician in his time. The Polk residence is a large, old-time structure, on the lawn of which is the tomb of the departed President. It is not merely a familiar figure to Nashvillians, but the young men of the country have all heard of it, and not a few of them have been there to pay devotion at the shrine of beauty. Mr. Polk's law-office in Columbia was demolished a few years since to make room for the Bethell House. At that place, as in Nashville, his residence remains, both objects of veneration. Not far to the west

of Columbia are the Polk farms, large estates, where before the war was open house, in which numerous guests, from thirty to fifty, were entertained daily. Those were the days of whole roast oxen, champagne, great feasts and baronial splen-The church still stands on the farm of the late Andrew Polk, where the families worshiped, but the grand old family mansion on this farm was destroyed by fire. Colonel William Polk, of Revolutionary fame, located a 5,000-acre farm here. He had six sons—the bishop, Leonidas, Lucius J., George W., Rufus K., William J. and Andrew J. George Polk is still living, and occupies the old home. He is now quite old and very much esteemed. The Presidential Polk family belonged to another branch, but located at Columbia, the father being Major Samuel Polk. He had two sons and a daughter—Colonel William, James K., and Jane.

As one walks toward Fort Negley, in Nashville, there is one of the most curious pieces of architecture visible. Undoubtedly it is the only specimen of its peculiar type. This is the Church of the Holy Trinity, an ante-war relic. Very little of the edifice is visible save an imposing front, on one corner of which is an enormous tower capped by an unhoused bell. The tower resembles the defenses of a citadel, having little openings, which in a fort would pass for embrasures. The only openings in this remarkable front are a window of small dimensions and the door-way.

Fort Negley, like that of Meisner at Columbia, was used only as a lookout fortress during the war, there being no fights for possession, and both forces using it alternately, as occasion required, to observe the movements of the enemy at a distance. It was not a strategic point. It is mentioned in this article that future generations may remember that the site of the new magnificent reservoir at Nashville was once Fort Neg-The Columbia parallel must still be carried out, as Fort Parnassus has been utilized for the same purpose in that city. Nashville is about to emerge from the use of Cumberland River water, which has ever left the person more unclean after using than before, and have a system supplied with clean liquid taken from a responsible source.

Nashville had 46,000 inhabitants when the census was taken in 1880, but to-day there are 110,000.* Its growth is quite as marvelous as

^{*}STATISTICS OF NASHVILLE.—There are 2,576 business houses, of which 728 are manufactories. There are \$20,000,000 invested in manufactories—\$2,000,000 inmachinery. There are 7,300 akilled laborers employed. The wholesale trade amounts annually to \$115,000,000, employing over 700 drummers. It is the hardware, drug and dry-goods centre of the South. Of the 360 radii of the circle with a diameter of 240 miles, of which Nashville is the centre, 110 span inexhaustible fields of iron-ore,

the much advertised cities of the West, but Southern modesty, or, rather, Tennessee modesty, has prevented this fact from becoming known. The city is noted for many reasons, chiefly, one must admit, for the beauty of its fair sex, the type of whose loveliness is exceptional and singular on this continent. Like Kentucky, Tennessee is noted for its women, fast horses and whisky—the fast horse being the boasted product of the bluegrass region.

As the traveler approaches Columbia, the country is rolling, intersected by hog-backs, but which generally have the same quality of soil as the lowlands. The entire distance between Columbia along the Louisville and Nashville Railway is rich in glorious views and natural wealth. Columbia is in the lower arc of the blue-grass section. This grass has a deceptive name, being green, and not materially different in appearance from timothy, except that it is undoubtedly the most luxuriant and nutritious of all grasses. No doubt it owes its strength to the immense deposits of shellmarl beneath it, which is the best of fertilizers, and as such practically indestructible. Columbia the country is everywhere penetrated by magnificent pikes, as at Nashville, which afford endless drives past vast farms, and groves of enormous maples, poplars, oaks and indigenous trees, which become larger and larger in size as one approaches the Tennessee River. At Columbia, everything visible is beautiful and graceful, whether it be the superb farm-girl, worldtraveled and refined; the horse, unparalleled in strength, pace and pedigree; the cattle, sheep, trees, landscape, homes, and much that is animate and inanimate. Climb with me up Mount Parnassus, that hill builded by the inhabitants of lost oceans, and within a diameter of sixty miles I will show you the rise and fall of hills, clad in the grandeur of their green, of stately streams caressed, and of the haze all robed in blue, like all weddings of the year, in one assemblage, kirmessed, beautiful.

Columbia* was brought into prominence last

and 50, exhaustless fields of coal. The International Mineral and Metallic Exposition will be held here in 1890. The institutions comprise the Vanderbilt and Fisk Universities, Ward's and Price's Female Schools, Nashville School for the Blind, in which are some 40 pupils, a charity maintained largely by Judge John M. Lee; and the Mehary Medical College, the only institution of the kind for negroes in the world. Six railroads, forming the Louisville and Nashville system, centre here, and connect the city with New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Memphis, Pensecola, Mobile and New Orleans. There is also the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railway, connecting the city with the the South-east. Other lines are in process of formation.

*STATISTICS CONCERNING COLUMBIA.—The city has a fair-ground, and race-track for the training of fast pacers. It is a cotton centre, and has a prosperous cotton factory.

year by an Act of Congress to erect an arsenal there, and make it the leading distributing-point of munitions of war. It is a beautiful little city of some 5,000 inhabitants, which aspires, with much reason, to be the intellectual centre of Tennessee. The Tennessee State Chautauqua holds annual sessions here, and in May the National Scotch-Irish Association will deliberate. Columbia has two of the best schools for girls—the Institute and the Athenæum. These noble institutions, which have done much for a half-century to mold the Southern woman, are located on high grounds with beautiful lawns, shaded by large maples and poplars.

The old Bank of Tennessee Building still stands at Columbia, on Main Street. It was constructed in 1839, and was once a powerful institution in There are many reminiscences about Columbia destined to invest it with historic interest. Not only was it at one time the home of President Polk: Thomas H. Benton practiced law there. Thomas was a colonel in Andrew Jackson's army, and it was he whom the general sent to Washington on horseback to make peace with the Secretary of War for Jackson's disobedience. He was successful, but on his arrival at Nashville he found that Jackson had been acting as second for an opponent of his brother in a duel, and declined to speak to him. The result was a duel in a saloon, in which both were wounded. They did not speak again for a quarter of a century, until Benton was United States Senator and Jackson President. Benton, after a hard fight, got a previous censure of Jackson by the Senate removed, and thereafter they were the closest friends for life.

Stanley Matthews not only practiced law at Columbia, but kept an inn there. A special statute still remains in force prohibiting him from

Farm-land is held at \$100 and upward per acre, and 4,000 farms in Maury County are valued at over \$8,000,000. There are some 500 varieties of marble, of all sizes and colors, the richest varieties known. The soil is largely calcareous, with red clay, black loam and sand. The product comprises wheat, corn, oats, rye, barley, millet, Hungarian and herd's grass, timothy, sorghum, tobacco, cotton, etc. Potatoes yield from 200 to 300 bushels per acre, and there are two and three crops per season raised of all products. Limestone quarries abound. Wheat attains 38 bushels per acre, and the crop is ready to harvest six weeks earlier than in the North. Farmers raise and sell from \$20,000 to \$50,000 worth of mules annually. The product of Maury County last year was 8,000 bales of cotton, 58,000 pounds of tobacco, 78,000 bushels of potatoes, 85,000 bushels of sweet potatoes, 10,000 tons of hay, 1,750,000 bushels of corn, 386,000 bushels of wheat, 125,000 bushels of oats, 5,000 bushels of rye, 14,000 bushels of barley, 20,000 horses, 18,500 mules, 17,000 sheep, 60,000 hogs, 70,000 pounds of wool, 15,500 gallons of milk, 393,000 pounds of butter, 18,000 pounds of cheese, and 70,000 pounds of dressed turkeys.

selling more liquor on Sunday than was necessary. His father-in-law, James Black, of that place, was also grandfather of Henry Watterson. General Gideon J. Pillow lived there, and returned from the Mexican War with the rank of major-general. Here, too, emanated the Hon. A. O. P. Nicholson, doctor, lawver, State legislator, State Senator, United States Senator, United States Supreme Judge, and editor. The unhappy Meriwether Lewis, of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, lies buried near Columbia. When a very young man he was a favorite with Thomas Jefferson, who, on cacount of the extreme melancholy

of the youth, sent him to the Rocky Mountains on an exploring expedition. The trip did not effect any good result, and on his return, Lewis was appointed Governor of Louisiana, with headquarters at St. Louis. In a fit of melancholy he set out on horseback for Memphis, then Chickasaw Bluffs, from whence he started for Washington by the old Natchez Trace. In Maury County, one night, he put up with some plantation people, who, after he had retired, heard a pistol-shot



MRS. JAMES K. POLK.

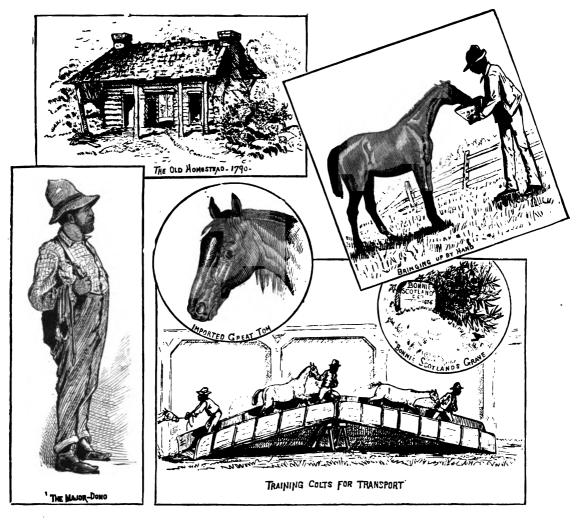
Trace are still visible, from Nashville southward. General Jackson used it, when he went to Pensacola and thrashed the British; and Aaron Burr, when returning from Louisiana.

This is the land of milk and honey; the land of the highest civilization, of the Mound-builders, of the battles of Cherokees, Chickasaws and Shawnees; a land surrounded by a wall of sandstone, underlaid with a floor of limestone, and inlaid with shells of lost oceans; a land of tall, straight cedars, immense hickories, oaks, chestnuts, sugar-maples, poplars, locusts, cherries, walnuts, beeches, lindens; a land of immense beds of hema-

tite ores, free from sulphur and phosphorus; of large streams cutting through the sub-carboniferous strata of the Lower Limestone, and giving ample facilities for obtaining flux for the manufacture of iron. No doubt these same streams washed away the Upper Silurian which crops out on the hill-tops. The immense body of hematite ores extends entirely across the State in a belt forty miles wide. With freedom from deleterious substances, contiguity to water, abundance of and found him dead. Parts of the old Natchez limestone, charcoal and timber, and plentiful

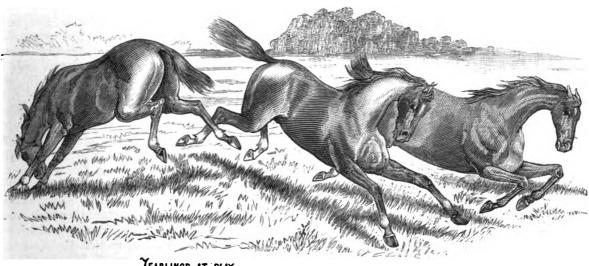


HOUSE AND TOMB OF JAMES K. POLK, NASHVILLE.



facilities for transportation, this section invites | fast thoroughbred running-horses, I found it a the attention of the world.

great pleasure to listen, while enjoying his hospi-As this region produces the most noted of the | tality, to what General W. H. Jackson had to say



YEARLINGS AT PLAY.

concerning the origin, development and training of these animals to their present advanced condition. General Jackson lives at the Belle Meade Farm, in an old-style Southern mansion of the early Tennessee style, such as characterized the homes of Presidents Jackson and Polk, and which have double porticoes, supported by lofty and On being asked concerning massive pillars. the pedigree of the thoroughbred fast horse, he said: "The animal traces back with certainty, through a long line of distinguished ancestry, to the beautiful and game little creatures which were imported into England from the deserts of Arabia about the middle of the sixteenth century. How they came to Arabia, and by what means they had been brought to the degree of perfection they presented at that early period, I am not able

"In beauty, the thoroughbred fast horse is without a rival; his coat, fine as satin; his eye, in repose as mild and gentle as a lamb, under excitement as bright as the eagle's and as bold as the lion, denoting the energy of his nature. skin is thin and elastic as the fawn's; his form, perfect and well placed as beautifully defined muscles can make it. This is his exterior, or that which is visible to the naked eye; but there is also an interior or invisible structure, which constitutes more, perhaps, his powers, than even his exterior, for motion. His large heart and capacious lungs give him the wind of the high-bred His large blood - vessels and soft, thin skin enable him to throw off the excess of heat that must be generated by great and rapid exertion, especially in a heated atmosphere. muscles are firm and beautifully defined, with bone of ivory texture. All of these combine to give him strength, endurance, action and beauty far exceeding all the equine race."

General Jackson, on suggestion, took up the subject of the human resources brought to bear on the improvement of the horse.

"From the time of the introduction of this horse into England to the present, the best talent of the intelligent breeders has been zealously and energetically employed thoughout the world, aided by the leading governments (except our own), to develop and improve this noble animal. There has been no failure. By attention to his comfort, with a liberal supply of proper food from infancy to maturity, his size has been enlarged, consequently his strength and speed increased. Although he was beautiful when brought from Arabia, he has attained such perfection in symmetry and strength, that breeders of the present are puzzled to know what further improvement can be anticipated."

"What do you consider the chief value of the thoroughbred?"

"The thoroughbred's chief mission is to improve all of his race. The pure blood that flows in his veins improves and gives additional value to all the horse family. To the child's pony it imparts more action; to the saddle-horse, more action, durability and style; to the trotter this blood is indispensable, for without it, with all his strength, when pressed, his muscles will tire, and he will grow weak for want of breath—the natural result, not of his exterior formation, but of his defective interior organization. So far as is known, there is no individual fast trotter, nor admitted family of trotters, whose bleed is not traceable to the thoroughbred. There is no speed without blood, and I think the inference fair that none can be expected."

"How do you esteem the blood-horse for allaround work?"

"I do not esteem him for such. That would be a misnomer. No such horse or breed exists. The horse is now an inhabitant of all countries, of nearly every clime, in use by all peoples in civilization, under varied and totally different circumstances and for different purposes. Of course, no single animal or breed can be best adapted to a greater variety of uses in all climates than the equine product of some one of those climates. Still, General Harding stated to me, after forty years' experience, that the most durable plowhorse he ever used was the thoroughbred. On a hot day, in high corn (the most covere test for farm stock), he could kill all the horses and mules that would keep up with the blood-horse, without injury to it. The best, most active and durable saddle-horse I have ever owned was a blood-horse. I rode him until he was twenty-four years old, before he ever fell or made a bad blunder, when I set him free, and had the pleasure of providing for his comfort for several years afterward. The best harness-horses I have ever used have been well bred. I find them more sensible, and consequently more safe and reliable. The best mules I have ever worked were from thoroughbred mares. Indeed, no animal is more improved by a dash of blood than the mule; it imparts to him the action and spirit which he so greatly needs."

"Can you give an idea of the power of blood in the horse?"

"We will suppose his weight to be 950 pounds, the usual weight of the race-horse. By the strength of his muscle he carries this weight and that of his rider, 110 pounds, making 1,060 pounds, not on a down-grade, but on a horizontal line, a mile in one minute and thirty-nine and three-fourths seconds, almost equaling the power of steam. Of all animated nature, the feathered tribe alone can equal his speed. If we could imagine a feathered monster of equal weight, I doubt much if he could surpass him in flight. People

not versed in breeding this animal have but an imperfect idea of his history, or all the care and labor bestowed in his propagation from the Arab down to the present time; no human history equals it in point of accuracy, nor human pedigree in points of blood.

"How essential, then, is the race-course to the human family! It is there where the horse has been brought to his high perfection and condition of usefulness. It is easy to judge of the powers and qualities of men by the eye, and all admit the fallibility of such judgment. We can only judge of the intellectual and moral worth of our great men when we view them on the world's stage in competition with each other. Without a race-course, the world would never have known of the great powers of Lexington and Vandal, the horses which have contributed more to the improvement of our blood-horses in later years than any others."

I asked General Jackson to explain the process by which the fast runner is developed. He said: "To breed this running-stock successfully, one requires a knowledge of the English thoroughbred for the past century, and the American thoroughbred since the foundation of this Gov-'ernment; that is, to know what strains of blood, commingled, have produced the best results. The breeder must understand the anatomy of the horse in order to mate sire and dam with the view of correcting the defects in form of either one. Thus, the weak points in racers are being constantly obliterated. After conception, much care is exercised in order that the mare does not get too fat or too poor, one being as objectionable as the other in the production of a strong foal. fat mare produces a weak and spindling foal. the weather permits, the mare is permitted to foal in an open lot where there is no running water, else, being feverish, the animal will select a place near the stream, and if the foal falls in, it will be drowned, three inches of water being sufficient to dispatch its life. The foal is gently handled for seven or eight days, when it will take salt from the hand. It is this early handling which is never forgotten in after-life. The foal is afraid of man, and it is at this time that it must be taught that man is its best friend. The same formula applies to the boy. If he is early taught that truth is the basis of character, he will revere and confide in the parent, and never get away from his influence.

"The mare and foal are turned out in a distant paddock. At the age of two months, the colt is given a little pen, where it is fed on ground barley and oats, which the mare cannot get at, and is relieved of the constant tugging at the dam and strain at her milk. The colt alternately goes to her and the pen for food, and in this lies

The stalls are kept excession every day until the annual the most animated and possible that the most animated and possible that the sale the colts are kept excession.

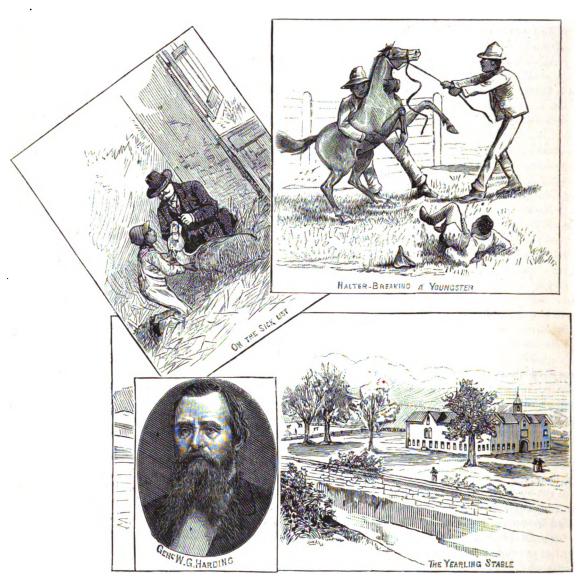
After the sale the colts are kept excession.

the secret, in supplementing her milk, of producing a much larger colt in the yearling. The grain is muscle, sinew and bone producing. Corn is never used, because it is too fattening and too Thus the colt is carefully nurtured until the middle of October when it is weaned. When the weaning takes place, the mare and colt are led into a stall, and placed in the angle of the The colt has the inside place, and several persons crowd the mare against it, where it is held fast by the two walls and the mare. It can breathe, but cannot stir. The stud-groom then goes under the neck of the mare and slips a halter over the colt's head. The little fellow is next turned loose, with some eight feet of rope dangling from its neck. The mare is then milked carefully, and the bag bathed in camphor and salt, and well greased. She is looked after for several days, and the process repeated several times if necessary. Any neglect of this important operation causes the bag to be spoiled. No young mare is permitted to make her first foal in any climate until there is an abundance of grass to distend her lacteal vessels and make her a good milker. The same rule is followed in Tennessee with young cows. After the first foal, the second can be bred as early as it may be convenient.

"After the halter episode, the mare is turned away from the colt. The effect of eight feet of rope on the ground gives the colt its first lesson in obedience. Every time he treads on it, he is compelled to check up. The groom is also enabled to step into the stall and take up the end of the rope without having the trouble to catch the little fellow, and without scaring him. For the first several days after weaning, the colt is gentled by picking up the end of the rope and pulling the head to the left and right, drawing its head to the person and rubbing the head and ear with the hand. After these preliminaries, eight feet more of rope are added to the halter. The colt is next led out and, gently guided about the pasture, allowed to feed on the grass if it will; if not, the groom pulls the grass and feeds it, being careful not to weary the colt in its first lessons. The object of all this care is to teach the future fast horse that man is the friend in whom it can The process is continued until the colt can be left by itself, and be readily caught without alarm and taken to the stall. Plentiful supply of barley or oats, or both, is given, also of hay. The stalls are kept excessively clean, and bedded every day until the annual sale—a horse-fair of the most animated and picturesque character which occurs about the 1st of May in Tennessee. After the sale the colts are kept for the owners until September, when they are taken to their

"The yearling is first broken to ride by putting on the halter and saddle in the stable, crossing the stirrup-leathers over the saddle and turning the animal loose in the stable. He is apt to buck at this treatment for some little time, as he might if some one attempted to mount his back. In an hour or two all is quiet, and the colt has become used to its saddle and bridle. The operation is that distance and time as it ever will. The train

of the yearling, and leads it along with the boy mounted. The colt is thus broken without knowing it. When broken to the saddle, the vearling is given walking exercise, with slow trots and gallops, and educated gently in that wav until October, when he is given a spin of three furlongs to test its speed. The yearling will run as fast at



ON THE HARDING PIKE.

repeated for several days when the groom goes into the stable. He lets down the left stirrup, putting in his left foot, and rises up, pressing his hand on the saddle, but does not mount. When the yearling is accustomed to this process, he is led out. A boy rises in the stirrup in the same way, and, when the animal is not expecting it, vaults into the saddle. Another man on a gentle horse takes hold of the rope attached to the bridle ing, after this test, for the balance of the Winter, consists of mere walking exercise. The following January or February the colts are put to regular work again, exercised gradually, strengthening bone and muscle, until brought up to the first race, which occurs in Tennessee about the 1st of May, having been taught to run, to break away in company for a start, and to encounter all difficulties that are likely to be met in a race."



THE GRASSBORO BANK-ROBBERY.

By JESSE C. Joy.

In 187- I was appointed Cashier of the First National Bank of Grassboro, a little town off up among the Vermont hills, and for the first six months of my stay there I thoroughly enjoyed it. Before this I had been in Wall Street, and Wall Street, as frequently happens, had cleaned me out. The day after Black Friday I was without a dollar, and looking for a job. Fortunately, I found this one, and having borrowed the price of my railroad ticket to Grassboro, felt myself happy among the New England hills, where business was no longer a burden.

The bank was a small, square brick building in the main street of the village, divided into two square little offices, in one of which, behind the railing, stood the huge square iron safe. Everything about the bank was square, in fact, including the president and directors, who were all had climbed over the counter, grabbed a package

solid men, and never known to lose anything, or give anything away. In this respect they were model officials.

I lived at the hotel, the Grassboro House, whereof the proprietor was the jolliest fisherman and the best story-teller in Greenrock County. His shrew of a wife. with her two sharp-nosed daughters, certainly added no social charms to the establishment, but they were faultless housekeepers and cooks; and more than one State Senator had been known, when the Legislature was in session, to travel miles out of his way that he might eat of their pies and puddings.

I soon grew into the ways of the country, becoming meditative and deliberate, like most of the Grassboreans, and fond of sauntering along Main Street with a straw between my teeth. I only thought of Wall Street and the Stock Exchange as places in some foreign country, thousands of miles away. My duties were not laborious, and laborious occupation was not just then to my taste; and although my salary was small, board at the Grassboro House was cheap. My one clerk was an excellent young fellow, faithful and honest, with a taste for theology, and a secret ambi-Vol. XXIX., No. 4-27.

tion to fill a pulpit—an ambition which, however, was never gratified beyond the assumption of a clerical tie and side-whiskers.

One warm afternoon, a stranger came into my office to inquire about negotiating some bonds lately issued by a neighboring township. He called my attention to the form of the document, and being anxious that I should examine it in every particular, we buried our heads in the large outspread sheet, with its elaborate engraving and tiers of coupons. Everything seemed to be in regular form, and I proceeded to fold up and hand back the paper, when, to my astonishment, the man was gone. Something else was gone, as well. Joe never could tell exactly how it happened, having turned his back to his window for a moment. But during that moment a man had climbed over the counter, grabbed a package



"I TOOK THE BLOTTING-PAPER FROM MY BREAST-POCKET, WHERE I ALWAYS
CARRIED IT, AND COMPARED THE IMPRESSION THEREON WITH THE BOOTHEEL. THEY WERE IDENTICAL."

containing \$10,000 in bank-notes, with which he was just now disappearing through the front door. He was a rather stout man with a black beard entirely covering his face, and the gentlemanly stranger, now also invisible, was undoubtedly his confederate. Where and how they vanished so quickly will always remain a mystery. If Main Street had opened and swallowed them up, they could not have disappeared more completely. Strangely enough, nobody in the town ever discovered that anything extraordinary had happened, and the bank very wisely decided not to publish its mishap.

Although the loss was quite a serious one, it would in no way cripple the concern. But Joe and I had a very bad day of it, indeed. We recounted every circumstance connected with the robbery, the confederate covering my face, as it were, with the blanket-sheet of the bond; the black-whiskered man appearing at the window, with the request for certain denominations of money which he knew would oblige the teller to turn his back upon him and go to the safe—it was all plain enough now, after the thing was done.

By and by, I discovered something. It was only a piece of blotting-paper, but it was a clew; for upon it was a semicircle of little dents, and, what was of still more importance, there were two blank spaces in the semicircle. It was the print of a boot-heel, from which two of the nails were Then Joe had no difficulty in remembering that, when the thief went over the counter with the money, his heel had been planted upon this identical piece of blotter, which, upon further examination, showed the outline of a bootheel distinctly imprinted upon its soft, yielding surface. Now, I had heard of a case where the imprint of a boot-heel on a bank-counter, under similar circumstances, had led to the detection of the thief, who incautiously reclined at ease on a hotel-veranda, with the tell-tale heels projecting over the railing. Boots hoisted upon chairs and banisters from thenceforth became my study. In bar-rooms and hotel-porches, or wherever men did congregate, I studied every shape and size of pedal covering, but without avail. That particcular boot, with two missing nails in the heel, must have kept pretty close to the ground. any rate, I never got sight of it. I kept the blotter, and my own counsel, and cautioned Joe to do the same.

"Don't breathe it to anybody," said I, "not even to Dr. Wynkoop;" and Joe promised he wouldn't.

Dr. Wynkoop boarded at our hotel, where he had the room next to mine, and although he appeared to be a Pecksniffian sort of personage, Joe set great store by him. He appeared to be a

species of preacher, and came out strong on the doctrines of grace. I thought I detected the odor of gin beneath the grace, but Joe's faith was immovable.

One of Packerton's detectives was employed to work up the case, but without result, beyond presenting a bill of \$350.

Shortly after this, I had occasion to go down to Boston, and there I did a very funny thing. consulted a clairvoyant. Lucky numbers, speedy marriages, lost property restored—thus ran the glib advertisement of Mme. Celeste. Neither in the Louisiana Lottery nor in the lottery of love did I wish to take a chance just then. But the restoration of our stolen bank-bills was a thing to be desired. Why not invest a dollar in Mme. Celeste! Her face alone might be worth the price of admission. It was, for she was young, pretty, and—a fraud. These were self-evident facts. Still, I did not try to disconcert or confuse her in any way, and when she went into her trance, and her lips began to move-pretty red lips they were, like two lines of poetry—I listened intently so as not to miss a syllable. "Not far, but near, among familiar faces; not in the depths, but close to the surface," these were the words of my pretty oracle, to whom I paid my dollar, well content.

"Not far, but near," I kept repeating to myself on the way back to Grassboro, and then remembered how Mme. Celeste actually blushed when her little purse snapped over the bank-note which I handed her. That night I dreamt a good deal of the pretty madame and her message from the spirit-world. "Not far, but near," kept running through my head, and when I left my room in the morning, I stopped in front of Dr. Wynkoop's door. Before the door stood a pair of boots, neatly blacked. From this latter circumstance, I opined he was going on a journey. Moved by some impulse, I took up the boots and turned them over. What! could it be possible? Two of the nails in the heel of the right boot were missing. I took the blottingpaper from my breast-pocket, where I always carried it, and compared the impression thereon with the boot-heel. They were identical. Then I laid the boot down, and thought over the matter. Naturally, my first impulse was to have this Dr. Wynkoop, or whoever he might be, put into custody. Still, I could not but realize that my blotting-pad, after all, was a rather slender piece of evidence. Better have the room searched before his suspicions were aroused. What we wanted most was the money. I went down-stairs and confided my discovery to the landlord, who readily agreed to my conjectures. He, too, had his suspicions, in spite of his lodger's promptly paid board-bill.

Wynkoop was going over to East Grassboro to attend a Sunday-school convention, from which he would probably return in the evening. In the meantime his room could be searched. Soon after breakfast, our suspected exhorter, with his smooth, sanctimonious visage, departed. His features, like his shirt-front, seemed always done up in proper, pious fashion. He took no baggage with him, evidently expecting to return early, so we had need to be expeditious.

A skeleton-key made quick work of his door, but beyond an empty valise, a pair of trousers or two, and a few books, the room was empty save of the ordinary scant hotel-furniture. Not a trace of the money, or anything suspicious, could be found either in the bureau-drawers or under the carpet, nor yet behind the plaster, which was sounded for any "breaks."

"Not far, but near," kept running through my mind, along with the dreamy expression in the young clairvoyant's eyes when she uttered the words. I sat down in the cane-bottomed chair beside the bureau, and, in an absent-minded fashion, ran a long pin into a cushion that stood before the glass. The cushion, by the way, was quite an elaborate structure of rose-wood and raw silk, evidently the work of some of the doctor's female admirers. Something seemed to retard the progress of the pin, and then an idea struck me. Taking a penknife from my pocket, I ripped the silk across. It bled profusely of sawdust, and when the cover was entirely collapsed, a package of bank-notes was found snugly packed away in the interior. The paper band, with the name of the bank upon it, had been taken off, but the bills were all there, ten of them, of \$1,000 each. They were readily identified by Joe, who had taken the numbers of them.

Poor Joe! Happy as he was to get the money back, the exposure of Dr. Wynkoop's villainy was a great blow to him, and permanently interrupted his theological studies. All that survived of his ministerial ambitions, after he became cashier, were his clerical tie and whiskers.

Wynkoop, alias Slippery Jim, alias Wynk the Skipper, etc., was never again seen in Grassboro. How he got wind of our doings, I never knew, although the sudden disappearance, on that very morning, of a stable-boy—himself something of a mysterious haracter—was supposed by many to account for it. And, finally, the landlord fished up, one day, in a trout-stream, the mask and false whiskers which concealed the man's smooth-shaven features when he went over the counter.

So that Mme. Celeste did help to recover stolen property, after all. She even brought about speedy marriages—two of them, at least, hers and my own, for we married each other. As for lucky numbers, she used to say that 2 was one

of them. But that was something over a year ago, and now, as she bends over a very small face in a very small cradle, she is pretty sure that 3 will also bring good fortune.

Of course, her name was not Mme. Celeste at all, but how she came to be masquerading in such outlandish company, and we came to be married, may do, perhaps, to tell another time.

FORTUNES IN ANCIENT TIMES.

CRESUS possessed in landed property a fortune equal to \$8,500,000 besides a large sum of money, slaves and furniture, which amounted to an equal sum. He used to say that a citizen who had not a fortune sufficient to support an army or a legion did not deserve the title of a rich man.

The philosopher Seneca had a fortune of \$13,000,000. Lentulus, "the soothsayer," had \$18,000,000. The Emperor Tiberius, at his death, left \$118,125,000, which Caligula spent in less than six months.

Cæsar, before he entered upon any office, owed \$5,000,000, yet he purchased the friendship of Curio for \$2,500,000, and that of Lucius Paulus for \$1,500,000. He gave Servilla, the mother of Brutus, a pearl of the value of \$40,000. Apicius expended in debauchery \$1,500,000, and finding, on examination of the state of his affairs, that he had no more than \$200,000 left, he poisoned himself, because he considered that sum insufficient for his maintenance.

One single dish cost Æsopus \$400,000. Caligula spent for one supper \$400,000, and Heliogabalus \$100,000. The usual cost of a repast for Lucullus was \$100,000. The fish from his ponds were sold for \$175,000. Scaurus's country house was destroyed by fire, and his loss was estimated at \$4,250,000.

In the Forty-third Annual English Report of the Commissioners in Lunacy, just issued, it is stated that there were, on New Year's Day, 84,340 insane persons under restraint. Of these, 7,970 were of the private class, 75,632 were paupers, and 738 were criminals. The Commissioners believe that during recent years medical men have become increasingly unwilling to certify to the insanity of persons requiring treatment, in consequence of the results of litigation so often connected with this part of their duties. causes of insanity are set forth in a table covering 136,478 cases. These are very diverse. Thus 9,569 persons lost their reason from domestic trouble, 8,060 from adverse circumstances, 8,278 from overwork and worry; 3,769 from religious excitement, and 18,290 from intemperance. The influence of heredity was ascertained in 28,063. cases, and congenital defect in 5,881.

FREDERICK THE GREAT, KING OF PRUSSIA.

II.—THE SECOND SILESIAN WAR, 1744-1745—TEN YEARS OF PEACE, 1746-1756.

By A. H. GUERNSEY.

By the Treaty of Breslau, June, 1742, Maria Therese ceded Silesia to Frederick; he engaging to take no further part in the contest for the Austrian succession, leaving his ally Louis XV. of France in the lurch. "I abandoned the French," he says, "because I gained Silesia by that step. If I had escorted them from Prague to Vienna, they would never have given me so much." The neutrality of Frederick left Maria Theresa free to | mencement of the year 1743 the 35,000 soldiers

turn her whole force against the new Emperor Charles VII. and the King of The largest France. body of the French troops, under Marshal Belle-Isle, were shut up in Prague, where they were beleaguered by the Austrians under Prince Lobkowitz, while all the region around was scoured by Pandours, Uhlans, and other wild horsemen from the debatable region on the boundary between the lands of the Crescent and the Cross.

About the middle of September, 1742, Belle-Isle succeeded in eluding the beleaguering force, and making his escape. "I stole a march," he says, "of twenty-four hours good on Prince

Lobkowitz, who was only five leagues from me. I traversed ten leagues of plain, having to plod along with 11,000 foot and 3,250 worn-out horsemen, M. de Lobkowitz having 8,000 good cavalry and 12,000 infantry. I made such dispatch that I arrived at the defiles before he could come up with me, and at last arrived at Egra on the tenth day without a check, though continually harassed by hussars in front, rear and flank." Colonel Chevert had been left at Prague with 6,000 sick and wounded men, and the city was summoned to surrender. "Tell your general," replied Chevert, "that if he will not grant me the honors of war I will fire the four corners of Prague, and bury myself under its ruins." His demand was | for an ally in Frederick of Prussia. True, he

yielded to, and he joined Belle-Isle at Egra, serving still more to crowd the already overcrowded hospitals there. "People," says Guizot, "compared the retreat from Prague to Xenophon's 'Retreat of the Ten Thousand,' but the truth came out, for all the fictions of flattery and national pride. At the outset of the war 100,000 Frenchmen had entered Germany; at the com-

> in Bavaria were nearly all that remained to withstand the increasing efforts of the Austrians." The Emperor Charles VII., ousted from Bohemia. of which he had been crowned King, and driven from his hereditary Bavaria, which was seized and held by the Austrians, fled to Frankfort, taking with him only his empty title.

One more hard blow soon came to France from another quarter. England had all along held to the validity of the Pragmatic Sanction, but had aided Maria Theresa only by an annual subsidy of half a million pounds sterling. She now sent over a considerable force, the com-

mand of which was taken by George II. in person. The French and English came into collision, on June 27th, 1743, at Dettingen, some thirty miles from Frankfort - on - the - Main. "This battle," says Guizot, "skillfully commenced by Marshal Noailles, and lost by the imprudence of the Duke of Grammont, completely shook the confidence of the French. The confidence of the Austrians, on the other hand, rose to the highest pitch. They began to talk of completing the work begun fifty years before by Marlborough and Prince Eugène, and wresting from Louis XV. all that Louis XIV. had acquired in Flanders and on the

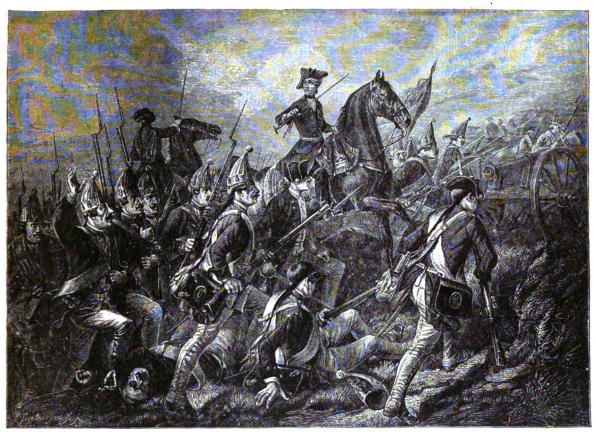


MARIA THERESA.

Rhine.

Digitized by GOOGLE

The French Court now began to look



THE BATTLE OF HOHENFRIEDBERG.

had cooliy left them in the lurch a year before, when he found it for his interest to do so-the more reason that for believing he would as readily violate his pledge of neutrality to Maria Theresa, if that should seem to be for his interest. Louis XV. was wholly ruled by his mistress, whom he had created Duchess de Châteauroux, and she was an admirer of Voltaire. At her instigation he was sent as a kind of unaccredited ambassador to Frederick. The King of Prussia also worshiped the genius of Voltaire; but with him poetry was one thing, and politics quite another. The poet wanted to confer about balances of power and treaties; the King wished to speak with him only of rhymes and rhetoric. So the diplomatic mission came to nothing. "Voltaire had no credentials," said Frederick; "the whole mission was a mere farce."

But Frederick was by no means content with the way things were tending. Austria was gaining the upper hand of France; and the preponderence of the House of Hapsburg over that of Bourbon was of ill omen to the House of Hohenzollern. His own theory of political morals is formulated in the instructions which he long afterward drew up for the guidance of his successors: "Learn, once for all, that where a king-

dom is concerned, you take all you can; and that you are never wrong when you are not compelled to hand over." A decided preponderance of Austria over France would result in a determined effort on the part of Maria Theresa to recover Silesia. His power thrown into either scale would give it the preponderance. The most immediate danger to him lay on the side of Austria. But, on the other hand, if France should win, the Bourbons would become dangerously powerful. There seemed to be a course by which both perils might be avoided. That was to establish a State sufficiently strong to hold in check both France and Austria. Such a possible Power lay in the "Reich" or German Empire, new in a state of suspended animation, but most likely capable of being revived.

But the thing nearest at hand for Frederick was to come to the aid of France against Austria and England, now practically leagued together. We need not here attempt to unravel the tangled thread of negotiations which ensued. But things had been practically arranged early in 1744, for on March 10th Louis XV. declared war against Austria and Great Britain, not now as an auxiliary of the Emperor of Germany, but in his own behalf as King of France. Louis XV. was

admonished him: "The operations which we are about to undertake must be in large force. There must be no mere scratching the surface; but we must go down to the very roots."

Frederick had been preparing himself for such operations. He had quietly increased his army to nearly 150,000 men; he had filled his magazines and replenished his military chest; and he had, moreover, succeeded in getting up what was called the "Frankfort Union"—a league which promised everything, though it practically came to nothing. There were only four members of this Union: the Emperor Charles VII.; Frederick, King of Prussia, and likewise, as Elector of Brandenburg, a Prince of the Reich; the Elector of the Palatinate; and the Margrave of Hesse-Cassel: but the other German Princes were invited to become members of the Union.

The articles of this Frankfort Union were made public late in June. The essential points were: The members should support the Emperor in the maintenance of all his just rights and dignities; they would use their best efforts to persuade the House of Austria to restore to him his hereditary dominion of Bavaria of which he had been unjustly deprived; and should any member be attacked, the others should come to his aid. far it was merely a league for mutual defense, with not a syllable about war. But there was a secret article of very different tenor. By this it was provided that if any necessity for taking up arms should arise, the Union should endeavor to reconquer for Charles VII. the Kingdom of Bohemia, and as this work would fall mainly upon the King of Prussia, he should receive certain lordships belonging to Bohemia, which lay very convenient for him, and were not of much consequence to the restored King. In this secret article -of which it is not probable the French Government knew anything-lay the gist of Frederick's Frankfort Union; for it involved not merely the humbling of the House of Hapsburg, but the great exaltation of Germany—one of the last things which could be desired by France.

A formal treaty was about this time made between Frederick and Louis, and it was announced that the King of France was about to take the field in person at the head of his army. But there were delays, amongst which is one quite notable as the occasion of the surname of "The Well-beloved," which was given to Louis XV. up to his death thirty years later, when he had come to be thoroughly hated, as well as despised. August 8th, 1744, Louis was taken suddenly ill at Metz; in a few days news reached Paris that his recovery was hopeless, and it was not till another week when tidings came that he was getting better. Voltaire, in his "Siècle de Louis XIV.," | Lorraine, which was still at a distance.

emboldened to this by Frederick, who had thus | says: "The courier who brought to Paris the news of the King's convalescence was embraced and almost stifled by the people; they kissed his horse, they escorted him in triumph; all the streets resounded with a shout of joy, 'The King When the monarch was told of the unparalleled transports of joy which had succeeded those of despair, he was affected to tears, and in a thrill of emotion he exclaimed: 'Ah, how sweet it is to be so loved!" Upon which M. Guizot comments: "What had he done, indeed? and what was he destined to do? France had just experienced the last gush of that monarchical passion and fidelity which had so long distinguished her." And elsewhere, when speaking of the death of this loathsome King: "Louis XV. was dead; France breathed once more. She was weary of the weakness as well as the vices of the King, who had untaught her all respect for him; and she turned with joyous hope toward his successor, already impatiently awaited by his 'He must be called Louis le Désiré,' was the saying in the streets before the deathrattle of Louis XV. had summoned his grandson to the throne."

> On October 7th, 1744, the day before that illness of Louis XV., Frederick opened the Second Silesian War against Maria Theresa. On that day his ambassador at Vienna formally announced that, "though the King of Prussia cherished the best wishes for Her Majesty the Queen of Hungaria, yet the German princes were bound to maintain the rights of the Emperor Charles VII." In a week the Prussian armies, from 80,000 to 100,000 strong, were on their march by different routes for Bohemia. Their way led through Sax-The Elector Augustus would gladly have prevented this, for although he had formerly laid some claim to the Hapsburg heritage, he had abandoned these pretensions, and was now in accord with Maria Theresa. But he had been formally notified by the Emperor Charles VII.: "Our august ally, the King of Prussia, being on our imperial business, requires a passage through your territories." This gave Frederick an indisputable right to march his army through Saxony.

> Passing through Saxony, the Prussians reached Prague, the capital of Bohemia, early in Septem-The city held out until the end of the month, when it surrendered, and was heavily mulcted for its rebellion. Frederick pursued his march southward toward Bavaria. At every step the Austrian light cavalry pressed thicker and thicker upon his rear and flanks. He sought in vain to bring them to a decided action. were commanded by the wary Marshal von Traun. who would not risk a battle until he should be strengthened by the army of Prince Charles of

erick's apparent advance was really a forced retreat through a hostile country, and he was glad to get out of Bohemia, and place the Elbe between him and the annoying swarms behind. Frederick himself is one of the best commentators on this unfortunate campaign, and the best eulogist of his opponent. "No general," he wrote long afterward, "committed more faults than did the King in this campaign. The conduct of M. de Traun is a model of perfection which every soldier ought to study, and try to imitate, if he have the ability. The King admits that he regards this campaign as his school in the art of war, and M. de Traun as his teacher."

Prince Charles of Lorraine, after ravaging Alsace, recrossed the Rhine, and was heading toward Bavaria. Augustus III., in his double capacity of Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, had made an alliance with Maria Theresa, and the Austrian, Polish and Saxon forces were moving from different directions toward Silesia. In December, 1744, Maria Theresa issued a manifesto to the people who had so recently been her subjects: "The Treaty of Breslau, having been broken by no fault of ours, is thereby abrogated. The ever-faithful Silesians are thus absolved from their oath of allegiance to the King of Prussia, and must hold themselves in readiness to swear anew to their rightful sovereign. We have the fixed Christian hope—Omnipotence blessing our arms-of speedily delivering you from this recent You can pray in the meanwhile for the success of Her Majesty's arms. Good fighting, aided by prayer, in a cause so clearly Heaven's, will, to all appearance, soon bring things right again."

The Emperor Charles VII. died in January, 1745, and his young son renounced the claim which his father had set up to the Bohemian crown, and was restored by Maria Theresa to his hereditary Electorate of Bavaria. There was no longer an Emperor whose rights were to be maintained, nor an Elector of Bavaria to be restored to what was rightfully his own. The plausible pretext under which Frederick, in the name of the Frankfort Union, had made war against Austria no longer existed. All this, he saw, was to result in a determined effort to wrest Silesia from his grasp. During the Spring months he kept up a brisk correspondence with Podewils, his trusted Minister and faithful friend. On March 17th, he writes: "We find ourselves in a great crisis. If we do not, by mediation of England, get peace, our enemies from different sides will come plunging in upon us. Peace I cannot force them to; but if they must have war, we will either beat them or none of us will ever see Berlin again." Again, April 20th: "My determination is taken. If we must fight, we will do it like old Romans never did anything so brilliant.

men driven to desperation. Never was there a greater peril than the one I am now in." a few days later: "I have done more than another to the building up of my house, and have played a distinguished part among the crowned heads of Europe. I will maintain my power, or it may go to ruin, and the Prussian name be buried underneath it."

The situation became more perilous day by day. Prince Charles of Lorraine stood near him with a mighty force of Austrians and Saxons. Frederick's only hope was to induce Prince Charles to give battle before his already greatly superior force should become still stronger. He moved into Silesia, giving his apparent retreat all the appearance of a flight. He did not obstruct the difficult passes through the Giant Mountains. Some one called his attention to this seeming negligence. "One does not shut the door of the mouse-trap when he wants to catch a mouse," replied Frederick. Prince Charles walked into the well-baited trap set for him. Passing through the unguarded defiles, he emerged upon the Silesian plain, and toward the evening of June 3d came in sight of the Prussians encamped near Strigau. "As sure as there's a God in heaven," he exclaimed, "we've got 'em!" He then proceeded to make some arrangements for the attack which he proposed to make the next morning.

Frederick had been waiting for them some days, and had made himself thoroughly acquainted with every inch of the region. In the gray dawn he fell upon the enemy, who were just thinking of getting ready to begin the fight them-The Prussian assault fell upon the flank composed of a Saxon corps, which was soon broken in pieces. The Austrians, who came next, made a stout though vain resistance. But the sun still stood high in the heavens when the battle was The final blow was given by the Anspach-Baireuth Dragoons of the Royal Body-guard, who broke through the wavering Austrian line, overran or huddled together 20 battalions, took more than 60 flags and all their guns, and 2,500 prisoners. The entire Austrian force numbered 76,000; that of the Prussians, 58,000. The Prussian loss was about 4,000; that of the Austrians, including prisoners, some four times as The Austrians made a hurried and disorderly retreat through the mountains out of Silesia, thoroughly broken up as an army.

This action is sometimes called the battle of Friedberg; but the Prussians, who have the best right to name it, call it Hohenfriedberg, from a conspicuous eminence overlooking the whole Frederick thanked his troops in moving words. "My brothers and all," he said, "fought like lions; my troops excelled themselves; the

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Providence and my brave officers I owe all my success." A few days after the battle, the Anspach-Baireuth Dragoons paraded before the King to receive his special congratulations. man of them who could ride or limp was absent. Frederick had little occasion to thank the French for any aid he had received from them. But five weeks before this battle the French King-or, rather, Marshal Saxe—had gained a victory over the English at Fontenoy—"a victory," said Frederick, "about as useful to us as a battle gained on the banks of the Scamander." He now wrote to Louis XV.: "I have honored the bill of exchange you drew on me at Fontenoy." He gray head, as was his wont before going into

evidently considered the account between them squared, for Hohenfriedberg was of just as much use to Louis as Fontency had been to Frederick.

The signal defeat at Hohenfriedberg was in the mind of Maria Theresa more than compensated on September 13th, when her husband, the Archduke Francis of Lorraine, was elected Emperor of Germany. The Empress-Queen, as she was henceforth to be styled, was the real ruler, not only of her own hereditary dominions of Austria, Hungary and Bohemia, but of the Reich; and she was more than ever bent on the reconquest of Silesia.

On September 30th a body of Prussians 19,000

strong, under Frederick himself, were encamped at Soor, in Bohemia, not far from the frontier of Silesia. They were fallen upon by an Austrian force stronger by half. The royal camp was seized and plundered by a troop of hussars, while the King with his infantry were driving the Austrians up the heights from which they had de-The Prussian victory was complete, though it cost them a quarter of their numbers. The Empress-Queen and the Saxons now agreed to unite their forces, and make a sudden inroad upon Brandenburg, while the Russians, who had begun to take a hand in the war, should fall upon East-Preussen. But Frederick was too quick for them. He divided his force into two corps; with one of these he fell upon the Austrians at Hennesdorf, in the Lausitz, and drove them back into the mountains of Bohemia.

The other division was led by Prince Leopold. of Anhalt-Dessau, already known for many years as "the Old Dessauer." From Halle he marched upon Leipsic, which he took. Frederick had given him stringent orders to "go at the neck of these folks." Nothing loath, he turned toward Dresden. On December 15th he came upon the Saxons strongly posted at Kesseldorf. position seemed impregnable, being covered by heavy batteries, crowning ice-covered cliffs. But the stout Old Dessauer would try it. Bracing his



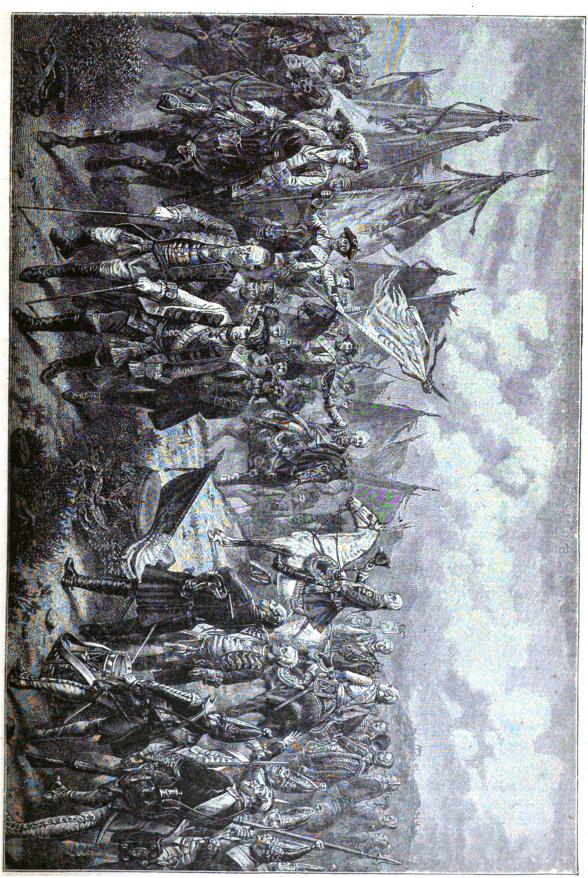
FREDERICK'S BODY-GUARD.

action, he put up a fervent prayer, though somewhat rudely worded: "O Lord God! help me this once more; and don't let those rapscallions (Hund-vögel-dogbirds) wallop me!" Then shouting his old battle-cry, "In God's name!" he placed himself at the head of his men, who charged with the quick-step which he had taught them. The assault was repelled at first, and the enemy sallied out from their strong position, but were repulsed in turn, and driven up the heights. After several hours of hard fighting the Prussians remained masters of the field, and the enemy were in full flight for Bohemia. The Old Dessauer seemed to bear a charmed

life; his cloak was pierced with bullets, but he himself was not touched.

The battle of Kesseldorf closed the Second Silesian War. Dresden soon surrendered. Elector-King had already had enough of fighting, and he made proposals for peace. The Empress-Queen had nothing for it but to come also to terms, and on Christmas Day, 1745, the Treaty of Dresden was signed, which left matters, as far as Frederick was concerned, precisely as they had stood before. Silesia was assured to him, and he wisely forbore to claim any further accession of territory. His announcement of this treaty to Louis XV. has a somewhat ironical tone: "The Austrians and the Saxons have just sent ministers to negotiate for peace; so I have no course open





but to sign. After discharging my duty toward the State I govern, and toward my house, no object will be dearer to my heart than that of being able to render myself of service to your Majesty's interests."

On the the third day after the peace was made Frederick returned to his capital. The streets through which he passed were strewed with flowers and alive with processions and banners, one of which bore an inscription of four words which struck the key-note of popular feeling, and forthwith from lip to lip passed the shout, "Hoch Friedrich der Grosse!" These words, first written or spoken on that day, will go down through the ages. Blame him as much as men may and must, they will never know him as other than "Frederick the Great."

After the Second Silesian War came ten years of peace, so far as Prussia was concerned, though war raged or spluttered all around. England, France and Spain fought upon all seas. " No peace beyond the Line," came to be the half-recognized law of nations. Frederick certainly desired peace for himself; but he knew that he could be secure of peace only by being ready for instant He kept his great army fully up to its warfooting. Every seventh man in Prussia was a soldier. His revenue amounted to about 36,000,000 marks-equal to about half as many dollars of our money. Of this, 6,000,000 marks were laid by, not to be touched except in time of war. the remainder must be defrayed the cost of a standing army of 150,000 men, and all the expense of civil government. This compelled the most rigid economy in every department. erick had indeed one expensive proclivity. was fond of building, and of adorning public edifices and grounds. At Berlin he built a stately palace for his young brother Heinrich—an edifice which in our days has become the home of the Berlin University. He built the fine Opera-house at Berlin; he laid out the park-like Thiergarten. For his own especial residence he built the elegant villa, rather than palace, of Sanssouci, in the outskirts of Potsdam. All the royal Schlosses were adorned with antique statues, and with paintings by the best Italian artists of the day. But all this apparent extravagance had the very practical aim of proclaiming the power of the Prussian The King who had his vaults filled with barrels of coin, who never borrowed a mark, and who nevertheless, after maintaining an army of 150,000 men, was able to expend so much money in ostentation, must seem to all men a sovereign whom it would be better to have for a friend than for an enemy. And considerable as his expenditures in this direction undoubtedly were, their amount was generally set down as much greater than it really was.

During those peaceful days as Crown - prince at Rheinsberg, of which we have already spoken, Frederick had gathered around him a group of clever men, to whom was given the name of the "Round Table." This was revived at Sanssouci upon a larger scale. Among the men some of whom were pretty sure of being seated at the Round Table every evening, were several men of note in their day, though most of them are shadowy enough now. Most of these men were Frenchmen by birth or training; two of whom-Manpertuis and Voltaire—deserve special men-Maupertuis, styled the "Flattener of the Globe," had been sent by the French Government to Lapland to measure the length of a degree of latitude as near the North Pole as one could conveniently get. His measurement, compared with a simultaneous one at the Equator, in South America, showed that the earth was flattened a little at the Poles, and bulged out a little at the Equator. His treatise, "De la Figure de la Terre," excited no little attention; and one of the first acts of Frederick, after accession, in 1740, was to invite him to Berlin, as Perpetual President of the newly founded Academy. More notable still was Voltaire, who, in 1750, came to Berlin at the invitation of Frederick, and remained there nearly four years. Of Voltaire and his quarrels something further will be said.

To those who saw most of Frederick during these ten years of peace, he seemed a good-looking gentleman of middle age, of good estate, good capacity, good culture, and tolerably good temper; fond of good dress, good food, good wine, good company, and a good deal of it. unfrequently appeared at the opera, especially if La Barbarina was to dance; frequently he had concerts at Sanssouci, in which he was wont to take part with his flute. He was fond of French poetry; spoke French fluently, but with a German intonation; was much given to scribbling in French, oftener in verse than in prose; and had set up a private printing-room in a turret of the Berlin Schloss, whence his own productions were issued anonymously, "with the Privilege of the Muses," though their royal authorship was an open secret.

Few persons who saw this elegant flute-playing, verse - making gentleman in the afternoon or evening would imagine that he had already performed a hard day's work. Summer and Winter he was wont to rise two hours before daylight. A page then brought in a huge basket containing all the letters which had come during the previous day. He read these rapidly, making upon each of them a sign to indicate the tenor of the answer to be returned. Usually this was a mere mark, signifying "Yes" or "No," as the case might be; sometimes there were a few words;

now and then a satirical couplet or two. The letters were then sorted into four piles, one for each of the secretaries who were in waiting. This part of the day's work would probably be over by eight o'clock. Then the King gave an audience to the Adjutant-general, who received specific directions as to the details of all military arrangements for the Then the Royal Guards were inspected and reviewed by Frederick in person. Then he went back to his cabinet to examine the work of the four secretaries. From each pile he would take a few at random, and read them carefully. one could be sure that any particular letter of his might not be one of those which would thus come under the royal eye; and any detected dereliction was certain to meet with severe punishmentquite likely a long imprisonment in a fortress. Frederick affixed his signature to each letter, and all were at once sent to their several destinations. Any man at Berlin who had written to the King vesterday might count upon receiving a reply tomorrow. For the remainder of the day the King was his own man, free to play the flute, scribble verse, or hear it read, or enjoy the converse of the Round Table.

In 1750 Voltaire was a man of fifty-four. For nearly twenty years his had been the foremost name among French men of letters. His success, and the use he made of it, had roused up a host of enemies and detractors. He was jealous of everybody who might possibly become his rival; he hated everybody of whom he was jealous, and lampooned everybody whom he hated. He scandalized the clergy by his gibes at faith in general, He had set his and at ecclesiastics in particular. heart upon gaining the royal favor, but he had offended Pompadour, the royal mistress, who had taken the place of Châteauroux. Courtesans and priests, philosophers and scribblers made common cause against Voltaire. In 1746 he found great difficulty in being admitted a member of the French Academy. In 1750 he proposed himself for the Academy of Sciences and the Academy of Inscriptions, and was rejected by both. Old Crébillon produced the beastly new tragedy of "Catiline," which was pronounced to be worthy of Raeine or Molière, while Voltaire's "Zaire" was adjudged to be merely clever. Crébillon received a royal pension, while Voltaire was excluded from court. In a sudden fit of pique, he resolved to shake the dust of France from his feet.

Frederick had for some time been urging Voltaire to come to Berlin. As Crown-prince he had worshiped Voltaire as a poet and philosopher; as King he clung to that veneration, notwithstanding the light esteem in which he held him as a would - be diplomatist. He was profuse in his offers of money, for which Voltaire was as greedy as he was for fame. If he would come to Berlin grand, better laid out than Paris; palaces, play-houses, affable parish priests, charming

he should receive 1,000 louis—equivalent to 5,000 dollars of our money-for traveling expenses; he should be sumptuously lodged under a royal roof; should receive the golden key of Chamberlain and the jeweled cross of a noble Order; he should have a patent of 800 louis a year; and should his widowed niece, Mme. Denis, survive him. she should have a pension of 160 louis for life. When Voltaire came to Berlin he was received literally with open arms by Frederick, who kissed his hand, and said that he had now acquired a title prouder than any of those he had received by inheritance or won by his sword. Henceforth his style should be, "Frederick, King of Prussia, Margrave of Brandenburg, Sovereign Duke of Silesia, and Possessor of Voltaire."

For a time everything wore a rosy hue at Berlin and Sanssouci. To the Abbé Chaulieu, at Paris, Voltaire wrote: "A hundred thousand victorious soldiers; no attorneys; opera, plays, philosophy, poetry; a hero who is a philosopher and a poet; grandeur and graces, grenadiers and muses, trumpets and violins; Plato's symposiums. society and freedom! Who would believe it? Nevertheless, it is true. It is Cæsar, it is Marcus Aurelius, it is Julian, it is sometimes the Abbé Chaulieu with whom I sup. There is the charm of retirement, there is country freedom, with all those little delights of life which the lord of a castle, who is a king, can procure for his very obedient humble servants and guests. My own duties are to do nothing. I enjoy my leisure. I give an hour a day to the King of Prussia to touch up a bit his works in prose and verse. I am his Grammarian, not his Chamberlain. of the day is my own, and the evening ends with a pleasant supper. Never in any place in the world was there more freedom of speech touching the superstitions of men, and never were they treated with more banter and contempt. God is respected, but all those who have cajoled men in His name are treated unsparingly."

But it was not long before Voltaire found that these Brandenburg roses were not of the thornless To Mme. Denis he writes: "So it is known by this time in Paris that we have played the "Mort de César" at Potsdam; that Prince Henry is a good actor, has no grunting accent, and is very amiable; and that this is the place for pleasure. All that is true: but— King's parties are delightful. At them men talk reason, wit, science; freedom prevails thereat. The King is the soul of it all; no ill temper, no clouds—at any rate, no storms. My life is free and well occupied: but--- Opera, plays, carousals, suppers at Sanssouci, military manœuvres, concerts, studies, readings: but---- The City of Berlin grand, better laid out than Paris; pal-

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princesses, maids of honor beautiful and wellformed: but— My dear child, the weather is beginning to settle down into a fine frost."

A sharp nip—by no means the earliest of the season—came before the first Winter had fairly set in. Voltaire, after quarreling with one person and another, became involved in an unsavory lawsuit, growing out of some stock-gambling transaction—a kind of business to which he was always addicted. To Frederick's clever sister, Wilhelmina, Margravine of Baireuth, he writes: "Brother Voltaire is doing penance here. has a beast of a lawsuit with a Jew; and according to the law of the Old Testament, there will be something to pay for having been robbed." Wilhelmina asks her brother what all this is about. Frederick writes in reply: "You ask me what the lawsuit is in which Voltaire is involved with a Jew. It is a case of a rogue wanting to cheat a thief. The affair is in the hands of justice, and in a few days we shall know from the sentence which is the greater rogue of the two. I am waiting for the affair to be over to put his | phrased it. To a friend he wrote: "I am at

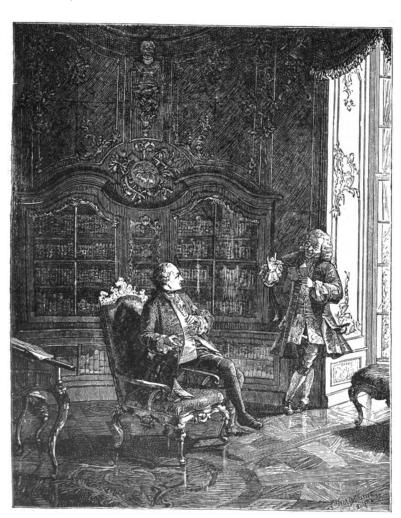
head a-rook (lui laver la tête), and see whether, at the age of fifty-six, one cannot make him, if not reasonable, at any rate less of a rogue."

Not long after Frederick wrote to Voltaire a long letter, of which the following is a part: "I was very glad to receive you. I esteemed your wit, your talents, your acquirements; and I was bound to suppose that a man of your age, tired of wrangling with authors, and exposing yourself to tempests, was coming hither to take refuge as in a quiet harbor: but you-" The King enumerates several of Voltaire's misdoings, and concludes: "Then you have the most ridiculous squabble in the world with that Jew. You created a fearful uproar all through the city. Fer my part, I kept peace in my household until your arrival, and I warn you that if you are fond of intrigue and cabal, you have come to the wrong place."

Voltaire made all sorts of excuses and apologies; Frederick was mollified; and Voltaire went on "washing the King's dirty linen," as he

present correcting the second edition which the King of Prussia is going to publish of the history of his country. Fancy! in order to appear more impartial, he falls tooth and nail upon his grandfather, the first King of I have lightened Prussia. the blows as much as I could. I rather like this grandfather; he displayed magnificence, and has left some fine monuments. I had great difficulty in softening down the terms in which the grandson reproaches the grandfather for his vanity in having got himself made a king. At last I said, 'It is your grandfather, not mine; do what you please with him,' and I confined myself to weeding the expressions."

At last came another quarrel, which, after not quite four years, put an end to Voltaire's sojourn in Prussia. He had never got along well with the "Flattener of the Globe." His growing dislike to Maupertuis found vent in "La Diatribe du Docteur Akakea," a brochure in which Maupertuis was caricatured, but so cleverly that



FREDERICK AND VOLTAIRE IN THE LIBRARY AT SAMSSOUCL

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nobody could fail to perceive the likeness. This was widely circulated in manuscript; everybody laughed at it, and nobody more heartily than did Frederick himself. But by and by printed copies appear-To Frederick, this was a different thing from a private circulation, of which no one was supposed to know anything. To publicly ridicule the King's Perpetual President was, as it were, to ridicule the King himself. Frederick took the author sharply to account. Voltaire denied some things, and humbly apologized for others; but finally delivered, as he said, all the copies to the King. and they were summarily burned in the royal presence. Other copies soon made their appearance, brought by post from Dresden. Frederick had these seized and publicly burned by the common hangman. Voltaire was again called to account. He denied having anything to do with this; but Frederick did not

believe a word he said. To Voltaire he wrote: "Your effrontery astounds me, after what you have just done. If you carry matters too far, 1 will have everything printed, and then it will be seen that if your works deserve that statues be raised to you, your conduct deserves handcuffs."

The quarrel was never made up, though Fredcrick rather liked to have Voltaire about him. Voltaire had just published his "Siècle de Louis XIV.," which he hoped would find favor with the French King, and longed to get back to France. At last, in a sudden pet, he took a step which he describes in a letter to his niece, dated January 13th, 1753: "I sent to the Solomon of the North the cap and bells [the golden key and jeweled cross] which he gave me. I wrote him a very respectful letter, for I asked of him leave to go. What do you think he did? He sent his great factotum Federshof, who brought me back my toys; he wrote me a letter, saying that he would rather have me to live with him than Maupertuis. What is quite certain is that I would rather not live with either of them." Voltaire seems to have kept away from Sanssouci; but one day in April he approached the King on the parade-ground. "Ah, M. de Voltaire, you really intend going away?" said Frederick. "Sir. private affairs, present of a beautiful copy, printed at his own



THE OLD DESSAUER AT KESSELDORF.

and especially my health, leave me no alterna-"Monsieur, I wish you a pleasant journey." And thus the two men parted, to see each other no more.

Voltaire lost no time in getting out of the King's dominions. He went first to Leipsic, where his luggage was left, while he rode over to Gotha to pay a visit to the Duke and Duchess. The visit was prolonged for more than a month, and he did not reach Frankfort-on-the-Main until the close of May. Here he found that Frederick had not forgotten him. "At Frankfort," writes Voltaire, "there was one Freytag, who had been banished from Dresden, and had become an agent for the King of Prussia." Freytag notified Voltaire, on behalf of his master, that he could not leave Frankfort until he had given up certain valuables belonging to Frederick. Voltaire assured him that he was carrying nothing from that country, "not even the smallest regret." It was explained that the specially valuable thing was a volume of the King's productions, which had been corrected by Voltaire. "Oh," said Voltaire, "I will give him back his verse and prose with all my heart; though, after all, I have more than one right to the book. He made me a

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expense. Unluckily this copy is at Leipsic with my other luggage." "This volume," says Guizot, "which Frederick considered so important to reclaim from Voltaire, contained, among other things, a burlesque and licentious poem entitled, 'The Palladium,' wherein the King scoffed at everything and everybody in terms which he did not care to make public."

The volume arrived from Leipsic in due time, and was handed over to Freytag. Voltaire, accompanied by his niece, who had just come from Paris to meet him, lost no time in starting for France. But, he writes, "The moment I was off I was arrested—I, my secretary and my people. My niece is arrested; four soldiers drag her through the mud to a cheese-monger's who had some title or other of Privy Councilor to the King of Prussia. My niece had a passport from the King of France; and-what is more-she had never corrected the King of Prussia's verses. They huddled us all into a sort of hostelry, at the door of which were posted a dozen soldiers. were for twelve days prisoners of war, and we had to pay 140 crowns a day."

Frederick was, or affected to be, very indignant at this second arrest, for which he took Freytag to task. He excused himself by his zeal for the service of his master. "We would," he said, "have risked our lives rather than let him get away; and if I had not found him at the barriers, but in the open country, and he had refused to go back, I don't know but I should have lodged a bullet in his head—to such a degree had I at heart the letters and writings of the King." Frederick's displeasure could not, however, have been very deep, for Freytag was let off with a mild though rather contemptuous reproof. "I gave you no order like that," wrote Frederick. "You should never make more noise than a thing de-I wanted Voltaire to give up to you the key, the cross, and the volume of poems I had intrusted to him. As soon as that was given up to you, I can't see what earthly reason could have induced you to make this uproar."

Voltaire lost little time before he began to pitch into Frederick. He put forth "La Loi Naturelle," a little poem in which Frederick is thus maliciously portrayed:

"Of incongruity a monstrous pile:
Calling men brothers, crushing them the while;
With air humane, a philanthropic brute,
Ofttimes impulsive, sometimes too acute;
Weak midst his choler, modest in his pride,
Prating of virtue, lust personified;
Statesman and scribbler of the slippery crew;
My patron, pupil, persecutor too."

Some other lampoons followed; but they were soon intermitted, apparently in compliance with the advice of his niece, who wrote to him:

"There is nobody in France who has not condemned this violence mingled with so much that is ridiculous and cruel. It makes a deeper impression than you would believe. We shall de very well to hold our tongues; the public speaks quite enough." Mme. Denis was most likely induced to this wise counsel by a minatory letter which she received from George Keith, who stood high in Frederick's confidence, and might be presumed to speak in his name. "Let us see," wrote Keith, "in what countries M. de Voltaire has not had some squabbles, and made himself many enemies. Every country where the Inquisition prevails must be mistrusted by him, and he would put his foot in the Inquisition sooner or The Mussulmans must be as little pleased with his 'Mahomet' as good Christians were. He is too old to go to China and turn Mandarin. In a word, there is no place but France for him. You are quite aware that if he were to indulge in speech or epigrams offensive to the King, my master, a word which he might order me to speak to the Court of France would suffice to prevent M. de Voltaire from returning, and he would be sorry for it when it was too late."

After several years, however, the intimacy between Frederick and Voltaire was renewed by letter, and kept up. Now and then the old sores would break out again. "Remember how you behaved to me," wrote Voltaire. "You have great talents, you have good qualities; but you have one odious vice—you delight in the abasement of your fellow-creatures. You have brought disgrace on the name of philosopher; you have given some color to the slanders of bigots, who say that no confidence can be placed in the justice or humanity of those who reject the Christian faith."

Frederick retorted with equal bitterness: "You know that you behaved shamefully in Prussia. It was well for you that you had to deal with a man so indulgent to the infirmities of genius as I am. You richly deserved to see the inside of a dungeon. Your talents are not more widely known than your faithlessness and your malevolence. The grave itself is no asylum from your spite. Maupertuis is dead; but you still go on calumniating and deriding him, as if you had not made him miserable enough while he was living;" and much more of like purport on both sides.

But these outbursts grew rarer and rarer. As years passed on the letters became complimentary, then cordial and affectionate. The two old men told each other what they had done and what they hoped to do. "The King," says his latest German biographer, "rested his whole heart in this correspondence. In his worship of the genius of the poet he forgot the dark spots on the character of the man; and finally, after

Voltaire's death, he sought to do honor to his memory in a touching academic discourse."

But the ten years of peace were hardly half over before ominous clouds began to darken the political sky. The Empress - Queen had never abandoned her fixed idea of recovering Silesia, "the fairest jewel in her crown," which had been torn off by Frederick. But she must bide her time. Her wide dominions required rest for recovery from the exhaustion of the last few years of almost constant war. To this administrative work she devoted herself with an energy and capacity which give her a foremost place among female sovereigns. In all her aims and endeavors she found an able supporter in her Minister, Prince von Kaunitz, who has been styled "the ablest statesman of the eighteenth century." If not altogether that, he was capable of forming complicated plans and of working with unremitting dexterity to carry them out.

The cardinal idea in the policy of the Empress-Queen and her Minister was to unite the Great Powers of the Continent in a league with Austria for the overthrow of Prussia. England was evidently out of the question; Italy had no national existence, and Spain was geographically so situated that she need not be taken into consideration. Russia, Sweden and Poland were easily gained; but to win France seemed almost hopeless, and to this every effort was directed. It has passed into current history, and is repeated by one writer from another, that the high-born Empress-Queen, the most pure of matrons, wrote letters to the low-born Pompadour, the shameless strumpet who, as mistress of Louis XV., was the real ruler of France, addressing her as "Dear Cousin." This statement has been denied, and may be set down as doubtful. But it is certain that Frederick had offended Pompadour, while Kaunitz had won her favor. The favor of Pompadour assured the assent of Louis; and on May 1st, 1756, the Treaty of Versailles for the subjugation and partition of Prussia was signed. the possessions of the Hohenzollerns, Austria was to have Silesia; East-Preussen was to be divided between Russia and Poland, as they might agree; Saxony was to have a part of Pomerania, and Sweden was to have the rest of it. To the House of Hohenzollern was to be left only the Electorate of Brandenburg. There was to be no longer any Kingdom of Prussia. No part of the Prussian territories was left for France; but the House of Bourbon should have an equivalent in Flanders, or elsewhere—perhaps in Italy or in some part of Germany itself.

To all human seeming there could be but one issne, and that a speedy one, to the contest.

less than 100,000,000; those of the King of Prussia, not much more than 5,000,000. The armies which the allies could at once bring into the field numbered perhaps 500,000, and might be largely increased; those of the King of Prussia not more than 200,000, and these embraced the utmost possible military strength of the king-Prussia was open to invasion from every There was no great river to cross, no side. mountain defiles to force, and, except in Silesia, no strong fortress to besiege or capture. The Delphic oracle announced that Hellas could be defended against the Persians only by wooden walls—that is, by ships. Prussia could be defended only by iron walls—that is, by bayonets.

Secretly as the plot against Frederick had been concocted, he could not be kept ignorant of its existence, and he could divine more of its purport than he really knew. He knew that the Empress-Queen was eager for war against him, without pretext, if necessary, but with abundance of plausible pretexts at command. He formally demanded of her an explicit statement of her intentions. He received, as he anticipated, evasive "That woman," he said to the English ambassador, and pointing to a portrait of Maria Theresa which hung upon the wall—"that woman wants war; and war she shall speedily have. I am not the man to have my nose snubbed." On August 28th, 1756, he gave the order for his army to march upon Austria. On that day the ten years of peace came to an end, and the Seven Years' War began.

SEPTUAGENARIAN MONARCHS.

WE live in an age of old monarchs, grand or otherwise, as well as of old statesmen. A throne in our century seems to give its possessor a fair prospect of longevity. The Pope is, of course, expected to be an old man. The two oldest men next to him are the King of Holland and the reigning Prince of Schaumburg-Lippe, both of whom were born in the year 1817. Next come the King of Denmark, the Grand Duke of Weimar, and the Duke of Coburg-Gotha, Prince Albert's brother, all of whom first saw the light The following year, 1819, was marked in 1818. by the birth of Queen Victoria, and the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. Thus we have seven septuagenarian rulers in Europe, if we may extend the term ruler to the small German princes who, since the foundation of the new Empire, have not been allowed to do much ruling.

ALPINE LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

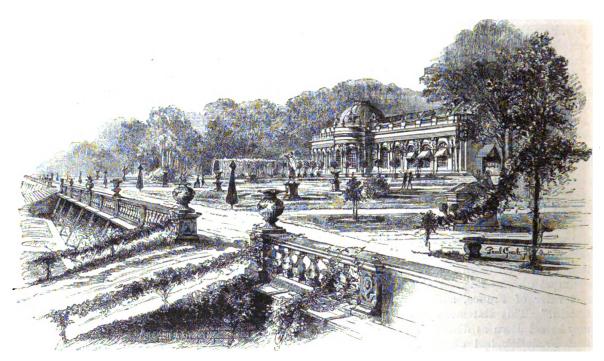
THE light that plays upon the Alps continually subjects of the allied sovereigns numbered net | recreates them. They silently lift their faces

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heavenward in a repose which nothing disturbs; but it is a repose not of death, but of a life too vast and high to be affected by the changes below it. Mont Blanc, the Matterhorn and the Jungfrau are wrapped in a solitude upon which it is perilous to intrude; but on those sublime heights the light glances and lingers as if there it found its home and disclosed all the miracle of its revealing power. For in the light one finds the only revelation of the mountains; it is the light which discloses their infinite resources of strength and beauty. At Interlachen I saw, not long ago, a wonderful illustration of this power of revelation. It was late one evening when I arrived, and only the dark masses of the hills which hem in the little valley were visible; one would not have I

until the Jungfrau stood revealed—a bride indeed, remote, stainless, sublimely beautiful in a mood which seemed rather of the spirit than of the form. It was one of those revelations which leave an ineffaceable stamp on one's life.

Who shall do justice to the shadows of the Alps? Not less marvelous are they than the light which they follow, and whose glory they exalt by relief and contrast. One may drive through the Lauterbrunnen or the Grüdelwald or over one of the great passes in the morning, and returning toward evening, find himself in a new country—so vast and transforming are the effects which the shadows produce. Lingering or walking along the rushing torrent which finds its way through almost every Alpine valley, one watches



FREDERICK THE GREAT, KING OF PRUSSIA. — SANSSOUCI. — SEE PAGE 420.

known that he was within a thousand miles of the Jungfrau. It was a clear, starlit evening, but between these great black hills it seemed strangely dark and solemn. There was to be a moon later, and we sat on one of the balconies of the hotel and waited for its coming. Presently the lights about us were extinguished; one by one the houses became dark and the little town became Then upon the solitude of the midnight a wonderful vision slowly grew. The eastern sky began to grow brighter, and through the mountain-gorge directly in front—the hills on either side remaining in the dense shadow—a mountain defined itself as in the sublime silence of the creative hour. The light fell on one snowy ridge after another, touched successively pinnacle after pinnacle, traced imperceptibly the great outline,

with a sense of awe the deep shadows slowly ingulfing the world about him. Above, the long streams of light fall like silent cataracts over the edges of the hills, and still higher the snowy summits are warm and soft in unbroken light; but about one there is dense shadow, gathering darkness, the night becoming visible at the base of the very throne of day. Then the roaring mountain-stream sings a wilder song to the mind which has come under a kindred spell; and the long lines of spray leaping noiselessly here and there down the precipitous rocks, the echo perhaps of a distant Alpine horn, the colitude and sublimity of those remote and awful heights, are borne in upon the very soul, and one feels that among these hills he has found the true sanctuary, the inmost shrine of nature.

A MYSTERIOUS MALADY.

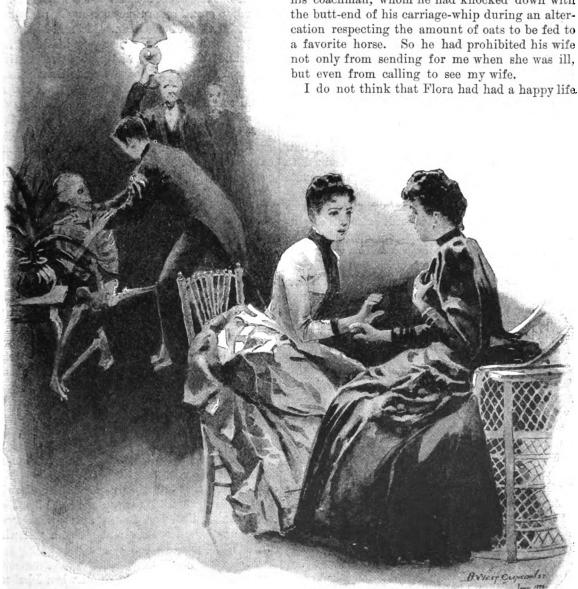
BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

I was really surprised to see Flora Worden enter my office during my consultation hours, a few weeks ago. She had never called me in, or had even come to ask my advice, since her marriage with Luther Worden, and that was seven years past, for her wedded life had lasted full six years, and she had been a widow for over fourteen months. Yet I had been the family physi-

had attended her through all her childish ailments, and Mrs. Dale and I had been amongst the first persons informed of her engagement and the earliest bidden to the wedding. Flora had been an only child, and the deaths of Mr. and Mrs. Carr had occurred within a few months of each other, not two years after her marriage, so I had seen literally nothing of her for a long time. To be sure I knew the reason. Luther Worden had never forgiven me for testifying against him, concerning the injury he had inflicted one day on his coachman, whom he had knocked down with the butt-end of his carriage-whip during an altercation respecting the amount of oats to be fed to a favorite horse. So he had prohibited his wife not only from sending for me when she was ill, but even from calling to see my wife.

I do not think that Flora had had a happy life.

cian of the Carrs ever since Flora was born, and



"'THAT'S RIGHT, MRS. WORDEN!' CRIED JACOB BRYAN, RUSHING FROM A CAREFULLY ARRANGED HIDING-PLACE UNDER THE STAIRS, AND POUNCING UPON THE SKELETON DANCER."

Vol. XXIX., No. 4—28.

But, at all of it since she became Mrs. Worden. events, her matrimonial troubles, if troubles there were, had not lasted very long.

She was always a timid, fragile, sensitive creature, nervous and impressionable to the highest degree, and when she glided into my office in her deep widow's mourning, her face and form almost entirely concealed by her long crape veil, she looked as delicate and frail as a lily. She greeted me shyly, as she put back her veil, revealing a fair, sweet face but little changed from the features I had known as those of Flora Carr.

"Well, my child," I said to her, encouragingly -for after she had taken her seat I saw that she still hesitated to speak —"have you come just to renew your acquaintance with your father's old friend, or have you need of my professional services? Not the latter, I hope. You look very well, though rather pale. Is there anything that I can do for you?"

To my utter amazement, Flora at these words burst into a passion of tears, though what I had said was by no means calculated to arouse any violent emotion. I hastened to supply her with cold water, smelling-salts, a glass of wine, etc.; but despite all the remedies that I could offer, she wept long and uncontrollably, showing how terribly her nerves must have been strained to give way so completely, and without adequate cause.

Finally, she cried herself into a state of comparative calm, being, indeed, altogether exhausted, and then I ventured once more to question her relative to the object of her visit.

"Dear doctor, will you not tell me?—I want so much to know," she murmured between her fast-recurring sobs - " were either my mother or my father ever-ever-insane?"

She brought the last word out with a spasmodic effort, and I hastened to reassure her.

"Neither of them, Flora. Nor was there ever the slightest trace of insanity in their respective families. Remember, I knew both your parents intimately before they were married, when I was a very young man, just commencing the study of my profession. I can vouch, therefore, for the fact that there was no taint of hereditary disease, either mental or physical, anywhere amongst their connections. Why do you ask me this question?"

"Because—I fear—I think—that I myself am going mad!"

I was both shocked and astonished at this announcement. Yet, on careful investigation of her pulse, her expression and her general symptoms, I could discover no evidences of insanity.

"I assure you, Flora," I said, when I had completed my examination, and had obtained from her full and accurate answers to my questions

no basis on which you can ground your fears. Tell me candidly, what cause have you to dread the loss of your reason."

She trembled like an aspen-leaf, and began to weep afresh.

"I can scarcely bear to tell you," she sobbed.

"But I must know the truth, else how can I prescribe for you, or even convince you that your terrors are wholly imaginary, as I trust and believe that they are?"

Thus adjured, she struggled, not unsuccessfully, to regain her composure, and finally managed to begin her story.

"You know, doctor, that I was left a widow a little over a year ago. For a few months after my husband's death I staid in my house in New York, but about six months ago I went to Staten Island, to spend some time with my late husband's sister, Mrs. Gardiner Green. Mr. and Mrs. Green have not always been either very kind or wholly congenial to me, but I had grown tired of living alone in that great house on Madison Avenue, and Augusta begged me so cordially to come and spend some months with them, that I finally consented. I think the change did me good at first; at least, I felt much better, and was rapidly regaining my health and spirits, when a strange thing occurred."

She took my hand in both of her own. poor slender palms were as cold as ice, and I could feel by the contact how her delicate frame was shaken by the effort she made to control the emotion aroused by the remembrance of the incident she was about to narrate.

"I was sitting, one day last June, with Augusta in the library at the Green Lawn, as they call their place. She was writing a letter, and I was at work at a pincushion-cover, which I was embroidering with beads on blue velvet. you this that you may know that I was not excited in any way, or even nervous. It was bright daylight, about four o'clock in the afternoon, I should say. I looked up from my work to get a fresh supply of beads, and I saw, standing in the door-way, a horrible figure—a tall form all in white drapery, that covered head and all except the face. Oh, doctor, that face !"

"Calm yourself, dear child, and tell me all. What was the face like?"

"It was that of a corpse, no hair showing under the white folds thrown over the head, but with bluish lips just drawn apart to show the teeth, and closed eyelids, and all of a yellowishwhite like—like—

"Like what, Flora?"

"Like the face of my husband when I last saw it, just before the undertaker closed the coffin. I suppose that I must have uttered a shriek, for concerning her general health, "that I can find | Augusta looked up from her writing and asked

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me what was the matter. 'See—see there!' I cried, pointing to the dreadful shape that still stood on the threshold. 'There?—there is nothing there, Flora.' 'Do you not see that hideous figure in the door-way?' I repeated. 'My poor little sister,' she said, soothingly, 'you must have fallen asleep over your work, and are still dreaming. Look here!' She rose from her chair and went toward the door. The shrouded form retreated backward as she advanced, and disappeared."

"Disappeared? Do you mean that it suddenly vanished, or did it go down the passage-way at either side of the door?"

Flora paused a moment, in order to collect her thoughts.

"No," she said, finally. "I know it did not vanish or melt into air, for amid all my terror I remember wondering where it went to, and if any of the servants might chance to meet it in the hall."

"And Mrs. Green—what did she say about it?"
"She came back to her seat at the writingtable, and merely remarked, 'You see, Flora, you
were mistaken—there is nothing there."

"Was that the only time you were ever troubled in that way?"

"No-oh, no! If only I had never seen any other hideous spectre, I could have set the appearance of that strange, corpse-like figure to the effect of my imagination, or of some passing indisposition. But, some ten days later, when I had nearly recovered from the terror of that first experience, I saw, one evening while I was playing chess in the drawing-room with Mr. Green, a grotesque figure standing in the curve of the baywindow just within the curtains—a tall form, all in black, with a huge head like that of a parrot, with a black beak and staring black eyes, and covered with dull-red plumage. That time I controlled myself sufficiently merely to ask Mr. Green if he would close the curtains of the baywindow for me. He complied at once, and the thing retreated backward, as the first had done. He saw nothing, evidently, for he came back and resumed his game without making any observation."

"Was Mrs. Green present on that occasion?"

"No; she was lying down in her own room, ill with a sick headache. But that was not the last of my terrors. Once a great ape came dancing and grinning into my room. At another time a tall black form, one mass of black drapery from head to feet, with a single thin white hand visible amongst the folds, glided through the library and beckoned to me to follow. Then there were other shapes, some ghastly, some only strange and grotesque; but nothing was ever seen by my sister-in-law or by her husband."

"Were they always present when these apparitions made their appearance?"

"Always, I think—either one or the other of them, but never, so far as I can remember, were they both there at one time."

"Did you ever see any of these spectres when you were alone?"

"Only once—one moonlight night, when I was awakened by a tapping at the window, and on looking up I saw the head and neck of a gigantic serpent waving around outside the casement. I think I must have swooned from the shock, for I lay insensible for a long time, and when I regained my senses it was broad daylight, and the snake had disappeared. But you can imagine, doctor, how terrible my sufferings have been. Never to make a step, or to cast a glance around, without the dread of seeing something horrible that no one else can see. Oh, doctor, help me! Save me from this torment that is worse than the agonies of death! Am I not going mad?—is not insanity the cause of these dreadful hallucinations?"

She pressed her handkerchief to her eyes, for her tears were again flowing. Meanwhile I sat and pondered in silence over the very strange nature of her case and its symptoms. Fragile and nervous though she was, Flora presented none of the peculiar traits of a maniac. Finally, I resolved to question her still further.

"Have you ever been free from a recurrence of these visions for any length of time?"

She thought intently for a moment. "Yes," she said, "there was one fortnight in the month of July during which I was entirely free from them."

"Was there anything noteworthy about your mode of life during that fortnight—any change that you can remember?"

"Nothing, except the presence of my cousin, Miss Harwood, who came up from Long Branch to see me, and whom I invited, with Augusta's consent, to stay two weeks at Green Lawn."

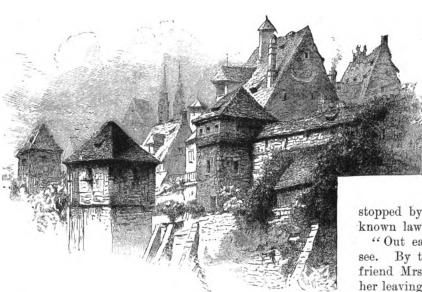
"And you saw nothing whilst she was with you?"

"Nothing at all. But the very day after she left my troubles began again."

"Well, Flora, I think I can relieve you of them without doubt. Go back to Green Lawn, and come to see me again in three days hence. I will give the time to an exhaustive study of your case, and I am certain that I shall hit upon an effectual remedy. Cheer up, my child—you are neither mad nor are you going mad—take an old doctor's word for it."

She left me with a faint attempt at a smile, only half convinced by my cheering words, as I could very well see. Poor little woman! And closing my doors against all other patients, I gave

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NOTES ABOUT NUREMBERG. -- THE CITY WALLS. -- SEE PAGE 439.

myself up to profound meditation concerning.her and her mysterious malady.

What could be the cause of these sights that haunted her? Was it possible that, like the German book-seller Nicolai, whose case is celebrated in all works on apparitions, she was the victim of hallucinations caused by disease? She was apparently in perfect health. A little blood-letting cured Nicolai of his phantom, but Flora was not troubled with excess of blood.

The more I thought the matter over, the more it seemed to me that she was the victim of some heartless and cruel trickery. But by whom was it practiced, and for whose benefit? This I could not say. Certain points, however, in her narrative seemed to indicate clearly the conclusion at which I had arrived. These were, first, the fact that she had never been annoyed by the apparitions whilst she was alone, excepting on a single occasion. Secondly, they left her altogether during the presence of a strange visitor at Green Lawn.

Now, the shapes that are the creation of a diseased brain or disordered nerves are almost invariably visible when the sufferer is alone. But who could be the actor or actors in this cruel deception, if deception it were? Not the servants, certainly. It could only be Mr. or Mrs. Gardiner Green, as one or the other was almost invariably present when Mrs. Worden saw these spectres, and they never saw anything—or, at least, they declared that they did not. If the whole thing was a trick, they were certainly the perpetrators of it.

But for what purpose?—what could their motives be in working out such an elaborate piece of deception? I puzzled over the matter till I went to bed, half inclined to believe that poor Flora's wits were forsaking her, after all.

The next morning I started out early on foot to visit a patient in the neighborhood, to whom I had been unexpectedly summoned, and on my way back to breakfast I was met and

stopped by Clifford Stewart, the well-known lawyer.

"Out early this morning, doctor, I see. By the way, how is my little friend Mrs. Luther Worden? I saw her leaving your office yesterday when I was passing by. I hope she is not ill, doctor."

"Only nervous, I think—inclined to be hypochondrizeal."

"As an old friend of the family, you ought to advise her to make her will—that is, unless she wants her sister-in-law, Augusta Green, to inherit the fortune that Luther Worden left her."

"How is that? I never heard anything about Mr. Worden's will," I said, with a sudden, keen interest in the matter.

"Did you never hear that Luther Worden bequeathed all his property to his wife, with the single stipulation that if she died without issue, or died intestate, the entire fortune should revert to his sister?"



THE BURG.

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"You don't say so! Are you certain of what you tell me, Mr. Stewart?"

"I should rather think so, since I was Luther Worden's lawyer, and drew up the will myself. But stop—where are you going in such a hurry? What is the matter?"

"Nothing—a prescription that I must see to at once. Glad to have seen you. Good-morn-

epistle to be sent to Flora by a confidential messenger, begging her to come to see me early the next day.

I felt certain that I now held the clew to the whole mystery. The hideous conspiracy was unveiled before me. Τf Flora could be driven mad, or if by a series of machinatio n s she could be proved, however falsely, to be insane, she would be legally incapable of mak-'ing a will, and might hereafter be shut up in an asylum where all chance of her marrying again would

be at an end. It remained now for me to prove to the poor sufferer, at once and conclusively, the imaginary nature of her terrors, and also the villainy of those who had practiced so cruelly on her timid, nervous nature.

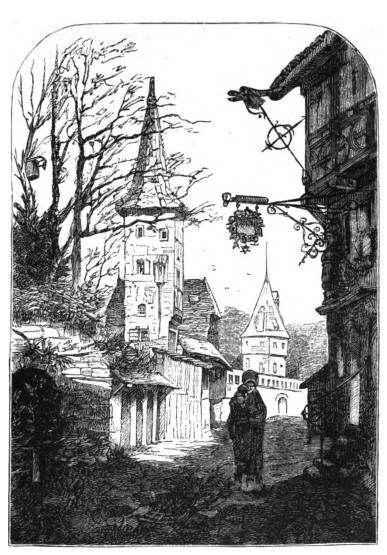
Flora came to call on me, in obedience to my summons, the next morning, looking already much better and brighter for the hope that I had given

questions, "you must promise to follow my instructions blindly for awhile. You promise? That is right. This is what I want you to do. You must set up a man-servant of your own—a valet. Mrs. Green will not object to that addition to her houshold, I presume?"

"Oh, no. Augusta is very kind. She lets me have my own way in everything."

"Very good. Now, you must let me supply And I hurried home to prepare forthwith an you with your new adherent." I rang the bell.

"Send up Jacob Bryan, Thomas," I said to the office-boy, and in a moment Jacob appeared, a tall, wiry fellow, about thirty years of age, who bowed very civilly to the young widow. "He has had his instructions from me. Flora. Listen attentively, dear, to what I want you to do. The next time that you see anything strange or unaccountable, you must scream just as loud as your lungs will let you. That is all. Jacob and I will see to the rest: but remember —not a word concerning your visits to me, or the



ANTIQUE GARGOYLE AND SIGN-BOARD, NEAR THE MAXTHOR.

true office of your man-servant, to Mr. or Mrs. Green. If you disobey me in that respect, I cannot answer for your recovery."

About a week from that time, Flora, who up to that date had been left unmolested by her phantom foes, was sitting with Mrs. Green in the library, enjoying the balmy twilight of a lovely September evening. It was growing dusk, and she turned to her sister-in-law with a proposal "Now, dear," I said, after a few preliminary | that they should ring for lights. But the words

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died half uttered on her lips, for in the open door-way leading to the hall there stood a figure more horrible than any one of those that had heretofore affrighted her—a skeleton with a ghastly grin on its fleshless jaws, dancing and jiggling on its bony legs, and waving its arms in a hideous mockery of gayety. One look, and then Flora remembered my orders, and shrieked loudly and repeatedly.

"That's right, Mrs. Worden!" cried Jacob Bryan, rushing from a carefully arranged hiding-place under the stairs, and pouncing upon the skeleton dancer. "What—would you, sir—would you? Here! bring lights, if you please! Look, ma'am—look! We have caught the ghost at last!"

And, sure enough, when lights were brought Gardiner Green stood revealed in a tight-fitting suit of black stockinet, painted to represent a skeleton, and with a mask formed of a real death's head, a figure well calculated to frighten a nervous, excitable spectator out of his or her seven senses.

"Let me go, I tell you !—it was only a joke—a trick to make a little fun with Mrs. Worden," panted the detected masquerader. His wife had hurried out of sight the moment she saw that detection was inevitable.

"A pretty trick, and one that you will have to answer for to Mrs. Worden's lawyer, I think. Look here, ma'am. Did you ever see such a get-up? And here," he continued, releasing the imitation skeleton, which instantly fled up-stairs with a rapidity appropriate to his spectral impersonation, "just look at this mass of things." And Jacob Bryan dragged a big bundle out of the closet under the stairs. "Here are all the rigs the ghosts were that have so frightened you—the black gown and the white one, the wax mask that was the corpse-face, and the pasteboard one that the baboon wore; and here, too, is the stuffed serpent, and the ape's hide, and the big bird's head, and all the other horrors. Bless me, ma'am, it did not need six years' experience in the detective police force of New York to make a fellow able to unearth so shallow a trick as this! Now, put on your bonnet, Mrs. Worden, if you please, and we'll go straight down to New Brighton, where Mrs. Dale is waiting for you at the Pavilion Hotel. It's the doctor's orders that you were not to stop in this house an hour after the detection of the cruel hoax that has been played upon you."

That was the end of Flora Worden's terrors. She would listen to no advice from any one concerning the prosecution of Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner Green, so they got off scot-free, after all. As for Jacob Bryan, the reward that she bestowed upon him was of such magnitude that he has got

married, left the police force, and set up business in a neat corner grocery of his own.

Flora suffered for a long time from nervous depression and weakness, but my wife and I took good care of her, and finally, to complete her cure, Mrs. Dale planned an expedition to take her to Paris to see the Exhibition. My eldest son, Horace, accompanied the ladies, to act as their escort. The party is to sail from Liverpool next week for home. But before they start there is to be a quiet wedding in London, and my son will bring our dear Flora back to me as our own daughter—Mrs. Horace Dale.

EDISON'S SARCASTIC CLOCK.

THOMAS EDISON, the phenomenal inventor, has reached a critical stage in his career, and it would be a strange sarcasm of fate if his latest invention should make him perfectly abhorrent to the grewing generation. In his laboratory at Llewellyn Park is this invention. It has been tried and found perfect, and it is a phonographic clock which, instead of chiming the hours, calls them out at every quarter in a voice full of clearness. It may be fitted with any set to suit the purposes for which it may be intended. To a visitor it was exhibited recently.

The inventor was cheerful and playful. "The clock," said he, "is an improvement, and if it were only in the market now, it might save you reporters a great deal of worriment. For instance, say, you are at a political meeting with a dozen speakers carded. They are to have a half-hour. You know what a fiction that is. But now, if you had a clock like this, see how it would work"—and here Mr. Edison placed a set within it. He placed the hand to the quarter of an hour, and a voice came ringing out: "This speaker is half through." At the half-hour the clock blurted out: "The audience will please not encore. The gentleman now gives way to another."

"The one fear I have," continued Mr. Edison, "is that the young unmarried folks may not relish it. You are married? No? Well. I don't give this out as a bribe, but when you get entangled in the preliminaries come to me and I will give you one that you may present to the family into which you aspire to be admitted. It will be a fibber. I'm a little in doubt about the popularity of the parlor-clock with the younger people."

Mr. Edison has good reason to fear. A more tantalizing ornament to a pair of ardent lovers than a matrimonial parlor phonographic clock cannot be imagined. Fancy, for instance, a Sunday evening in a cozy parlor with two hearts beating as one startled by a voice from the mantel: ''Good-night, a fond good-night. In another

hour it will be midnight." Then dolefully at a quarter past and each succeeding quarter comes out its hoarse croakings, until 11:55, when it blurts out: "In five minutes more it will be tomorrow," and every ten minutes subsequently the air is filled with its maudlins, such as: "Ah! how still the hour." "Mabel, I am watching thee—ha, ha!" "Methinks I hear the spirit of thy mamma upon the stairs." "Please don't heed me; it is my misfortune that I must warn you that the hour is half-past twelve." "Did I hear you ask me to get that hat?" "Will you kindly remember me in your prayers?" "Look out! I hear a footstep. Ha, ha! I was only fooling thee." "I'll soon have to call father to go to his office." And so the clock jabbers on exasperatingly. Of course the words are set to suit the circumstances. If the wooer be a favored person, the language will be different, the tone of the clock will be sweet and simpering, and the words coy and captivating.

FACTS ABOUT CALIFORNIA.

SECOND largest State in the Union; area, 157,801 square miles. Acquired by United States, Gold discovered February, 1848. First State in value of gold product. Total value gold and silver product since 1848, \$1,353,150,000. Most diversified agricultural State in the Union. Fifteenth State in agricultural products 1880. Probable rank in agriculture in 1890, tenth. Largest producer of honey. Leading wine-producing State. Only raisin-producing State in the Union. The only State in which the olive thrives. The home of the orange and the fig. Leading producer of almonds, walnuts, etc. Finest climate in the world-for Californians. Value of the mineral products in 1889, \$18,000,000. Quicksilver product, average annual output in eight years, 40,000 flasks. Admitted to Union, September 9th, 1850. Population (census of 1880), 864,694. Population 1889, estimated, 1,465,000. Ranked twenty-fourth State in population in 1880. Probably ranks fifteenth in 1890. Ranked first State in per capita wealth, census of 1880. Ranked ninth State in aggregate wealth, census 1880. Twelfth State in manufacturing importance in 1880. Assessed value of all property in 1889, \$1,111,590,979. Total deposits, all banks, July Net debt of State, 1st, 1889, \$160,451,776. \$339,500. Value of manufactured products, 1889, estimated \$160,400,000. Number of newspapers in 1889, 524. Acres in forest, 20,000,000. Acres in farms, 1,672,973. San Francisco third largest port of entry in United States. Value of publicschool property, \$10,513,000. Public-school expenditures, 1889, \$4,996,865. Number of acres

devoted to vine-growing, 200,000. Capital invested in vineyards, \$70,000,000. Annual average wine product for five years, 15,000,000 gallons. Raisins and dried-grape product 1889, 1,400,000 pounds. Prune crop, 1889, 18,000,000 pounds. Canned-goods shipments, 1889, 35,000,000 pounds. Green deciduous fruits shipped out of State, 1889, 50,000,000 pounds. Dried fruits shipped East, 1889, 40,000,000 pounds. Bean product of 1889, 35,000,000 pounds. Barley crops, annual average four years, 10,000,000 centals. Flour shipments, annual average for five years, 1,000,000 barrels. Dried-fruit product of 1889, 50,000,000 pounds. Fruit and vegetable pack, 1889, 1,500,000 cases. Value of cereal, hav and root crops, \$60,000,000. Number of horses, 368,400; value, \$25,857,000. Number of mules, 40,765; value, \$3,415,000. Number of cows, 258,296; value, \$8,105,000. Number of oxen and other cattle, 726,880; value, \$14,080,000. Number of sheep, 3,956,000; value, \$7,453,000. Number of swine, 647,000; value, \$3,616,000. Value of live-stock of all kinds, \$63,526,000. Orange product, season 1889-90, estimated, 1,300,000 boxes. Hop product, annual average five years, 4,200,000 pounds. product, annual average ten years, 35,000,000 pounds. Surplus wheat exported, annual average of five years, 12,450,000 centals. Miles of railroad, 4,000.

FRANCESCA TO PAOLO.

By Malvolio.

THOUGH I have bartered hope of heaven for thee,
One comfort comes to solace my despair—
'Tis this, that now through all eternity
Our souls must know each other, and will fare
Together e'en in hell, for sin will bear
Us to the self-same port—together we
Must guilt's red badge of shame forever wear;
And yet this thought is one so sweet to me,
That loss of heaven seems a little thing;
For there, our souls, though saved, would ever dwell
Apart, unknown to each in lofty bliss.
Ere this should be, far rather would I fling
Myself this moment to the depths of hell,
That I might live in pain to know thy kiss.

NOTES ABOUT NUREMBERG.

By Sophie Worthington.

THE festivities attendant on the marriage of the daughter of the King of Saxony and the young Austrian Archduke had brought a host of Imperial, Royal and Princely Highnesses to grace the scene, and give pomp and prestige to the occasion.

For the time, at least, Dresden was a gay city. Soldiers numberless, with brilliant uniforms and martial aspect, were everywhere present. Never did more glorious sunshine illumine a sky of

brighter azure than that which domed the fair | Saxon capital on those golden days of early October. No chill in the perfect weather suggested that the Summer had departed. Powder without stint had been exploded; countless casks of Bay-

duke Otto and Her Royal Highness Maria Josefa-yesterday, Königliche Prinzessin von Sachsen; to-day, Kaiserliche Frau Erzherzogin von Oesterreich!

Alas! that the wedding on which all things



ALBERT DURER AT THE AGE OF FOURTEEN .-- (FROM THE DRAWING BY HIMSELF.)

erische-bier had been imbibed in honor of the princely nuptials.

The Dresdner Nachrichten, with trumpet-blare of mighty words stretching across its broad columns, had announced the marriage, on October 2d, at midday, of His Royal Highness the Arch- | marriage, at the Hoftheater Altstadt. His seat

seemed to shine so auspiciously should have proved so unhappy. Before three months, the lovely princess, maltreated by that bad Otto, was compelled to seek protection in her Saxon home.

We saw the bridegroom, the evening before the

was near us, and not unfrequently he stood giving opportunity for an observation of his personal appearance. Between the acts, too, he took occasion, with his staff, to pass out, "to see a man," perhaps, after the fashion of many of his sex elsewhere. He had not a good face, but who could have believed him capable of cruelty to the young and lovely princess?

At Reichenbach, the favorite abode of gentle dullness, we had an opportunity to adjust our minds to a more quiet condition of things after the gayeties of the Saxon capital.

Disregarding the attractions of "Die Rothe Hahn" and "Weisser Hirsch," we drove directly to "Die Goldnen Lamm," a quaint old inn that had been a convent, where our apartments had been engaged, and had no reason to regret our choice.

When we came to Nuremberg we seemed to have dropped into the heart of the Middle Ages. There are older cities in Germany, but none which more perfectly materialize one's ideal of

to convince one's self that those gray ramparts and towers, those venerable churches and ancient houses, had come there without the intervention of the hand of man—that they had stood as now since the world was young.

From the antique Burg, that formed a nucleus around which gathered the buildings of the town, standing on a height to which one ascends by a winding way, paved and walled, and passing through many an arch and gateway, a city has grown in course of time till it extends beyond the River Pegnitz, which now divides it equally. The north side is called St. Sebald's; the south, St. Laurence, from the two churches which are their most notable ornaments.

The first records of Nuremberg date from 1030. The Burg, the favorite residence of the old Franconian and Suabian emperors, is ascribed to Conrad I. Its grand towers and chapel are of very ancient origin. Conrad III. interested himself in the prosperity of the town, and enlarged its boundaries. In 1147 he held here a grand levee.

Frederick Barbarossa added to the Burg from 1156 to 1188, and made it a favorite residence. Rudolf von Hapsburg, the founder of the Austrian Imperial race, who held here his first levee in 1294, made frequent visits to Nuremberg. The Emperor Ludwig der Beyer, who from 1314 to 1349 chiefly resided here, was actively friendly to the prosperity of the city. With increased privileges of trade a profitable foreign commerce sprung up between the old free city and the Far East. By way of Venice the substantial products of the North were exchanged for spices, silks and drugs, the luxuries of the Orient. The discovery of a sea-route to the East Indies diverted trade to another channel, and proved fatal to the commercial activity of the city. A succession of wars and vicissitudes followed, and the last grand pageant that was seen in Nuremberg was that which celebrated the peace with Gustavus Adolmediæval times. It would seem almost possible | phus. Under the influence of the great artists



ALBERT DURER'S HOUSE AND STATUE.

Wolgemut, Dürer, Krafft, the Vischers, Stoss, and the meistersängers Rosenplüt, Folz and Hans Sachs, Nuremberg obtained a well-merited renown for its achievements in letters and the arts.

The venerable cathedrals, those imperishable monuments of creative skill and power, first claim admiring attention. Sebalduskirche shows the transition from the Byzantine to the old German idea and method. The northern steeple was built in 1300. Over the grand entrance is a noble sculpture in stone, representing "The Last Judgment," said to be the work of Adam Krafft. The Bridal Portal has a skillful representation of "The Wise and Foolish Virgins." Within is the tomb of St. Sebaldus, cast in brass, by Peter Vischer, 1508 to 1519. Noteworthy are four folding pictures representing miracles of the saint. Near the pulpit is a painting by Albrecht Dürer, "The Descent from the Cross"; about the high altar are beautiful carvings by Veit Stoss. In St. Peter's Chapel is one of the earliest examples of Nuremberg art, a picture by Wolgemut, 1453. In the same chapel is a bronze font, the oldest cast-work of Nuremberg, in which it is said that Wenzel, the son of the Emperor Karl IV., was baptized in 1361. Other notable paintings are, "Laying in the Grave," by Dürer, and coloring on glass by Hirschvögel, Kernberger and others.

Lorenzkirche, a splendid example of Gothic architecture, from a small church, dedicated to St. Laurence in 1162, has been gradually enlarged till, from 1439 to 1477, it attained its present imposing proportions. Its façade, with its rich rose-window and ornate portal, claim profound admiration. The interior has a remarkable sacramental pyx, by Adam Krafft, of the date of Rising sixty-four feet, its slender sculpture is crowned by a wreath of flowers. "The Salutation of Mary," life-size, and the Angel of the Annunciation, in a circlet of roses, are the marvelous carving in wood of Veit Stoss. high altar has six candelabra in figures of angels by Burgschmidt, and a crucifix by Veit Stoss; the altars have pictures by Wolgemut. There are stained-glass windows of great beauty by Hirschvögel, 1471; Springlin, 1481; Knorr, 1471; Schlusselfelder, 1481; with the four Evangelists, and the Emperor's window by Wanderer.

Egidienkirche has a splendid altar-piece by Vandyke; behind the altar are reliefs by Vischer. In Wolfgang's Chapel, the beautiful ceiling has two old pictures of 1462–1463, a sculpture by Hans Decker, "The Interment of Christ," and reliefs in wood.

The Eucharius Chapel, in Byzantine style, is remarkable for the columns which support the ceiling and for rare pictures and wood-carvings.

In the court of the Heilig-Gheist-Spital-Kirche

is a Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre, founded by the Knight Ketzel, who went to the Holy Wars with Duke Albert of Saxony. In 1424 the Emperor Sigismund caused the Imperial jewels to be brought to Nuremberg, and placed for safe-keeping in a shrine which hung in the centre of this church.

In the Johannes Kirchof are many graves with heraldic ornaments. Here, surrounded by rich paintings and carvings, lie entombed Albrecht Dürer, man of letters, philosopher and artist; Willebald Perkheimer, Adam Krafft, sculptor; Hans Sachs, meistersänger; and Grübel, the poet. In the mortuary chapel is the last work of Adam Krafft, "The Laying in the Grave."

The Town-hall—built 1332-1340, enlarged in 1522, and rebuilt in 1616—has a salon 130 feet by 40, with an arched ceiling by Hans William Beheim, 1613; glass paintings by Veit Hirschvögel, 1521; and mural paintings by Dürer, representing a triumphal procession of the Emperor Maximilian.

In the venerable Burg, the Heidenthurm and the chapels are very ancient. The lower one has Byzantine columns. The upper one, called Ottmar or the Emperor's Chapel, is also built in Byzantine style. In the grand salon are painting by Schaüfelin, Culmbach, Schön, Lucas Cranach, Dürer and Holbein. In this room the Reichstag, the great Imperial Diet, was often held.

One may dimly fancy the magnificence of the scene when princes and prelates in brilliant array, powerful electors and bold barons assembled here to deliberate on business of deep import to the empire, great affairs of peace and war, with a splendid Conrad, Frederick, Henry, Rudolf, Ludwig or Karl for its central figure—one of those imperial personages whose "counterfeit presentment" may be seen in the Kaisersäal of the old Römer at Frankfort.

The royal suite of apartments occupied by Ludwig II. of Bavaria on his last visit to Nuremberg are not richly, but very conveniently, furnished, and the gallery upon which they open commands an extensive and beautiful view of the gardens and the city beyond, with a broad outlook over the fertile plains of Franconia, and away to the picturesque forests and mountains that divide it from its neighbors, Thuringia and The rooms that had been used by the Suabia. mother of the King were attractive from the air of home-like comfort and sensible enjoyment that pervaded them; the floors had no carpets, and no splendor was visible anywhere. The aspect of the place was quite different, and doubtless an agreeable change to its occupants, from the grandeur of the Residenz at Munich.

In the court-yard of the Burg, alone, among the

stones of the old pavement, is a linden-tree, carefully nursed, and swathed in many of its ancient boughs, to retard as much as possible inevitable decay, which, it is said, was planted more than eight hundred years ago, in 1031, by the hand of the Empress Kunigunde, wife of Conrad II., the son of Hermann, Duke of Franconia, and who was elected Emperor of Germany, 1025.

The oldest architectural monument of Nuremberg, as indicated by a tablet, was a five-cornered tower that belonged to the Burggrafs of Hohenzollern, destroyed by fire, 1419. The Torture Tower, within the walls of the Burg, built, 1367, is a remarkable monument of "man's inhumanity to man." Consisting of many stories, each one is filled with mechanical inventions, clumsy, but fearfully effectual for their purpose of inflicting intolerable pain, all of which had seen service in their cruel work. The custodian cheerfully displayed them, giving the date of their latest use, and the name of their last victim. Climbing the rude, worn stair-way to the topmost story, we staid at each flight to view the various instruments of torture: the wheel, the rack, the gridiron, the iron crown, the boot, the thumb-screw, and numberless nameless appliances for adding to the sum of human misery.

The custodian called our attention to "The Maiden," and opened the iron doors, displaying the spikes ingeniously and fiendishly arranged, so that when they inclosed in tight embrace the unhappy victim his eyes and breast would be pierced by them. He raised the trap that concealed the oubliette, and we peered into the gloomy, impenetrable darkness of those unknown depths, where many a prisoner in his agony had fallen to meet a terrible death. In the corner of the apartment was a cell where, while awaiting judgment, the captive could see from between the bars the rude crucifix upon which he was to kneel as he passed to the fatal arms of "The Maiden." On the topmost floor was an iron cage where many criminals had been inclosed, and within it the image of its last occupant, clothed in the garments he had worn.

The depressing surroundings and associations of the place did not seem to have impressed the cheerful custodian, or his smiling old wife, who bestowed on us bright flowers to take away as mementoes of our visit to the Torture Tower of Nuremberg.

The Bayerische Hof, our hotel while in Nuremberg, is a place of quaintly curious interest, built in the strong, massive manner of a house that could be a fortress as well. Driving through an archway, the guest alights in a large, paved court, and is shown the way up a flight of well-worn stone stairs to the apartments above. The rooms, overlooking the street on one side of a long hall

and the court on the other, are spacious, and furnished in the comfortable German fashion, seem cheerful and restful. On the street side are many windows with cushioned sills, where one may look out upon the ancient mansions with quaint façades and door-ways, and over to the churches, public buildings, and the sleepy shops where no one is seen to enter.

Around the court are many-storied portions of the hotel made by the union of two patrician dwellings, the "House Dorrer" and the "House Bitterholz." The tall, slanting roofs, with small pointed dormer-windows dotting their sides in rows to their apex, adding yet more stories, give an Old World aspect most interesting to the pilgrim from the New.

Descending to the Speisesäal, one traverses a long hall hung with many precious engravings of Albrecht Dürer; and the dining-room itself, with its store floor, its antique tables and chairs, and the curious cupboards in the wall, harmonizes with the mediæval aspect of all things in Nuremberg.

In the market-place the women sit all day with their knitting or other work in their hands, and the children run about as if accustomed to living out-of-doors. Customers inspect and buy the various wares, fruits and vegetables offered for sale. The boys go clattering along the streets with wooden shoes, old weather-beaten leather knapsacks containing their school-books strapped, soldier-fashion, to their shoulders; the girls with their white stockings and quaint gowns, in fashion, if not in fact, those of their grandmothers.

The scenery in the opera of "Faust" at the Grand Opera House in Paris has in it a square of Nuremberg, where Marguerite, with modest steps and downcast eyes, is wending toward the great cathedral when she is first seen by Dr. Faustus. The scenery used by Henry Irving in his version of the Faust legend is also copied from Nuremberg. The streets and the houses of the Nurembergers and their appearance need little change to adapt them to the representation of a sixteenth-century scene.

A glance at the record of the Bayerische Hof reads like a leaf from an old romance. For example, says the chronicle: "On the 22d of September, 1575, Salentin von Ysemberg, Elector of Cologne, on his journey to the Reichstag in Regensberg, passed through Nuremberg and staid at Bitterholz, then called "The Prince's Tavern," with a train of 211 horses; and Jacob von Elz, Elector of Trier, on the 8th of November of the same year returning from the Reichstag, came Julius Echter, here with a numerous following. of Mespelbrunn, Bishop of Würzburg, who sojourned at Bitterholz on the 21st of August, 1577, had 150 horses. Duke Ernest von Bayern, later

Elector of Cologne, abode here on the 18th of October, 1580; and the successor of the Trier Elector, Jacob John von Schonberg, on the 3d of May stopped by Bitterholz."

In the course of years changes occurred, but "the House of Bitterholz," continues the record, "remained the most sought for by high personages. Count Charles von Mansfield, on the 26th of February, 1595, and Duke William of Livonia and Courland, on the 12th of March, 1596, were guests here. Duke Philip Emanuel von Lothringen, Duke of Mercœur, on the 11th of December, 1599, and Graf Frederick of Hohenlohe, on the 29th of March, abode in the princely chamber of the Prince's Tavern."

Looking into the quiet court where the employes of the house go silently about their work

purchased by G. L. Aremheimer, in whose familyit remains, and in whose time its name became
the "Bayerische Hof." Among the many honored guests are named King Max Joseph-Ludwig I., Max II. of Bavaria, Emperor Nicholas
and the Russian Empress and Prince Imperial
Alexander. Among later names are those of the
German Emperor, Empress and Crown-prince,
the Sultan Abdul Aziz, the King of Sweden, and
the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg.

We have lingered so long with this curious and

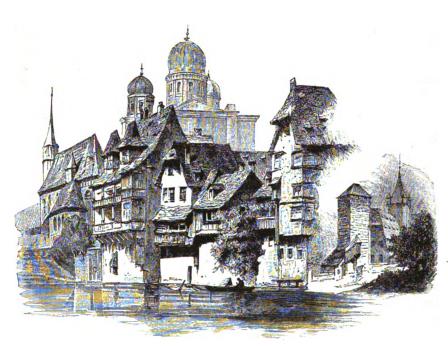
We have lingered so long with this curious and unique old inn, that we can hardly give due notice to the museums, public and private, so richly stored with art-treasures. The city is replete with architectural and historical and antiquarian interest. The house of Albrecht Dürer — the pride of Nuremberg—stands near the Thiergar-

ten, his statue in the Dürer Platz, the statue of Melanchton near the Egidienkirche. The German National Museum is a treasure-house of remarkable and valuable objects, books, manuscripts, costumes, paintings and engravings, armor, weapons, and objects of art, old and mod-The collection of the King is rich in paintings of the German school.

In the Maxplatz is the beautiful fountain called the Tugendbrunnen, and in the Hauptmarkt the Schöne Brunnen. This last is sixty feet

in height, and its four divisions are adorned with figures of heroes, national, Christian, Jewish and mythological, while above are statues of Moses and the Prophets.

Few tourists pass without at least looking in at the curious old Bratroürstglöcklein, said to have been a resort for Albrecht Dürer, Krafft, Hans Sachs and their confrères, and now frequented by artists, Bohemians and burschen of the present day. It clings to one side of an ancient church like some parasitic growth, a long, narrow lean-to of three rooms, with tables where may be found abundant beer and sausage, of which the traveler, in deference to tradition, partakes if he can; at least, he walks through the place and buys a pipe as a memento of the ancient Bratroürstglöcklein of Nuremberg. They like the visitor to inscribe



ON THE PEGNITZ.

with only the clumsiest mechanical aids, one thinks of the contrast to those old times of stir and commotion, when princes ecclesiastical and secular, electors, burggravin, knights, ritters and junkers clattered through the low archway and halted in the wide old court. What rattling of chain mail, what clang of weapons, what jingling of spurs, what ringing of iron-shod heels on the stones as they dismount, and fill the Speisesäal, the corridors and chambers of the ancient hostelry, hungry and thirsty every one—a motley, noisy, imperious crowd. There also lodged at this inn a Persian embassy sent by Shah Abbas the Great to the Emperor Rudolf II., which passed from Praag, through Nuremberg to Augsburg, on the 2d of February, 1601. In 1817 we read that the ancient hostelry of Bitterholz was

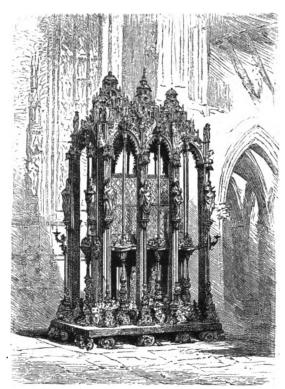
his name on a book kept for that purpose, with the place and country of his residence. Among the autographs, with a few kind words appended, which they proudly show, is one, handsomely framed, of Elizabeth of Roumania, the good and gifted Carmen Sylva.

Nuremberg is said, on the whole, to have profited by its transfer to the Bavarian Government in 1806. Its sovereigns have interested themselves in its prosperity, and under their favoring auspices trade and manufactures have acquired considerable activity. Jewelers, engravers, manufacturers of artist's colors, watches and musical instruments, wood-carvers and toy-makers are busy. The bronze-factory and the great pencil-works of Faber are well known in both hemispheres.

One might believe that the red beard of the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa stirred in the Thuringian mountain-cave where, surrounded by his Paladins, he awaits the call to sally forth with his knights and make the German land the first of earthly dominions, when in 1835 the steam-engine, that strong young giant of the nineteenth century, sounded a shrill, defiant challenge at the gates of his old, well-beloved Imperial City of Nuremberg. The spirits of mediæval lethargy started with a strange surprise at a sound that heralded new activities—at which upsprung the iron-foundry, the machine-shop, the car-manufactory. The sleepy old town, now in daily com-



THE MARIENTHOR.



THE SHRINE OF ST. SEBALD.

munication with the rest of the world, could not choose but waken at the new condition of affairs, and better itself a little after a slumber of ages.

One could not describe Nuremberg and forget due mention of the Antiquitaten shops, the most bewildering and irresistible of their kind. Such carven coffers, such cabinets, such antique furniture, tapestries, embroideries in silken and golden thread; such bronzes, marbles, wrought silver, and Venetian crystal; such rare and unique porcelains; such carvings in wood and stone, such relics of ancient and mediæval art, such ancestral. plate, such archaic jewels, such paintings and engravings, such marvels of patient skilled handiwork in precious lace, in carven rings and gems; spoils of old cathedrals, in robes and vestments, redolent of incense and sanctity; cups and chalices, screens and altar-cloths; such historic armor and weapons, dinted on many battle-fields; heirlooms from castle and palace to beguile the gold of the most judicious. How, then, can the unwary lover of the beautiful, the venerable and wonderful resist the manifold allurements of the Nuremberg Antiquitaten?

SIX HUNDRED MILES UP THE YANG-TSE-KIANG.

By J. O.

THE Yang-tse-Kiang, the third largest river in the world, and more than 3,000 miles long in all its windings, from its rise in the north-western.



mountains of China to its discharge into the Yellow Sea, is navigable by steam-boat as far as Jehang-1,000 miles up from Shanghai.

There are three companies which run steamers up the river, and it was in one belonging to the China Navigation Company, the Nganking, a fine vessel of 3,000 tons, fitted up with every latest improvement, that we recently made the journey, to and fro, from Shanghai to Hankow. The distance is 600 miles, and the trip there and back, which occupied nine days, proved in every way interesting and enjoyable.

Large numbers of "Chasus" go up every May to the river ports, and even as early as April we had quite a crowd of them in the Nganking. We had learned to look upon the "Chasu" with mingled fear and dread, for every one kept saying, apropos of our trip, "Better go early, and so avoid the 'Chaens.'" It was a great relief to our mind, therefore, to discover him, later on, to be neither more nor less than a simple teataster. Our "Chasus" were all Russians, and bound for Hankow, which is one of the largest marts on the river for the tea-trade. house of the hospitable Commissioner of Customs we tasted some tea which I should imagine for delicacy of flavor must be unequaled; it was some that he had received as a gift from a "chop" sent to the Emperor of Russia, and is not to be bought for money, being reserved exclusively for the use of the Imperial Court.

The Yang-tse-Kiang possesses, to a great extent, the charm of variety. Owing to its floods, its opposing currents, and its soft and yielding soil, it is constantly changing its aspect; and what at one time is a shoal in a few years transforms itself into an island, or attaches itself to the main-land, to disappear, perhaps, as expeditiously as it arose.

At the delta of the river, opposite Wusung and twelve miles from Shanghai, lies the largest alluvial island in the world—Tsung-Ming; this island is sixty miles long and ten wide, and possesses about 1,000,000 inhabitants; yet a few hundred years ago it was not in existence, and perhaps in a century or two more the water will again flow fathoms deep over the spot where it once flourished.

The first day of our journey the scenery was monotonous and uninteresting; the low, flat banks being too far distant to afford us even the poor excitement of the sight of a Chinaman's The casual way in which these coffins lie promiscuously about in all portions of China on the river-banks is at first almost disconcerting to a stranger, but very soon one grows accustomed to the sight.

In the evening, at dinner, among other deli-

far-famed white salmon of the Yang-tse-Kiang. Some one at table told us the same fish is found in the Hooghly, and that it is also similar to the American shad.

At sunset we came in sight of Chinkiang, where the Grand Canal crosses the river on its way from Hang-Chau to Pekin. We were disappointed at not being able to go on shore and visit the scene of the riots of the previous month, but the downward stream had possession of the Company's hulk, and so we were obliged to anchor till midnight at Silver Island, two miles away. Next morning we were awakened at daylight by a great rattling of chains, as the Nganking loosened her hold on the hulk, and swung out into the river on her way to the once celebrated but now insignificant and third-rate city of Nanking. scenery soon began to get very pretty; hills rose on either side, and little villages and long stretches of peach-orchards broke the monotony of the low banks, while here and there on some rocky eminence, outlined against the sky, was perched a tall-storied pagoda. The Chinese always choose the highest places for the erection of these sacred edifices, as according to their belief the gods love to dwell in high places.

As Nanking is not a "treaty port," we only stopped there a few minutes to disembark a boatload of Chinamen. This once famous city, twice the capital of China, contains now but little of interest or attraction. Of the beautiful Porcelain Pagoda not a vestige remains, the students having carried away every atom left after its destruction in the Taiping Rebellion.

At near intervals, all along the river-banks, are little mud-hovels similar in shape to, and not much bigger than, an ordinary dog-kennel. Here the fisherman lives and plies his trade all day, occasionally, by means of a bamboo pulley, raising his net from the water when he imagines he has made a good haul of fish...

"I've been on this river over twenty years," said our captain, "and I never and one of them catch anything yet."

As he spoke, the fishermen at whom he had been looking drew up his net, and lo! there was a great fish in it, some two feet long. Oddly enough, it was the only fish I may caught while on the river.

All that day we passed walled towns built on the slope of the hill-side, and occasionally bristling with fortifications; and now and again we would see a group of children playing beside the water, far from any signs of habitation, or a water-buffalo would appear to enliven the scene, but as a rule there was a still, desolate air over everything.

In the evening we arrived at Wuhu, one of the cacies on the bill of fare was the "Samli," the | treaty ports. There is nothing of much interest

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about this place, except that here the tide in the river ceases; also, it possesses an old decayed pagoda which is zealously guarded, because tradition says that when that pagoda falls, then falls Wuhu. If this prophecy is to be relied upon, Wuhu, judging from the appearance of the pagoda at the present time, is destined to have a very short reign of it.

Next day we passed close to the walled town of Nganking. It wore a peaceful air in the early morning—the drooping willows and brown sails of the fishing-junks beneath the old gray wall, and the slender pagodas, and the quaint josshouses within the city, rising from amid green foliage, lent a pretty and picturesque charm to the scene; but those who could read between the lines, and who knew what an amount of degradation, squalor and vice a Chinese town is capable of containing, were not deceived by this outward appearance of slumbrous calm and peace. It was horrible to think that even as we looked some poor wretch behind those walls might be undergoing tortures indescribable.

We were all glad to see the last of Nganking, for this suggestion of torture, lightly thrown out by some one, recalled to us too vividly for our mental comfort a description of the punishment at Canton of a state offender, which we had read recently in a Shanghai paper. The wretched man had been buried up to his neck in sand close by a convenient ant-hill; his mouth had then been tied open and his face plentifully besmeared with treacle, a train of which, so that no mistake might be made, having then been laid to the ant-hill.

After we had left Nganking some miles behind us, the captain pointed out the place, close to where we were then passing, in eight fathoms of water, where, sixteen years before, there had been a populous island, two miles long, covered with farms and stock. Even as lately as three years ago, he said, all traces of the land had not disappeared; now there is nething to mark the spot but a waste of waters. He further told us that the river had in the last month risen thirty feet, and yet, about a half-mile away, across some green meadows, we noticed a bank of rocky cliffs, the high-water mark on which, some distance up, showed the height to which the waters might still rise.

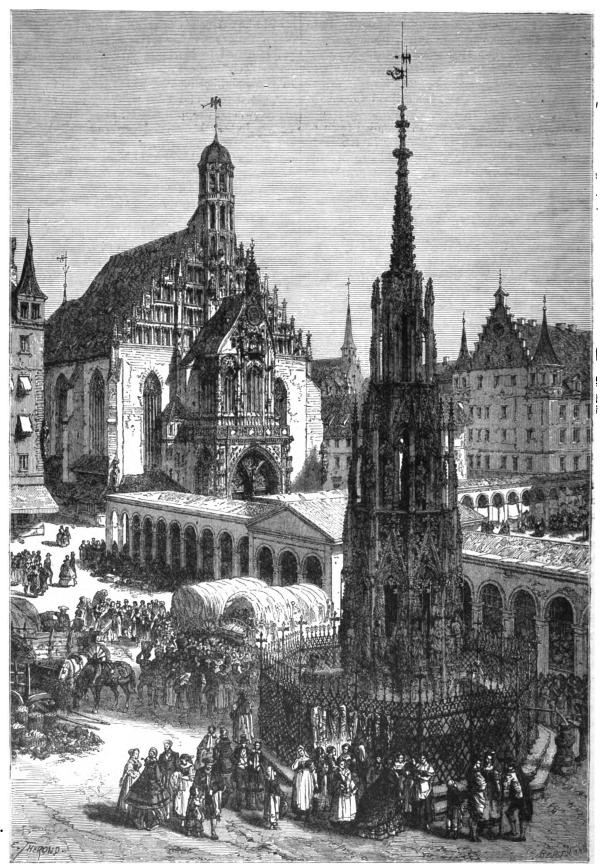
After leaving Tunglin, the scenery for the first time began to be wild, rugged and rocky. Just before dusk we passed within a stone's throw of the "Little Orphan," a pretty little wooded island, surmounted by a joss-house and a monastery, from the walls of which a melancholy-eyed priest looked down; and then a little further on we passed the "Great Orphan," standing like a guardian at the entrance to Lake Poyang. This

lake is fifty miles long, and the scenery on it is said to be extremely beautiful; it has large towns and extensive manufactories on its shores, but as yet is closed to European trade. That night we passed Tenikiang, so famous for its pottery, and in the neighborhood of which both gold and silver are found, and next morning we arrived at Hankow, and dropped anchor alongside the Company's hulk. Between Nganking and Hankow the river rises higher than in any other part, and although generally about three-quarters of a mile across, it has been known to reach below Hankow a width of twenty miles, forming one vast sheet of water with no land visible on either side. These floods naturally cause great distress to the villagers and farmers. It is not at all an uncommon thing for the inhabitants of Hankow to be flooded out of their houses. Sometimes they have to migrate to Wuchang, which lies on the higher ground, on the opposite side of the river.

After a three-days stay, during which time we were most hospitably entertained, we left Hankow, and started on our return trip to Shanghai. This time we landed at Chinkiang, and visited the ruins of the British Consulate and other places, wrecked and looted by the mob of 30,000 howling Celestials in March, 1889. We saw also the wall through which the Consul and his family and friends managed to break, as they fled for safety to the steamer Kiangyu, fortunately then in harbor.

It is marvelous how they managed to get through a wall eight feet high and proportionately thick in such a short space of time; but, perhaps, the sound of the rioters as they clamored, mad with excitement, at the gates below, may have helped them somewhat. The Chinese Government have paid, willingly enough, the indemnity demanded for the damage sustained, and affairs seem to have settled down quietly again, but there are those who shake their heads, and say there should always be a gun-boat stationed on the river.

Poor Chinkiang has undergone four other sieges since that memorable and terrible one of 1842, during the war between England and Throughout the whole of the Taiping Rebellion it was continually suffering from dissensions within and assaults without; twice it was taken by the rebels and twice retaken by the Imperialists, till at one time there was hardly a house left standing. Hankow also suffered terribly during this civil war, being six times taken by assault, while at Nganking, during one of the sieges, human flesh, says Williams, in his "Middle Kingdom," was sold on the butchers' stalls. He further states that 20,000,000 lives were lost in connection with the Taiping Rebellion, during the fifteen years it lasted.



BOTES ABOUT NUREMBERG.— THE "BEAUTIFUL FOUNTAIN" AND MARKET-PLACE, NUREMBERG.— SEE PAGE 439.

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HERON'S WIFE.

BY ETTA W. PIERCE.

CHAPTER XXI.—HAZEL SPEAKS.

"On, what has happened?" I cried, wildly. "Is she dead, Colonel Rivers—is Sergia dead?"

My host, usually so gentle and genial, so full of what the French call bonhomie, surveyed me with a scowl.

"You here!" and his tone implied that he wished me leagues away.

I wrung my hands in terror.

"See! there is blood on her dress. I saw some one rush by the window; I heard a woman scream. Is she killed—pray, pray tell me!"

Holding Sergia's inanimate body in his arms,

he smiled at me in a ghastly way.

"You dear little simpleton, no, she is not killed, and you heard no one scream but Sergia herself. Some Blackbird was hiding here behind the vines; he aimed a blow at me, and it fell upon her."

He strained the white form to his breast—he was as pale as ashes. The conviction came to me that Sergia could never escape the man who held her in that way—who looked at her with such gloating eyes.

"I had no idea that you were anywhere about, Miss Ferrers!" he said, sharply. "Make no outcry, but run at once for Jael, and see that you tell no other person what has occurred here. It will never do to spoil the pleasure of our guests before the ball is half done."

I cast one last look at Sergia, as she lay, in her blood-dabbled ball-dress, unconscious on his arm; and, never dreaming of the dreadful events that must happen before I should again see her dear, beautiful face, I rushed wildly away to find Jael.

"Oh!" I said to myself, as I went, "Sergia's forebodings are all realized—the night has brought her ill luck, indeed!"

Jael chanced to be waiting in an up-stairs dressing-room.

I burst upon her, trembling, breathless, and with such coherence as I could muster, told her of the catastrophe on the terrace.

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"Colonel Rivers wants you at once!" I gasped. "Go—go! I fear Miss Pole is badly hurt, and he does not wish the guests below to know it."

"Certainly not," answered Jael, laconically. She seemed neither surprised nor agitated by my story; but she started toward the door, like aperson used to unquestioning obedience. "You had better hurry back to the ball-room, Miss Ferrers," she stopped to say, "and behave there as if nothing were wrong. Once before I ventured to offer you some good advice, but you would not accept it. Remember our conversation in the garden, when you first came to Wolfsden. Why did you distrust me then? I told you to quit the place—I warned you that it was not good for you to stay. Well, as it seems, my breath was wasted, miss, for you are still here!"

I was mortally afraid of the creature, and I answered, in a conciliatory tone:

"I dare say you meant well, Jael, but I am glad I did not take your advice—in doing so, I should have missed a very great happiness."

She looked at me askance.

"Are you quite sure? Happiness has many wings, miss—it often flies away at unexpected times. You would not believe mo, I say—I failed to convince you that I was your friend. Well, one word in your ear, Miss Ferrers. To show you that I can see below the surface of things, I will just mention how this stabbing of Miss Pole came about to-night—Colonel Rivers was making love to her!"

I was greatly startled, for I had taken care not to intimate anything of the kind in my story.

"How did you know that?" I demanded.

"As I knew, weeks ago, that Wolfsden was no safe abiding-place for the girl called Hazel Ferrers! Now go straight back to Sir Griffin Hopewood, and mind you tell no one of the thing that has befallen Miss Pole."

She vanished down the stair, leaving me in a tumult of mingled fright and wonder. Much as

I longed to do so, I dared not follow her, or disobey the injunction which I had received, first from the master and then from the servant. It was my task to conceal, as best I could, the mysterious stabbing; so, in a most unenviable state of mind, I fared back to the ball-room.

Under the portière, where Mrs. Van Wert had clasped her diamond bracelets on my arms, Sir Griffin was stationed, glowering upon all passersby. At sight of me, he rushed forward in great irritation.

"I have been searching for you everywhere," he cried. "You found Francis Heron's company particularly pleasant, did you not?"

I had quite forgotten Heron. My mind was full of poor Sergia. With a flash of jealous wrath, Sir Griffin went on:

"For the best part of an hour you have been absent from the ball-room with that man! I consider it decidedly bad form, Hazel."

My heart swelled, but I tried to smile, as I answered:

"You must not expect a little ignoramus like me to discriminate betwixt bad form and good. I have not been all this time with Francis Heron, but mostly alone in an adjoining room. There was a person here to-night whom I much wished to see—Heron was good enough to take me to find him. I can make no further explanations."

He marked my pallor and confusion, and his choler increased.

"You have been crying!" sharply. "I did not dream that Heron possessed the power to make you cry. Ah, how stupid of me! I remember now. He is an old friend of yours—maybe, an old lover."

"Yes, he is my friend," I answered, with spirit, "and a very good one, too. I am sure he would never, never say cruel or insulting things to any lady."

We were on the verge of a lovers' quarrel.

"Heron is in luck !" sneered Sir Griffin. offer him my congratulations. 'Pon my soul, you defend the fellow as though your heart was in it." Then, seeing that I was about to turn silently away, he seized my hand remorsefully. "Forgive me, Hazel—I am a brute! Not for a thousand Herons will I quarrel with you tonight! I do not care in the least who the party was that you wanted to see—I can even bear to hear you praise Heron, since I am the victor and he the vanquished. Pray let us be friends again! I cannot live, darling, if you are angry with me."

He looked so wretched and penitent, that I was forced to forgive him on the spot. Peace was restored. I looked around the ball-room. No one there appeared to notice the absence of Sergia or her guardian. I plunged into a quadrille with door, and my thoughts to the affair on the terrace. Was Sergia seriously hurt? Who had done the stabbing? And why did Pitt Rivers treat me like a child? He knew that I loved my friend devotedly, yet he had sent me from her in an agony of fear, and with the most meagre information concerning the whole affair.

"How pale and distrait you look!" whispered Sir Griffin in my ear. "Something has surely gone wrong with you."

"Yes - everything!" I answered, recklessly, "but I cannot tell you about it."

Then the quadrille ended, and as my lover was leading me to a seat, Colonel Rivers pushed his way through the crowd and joined us. He was smiling and collected—the master, evidently, of the situation.

"One of our fair rosebuds has been seized with sudden indisposition," he said to Sir Griffin. mean my ward-she will not appear again tonight, and little Hazel must break hearts enough for both." Bending over me, he continued, in a low murmur: "Sergia is doing well—the hurt is Be silent. I have put a secret in your possession. Show me that, unlike the majority of your sex, you can keep it."

"But, surely, sir, you will not permit the person who did the deed to escape unpunished?" I whispered back.

"No, no! that is why I enjoin secrecy. member, it was at my heart that he aimed. will first secure the miscreant, and afterward make the affair public."

"I will do as you wish," I answered, meekly, and he smiled upon me in a paternal way, and hurried off to answer the beckoning of Mrs. Van Wert's ostrich fan from a corner.

Shortly after, twelve o'clock struck, and I went in to supper with Sir Griffin.

The splendid tables groaned with all sorts of French delicacies. Crystal and champagne sparkled, terrapin and spiced meats steamed. On one side Gwen Talcott buzzed in my ear like a good-natured bee.

"What is the matter with Sergia?" she de-"Sudden illness is usually feigned." Her sharp eyes were taking a swift survey of the supper-room. "Dear me! It seems that Francis Heron has also vanished from this gay and festive Perhaps the departure of Mr. Vivian has something to do with his early flitting. aware, I dare say, that the handsome preacher leaves Heroncroft to-morrow?"

" No."

"It is a sad fact. I understand that several calls have lately been extended to the man-one especially from a rich church in the Hub-a Back Bay church, where he would have been Sir Griffin, but my eyes strayed constantly to the | greatly lionized. It was a tooth-and-nail fight

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to secure him; but his superior mind was set on the howling deserts of Africa, and could not be swayed right nor left. Try this little bird, molded of path de foie gras, Miss Ferrers—you will find it unspeakably delightful."

But the delicacy mentioned was plunged in a jelly so highly seasoned as to bring tears to my oyes. I pushed it away. Verily I had no appetite. The trail of the serpent had fallen on Colonel Rivers's ball. Everybody looked flushed and disheveled. The flowers were fading, the heat was unbearable. Sir Griffin, absorbed in truffles and champagne, no longer noticed me. Gwen had danced so furiously that her powder was caked, her face red, her hair rumpled in mad disorder. She reminded me of a Bacchante. I was glad when it was all over—supper, dancing, farewells—when

"Low on the sand, and loud on the stone, The last wheel echoed away."

I flew to Colonel Rivers, before he was done with the final adieux.

"I must see Sergia!" I cried, as I stood before him in my tumbled finery. "Let me go to her chamber, Colonel Rivers—let me look at her once before I sleep."

"Not for the world!" he answered. "She must not be disturbed at this hour. Jael is with her. Get to bed immediately, Miss Ferrers, or to-morrow you will look like a withered crone, and Sir Griffin's ardor will begin to wane. Most of the men danced abominably, did they not?"—and he kissed his hand to me, and waved me off up the stair.

I went to my room, and took off my ball-dress and my faded roses. Before extinguishing the light, I crept to a window opening toward Heroncroft, and gazed long and anxiously at the dark, distant hollow, wherein the house nestled. My thoughts were divided betwixt Sergia and my grandfather.

"He is over there," was my last conscious reflection. "I wonder if he sleeps well, or does my mother's memory haunt him to-night?"

Then I laid my head on my pillow, and in spite of all that had happened to disturb me, I was straightway buried in the deep slumber of youth and health.

When I awoke it was broad daylight. Some one had entered my chamber, and was standing by the bed, wringing a pair of distracted hands, and screaming: "My bracelets! My bracelets!"

I started up confusedly, and held out my arms.

"I have them!" I muttered, still half asleep.

"Wake up!" screamed my unceremonious visitor. "They are gone, I tell you—they are stolen—my diamonds!"

That cry brought me to my senses.

Mrs. Van Wert, disheveled and incoherent, was clinging to the carved post of the bed, and making the lamentation above recorded.

"Of course, it was almost dawn before the ball was over," she sobbed, "and Annette, half dead with sleep, left all my jewels on the dressing-table—careless creature! I shall discharge her at once. She had wit enough, however, to lock the door and windows; and what do you think?—we found all their fastenings undisturbed this morning. How can one explain that? It is more mysterious than the robbery in Miss Carbury's room, when her dog Punch failed to bark at the thief."

"Be calm, Mrs. Van Wert," I entreated. "If you found your locks secure, no robber could have passed them in the night. Probably the bracelets are only mislaid."

"I tell you they are gone from the table—from the other jewels!" she screamed. "My Indian Rajah diamonds, that you admired so much last night, Miss Ferrers! Oh, come and help me! Annette is so frightened that she is quite useless."

I struggled into my garments, and ran with Mrs. Van Wert to her chamber.

The maid Annette slept in an adjoining closet. The poor thing was rushing aimlessly around the room, in a state of utter demoralization, lamenting the loss of the diamonds and asserting her own innocence with "vain repetitions."

"Madame, madame," she cried, "it is the Blackbirds who have been at Wolfsden again!"

"One was certainly in the garden last night," said I, thinking of Sergia; but Mrs. Van Wert answered, sharply:

"A Blackbird would have swept up all my jewels. None are missing, you observe, but the bracelets. Besides, such a thief could never have secured doors and windows after his own retreat."

This was a convincing argument. Still, a faint hope remained that the missing jewels had been somehow overlooked. Together we searched every nook and corner of the chamber, but found no trace of the Rajah's diamonds.

Mrs. Van Wert flew out into the corridors, loudly proclaiming her loss as she went. The whole household was still sleeping off the fatigue of the ball—in a few moments she had alarmed everybody.

I met Colonel Rivers on his way to Mrs. Van Wert's room. He looked stern and sombre, as a man might whose rest had been rudely broken. He did not speak or notice me in any way.

"I shall sift the matter to the very bottom," I heard him say to the half-distracted widow. "This time the thief will not escape detection."

And shortly after, he ordered his trap, and drove off in hot haste to the town.

"What! Another robbery!" exclaimed Sir Griffin, in deep disgust, as we all met—a cross, sleepy, yawning company, in the breakfast-room. "The boast you made on a former occasion, Mrs. Van Wert, was a little premature. It seems that the ungallant Blackbirds could not pass you by unmolested, after all."

"Colonel Rivers is confident that the thief is no Blackbird," replied Mrs. Van Wert, tartly. "He has gone to town to telegraph for a skilled detective. He assures me that my bracelets are in this very house, and that they will be recovered before night-fall."

Everybody looked suddenly grave. In silence and abstraction we sat down to table. It was understood that Sergia was ill—nobody seemed to think of her. Miss Carbury, pale and nervous, looked in upon us for a moment, but speedily vanished. Mrs. Van Wert talked solely of her diamonds—she was inconsolable for their loss. After all the light and music and joy of the night, such a morning seemed doubly wretched.

At close of the meal the gentlemen went off to the billiard-room, over the stables, and I ascended to Sergia's chamben, and rapped softly. Jael opened the door. She seemed to shrink a little at sight of me.

"May I come in?" I whispered. She put her finger on her lip.

"Impossible. Miss Pole is still asleep—it will not do to disturb her."

"At least," I pleaded, "let me look at her dear face for one moment, Jael. I will be very quiet. You see, I have not really been told anything about her hurt! What is the meaning of all this secrecy?"

The handsome giantess filled the opening of the door, so that I could not look beyond her, and holding me thus at bay, she answered calmly:

"Ask me no questions, miss—I have my orders, and I must obey them. Nobody can see Miss Pole without Colonel Rivers's permission. She has a slight fever, the doctor says, and must not be agitated in any way."

"Oh!" I whispered, "then a doctor has been called?"

"Of course—last night, at the time of the—the accident. You may rest quite easy about your friend, miss, for Miss Carbury is nursing her."

I went meekly away to the garden, to meditate a little by myself. The person who had stabbed Sergia, and the purloiner of Mrs. Van Wert's jewels, must, I thought, be one and the same party. Doubtless Colonel Rivers suspected this fact, and had assured the widow that her diamonds were at Wolfsden, simply to pacify her. From the strict silence which he maintained regarding

Sergia, I felt sure that he had some scheme of his own afoot for the punishment of the guilty party, and that he meant to work it out successfully before the day was done. Everybody placed implicit confidence in Colonel Rivers—why should not I?

As I reached the long avenue stretching down to the high-road, a pony-carriage stopped at the gate, and Gwen Talcott alighted, and joined me under the chestnut-trees.

"More robberies at Wolfsden?" she began.
"Is this thing to go on forever, like Tennyson's Brook? A murder would be more diverting."

I could hardly refrain from telling her that we had barely escaped one on the preceding night. In a lively tone she continued:

"Knowing that Sergia was ill, I hurried to Wolfsden to assist in keeping your spirits up. You must find it very disagreeable to remain in a house that is constantly beset with thieves and marauders."

"Sergia is here," I answered, smiling; "her presence would reconcile me to anything."

"Dear mo! How you do love that girl! I wonder if she returns your affection in full. Look! who is this party coming with the colonel?"

I looked, and saw Pitt Rivers advancing up the Chestnut Avenue with—yes, it was a detective. He had telegraphed to town for his man, and waited at the Black River Station till his arrival. The colonel bowed silently as he passed us by. We turned to gaze after him, and both shivered.

"Ugh!" said Gwen; "I feel the presence of tragedy! It would now be a relief to know beyond doubt that the Blackbirds did steal Mrs. Van Wert's diamonds. Ridiculous woman! why did she bring such jewels to a country house, and worse yet, leave them exposed on her dressingtable over night? Serves her right to lose them, say I!"

We loitered uneasily in the Chestnut Walk for a space, then joined the rest of the household in the drawing-room. Colonel Rivers and the detective were closeted with Mrs. Van Wert and her maid. The very air seemed throbbing with intense expectation.

"It is quite as oppressive as a thunder-storm," said Gwen Talcott. "My curiosity has reached fever-heat. I certainly must stay by till the search is over—of course there will be a search."

Yes. Colonel Rivers soon appeared in the doorway, with a gracious smile on his brown, bearded face.

"I am greatly embarrassed," he began, "for I have a most unpleasant request to make. The officer whom I brought to the house just now insists upon searching every apartment, and the trunks of my guests as well as those of the serv-



THE LADY OF THE MANOR.

Of course it is a mere form, and none of you, I am sure, can take offense. My own chamber will be the first to undergo a thorough examination; those of the professor and Sir Griffin must follow, and then the ladies will be called to submit to the same ordeal."

We all acquiesced cheerfully enough. A detective, as we well knew, was no respecter of persons. Keys were promptly and smilingly surrendered, and the officer, after the fashion of his kind, went about his very unpleasant business in a cool, matter-of-fact way. First the rooms of Mrs. Steele and the servants were visited, then those of Colonel Rivers and his guests. We were all hoping, I think, that in Mrs. Van Wert's own quarters the missing jewels would be found; but the most rigorous examination failed to bring them to The officer went through the luggage of the terrified maid, who shrieked and protested wildly; then he stepped out into the corridor and entered my chamber.

CHAPTER XXII.

HAZEL SPEAKS.

SIR GRIFFIN, irritated and frowning, had stationed himself at the head of the staircase. stood in the door with Gwen Talcott-silent, for nobody cared to talk just then. With a practiced hand, the officer began turning over the contents of my trunks. There were but two. He searched the first, and dropped its lid, with a little thud, to plunge into the depths of the other. colonel was just brushing past me into the room. I heard, of a sudden, a sharp exclamation—a cry from Mrs. Van Wert, who was standing beside the detective.

"Look! look!" she screamed, and I moved forward with the others, and saw, lying at the bottom of my trunk, the missing bracelets, and with them a purse and a ring.

"There is some mistake!" shouted Gwen Tal-"I will not believe it! Why do you not speak? Hazel-why do you not explain?"

But I stood dumb, dazed, uncomprehending-I could not utter a sound.

"Oh, you dreadful girl!" screamed Mrs. Van "This morning, when I ran to your bedside with news of my loss, you declared that you had my diamonds; but I thought you dreaming. Now it is plain that your conscience for a moment urged you to confess. Oh! oh! how could you do such a thing?"

Colonel Rivers picked up the purse and ring which lay beside the bracelets.

"Miss Carbury!" he called.

That lady had joined the group. She flew to his side.

from your chamber while I was absent from Wolfsden?" he asked.

"My ring-my purse!" gasped Miss Carbury. She hurriedly opened the latter, and drawing forth a roll of bills, counted five one-hundred-dollar notes.

"Yes! the thief of that time is the thief of this. Oh, wretched, wretched child! Whatever possessed you to plunge into such depths of wickedness!"

I remember a circle of faces, blank with horror and dismay; the sunshine falling through the window, the breezy rustle of the chestnut-leaves outside, the bracelets winking mockingly at me from all their diamond eyes, the impassive air of the detective, who had performed his task so speedily and triumphantly. And still I did not stir or speak.

Colonel Rivers seemed deeply moved.

"For years," he said, in a pained voice, "Miss Ferrers has been the school-mate and friend of my ward—she is now my guest. Her youth must plead for her-yes, and the curse of inherited tendencies. My dear Miss Carbury - my dear Mrs. Van Wert, I beg you to be merciful to the child, and decline to prosecute. This is, perhaps, her first offense; let us hope that it may be her last. At any rate, we will treat her with great leniency."

"I will never believe it-never!" cried Gwen Talcott again—hers was the only voice raised in my behalf. She started toward me, but Colonel Rivers interposed.

"I am under the necessity of asking you to leave the room, Miss Talcott-pardon me if I remind you that you really have no business here. I will take charge of this most unfortunate affair."

"Hazel, speak!" urged Gwen, quite undismayed; "do speak, dear! Tell us who put these detestable things in your trunk. The Blackbirds !-surely, it must have been the Blackbirds!"

Colonel Rivers shook his head sadly.

"The Blackbirds have long been the scapegoats of this region, Miss Talcott, but never, by any stretch of prejudice, can you compel them to shoulder this crime."

"Oh, Hazel, will you not explain?" implored Gwen for the last time.

"I cannot!" I answered.

Colonel Rivers took her gently by the hand, and led her from the room.

Miss Carbury began to weep bitterly.

"You poor dreadful child?" she sobbed. "Indeed I will not prosecute—I will not seek to punish you in any way. I am quite satisfied to recover-my money and ring. But after this deed, "Are these the same valuables that were stolen | you must know that you can be allowed to have

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no further intercourse with Sergia. I am glad she is not present to witness your disgrace. What your future will be I dare not think. You can never be tolerated again in respectable society."

Mrs. Van Wert, with the Rajah's diamonds safe in her grasp, stamped her small foot at me.

"Vile little creature!" she cried, angrily. "You ought to go straight to prison; and in spite of Colonel Rivers, I am sure it is my duty to send you there!"

With that she fled from my chamber—the others followed. Directly I found myself alone, sitting on the side of my white bed, and feeling as though a thunder-bolt had smitten me. I tried to pinch my nerveless flesh—to awake from what seemed to be a shocking dream. The fact was as plain as the day-I had robbed Miss Carbury of her money and ring weeks before, and hidden the booty at the bottom of my trunk. I had also stolen Mrs. Van Wert's diamond bracelets. Could one do such things, and be ignorant of the doing? Strange stories of somnambulists rushed upon my mind. Was I one? The strongest of circumstantial evidence pointed to me as a thief -a creature fit only for scorn, contempt and swift punishment. Yet, as regarded my crime — the time, the manner of its commitment—my memory was a blank. Obeying some awful impulse of hereditary sin, had I appropriated the jewels and money all unconsciously? I remembered Colonel Rivers's insinuation. Perhaps my wicked father, the professional "cracksman," had, indeed, transmitted to me his wickedness, and this was the mysterious outgrowth of it.

The daughter of a thief, and a thief myself, what should I now do? Leave Wolfsden immediately, of course; but, perhaps, I might not be allowed to leave. Mrs. Van Wert was very angry—she would probably arrest and imprison me.

As I sat staring blankly at the sickening sunshine on the floor, I heard wheels whirl down the drive, under the chestnut-trees, and go rattling off through the gate. The swiftness of the vehicle suggested flight — confusion. A moment after, a rap echoed on my door.

"Miss Ferrers," called the voice of Jael, "here is a letter for you," and a white object was thrust into the room. "Oh, miss, can I do you any service?"

"No," I answered; "go away."

After a space I arose from the side of the bed and picked up the letter.

It contained these lines:

"I could forgive your father's sins in his own person, but in yours—when they appear as your heritage—never! You have dishonored my love, and killed it in a moment. I cast you out of my heart and my memory together. Farewell. God forbid that I should ever look upon your face again."

I did not need to glance at the signature. Sir Griffin Hopewood had deserted me-he declared me guilty, like the others—I had lost my lover! I knew at once that he had fled in hot haste from Wolfsden. At last, my apathy was broken. With a stifled shriek I dropped the cruel letter. It was false—I was not a thief! In all my life I had never taken a pin's worth from anybody—I did not inherit my father's wickedness! Why was I sitting passive under a roof where such calumny was cast at me? I tore Sir Griffin's ring from my hand and flung it into the farthest corner of the room. Then I ran to my wardrobe, seized a hand-bag, and began to fill it with-I know not Whither should I fly ?--to whom turn in my desperate need? With this black disgrace overshadowing me, I had absolutely no refuge left upon earth. Nevertheless, I continued to make ready for immediate departure. I was just throwing on my outer garments, when another knock sounded at the door. Again I heard the voice of Jael:

"Come down at once to the drawing-room, Miss Ferrers—a friend is waiting to see you there."

"I have no friends," I answered; but I stepped mechanically out into the corridor, stumbling against the girl, who was watching me with stern, strange eyes.

"Great Heavens!" she cried, trying to clutch my dress, "you look as if you had received your death-blow, miss! Bear up! There's help at hand—"

But I broke from her, and rushed down the drawing-room.

As I entered, I saw that my visitor was a gentleman, and that he was standing at the far end of the apartment, with his back toward me.

At sound of my coming, he turned sharply, and advanced to meet me with a quick, decisive step.

It was Francis Heron.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HAZEL SPEAKS.

"Come with me at once!" Those were his first words. "Judge Ferrers is very, very ill at Heroncroft."

I tried to speak, but I could not make a sound. As if to give me time to collect myself, Heron continued, slowly:

"Last night, Miss Ferrers, your grandfather promised to send for you when he should want you. He has now sent—do not keep him waiting."

By a prodigious effort I recovered my voice.

"Oh, do you know what has happened here at Wolfsden, Mr. Heron?"

His countenance changed.

"Yes. Jael brought me the news, just as I was starting out to fetch you."

"Jael!"

"I met her at the Heroncroft boundary, breathless, and as wild as the Witches in 'Macbeth.'"

"Indeed! why should she care about me?" I answered, listlessly. "Mr. Heron, I am accused of——"

The dark blood flew to his temples.

"Stop! don't say it!" he cried. "Why did not that poltroon, Sir Griffin Hopewood, stay and defend you against the cursed lie? I wish to God that I had my hands upon him for a moment!"

"It is not strange," I shuddered, "that Sir Griffin should believe me guilty. My father before me——"

He interrupted again:

"Hush! hush! It kills me to see you like this! We cannot talk of the matter now; other things of even greater importance are pressing upon you. It is plain that you were making ready to leave Wolfsden when Jael called you," glancing down at my dress. "May I ask whither you meant to go?"

"Into the high-road—into the world—I know not where!" I answered.

His hand closed on mine convulsively.

"Great God! I was just in time, then! Come to your grandfather—the air of this house is not fit for you to breathe longer. A crisis is at hand, and we have no time to waste here. Judge Ferrers cannot live till sunset."

I heard the announcement without emotion it seemed of no moment to me.

Heron snatched up his hat, and drew me out into the hall. At the same instant a woman appeared at the head of the staircase, and from that height looked down upon us both.

"Farewell, Miss Ferrers," she called, with a laugh of unspeakable malice and mockery. "Farewell. I wish you a good journey!"

I lifted my eyes, and saw the spectacles, the gray puffs, the housekeeper's keys. Perhaps she had not meant to show her hand so soon, but being a woman, she could not let me depart from Wolfsden without one little outburst of triumph.

"Farewell, Miss Dee," I answered, calmly. "I have known you from the first, in spite of your disguise—in spite of Colonel Rivers's story. You vowed vengeance upon me months ago at Mme. Deland's school. Now you have it! I acknowledge myself outwitted, beaten—farewell."

Then I went out from that house, where I had been so petted and flattered—so loved and hated—its door closed behind me—I descended, with Francis Heron, to the garden.

There I turned once and looked back, like Eve at the gate of her Eden. As my eyes wandered along the dust-brown front of the mansion, I espied at an upper window the long, pale face of my arch-enemy pressed to the pane, eagerly watching my departure. Did she suspect that I was about to take shelter at Heroncroft? Even at that distance, I felt that she was disconcerted, displeased, alarmed.

Without a word Heron plunged into the shrubbery. I, quite as silent, kept pace beside him as best I could. It was high noon. Not a soul was abroad in the garden—even Martin had vanished. We went down through the pine woods, where furry rabbits scampered, and birds sang, and clematis flung its greenish-white fetters from bough to bough, and so came to Heron's own boundary.

"Shake the dust of Wolfsden from your feet," he said, as he opened a gate in the dividing wall, and held it wide for me to pass through.

Along some trim paths bordered with old-fashioned box, we approached the house. It stood up in the still noon, peaceful, kindly, secure, with its warm red bricks glowing in the sun, and the great sentinel pear-trees dropping golden fruit on the garden borders. At sound of our footsteps, a cloud of white and purple dove-wings fanned up from the smooth lawns, and melted away in the dazzling blue beyond the chimney-stacks. From the porch the hound Cossack arose fawning -he no longer regarded me as an intruder. Heron opened the door, and turning on his threshold, said, "Welcome to Heroncroft. Miss Ferrers." And I found myself in a hall where all kinds of masculine articles were thrown carelessly about, and a motherly old woman—the housekeeper-hurried forward to receive me.

"The lawyer has come from Black River, sir," she said to Heron; "he is waiting above-stairs."

Heron swept a chair free from gloves and riding-whips, and motioned me to its cushions.

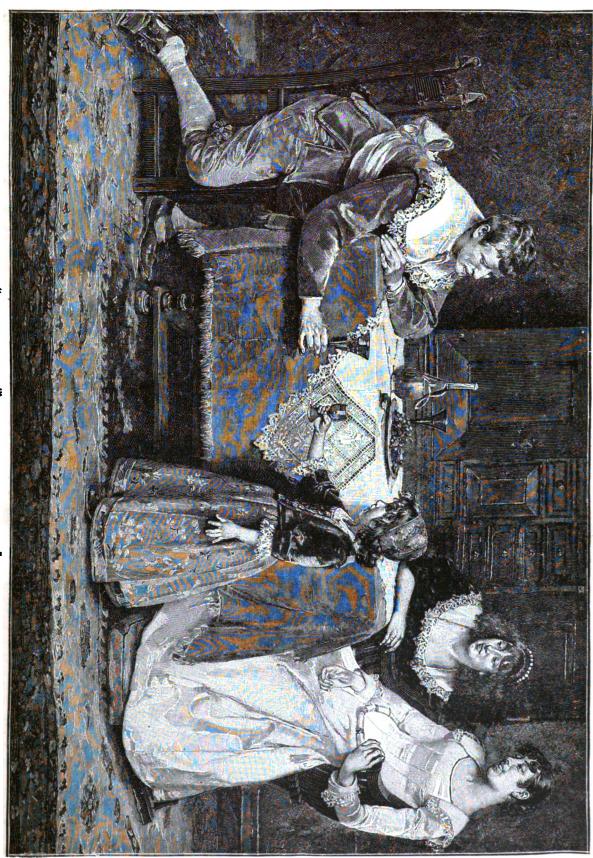
"Pour a glass of wine for Miss Ferrers," he said to the housekeeper. "She has not strength for the crucial tests of this day. Has the judge asked for her in my absence?"

"Yes, sir. He is failing fast—I think," in a meaning tone, "you had better make all the speed you can, sir."

Heron forced me to taste the wine. Then we prepared to ascend to Judge Ferrers's chamber.

"I fear my grandfather was made ill by the sight of me, last night," I faltered.

"No," answered Heron. "For months his health has been failing. He is now about to write his will—how, I cannot say. I do not even know whether his heart has softened to you or not, but the fact that he desires your presence at his death-bed seems to be a favorable omen. Of



"Tour health, papa !"— From the picture by a. schröder.

one thing I feel certain—this hour will decide everything for you—either you will now win your rightful inheritance, or lose it forever."

"I must tell Judge Ferrers of what I stand accused," I said, desperately; "he shall know the

worst."

"Hush! you will tell him nothing," replied Heron. "Would you slay your last chance?" And he hurried me up a shallow stair, and across a landing, to the chamber where my grandfather lay dying. For it had come to that. The hard old man, who had so long despised and rejected me, was now at the very entrance of

"The steep and dreadful pass of death."

It was a carefully darkened room, furnished in massive, brass-bound mahogany. I saw a white bed, and on it lay my grandfather, supported by many pillows. I went quietly to his side. He seemed to breathe with difficulty, and his face in the subdued light had a drawn, ashy look. The lawyer from Black River waited in the recess of a window, a physician was counting the patient's pulse. At sight of me, Judge Ferrers drew his hand from his medical attendant.

"Heron promised to bring you," he said, in a firm, clear voice. "The lad never breaks his word. You did well to lose no time in coming, granddaughter." At last he called me that! At last I was owned—acknowledged! Heron and the doctor lifted him higher on his pillows. His eyes, still keen and bright, dwelt upon me with close attention. I stooped and kissed his leaden hand

"I see," he said, with an unpleasant smile, "you are no longer afraid of the old man whose day is done. Quite right. We will not recall family affairs, girl, nor drivel about the past or the present, the dead or the living. Everything has narrowed now to this one fact—I am about to die, and I have a fortune, the accumulation of generations, to dispose of before I go." He looked over at the lawyer and the physician. "Gentlemen," he said, "be good enough to leave the room."

The two went out immediately. Heron was about to follow, but Judge Ferrers cried, sharply, "Hold, lad! You are to remain here." Heron returned to the bedside. "For the last time I ask you, Will you accept the Ferrers fortune, Francis? You are not overrich, and I foresee that you will be poorer before you are done with the Blackbirds."

Heron frowned.

"Not a penny, sir!" he cried. "We have discussed this subject before—you know my views concerning it."

"I know you are stubborn beyond belief, Francis. Very well. Since I cannot move you,

my granddaughter shall have the next chance. She is penniless, you say, and alone in the world."

"All that, and more!" muttered Heron.

"She may not know it," said Judge Ferrers, "but for years you have been her faithful advocate—by every means in your power you have tried to entice me into acknowledging her. Such determined effort should have its reward. For your sake, I will now give her an opportunity to escape the ills she has known in life. I will make a proposal, which, if she has sense enough to accept it, will leave her no longer alone, or at the world's meroy."

What could be mean? I felt a sudden thrill of apprehension. Immediately he fixed his for-

midable eyes on me, and said:

"My will is to be written at once, granddaughter. Since this foolish boy refuses to take advantage of my indifference to you, or profit by my attachment to his father's son, I am ready to make you my sole heir on one condition."

"What is that ?" I faltered.

"That you marry Francis Heron before I die!"
I had received so many shocks since morning that a fresh one did not matter; but at these words I turned and fled toward the door. Heron put himself quickly before me.

"Stop, Hazel!" he said, hoarsely. "As God hears me, I had no part in this scheme—it belongs entirely to your grandfather—I knew noth-

ing of it till this moment."

I looked him full in the face, and I was forced to believe him in spite of myself. He removed my hand from the door-knob—a sudden fire glowed in his eyes—his lean, sinewy figure began to tremble.

"Accept your grandfather's terms," he urged.
"Marry me, Hazel, as he desires! I offer myself as the means whereby you can, at last, grasp your inheritance. Look upon me as a stick, a stone, which you may use for that supreme purpose, and then cast aside, if you will."

"Only as Heron's wife shall you have the money!" cried my grandfather. "Refuse it, and it will go to public charities. Don't stand there, staring like an idiot, girl! Take that which I

offer you at once, or lose it forever!"

Dreadful old man! He was as cruel in death as he had been in life. Friendless, homeless, disgraced, I stood up in the temporary shelter of that death-chamber, and the temptation to grasp at any price my mother's inheritance assailed me with tremendous force. I knew the power of money—was not my need of it very great? As for marriage, did it matter to whom I gave my hand? After Sir Griffin's desertion, could anything matter more?

By some superhuman effort, my grandfather

had raised himself on his pillow, and was looking over at me with impatience.

"Time presses!" he said. "I cannot wait for long deliberation-decide quickly, girl! If you marry Heron, it must be now and here. I will see the ceremony with my own eyes before the will is signed."

"In Heaven's name, don't let your last chance slip!" implored Heron in my ear. "Accept the fortune, Hazel!"

I raised my voice recklessly.

"I-I will do as you wish, sir!" I cried. Judge Ferrers fell back on his pillow.

"Call the lawyer and the parson," I heard him

order.

Heron went to the door, and spoke to some one waiting in an adjoining room. Immediately the lawyer re-entered the chamber, followed by Graham Vivian. The latter bowed to me, and retired into the window-recess.

The legal gentleman seated himself by my grandfather's bed, at a little table whereon pen, ink and paper had been placed.

"Write my last will and testament," commanded Judge Ferrers.

Heron led me to a chair.

The lawyer's pen scratched rapidly over the paper. I heard, without comprehending, his questions, asked in a professional tone, and my grandfather's sharp, quick answers.

"To Hazel, the only child of my daughter Constance, deceased, and to her heirs and assigns forever, I give and bequeath everything of which I die possessed "- that was the pith of it all.

The will duly written, he listened with keen attention while the lawyer read it aloud.

"Yes, that is right," he nodded, "quite right. Now, Mr. Vivian, it only remains for you to marry my granddaughter to Francis Heron, and I will sign this document."

The housekeeper entered the room, and some of the servants followed her. As through a glass darkly, I saw them grouped about the door.

Francis Heron took my unresisting hand, and led me to the bedside. The necessary license was produced—he had obtained it somehow, in the time consumed by the writing of the will. Graham Vivian began the marriage-service.

I listened, as to sounds far away. There was a curious unreality about it all. A few hours before, I had been the betrothed of Sir Griffin Hopewood—the happy, envied creature who was to reign sovereign lady of Hope Hall in far-off English Kent. Now I found myself in a dreary death-chamber, by the side of that grim, dark Heron, to whom I had never given a thought whose hand I had but recently rejected, and over us twain Graham Vivian was saying the words that made us one till death.

When it was done—when my fate was irrevocably sealed-Judge Ferrers said to the lawyer:

"Now put the pen in my fingers."

The legal gentleman obeyed. My grandfather signed the will with a firm hand. In turn, the lawyer, the physician, the housekeeper, added their own signatures as witnesses. As the last of the trio laid down the pen, Judge Ferrers drew a long breath. A gray shadow fell upon his face.

"It is done!" he said, and sank back against the shoulder of Francis Heron, and never spoke again.

(To be continued.)

SHIFTING.

BY CHAS. HENRY WEBB.

OH, the wind blows north, And the wind blows south-Would a man dare kiss His love on the mouth?

But the wind now easts And the wind now west-She wears a dagger Under her vest!

Ah, maids have their moods, But a man may try-Blow the wind as it will, He can only die!

DOMESTIC LIFE OF PREHIS-TORIC AMERICANS.

BY ANDREW S. FULLER.

EVER since the discovery of America by modern Europe, there has been much wrangling among historians over the supposed origin and antiquity of the people found here in 1492. But as old ideas are often dispelled by modern discoveries and explorations, it is not at all strange that many of our learned archæologists are now convinced that there existed on this continent a vast population of civilized people many thousands of years before Columbus ever dreamed of reaching the East Indies by sailing westward from Spain; and now, while on the eve of a grand celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of his memorable voyage, we can only regret that the great explorer died in ignorance of the fact that he had only visited a few islands, and barely touched the shores of America, instead of the East Indies, many thousands of miles further westward, and beyond a great ocean unknown to him or his people.

That the earlier civilized races of America did not inhabit the Atlantic Coast is evident from the absence of the imperishable relics of their handiwork now found in the Western States and Territories; and had they attempted to penetrate

Digitized by GOOGLE

and make settlements in these eastern regions, the dense forests and rapid growth of vegetation would have been more than a match for their crude implements used in cutting trees and cultivating the soil.

But on the western half of the continent the conditions were far more favorable, for the climate was so mild and dry, especially on the higher plateaus and plains, that with fire alone the land could be readily cleared of all natural obstructions

FIG. 1.-A WATER-JAB.

in the form of vegetation, leaving man in almost undisputed possession of a vast region of country over which he could roam at will, obtaining food by the chase, or by cultivating the soil, at least wherever water was obtainable for irrigation and domestic use. It is under such conditions that we find the greatest number and the most perfect

relics of the ancient inhabitants of America; and that the country west of the Mississippi once contained a population nearly as large as that now found east of it can scarcely be doubted by any one who has ever examined the ruins of the cities and villages now strewn so thickly over this region.

That Mexico and all of Central America, and the west half of South America, sustained an equally dense population in prehistoric ages is proved by the innumerable

relics left as silent but incontrovertible witnesses of their time and civilization. But we need not go outside of our own country to find almost innumerable vestiges of dwellings erected by a people of whose existence even tradition is silent.

domestic use. It is under such conditions that Archæologists have often attempted to calcuwe find the greatest number and the most perfect late the antiquity of the Mound-builders of the



MG. 2,- TRILOBED PITCHER.

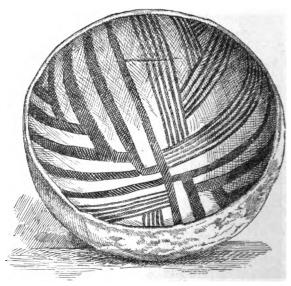


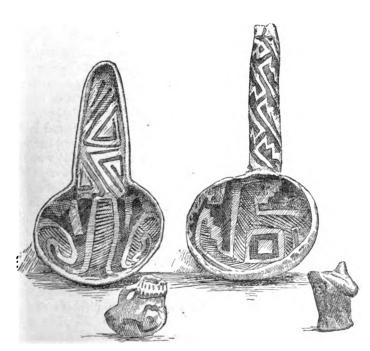
FIG. 3.— SMALL BOWL OF WHITE WARE.

Ohio Valley and other localities by the depth of vegetable matter accumulated over and around the mounds; but on the plains we have nothing of the kind to aid us in fixing the age of the ruins, for the scant herbage in these arid regions, if left to decay, would scarcely make a film of vegetable mold; and it is rarely left to decay—it is annually burned, and the ashes scattered by the winds. Furthermore, the strong and almost continuous winds which sweep over these clevated regions are not gentle zephyrs, but more like a terrific sandblast, cutting down the rocks and exposed walls of the ancient dwellings in some instances, and heaping dust, sand and ashes over others. Where there are no forests, and no deposits of vegetable matter, we are forced to seek some other data to aid us in our chronology.

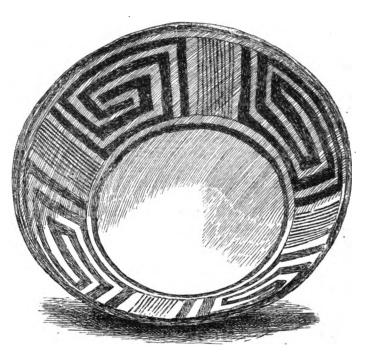
Then again, time deals gently even with ordinary perishable articles in

these cool and arid regions, and the bones, stone and earthen relics of the people who once dwelt there would remain almost without change for many thousands of years, because all the conditions are favorable to their preservation.

As we have neither written history nor tradition to aid us in determining the period during which these ancient dwellings were constructed, we may well leave dates out of the question while imperishable relics to give him an idea of our



FIGS. 5 AND 6. - LADLES, AND CHILDREN'S TOYS.



BOWL DECORATED WITH " REY PATTERN."

seeking to learn something of the domestic life of the people who dwelt therein.

If one of our modern cities or villages should be suddenly abandoned, or the inhabitants destroyed by pestilence, famine or other similar calamity, and then remain undisturbed for a few thousands of years, the future explorer of the ruins would doubtless find enough in the way of

> domestic wealth, lives and habits. In the houses of the rich would be found gold and silver ornaments set with precious stones, also fine porcelain vessels of various kinds, and other costly imperishable articles; but in those of the poor the relics would certainly be of an inferior grade of ware, yet none the less useful and durable, and it would probably resist the tooth of time as well as the finest Sèvres or Dresden.

> The Mound-builders of the Ohio and Mississippi Valleys were evidently the rural population belonging to and closely related to those who built and resided in the cities and villages of the plains to the south and westward, and it is among the ruins of the latter that we find the greatest number and variety of relics which indicate at least a semicivilization of the people of that remote period known by the rather indefinite term, prehistoric.

The best-preserved relics are found in the arid regions, and within or in close

proximity to what remains of the ancient stone buildings, and as the domestic utensils found in the different ruins are similar—although rarely exactly alike—we may consider them as belonging to the same age and race of people. The few selected for illustration are from a collection of upward of two hundred specimens of pottery dug from the ruins of what was once a solid block of stone dwellings, one-half mile long, recently explored in Socorro County, New Mexico.

The walls of these houses were built of stone laid up, or at least pointed, with mortar, and then plastered on the inside, but they have nearly disappeared, for little more than their foundations remain, and these are covered with the dust of ages, and in this are found a few bones and the household utensils of their former occupants. In what manner the inhabitants were destroyed, whether by disease, war or famine, is of course unknown; but this we do know—their dwellingplace in life became their sepulchre. That the people belonged to what has been called the Stone Age is probable, as no metal implements or utensils have as yet been found in this ruin, but stone axes, hammers, knives, spear-points, arrowheads and drilled stone heads have in consider-Among the household utensils, able numbers. we find large and small earthen bowls, water flasks and jars, drinking-cups, pitchers, and various other articles for both practical use and orna-This earthenware was made of different ment. varieties of clay, mainly white, red and brown, but in mixing the paste for some of the heavier and larger vessels, or those evidently intended to be used for cooking food, plumbago appears to have been added; this material not only gave the vessel a dark color, but greatly increased its power of resisting heat.

Indian corn was probably one of the staple articles of food, for the black and charred grains are occasionally found in the closely packed ashes and adobe soil filling and covering these vessels.

While some of this pottery is roughly made, and of crude design, other specimens show a decided artistic taste both in the potter and decorator, as seen in Fig. 1. This was probably a water-jar, and is five and a half inches high, five inches in its longest diameter at the base, and four inches broad. It is made of white clay and decorated in black. The small handle, or knob, was probably intended to represent the head of a fox, or some closely allied animal, while the body of the jar is in the form of a duck.

Fig. 2 is a trilobed pitcher, four inches high by three and a quarter broad at the point of greatest diameter. The small handle is in the form of a young puppy, or perhaps the whelp of a coyote or prairie wolf. The design is certainly very pretty and artistic, although the material of

which it is made and the decorations are crude in comparison with modern pottery.

In Fig. 3 we have a bowl six inches in diameter, decorated on the inside with broad and narrow stripes of a dark-brown color. I am inclined to think that this design in ornamentation is somewhat rare among ancient American pottery, as it does not appear on any other of the three hundred specimens accompanying it. may be said of the bowl shown in Fig. 4, which is nine inches broad and four inches deep, decorated in black on a white ground. The design of the rectangular figure will be recognized by antiquarians as closely resembling what has been called the "Key Pattern," or "Walls of Troy." Where colors are used in decorating the bowls, the figures are all on the inside, probably to prevent defacement in case the vessel was used for cooking, and placed over a fire. But there are many bowls decorated on the outside with lines of figures made by pressure on the soft clay with bone or wooden implements, and thus by incision the figures were worked in, or the clay in some instances may have been cut out with a graver.

The scroll appears to have been a favorite design, in the incised or impressed mode of decorations as well as in the hand-painted ware, but there is an almost endless variation in the designs—the scroll, triangle, rhomb, square, etc., with what may be termed the zigzag pattern, the idea of which the artist may have obtained from chain lightning.

It is quite evident that the people who made and used these vessels had boiled vegetables, meats and soups at their meals, for soup-ladles of various sizes and designs are found among the other domestic utensils.

The ladle shown in Fig. 5 is eight inches long, bowl four inches broad, and the handle round and about one inch thick. It is white, decorated in black, as shown. This is a common form of ladle, but in Fig. 6 we have a very different design. It is eight inches long, and instead of a round handle we have a concave one, the smaller end turned up in the form of a modern spoon, and it was no doubt intended to serve a double purpose. One end could be used as a soup-ladle, and the other as a spoon. Who knows but this prehistoric spoon served to feed a family of prehistoric children!

The pitchers are of various sizes and shapes, the smallest holding about a half-gill, and from this up to a capacity of two gallons or more. The one shown in Fig. 7 will hold about a half-gallon, but I have seen no two of these pitchers either alike in size, form or decoration, showing that they were not made by pressing the paste in molds, but worked out wholly by hand. These pitchers have no spout, like the modern vessels

of this kind, and the bottoms are rounded, showing that they were never set up on a table or a shelf, but in a depression made in earth or some similar material. We may also conclude, from the form of the pitchers and water-jars, that the women of America in ancient times did not carry all the water used for domestic purposes from some distant spring or brook on their heads, as many are forced to do in so-called civilized countries at the present time.

No dishes of the form of our modern tableplates have been found, and such articles were probably unknown in very ancient times. Rude stone knives are plentiful, but no forks, although a forked twig of a shrub or tree would answer the purpose as well as the modern steel or silver fork. Still, we are not to suppose the prehistoric aristocrat would use a stick to lift a piece of hot meat from a bowl, if he could obtain a more costly and less common implement; and he certainly had the material at hand for making such, in the bones of the animals killed for food.

The metacarpal or shin-bone of the deer and antelope would naturally attract the attention of man, even in the Stone Age, as an excellent material, and of which many convenient implements could be readily made, and that he used it for such purposes is shown in the number found in the most ancient ruins, in regions favorable for the preservation of bones, and other fragile materials. Several of these bone implements have been found among the pottery I have described, some of which may have been used as forks, others as needles, and for various domestic purposes.

That the people who lived in the ancient dwellings, the ruins of which are now found scattered over our Western plains, had an eye for the beautiful in their home and surroundings, and possessed to a certain degree a refined and artistic taste, is shown not only in the designs and decorations of their domestic utensils, but also in the many articles manufactured solely for ornament. Many of the smaller articles are made to represent birds, reptiles, amphibia, and the larger animals of the region of country in which they lived, and these are often neatly decorated in colors or inhaid with bits of polished turquois and other stone, and from these we must conclude that bricà-brac was as highly valued and appreciated among the well-to-do families of prehistoric America as it is in our day.

Among the several hundred ancient earthen beads in my cabinet, the greater part do not exceed one-eighth of an inch in diameter. These beads are made of the same kind of clay employed in making the large vessels, and of the same colors—that is, white, red and black. On their manufacture, the soft paste was probably wrapped around a smooth stem of some species of grass or

carex, and then rolled out by hand, forming a long, slender tube, this being cut up into the required length, and then the beads burned in an oven or kiln. Other forms of clay beads are found, but are less abundant than the small round ones with flattened sides.

Turquois beads are more or less common in the ancient ruins of New Mexico, Arizona, and to the southward, and they probably belonged to the more wealthy of the ancient inhabitants of the ruined cities and villages. Many other kinds of trinkets are found, some made of clay, others cut from shells, representing lizards, frogs, heads of birds, etc. The little vessel shown at the foot of the ladle in Fig. 6 is in the form of a child's sock or moccasin. The little handle is scarcely large enough to be clasped with the ends of the finger and thumb. Perhaps some fond and fair mother ages ago gave her boy baby many a drink out of this tiny cup while dreaming of his future as a great hunter, warrior or artist. Alas! her people have long since passed away, and we may hope to some happier land, while we now know them only by the relics of their handiwork. They made history somewhat differently than we are making it, it is true, but whether those who come after us in the distant future will know us better than we know those who once lived in the ruins we are now exploring, is a question not admitting of a direct answer at this time.

HE CURED THE FINGER.

Not long ago a gentleman whose finger was growing out of shape, and becoming very painful, went to a specialist in New York, who was noted for his successful treatment of deformities. Many patients were waiting; but a note of introduction from his own physician gained for him speedy entrance into the consulting-room. There stood the portly surgeon in his shirt-sleeves, amid cords and pulleys, plaster and patients, surrounded by attendants in white frocks, "looking for all the world," said the gentleman, "like butchers." He held out his curved and swollen finger.

"Halloo!" said the surgeon; "base-ball?"

"I never have played base-ball."

"What! not base-ball?" returned the doctor, examining the finger an instant. "Your hitching-strap is gone. Plaster!" he shouted to an attendant, and rapidly inclosing the offending finger, he added: "Call and see me in the Fall—Next case!" and he turned away.

The whole operation had not occupied two minutes. The patient stood an instant wondering how to pay his fee; then addressing the surgeon by name to attract his attention, asked: "What do I owe you?"

Dr. — turned, with the air of having totally forgotten the whole affair.

"Well, what is it?" The question was repeated.

"Oh! ten-ten," he said, as if the sum was a matter of entire indifference.

The "ten" was instantly tendered, and the patient escaped. Two days afterward, he threw the plaster out of the window; but, curiously enough, the finger got well!

THE "GYMNOTE."

THE French engineers have partially realized

one of the dreams of M. Jules Verne, the clever novelist, whose method it is to exaggerate the powers of scientific appliances till they become almost supernatural agencies. Recently a submarine boat, about 45 feet long and 5 feet 7 inches in diameter, driven by electric accumulators, was tried in the harbor of Toulon. The crush her crew as well as the enemy.



FIG. 7. - WATER-PITCHER.

boat, which is called the Gymnote, or electric eel, plunged under water till it became invisible, and traversed and retraversed the harbor, being accurately guided by aid of "the gyroscope," while distances were calculated by the number of turns of the There were screw. three officers and one seaman on board; but though the vessel remained in each trial ten minutes under water. the air remained quite pure, and the accumulators retained force enough for hours of work. The speed is not given. It is obvious that such a vessel may

be used for a variety of purposes, especially submarine explorations and the rescue of submerged treasure; but as yet it does not promise much aid to the great art of destruction. People who kill always want a chance of living, and the Gymnote, if used as a ram, as Jules Verne suggested, would



DOMESTIC LIFE OF PREHISTORIC AMERICANS.—SIDEBOARD OF PREHISTORIC POTTERY UTENSILS (NOW IN THE collection of J. W. ellsworth, esq., of chicago, ill.).—see page 459.



see it."

PARTY.

BY SUSIE M. LORD.

"LAND o' goodness! jest as if I couldn't make a loaf of sugar gingerbread equal to Mis' Deacon Sam! Bless your heart, child, many's the time I made cake, and pies, too, as handsome as ever you set your eyes on, or put your jaws to, either. You jest wait, El'nor till I spat the buttermilk out of this butter and ball it up, and clear up this scullery, and your aunt Dorcas'll try her hand at cooking a bit, and I'll warrant you 'twon't be beat ! Vol. XXIX., No. 4-30.

It was the custom in Brookvale for the "society" to give their pastor a frequent donation, and it had been decided at the last sewing-circle that a pound-party would be a novelty, as nothing of the kind had occurred for some time, and the event had been the subject of much talk among the sisters.

"And oh, Aunt Dorcas, it did look good enough to eat when it was all done. I wish you could

It was to be a surprise to the minister and his wife, and sly winks and nods and whispered conferences had been in order for a week.

Deacon Samuel Brown, or Deacon Sam, as he was usually called, was Miss Dorcas's nearest neighbor, and his wife had informed her that they should carry a barrel of apples to the elder, for if it was more'n a pound, 'twasn't no matter; and Miss Dorcas had remarked that bein's that was so, she guessed she'd speak to Brother Reuben about taking along a few 'taters, and mebbe a squash or two, for them things turned out first-rate this year.

And when Eleanor told her about the loaf of cake, she secretly resolved not to be outdone in that line, and in an incredibly short time she commenced preparations for her cake-making, much to the delight of little Eleanor, to whom she handed the dish of eggs and a fork, with the injunction to "beat'em careful and not spill'em all round."

Finally it was put into the oven to bake, and Miss Dorcas sat down to watch it, for she averred that everything depended upon the baking, and 'twasn't no use to be stirring round much, for jarring the stove was sure to make the cake fall.

A call from Sister Eliza Hopkins, who had "touched" in on her way home from the post-office just to drop a word or two, served to make the time less tedious.

- "Beats all, don't it, about Elder Nimbleton's wife's brother?" she remarked, seating herself near Miss Dorcas.
 - "Why, what about him, Sister Hopkins?"
- "Why, ain't you heard, I'd like to know? Well, I'm sure! But they say he's jest come home all unexpected after having been gone nigh upon fifteen year, and they give him up for dead long ago."

"Sho! that's cur'us, ain't it? But you don't suppose they've heard anything about the poundparty, do ye?"

" No, I guess not, Miss Dorcas, for like enough they're so taken up with his coming home that they ain't mistrusted anything; and besides, they must have been awful busy this week down to the elder's, for they ain't washed till to-day, and a monster big wash they've got out, too. I counted six sheets and twice as many piller-cases, and there's no end to the towels and table-cloths and lots of other things. Don't see how the elder's wife can do so much all alone; but p'r'aps she That puts me in mind, Miss Dorcas, hires help. they say the Widder Smith-she that goes out washing, you know-is going to be married. But there, p'r'aps 'tain't so; folks are so newsy nowadays, you can't tell much by what you hear. Well, I must be goin'. Now you come up, Miss Dorcas."

- "Yes, I will, Sister Hopkins. And you come down."
- "Hope you'll have good luck with that cake, Miss Dorcas," she said, opening the door and looking back. "If it tastes as nice as it smells, I know 'twill be good."
- "I begun to think she'd never go," observed Miss Dorcas; "and I b'lieve to my heart it's browned too much. El'nor, jest give me a spill out of the broom, and I'll see if it's done. It's ketched on, and I'll warrant you it's burnt on the bottom," she ejaculated when it wouldn't slip out of the tin. But it'll have to do, for I'm too busy to make another."

The eventful night arrived, and the "society," having met at Deacon Sam's house at seven o'clock, started en masse for Elder Nimbleton's.

Deacon Sam and his wife led the way, and in answer to their loud knock the elder appeared at the door.

"Good-morning, elder," said the deacon, grasping the minister's extended hand. My wife and I thought we'd drop in and spend the evening—and bring a few of the neighbors with us," he added, as he made his way to the dining-room. followed by the "society," and before the good pastor and his wife could recover from their surprise the table fairly groaned with its weight of eatables.

"The Lord has always been good to us," reverently remarked Mrs. Nimbleton, after the usual greetings were over, "and we have reason to be especially thankful for His goodness to us the past few days. Not only has He blessed us through you, my friends, with these bountiful gifts, but also in the return to us of my dearly beloved brother, whom we expected never again to see in this world." Then, turning toward a tall, middle-aged man who was standing just outside the dining-room door, apart from the others. she continued: "Come forward, William, and make the acquaintance of these kind friends, who—"

An exclamation of surprise, followed by a prolonged scream, interrupted her, and caused all eyes to turn in the direction from whence the sound proceeded. But Dorcas Grant, unmindful of their gaze, stood staring in amaze at the stranger before her, while William Langdon—for such was his name—returned her gaze with equal astonishment.

"Dorcas Grant!—is it possible?" Then drawing nearer to her, he said, in an undertone: "After all these years, are you still Dorcas Grant?"

"Just the same, William; but I never expected to live to see this day. Dear me, how light my head feels! I do believe you could knock me down with a feather."

The sisters crowded around her, and by persistent questioning sought to obtain an explanation of the whole affair.

- "However did you come to know each other, I'd like to know?" queried Mrs. Johnson.
- "Oh, it's a long story, Sister Johnson, and one that's never been told," said Dorcas, between her smiles and tears.
- "Tell us what this means, Brother William," demanded Mrs. Nimbleton, and several of the sisters sweetly echoed: "Yes, do tell us what it means!"

But "Brother William" said he would tell them all about it sometime; and, not a little disappointed, they fell to whispering among themselves, while William, watching his opportunity, stole quietly behind Miss Dorcas's chair.

- "I was bound to find you, Dorcas, if you were in the land of the living—came home on purpose—but I didn't expect to run across you this way."
- "How could you go away and stay all these years, William, without sending me a word to comfort me?"
- "I own I did wrong, and am a wicked wretch; but if you love me as you did then, Dorcas, I know you'll forgive me."
- "Yes, William, I forgive all," said Dorcas, here lonely, tired, aching heart, so nearly broken fifteen years before, and which it had often seemed to her had grown harder every year, once more filled almost to bursting with love for one whom she had worshiped long ago, and with whom she was now brought so unexpectedly face to face.

Eliza Hopkins, ever ready to grasp an item of news, that she might scatter it broadcast through the town, stood eying them furtively, nettled almost beyond endurance because she couldn't hear a word they said, and now and then she was heard to ejaculate, under her breath:

"Well, I'm sure! Don't it beat all?"

When the pound-party broke up, William Langdon walked home with Dorcas Grant. We will not dwell upon the incidents connected with his wanderings in foreign lands; of the many, many times he had resolved to return to Dorcas and seek forgiveness, but that the distressing fear that she might be wed to another caused him as often to abandon the resolution; that at last a secret longing to see his home and friends had possessed "Just like a man A few moments lat the sitting-room:

"Don't let that gi be there in a minute.

They have been many don't let that gi be there in a minute.

Elder Nimbleton's purpose met her there.

him, and he had appeared unexpectedly among them, hardly daring to indulge the hope that Dorcas was still waiting for him. But Dorcas, with a woman's trusting, loving heart, was true to the last, and a reconciliation was effected. She told him how at the death of her brother's wife, several years before, she had left her old home and the scenes of her youthful days in Granton, and taken up her abode in Brookvale, to care for her brother Reuben and his motherless child; that Providence had smiled upon her for so doing, inasmuch as William had been returned to her, and she was quite certain that she should not forget Elder Nimbleton's pound-party even if she lived to be as old as Methuselah; whereupon William begged that he might be allowed to escort her to the elder's house quite soon for the purpose of having the marriage ceremony performed. Dorcas replied that "well-perhaps-she didn't know -at least she'd think about it," and blushed and looked as pretty (so thought William Langdon) as she did fifteen years ago.

To Eleanor's eager inquiries, on the following morning, concerning the pound-party, Miss Dorcas gave curt and disconnected answers, and after vainly trying to accomplish her morning's work with her accustomed precision and dispatch, she declared it didn't pay for one of her years to stay up so late nights, and it did seem as if everything was going wrong; but judging from the complacent smile that played upon her face, matters were certainly going right.

William Langdon called often—so often, in fact, that all Brookvale wondered and talked, and finally the wedding-day was decided upon, and Mrs. Doreas declared that she'd have a wedding-cake, and make it herself, which she did. To be sure, she was interrupted, while baking it, by a call from William, which caused her to ejaculate:

"Just like a man—forever hanging around!"
A few moments later she was heard to call from
the sitting-room:

"Don't let that gingerbread burn, El'nor—I'll be there in a minute."

They have been married several years now, and Dorcas loves to tell her young friends all about Elder Nimbleton's pound-party, and what a surprise met her there.



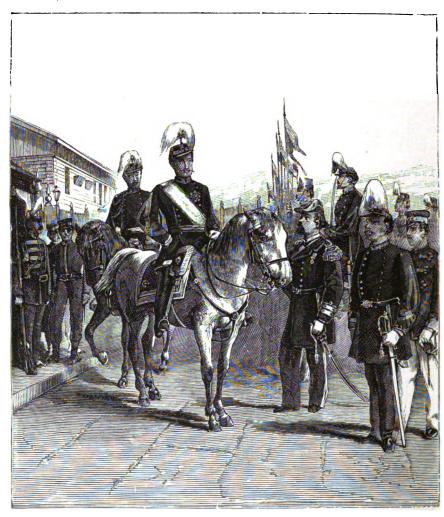
CELEBRATING THE NEW CONSTITUTION OF JAPAN.

By A. F. B.

ALTHOUGH it is more than a year since the people of Japan were granted a constitutional government, I have seen here at Tokio no accounts in the American papers which have reached me of the extraordinary celebrations which took place when the Constitution was proclaimed.

a season of such universal revelry and rejoicing as was never known before. No one who is unacquainted with the vast area of this huge metropolis can even imagine what the word "universal" means when applied to such a place.

The Emperor (Mikado), having sworn a sol-Ever since the Japanese began to cast off the emm oath, in the imperial sanctuary, "to maintain



OFFICERS OF THE JAPANESE ARMY.

fetters of Oriental exclusiveness and conservatism and joined the brotherhood of progressive nations, they have always felt that the citizens of the United States took the warmest interest in their advancement and good fortune. I trust, therefore, that this paper, which sketches briefly some of the ceremonies and festivities attendant upon the inauguration of the new régime, may be interesting to the readers of Frank Leslie's POPULAR MONTHLY.

In this populous city of Tokio we passed through

and secure from decline the ancient form of government," and "never, at this time or in the future, to fail to be an example to his subjects in the observance of the laws hereby established," took his place on the throne, and in the presence of all the highest functionaries of the empire, as well as the chosen representatives of the people, handed to the Minister President of State a copy of the five laws forming the new Constitution. These laws are: The Constitution of the Empire of Japan; The Imperial Ordinance concerning

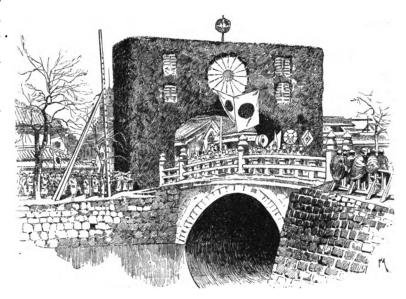
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the House of Peers; The Law of the Houses (Parliament); The Law of Election of the Members. of the House of Representatives; and The Law of Finance. They comprise in all 332 articles. Without entering into details, it may be of interest to outline a general idea of this important legislative work. In the first place, the sacred and inviolable nature of the imperial title and the perpetuity of the Throne are asserted with the fullest empha-The Emperor remains, as before, the source of all law; but his legislative function is henceforth to be exercised with the sanction of the Diet. Only in presence of an urgent necessity to maintain public safety or to avert public calamity can he issue ordi-

nances in lieu of laws, and it is expressly provided that such ordinances must be laid before the Diet at its next session, when, if not approved by that body, they become invalid.

The Emperor determines the organization of the different branches of the administration, appoints and dismisses all officials, and fixes their salaries. He has, further, supreme command of the Army and Navy; determines their organization and peace standing; has the power of making war, treaties and peace; confers titles of nobility, rank and other honors; orders amnesties, pardons, commutations of punishment, etc.

In contradistinction to the imperial prerogatives are the rights of the subject. He is free to change his abode at will; cannot be arrested, detained, tried or punished except according to law; his house cannot be searched or entered without



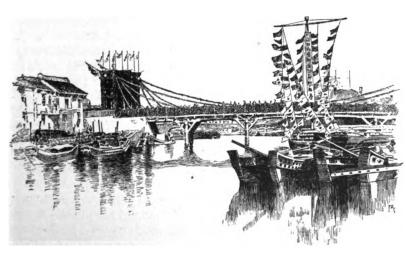
TRIUMPHAL ARCH AT THE KYO-BASHI.

his consent except as legally provided—a right greatly appreciated by the Japanese, as will be understood when I explain that the police would "go through" a whole quarter in twenty-four I remember when Judge Denny's trunks were missing, after a fire, that the property was recovered from seven different houses before night! Private letters are inviolably secret within similar limits, and the right of property is sacred. The subject is entitled to freedom of religion, of public meeting, of speech and of association; but religious freedom must not be exercised in a manner prejudicial to peace or order, neither must freedom of speech and public meeting transgress the limits fixed by law. Then comes the parliamentary system, based upon those of England and Germany.

The opportunity of inspecting the palace was

afforded me some days previous to the ceremony. The throne-room is a noble chamber, Japanese in conception, but not without features imported from the West.

The ceiling is a tessellation of pictures representing conventionalized forms of the chrysanthemum, peony and paullonia done in rich but subdued colors, each picture being set in a deep frame of gorgeously lacquered ribs, the angles of which are wrapped in elaborate carved plates of gilded copper. Descending by a curved cornice similarly paneled, but having peony



NIHON-BASHI (SUSPENSION-BRIDGE), TOKIO, IN EVERGREENS.

designs on an Indian-red ground, instead of the chrysanthemums on a green ground which cover the higher surface, the ceiling reaches a second plane where the same fashion of decoration in colors is slightly more subdued. The upper section of the walls is light buff chastely decorated, and the arras are of dark-ruby brocade fluted and plaited.

The throne, which is in gold and red, stands on a slightly raised dais, over which, supported by two sloped lances, hangs a silken canopy bearing the imperial arms, the sixteen-leaved chrysanthemum and the paullonia beautifully embroidered in purple on a straw-colored ground.

The hall is lit entirely from a veranda surrounding it on three sides, and with which it communicates throughout by sliding-doors of plate-glass. By this arrangement something is lost in respect of solidity, as the ceiling and upper walls, otherwise massive and imposing, seem to rest on a surbase of transparent crystal.

Several days before the date set for the ceremonial, printed plans of the throne-room had been published, with places assigned to each class of those who were to have the honor to be pres-Around the throne itself a wide space was reserved by cords of crimson silk. Beyond these ropes, on the left of the dais, was the position for the foreign Corps Diplomatique, while in front were to be ranged the princes of the blood. Ministers of State, generals, admirals, governors. prefects, wearers of first-class decorations, attendant peers having the right of entrée to the palace, marquises, counts, viscounts and barons. (These translations of the Japanese titles are commonly used in foreign languages.) A few foreigners possessing decorations, and ten specially appointed newspaper editors, were also admitted.

Just before the advent of the momentous occasion, the weather, hitherto sunny and fair, had been broken by a snow-fall, and on Sunday people found themselves making their preparations under a leaden sky that gave no promise whatever of a fair Monday. Things looked still worse when, at nine o'clock in the evening, rain began to descend, threatening to destroy the triumphal arches and cars (dashi), and the decorations which the citizens of Tokio, at great sacrifice of labor and money, had furnished to do honor to the auspicious event. At midnight the rain changed to snow, and day-break on Monday showed the capital covered with a white pall, toward the thickening of which the sky was still contributing light flakes. As for the streets, their state of mud and slush is indescribable. The populace were not to be denied, however. The granting of a Constitution happens only once in the life-time of a people, and the Japanese nation was resolved to show its appreciation of the unique occurrence.

Scarcely had day dawned when the city began to be full of festival-sounds, beating of drums. piping of fifes, choruses of dashi-(car)-drawers, snatches of song, detonations of fire-works. ten o'clock the princes, peers, Ministers of State, foreign representatives, and other high officials summoned to the palace, waited in their places until the Emperor had concluded worship before the cenotaphs of the imperial ancestors in the sanctuary of the palace, and took the oath from which I have quoted. These religious services were concluded by half-past ten, and then, the bands stationed in the court playing the Japanese national anthem, His Majesty took his seat on the throne. The President of the Board of Rites, carrying the Sacred Sword, placed himself on the left of the throne, and on the right stood a chamberlain bearing the Sacred Jewel. The Emperor wore uniform, and on his head were the grand cross of the Crysanthemum, and several foreign Orders. Every unit of this distinguished assemblage wore uniform, and the effect of such a mass of glittering costumes, blazing with gold and jewels, wa; imposing and gorgeous beyond description. A few moments later the Empress entered, attended by the princesses of the blood, and ladies of the household. The Empress did not sit on the dais beside the Emperor. A place had been set apart for her below the dais, on the right front, and here, having bowed to the throne, and gracefully acknowledged the presence of the assembly, she took her seat. She, and all the ladies. wore foreign costume, their robes being either of white or pale-yellow silk. The Emperor then rose, and having bowed slightly to the left, the front, the right, unfolded a parchment and read, with perfect dignity and distinctness, his speech. At the conclusion, he took the draft of the Constitution and handed it to the Minister President of State, who, having advanced to the foot of the throne, received the precious document, and with deep obeisance resumed his place in advance of the Cabinet, the members of which were ranged in the front rank of the assembled notables. The Emperor then bowed slightly, descended from the throne and passed out of the hall, followed, a moment later, by the Empress. As they departed. the cannon of the Tokio garrison and ships-ofwar in the harbor thundered forth a salute of 101 guns, the deep, grand tones of the temple-bells were heard in every direction, and the people of Japan knew that the invaluable privilege of representative government had been conferred upon them.

By one of those curious coincidences which in more superstitious days would have been regarded as a Heaven-sent augury, the very hour chosen for the solemn committal of the scroll of the Constitution into the hands of Count Huroda saw

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the snow-cloud roll away, and the blue sky spread itself genially over the capital.

A grand review at Asgama had been an important item of the original programme, but for some time the people remained in doubt as to whether the snow would not frustrate this de-Soon, however, it became known that the Emperor was resolved to let nothing interfere with the plan mapped out, and at noon, by which time the sun shone brightly in a clear sky, immense crowds of people began to collect in the wide space opposite the main entrance to the The fact had got abroad that the Emperor would ride to the review in a new State carriage (said to have cost \$70,000), drawn by six horses, and that for the first time in the history of Japan the Empress was to sit by His Majesty's side. The citizens seemed to anticipate this spectacle with no less joy than they had the promulgation of the Constitution.

Orders had been issued that every possible license should be given to the people, and no errests be made except for willful breach of the peace, but there was little occasion for the exercise of forbearance. A Japanese crowd is always good-natured and amenable to reason, and every citizen in the streets of Tokio was bent only on enjoying himself and helping others to do likewise. During the day I saw but two thoroughly inebriated people. The spirit of the regular Anglo-Saxon cheer seemed to have descended on the heads of the Japanese people as the royal pair appeared, for such shouts of "Banzai! Ban-Rioheikwa Banzai!" (Long live their Majesties!) made the streets ring again, until one might well have imagined oneself listening to the lusty cheering of a New York crowd. Even more impressive, and assuredly more beautiful, were the strains of the national anthem, sung by the sweet voices of thousands of school-girls and boys, who appeared to have lost all consciousness of the mud and cold as they pealed forth the solemn cadence, their little faces glowing, their childish trebles ringing in true festival style. Outside the palace-moat, the people of the district, seeking a more enduring memento of the great occasion than an ephemeral festival could furnish, had planted 150 cherry-trees on its bank. These were covered with artificial flowers, the spaces below them rendered gay with white and red curtains. Students were the distinct feature of the day's doings. Groups of them plunged through the mud, or dashed round the outskirts of the crowd in perfect recklessness of exuberant joy. Though their demonstrations occasionally passed the limits of due restraint, their own overflowing good-humor and the imperturbable jollity of the citizens gave a mirthful air to every The crowds of enthusiastic sightincident.

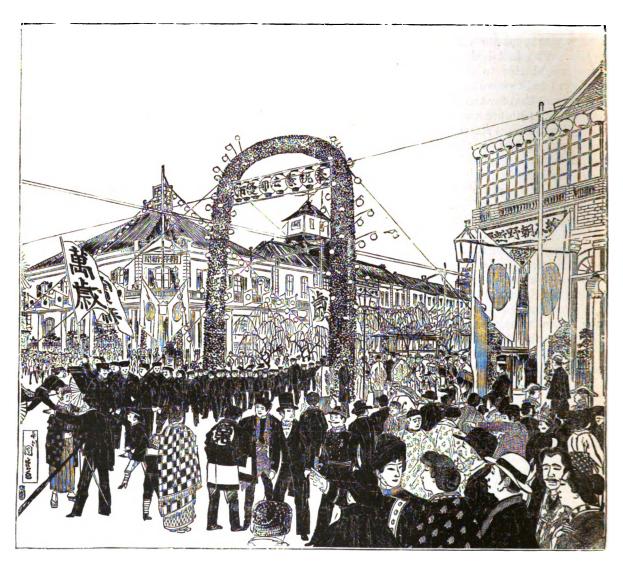
seers who, despite the inclement weather of the morning, were now pouring forth in increasing streams, may well have thought that the mud of all times was at last under their feet, and the sunny dawn of liberty over their heads. For a few days only the residents had been engaged in preparation to celebrate the great event; and, though the interval at their disposal for the purpose was inconveniently short, they managed to invest the big city with such a garment of rejoicing as it never wore before. The humblest dwelling in the meanest alley was not excluded from a share in the pageant. Endless rows of gayly colored lanterns, bearing the striking device constituting the national ensign—a red sun on a white ground-hung from the eaves in every street, or climbed by graceful curves to the tops of high flag-poles and the ridges of lofty roofs. At intervals the streets were spanned by triumphal arches, or crossed by flags with the crimson knot of continuity, and the sixteen-petaled chrysanthemum of imperialism hanging below the junction of their staves. In a majority of instances the Western form of arch was copied—one curious result of adopting this fashion being that the English word "arch" passed permanently into the vernacular of the country—but in constructing these emblems the Japanese showed their usual artistic ingenuity. The arches were built in greenery with exquisite neatness. The place of the key-stone was taken by a chrysanthemum, and on the sides, looking out with a particularly genial air from their soft environment, ideographs. formed with ripe, yellow oranges, conveyed all sorts of good wishes for the perennial prosperity of the imperial dynasty and the peace and happiness of the empire.

It was impossible not to be struck by the evidence of loyalty that these legends furnished. Elsewhere the voice of popular aspiration would inevitably have found expression in some sentences about the subject's rights or the enfranchisement of the people. But the motives chosen by the Tokio citizens to celebrate their own admission to a share in the government were dictated uniquely by one feeling-devotion to the sovereign, and reverential prayers for the perpetuity of the Tenno's Dynasty. And that, I take it, was a sentiment that extended throughout the length and breadth of the country. Ginza, the principal thoroughfare, an almost straight fourmile street, stretching from Shimbashi Railway Station to the famous Uevno Park, was most magnificently decorated. At Shimbashi, a region of costly dilettanteism, the citizens wisely choosing to confine themselves to Japanese shapes, erected on one side of the bashi (bridge) a colossal torii (temple gate-way), its portly pillars and crossbeams looking as though they had been carved

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from the masses of some Gargantuan forest. On a broad tablet between the central beams the ideographs Hoso-mukiu! (May the imperial dynasty be limitless!) were traced in stanzas. From the juncture of the shafts and the entablature, long strings of colored lanterns descended to equidistant points over the veranda-eaves of opposite houses; under the lower cross-beam six portly

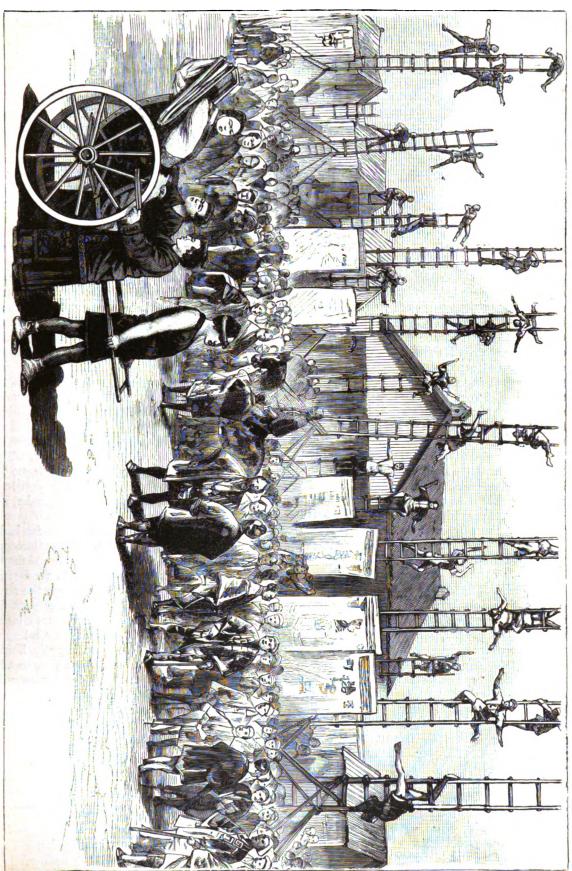
of powerful lights shone like a huge comet overhead. At Kyo-bashi and the classical Nihon-(Japan)-bashi, arches were erected on both sides of the bridges, and it was pleasant to notice that despite the great number of these structures raised throughout the capital, no two repeated cach other—all presented distinguishing features of novelty and ingenuity. At the southern end of



THE PROCESSION PASSING THROUGH THE FOUR-MILE STREET, TORIO. - (FROM A JAPANESE PRINT.)

lanterns, suspended in a frame-work of lesser luminaries, bore suitable inscriptions, and over all floated crossed ensigns of the Rising Sun. In the interval thence to Kyo-bashi (bashi is bridge), the next bridge, three arches spanned the busy street, the most remarkable in some respects being a structure erected by the Electric Light Company, pendent from which, and thus spanning the street at a height of about twenty feet, a row

Kyo-bashi stood an arch resembling a huge gate with a carved lintel. Over its capital a loop of greenery was formed, inclosing an electric light, and surmounted by crossed flags, while the arch was festooned below with lanterns and adorned with legends cleverly worked in oranges. Imposing and beautiful as this structure looked, it was altogether eclipsed by its vis-à-vis at the other end of the bridge. There, the designer, inspired



HOLIDAY EXERCISES OF THE JAPANESE FIRE DEPARTMENT.

with the happy thought of reproducing a gate after the fashion of those gigantic masses of masonry that guard the entrance to Chinese walled cities, built a solid square slab of greenery, some forty feet high and fifteen thick, pierced by an arched passage, from the crest of which hung crossed banners, the staves crowned with large Above the arch, the upward sloping staves of the crossed banners forming a niche to receive it, an immense sixteen-petaled chrysanthemum, constructed of over a thousand oranges, looked out with indescribable richness and softness from its moss-like frame. On either side of this beautiful device, and traced with similar materials, the ideographs Tei-chitsu Banzai! (May the imperial house last for all ages!) were disposed in two vertical lines; and all over the massive structure pear-shaped electric lights (lamps) were profusely strewn. At Nihon-bashi a suspensionbridge was produced in greenery. The idea was excellently carried out, the columns at either side of the bridge taking the form of lofty and graceful structures, their lattice-work skillfully wrought into congratulatory ideographs. Numerous other arches and devices to embellish the capital, and give outward joy to its citizen are deserving of mention. From the humblest citizen to the wealthiest corporation, all vied in contributing to the celebration, and though extremes of capacity were marked by the huge ship built of lanterns and greenery riding on the roofs of the long line of warehouses of the Japan Mail Steamship Company, and the feeble light suspended from a straw rope under the eaves of a scavenger's hut in a back alley, the spirit that pervaded the whole effort was uniformly enthusiastic.

The official programme of military inspection and review, similar to all such affairs elsewhere, having been carried out in its entirety, the people devoted themselves to the business of illumination, and to that of accompanying in procession the festival cars (dashi), at least one of which had been equipped by every ward in the city. No nation so thoroughly understands the art of keeping holiday as the Japanese. In an Occidental city, the shops put up their shutters when a pageant is to be held; in Japan they take them down. Each one is decked with all the handsomest chattels and belongings of its owner, but every evidence of business is thrust out of sight. Screens covered with gold-leaf, or having their broad panels decorated by the brushes of celebrated artists, are drawn across the back of the shop, and in the foreground of these rich objects the owner and his family sit, attired in holiday garb, and occupying themselves with the pleasant duties of eating, drinking or chatting. Often there is playing and dancing, and when this is the case, the passers-by congregate undisturbed

before the scene of the merry-making, and take a polite, but occasionally vigorous, part in the mirth and applause. Thus the smallest householder can become a vicarious entertainer on a large scale, and thus. too, there is created a universal feeling that all the good things of the day, and all the most luxurious features of the festival. are absolutely common property. No one has the advantage of his neighbor. Each throws open his door, and says, in effect, that whilst social customs and the ways of the world unfortunately compel men to live in separate houses, and take their case according to different standards, these conditions shall be obliterated as completely as possible on a day of universal rejoicing. Besides, in order that there shall be no sort of merry-making that is not public, and that the wealthiest may not be suspected of indulging in pleasures beyond the reach of his less fortunate brother-citizen, the fair danseuses, or geisha girls, of the different precincts dress themselves in carnival costumes, decline the summons of their best patrons, and parade the streets in the retinue of a dashi, singing the quaint and plaintive "Kiyari," the refrain of the firemen. These fair ladies never look prettier or more piquant than when they step along to the rhythm of their own voices, their long black hair coiled into the solid coiffure and cue of olden days, and their dainty limbs, usually robed in the most splendid garments, clad in the striped cottons of common coolies. graceful women make one of the picturesque features of all holiday shows, nor is their position in the social world so anomalous or degraded as in many lands.

Many novel sights there were in a festival of such unparalleled dimensions, but to Occidental minds nothing seemed more admirable and marvelous than the absolute gentleness and good-humor of the vast crowds that surged through the streets by the light of the universal illumination. Students, soldiers, women, girls, children by tens of thousands, priests, nobles and beggars all rejoicing together over the new era happily inaugurated, and the assurance of future progress.

Like the sleeping beauty hidden for countless years, Japan, suddenly aroused after centuries of seclusion, realizes that she has dreamed while others struggled, and now she presses forward, full of ambition and noble determination, eager to take her place side by side with the most enlightened nations. God prosper her.

SOME STYLES OF CORRESPONDENCE.

THE sending of a note on a social or business matter seems to be an exceedingly simple affair, and yet people who are generally believed to be fairly well educated, and who were able to write

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the note itself without any violations of English or good taste, manage to make several mistakes in accomplishing it.

In the first place, they do not seem to understand that in addressing a man or woman with whom they are on terms of acquaintanceship the accepted formula is "My dear Mr. Smith," or "My dear Mrs. Smith." "Dear Mr. Smith," or "Dear Mrs. Smith" is supposed to be somewhat less formal, although the distinction is a very subtle one. To address a man as "My dear sir" where the subject on which he is addressed is a social one is a mistake almost bordering on rude-"My dear sir" is all right if the note is to a business man on a business matter, and the writer simply knows the man to whom he is writing in a business way. Otherwise, it would indicate that the writer desires to hold the correspondent at a distance, and, no matter how slight the acquaintanceship between the sender and the receiver may be, this savors of snobbishness. Young men and young women who are called upon to exchange notes for some reason or other, and who seem to be unacquainted with the ordinary forms of correspondence, are frequently of the opinion that the use of "my dear" prefixed to the name of the correspondent indicates the beginning of a friendly or even an affectionate feeling. manner of address is simply a formula, and does not mean any more than stage kisses.

The old fashion of the writer subscribing himself or herself "Your obedient servant" is now "Yours truly" is the conventional obsolete. and proper way of doing the thing now. "Yours sincerely" has come somewhat into use in England during the past two years, but that is giving way now to some extent, and "Yours faithfully "or "Faithfully yours" has been substituted. The attentive reader of the newspapers has of course observed that in correspondence between men who have come to a serious disagreement, with or without the possibilities of a duel in the future, the correspondent is simply addressed as "Sir" and the subscription is "Yours, etc.." or when the writer has an inclination to throw in a good deal of dignity he puts down "Yours respectfully."

It often happens that men and women who ought to know better, in addressing an envelope to a man who is a social equal, address it to Mr. A. B. Smith, No. 6522 Fifth Avenue, when they should address it to A. B. Smith, Esq. The only time when an envelope can be addressed to Mr. Smith or Mr. Brown is where the person addressed is a small tradesman.

Some people have been embarrassed in addressing notes to titled people who have come here from England, France and Germany, and also in conversation with them. In the case of the Duke

of Marlborough, for example, they hesitated to give him all his titles with the usual embellishments, because in America this looked snobbish, and seemed to be putting too much emphasis on distinctions which do not prevail in this country. In other words, they didn't care to address him as "Your Grace the Duke of Marlborough," and they didn't feel sufficiently intimate with him to address him as "My dear Marlborough" or "My dear Duke," and at the same time didn't want to cut away all evidences of his rank by putting down "Dear Mr. Marlborough." There seems to be no reason, however, in this case, in addressing, why he should not have been addressed "My dear Duke of Marlborough," with the envelope simply inscribed, "Duke of Marlborough, Albemarle Hotel."

TWO CAREERS...

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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So MUCH one thought about the life beyond, He did not drain the waters of his pond;

And when death laid his children 'neath the sod He called it "the mysterious will of God."

He would not strive for worldly gain, not he—His wealth, he said, was stored in God's To Be.

He kept his mortal body poorly dressed, And talked about the garments of the blessed;

And when to his last sleep he laid him down, His only mourner begged her widow's gown.

II.

One was not sure there was a life to come, So made a heaven of his earthly home.

He strove for wealth, and with an open hand He comforted the needy in his land.

He wore new garments often, and the old Helped many a brother to keep out the cold.

He said this life was such a little span, Man ought to make the most of it for man;

And when he died, the fortune that he left Gave succor to the needy and bereft.

THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB OF CHICAGO.

BY LIEUTENANT F. S. BASSETT, U. S. N.

CHICAGO is eminently a club city. There are, perhaps, more clubs and similar organizations, in proportion to the population, than in any other city on the continent. There are clubs political, social, literary, religious, military—everything, from the cleaning of streets to the emancipation of woman, being attended to by some club or association. There are clubs for ministers, clubs

for women, clubs for children, clubs for families, for lawyers, for physicians, for bicyclists, for postage-stamp collectors; clubs for soldiers and for sailors, for Republicans, for Democrats and for Independents; clubs for law and order, and for dynamite and disorder. New ones are constantly forming, and progressive minds must needs have a "Twentieth Century Club," and propose a clubhouse for working-men.

Of all these organizations, numbered by hundreds, the largest and the most influential to-day is the Union League Club. This club, formed

somewhat on the same plan as those of the same name in New York and Philadelphia, is yet distinct from them in its broader aims, and in the energy and verve with which it inaugurates and accomplishes measures of vital interest and public reforms, in its successful efforts to inculcate a higher standard of citizenship, and in the great support it brings to the cause of good government. It contains more than a thousand representatives of the professional business an d men of the city,

the brain and brawn of the most energetic and progressive civilization of a progressive age. In its rapid growth from two dozen to nearly fifty times that number in nine short years, it is typical of the marvelous progress of the Garden City, and presents a notable example of American enterprise.

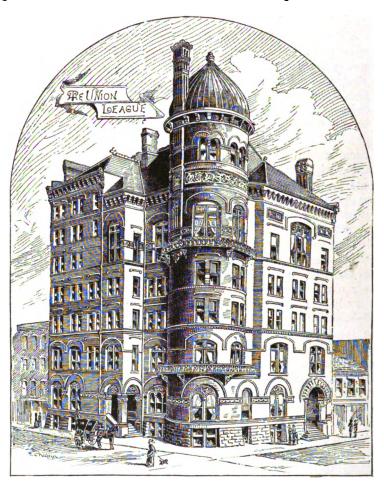
The inception of this association was due to Mr. O. H. Salisbury, now deceased. This gentleman interested several prominent Chicagoans in the formation of a club resembling the Eastern organizations named above. The first meeting called for this purpose was held in the Sherman House club-room, and twenty-five persons ac-

ceded to the plan proposed. A charter was at once obtained, dated December 19th, 1879, for "The Chicago Club of the Union League of America," as it was found that there already existed a "Union League Club" in the city. Many of the members of this association having joined the new one, they were induced to transfer their charter, and thus became "The Union League Club of Chicago," in January, 1882.

Forty persons were present at a second meeting, and each of these having agreed to find another desirable person, the club, now increased to

eighty members, secured rooms in the Honore Block. on Dearborn Street, which were continuously occupied by them until the present large and handsome house was erected.

Prominent Gregor Adams.



CLUB-HOUSE OF THE UNION LEAGUE OF CHICAGO.

among those who were ider.tified with the club in its earlier days, and who have contributed largely to its success, were Messrs. L. L. Coburn, John C. Coonley, A. L. Coe, J. B. Bradwell, R. S. Critchell, L. W. McConnell, & M. Moore, Ira W. Buell, Elbridge Keith and J. Mc-

The avowed objects of the association are:

1. To encourage and promote, by moral, social and political influence, unconditional loyalty to the Federal Government, and to defend and protect the integrity and perpetuity of this nation.

2. To inculcate a higher appreciation of the value and sacred obligations of American citizenship; to maintain the civil and political equality of all citizens in every section of our common country, and to aid in the enforcement of all laws enacted to preserve the purity of the ballot-box.

3. To resist and expose corruption, and promote economy in office, and to secure honesty and

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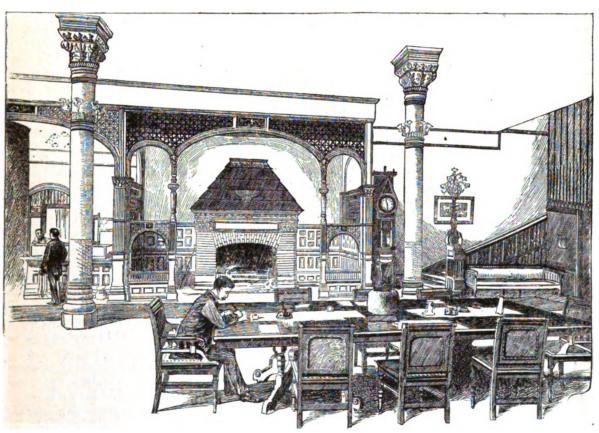
efficiency in the administration of National, State and Municipal affairs.

These are high aims, and most nobly is the club endeavoring to realize them. In the few years of its existence, it has accomplished many excellent things, and its influence is second to no organization in the State, and, perhaps, in the broad West. Action is the master-spirit that impels it. Measures recommended by the Committee on Political Action are discussed at the customary quarterly Saturday dinners, and when it has been fully decided to use the influence of the club in any direction, energetic steps are at once taken in the most practical way to carry out the

State of Illinois, or the Nation, whose integrity and welfare it designs to promote.

Notwithstanding this energy in political action, the club is by no means partisan. Although the majority of its members are Republicans, there are many belonging to the opposite party, and independent action in local affairs is frequently taken. No direct participation in any national election is had, and non-partisan action is aimed at in many directions.

The influence exerted in these various ways has been productive of much good. It was potent in securing the enactment of the present election laws, which by limiting voting-hours, requiring



THE OFFICE

These measures may be in the direcresolution. tion of new legislation, when, in addition to the public agitation and discussion of the subject, it may be necessary to send committees to the legislative bodies; or it may be advisable to oppose unwise legislation by similar means. Occasionally, the municipal authorities need support in the execution of the laws, or require an energetic reminder of their duty in certain directions. Nor is the club unmindful of material interests, in other directions. It took the initiative in the movement for a World's Fair in Chicago in 1892, and its voice is often heard in important affairs affecting the interests of the City of Chicago, the

registration in advance, and restricting the number of voters in any precinct to 300, has tended greatly to prevent fraud, and to secure an honest election; and it opposes a proposed national election law that will lengthen the voting-hours. The reorganization of the Board of County Commissioners, and of its methods of doing business, were effected chiefly through the influence of this club—reforms tending to greater economy and better government. Decided action has been taken in favor of laws that will tend to improve trials by jury, and the selection of better men as jurors. By the club's efficient aid and vigorous measures, the important Drainage Bill was passed. Minor

municipal measures of public benefit have been recommended and adopted by its influential action. It urges compensation for property destroyed in riots, and provision to make more secure the titles to real estate, and other measures, all tending to the public good, and to the preservation of law and order. In securing these enactments, it has sometimes co-operated with other organizations, which have emulated its good example. The composition of the Union League Club being from all classes of business and professional men, makes it sensitive to the public pulse, and alive to needed legislation and action in many directions.

One of the best signs of the time is the revival of patriotic sentiment throughout the country. In this movement, the Union League Club has participated. It has inaugurated a patriotic festival on Washington's Birthday, when an address is given by some gifted orator of distinction upon a suitable topic, and this is supplemented by a banquet in the evening of the same day, to which distinguished men from other States are invited, after which speeches upon themes fitted to the occasion are heard.

The first address was delivered by the distinguished author and poet, James Russell Lowell, before a brilliant audience composed of the club and invited guests. On February 22d, 1888, they listened to the glowing periods and fluent eloquence of the Hon. Chauncey Depew; and on the anniversary of last year, an admirable address from the Hon. J. D. Cox continued these fitting celebrations of the national festal-day. The many shorter speeches given each evening were none the less eloquent, the orators coming from every portion of the country, from Maine to Minne-The community owes a debt of gratitude to the club for its beneficent action in this direction, and it is a matter of congratulation that the influence of these patriotic addresses may, in the future, be extended to larger audiences in the great Auditorium, the conception and erection of which is due to the energy of a prominent member of the club, and to which many other members have contributed time and money.

The membership of the club increased rapidly There were 120 memafter its change of name. bers in 1880, 567 in 1883, 744 in 1887, and the limit of membership—900—was soon thereafter This having been increased to 1,000, 956 members registered in 1888, and the list is now full again. All citizens of the United States residing in Chicago are eligible to membership, the only conditions prescribed being "absolute" and unqualified loyalty to the Government of the United States. "They are admitted by ballot, 2 votes out of 11 in the Electoral Committee being sufficient to reject any name. The initiation fee is \$200, and the dues are \$80 per annum.

The list of honorary members includes the President of the United States, the Governor of Illinois, the Generals of the Army and of the Department, the Judges of the United States Courts and the Senators from Illinois. There are, in addition, about 150 members, resident mostly in the North-west, and a generous provision of the by-laws admits officers of the Army and Navy to membership without an initiation fee.

The officers consist of a President, two Vice-Presidents, a Secretary, a Treasurer and six Directors. These are assisted by a Committee on Political Action, a House Committee, a Property Committee, a Rules Committee, a Library Committee and a Reception Committee.

The first President of the club was L. L. Coburn (1880). John C. Coonley (1881-2), Elbridge G. Keith (1883), J. McGregor Adams (1884-6), John L. Thompson (1888) and George F. Bissell (1889) followed in succession. General Thompson died soon after his election, and was succeeded by the Vice-president, Franklin H. Head. Besides the latter, Messrs. William H. Bradley, E. A. Small, A. W. Raymond, R. S. Critchell, Charles E. Culver, S. M. Moore, C. M. Henderson, Byron P. Moulton, Eugene Cary, H. N. Higginbotham, A. L. Coe, O. S. A. Sprague, Edson Keith and Presidents Adams and Thompson have served as Vice-presidents. The Treasurers have been William Penn Nixon, George M. Bogue, W. V. Jacobs, Walter B. Mitchell, Rollin A. Keyes and William Moseback; while the following persons have been Secretaries: E. Raymond Bless, R. S. Critchell, George Driggs, Henry M. Bacon and W. H. Hubbard. The list of Directors contains the names of many of Chicago's most eminent and progressive citizens. Tenure of office seems to be the rule, as the 112 places have been held by 53 men.

As the club increased in numbers, it became apparent that new quarters must be sought, and it was determined that it should have a home of its own. Several committees reported plans that were rejected, but that presented by one, consisting of Messrs. G. F. Bissell, Rollin A. Keyes and R. S. Critchell, was finally adopted, and the outcome is the present fine club-house. This plan contemplated a building which should contain a room large enough for the club-meetings, a banquet-hall, dining-rooms of ampte capacity, sleeping-rooms and the necessary rooms for service.

The location selected was at first criticised because of its being out of the centre of the business district, but time has shown the wisdom of the choice. The progress of business to the south and west has made this a central point, and the location of the Board of Trade within a block has led to the erection of palatial office-buildings, and more are contemplated in the immediate vicinity.

The building is half-way between the river and Twelfth Street, and also midway between the lake on the east and the river to the west.

The charter of the club making no provision for the capital necessary to build a club-house, an Auxiliary Association was formed, with a cash capital of \$180,000, for which stock was issued and sold to members only. Bonds to the extent of \$80,000, bearing six per cent. interest, were afterward issued.

The club having acquired the lease of the lot at the corner of Jackson Street and Fourth Avenue, 75x100 feet in area, for ninety-nine years, the erection of a club-house was commenced in Since that time, 25 feet more on Jackson Street have been purchased, and an addition to the building made. The result is one of the handsomest club-houses in the country, and the building is an ornament to the city, and a credit to the club and the architect, Mr. W. L. B. Jenney. It is of the fourteenth-century Florentine Renaissance, modified to comply with modern require-The building is 100x100 feet in area, and is constructed of brick, trimmed with Bedford stone and red sandstone. It is five stories high, being 100 feet to the eaves and 140 to the top of the tower. The interior is trimmed with hard wood, and the walls are appropriately and tastefully decorated. Steam-heat is used, and the most approved system of ventilation, by means of exhaust fans, assures pure air throughout the building. An electrical plant furnishes light, gas being on hand as a reserve. There are two passenger and one freight elevator in the building.

The basement is devoted to the working department. Here are the boilers, engines, dynamos and pumps; the store-rooms, fuel-rooms and scullery; the great ice-chest and the wine-cellar.

The main entrance is on Jackson Street. A broad flight of steps leads up to a small vestibule, which opens directly into the large and handsome reception-room for members, which occupies half the floor-space. This is a light and lofty apartment, divided by the line of supporting pillars into two parts. It is ornamented with a large and handsome open fire-place, over which are the words of Rufus Choate, "Welcome, all loyal hearts. We recognize no party which does not carry the flag, and which cannot keep step to the music of the Union."

A door to the right in the vestibule gives access to a small reception-room for strangers, which is thus separated from the main rooms. Opening off the main reception-room is a coat-room, the lavatory and the members' barber-shop.

A peculiar feature of this club-house is the arrangement for the entertainment of ladies. The Queen City Club of Cincinnati was the first to adopt this plan, and it is confined to very few of

the club-houses in the country. A separate entrance on Fourth Avenue, near the corner of the building, gives access to a reception-room, with which are connected a reading-room, retiringrooms, etc. A separate elevator connects these rooms with those devoted to the ladies' use on the upper floors. The ladies of members' families are admitted by card, or they may accompany their husbands without being compelled to pass through the main rooms of the club. This is a very popular feature of the club-house, ladies frequently availing themselves of the opportunity thus afforded them of having luncheon here, instead of patronizing the restaurants. Luncheon parties are occasionally given, for which the superior facilities afforded are especially adapted,

On the second floor is situated the library and reading-room. This is a spacious chamber, seventy-five feet in length, with well-filled bookshelves and complete files of periodicals. The books were the gifts of members, and include many rare and valuable volumes, among which are those from the political library of the late E. B. Washburne. Some excellent portraits adorn the walls, conspicuously those of the first two presidents of the club. Adjoining this, to the south, is the café, with a smaller lunch-room and the necessary serving-rooms. In the newer portion of the building is a spacious billiard-room, 100 feet long, containing eight tables.

The third floor is entirely given up to sleeping-rooms, of which there are seventeen, almost continually occupied.

On the fourth floor are situated seven private dining-rooms, the ladies dining-room and six bedrooms. One of the private dining-rooms, the "tower-room," will seat comfortably forty persons, and in this beautiful room President Harrison and other distinguished persons have been entertained.

The entire front of the building on the main floor is devoted to the main dining-room. Here 400 persons may readily be seated, and here the banquets have been given. It may be further enlarged to accommodate an additional 200 by throwing open the connecting art-gallery, whose walls begin to testify to the growing appreciation of art in this city of practical pursuits and material interests.

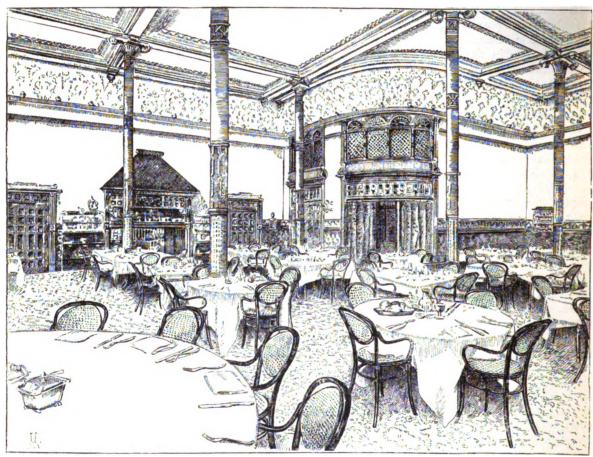
On the same floor are the spacious kitchens and pantries. The rear portion of the building is carried two stories higher than the front, and here are situated the servants' quarters and the laundry. There are nearly a hundred persons on the pay-roll, and the yearly salaries amount to more than \$30,000. The receipts from the restaurant, etc., amount to more than \$70,000 per annum.

The club-house was opened, June 10th, 1886,

with a magnificent reception, at which more than 2,500 members and guests were present. The "Annex" was dedicated with another brilliant reception, attended by fully 2,000 persons. Being a "down-town" club, the Union League does not pay as much attention to social as to political matters, but several most successful entertainments and receptions have been given. Secretary Blaine and Secretary Windom, the Illinois Senators and Representatives, and other dignitaries, have been banqueted, and distinguished foreigners visiting Chicago have been

bankers, suave millionaires, rising young lawyers, busy merchants—all find time from the rush of the city during the midday hours to meet here and enjoy a sociable lunch.

Such an organization as this is of great benefit to the community and to the country. So long as it continues to avoid partisan action, and to desire only the public good, it deserves the confidence of all earnest citizens. A voice which might be unheard in its advocacy of some important measure is here often powerful in moving the masses, through the support it receives from received, and the club entertained and recom- organized action. The practical co-operation of



THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB OF CHICAGO. - THE DINING-ROOM.

pensed by their occasional brilliant addresses. Lectures, musical parties and addresses are frequently given in the Winter season.

President Harrison was tendered an informal reception on the occasion of his recent visit to Chicago, at the opening of the Auditorium, and the rooms were graced by the presence of Mrs. Cleveland during the visit of President Cleveland The greater part of the members being young and middle-aged business mer, fewer are found within its walls during the evening hours than in the middle of the day, when from two to four hundred assemble here. Great judges, portly

earnest energetic business and professional men will be needed in the near future to strengthen the laws, and enable society to resist the varied disintegrating forces brought against it. are peculiarly American institutions, whose freedom of speech and bold actions would not be tolerated in many lands, and deserve as such to be cherished and maintained. There is fallow ground yet to be plowed, and it is to be hoped that the good work effected by the Union League Club in the various ways indicated above is but an earnest of future measures of reform to be adopted and furthered by its powerful assistance.



HER COMPANION, SAT BESIDE HER, READING ALOUD." " SHE WAS ENGLINING IN A HAMMOCK, AND IDLY WATCHING THE WATER.

A SPANISH CAVALIER.

BY FRANCES B. CURRIE.

WHEN Roderick Cuthbert had been everywhere, and had seen everything in which he felt the faintest interest, he resolved to go home and marry his ward. He was forty years old when he made this resolution, and the young lady in question was but twenty; yet he was sanguine concerning the success of his suit. Judith was an amiable, obedient girl, and would be easily influenced.

He had outlived his cnthusiasm some years before our story opens, or he would have been delighted with the change that time had wrought When he had left her, she had been a callow, uninteresting school-girl. He returned to find her a woman, whose beauty and amiability were greatly admired. He reflected that the task of winning this beautiful heiress would be more agreeable than he had anticipated.

He was surprised at himself when he experienced a revulsion of feeling, and decided that he would not marry her. Judith would soon be of age, and would need a husband to manage her property; and as there was nothing of the dogin-the-manger characteristic in Cuthbert, he resolved to find his ward a suitable husband. He happened to hear that Roberto Barrantes was in the country, and he invited the young Spaniard to visit him and his ward at the Ambre Hotel.

There was a curious friendship between Cuthbert and Senor Barrantes. Their dispositions were wholly dissimilar. Barrantes was an enthu-

Cuthbert was blasé, and a misanthrope. rantes was an artist of superior ability, and entered into his work with a headlong impetuosity which wearied the American. Cuthbert had no occupation. Barrantes was full of sentiment and generous impulses, while Cuthbert was never emotional. Barrantes was a rich man, who would one day inherit a title, and Cuthbert felt assured that he was no fortune-hunter. He was a handsome, dashing young fellow, such as most young ladies admire, and Cuthbert felt confident that Judith would like him.

The Ambre Hotel was a picturesque structure, in a Georgia watering-place. It was close enough to the shore to command a view of an irregular coast, and far enough inland to admit of its being surrounded by magnolia-trees. The place was redolent with perfume, and warm with rich coloring. When Senor Barrantes entered it, he felt as if he was back again in sunny Spain.

When he approached the hotel for the first time, it was by a little circuitous path through the wood. He had preferred it to the highway, and through this preference he had seen Miss Judith Hilgard before his formal introduction. If he could have painted her as she looked on that soft Spring morning, his reputation as an artist would have lived forever.

She was reclining in a hammock, and idly watching the water. She rested upon a scarlet wrap which fell over the sides of the hammock siast whose emotional nature was easily aroused. | to the ground. Her hair, as black as Cleopatra's,

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and confined only at her neck, mingled with and was almost as long as the scarlet drapery. She looked like an Eastern princess taking a siesta after a bath.

A lady, employed as her companion, sat beside her reading aloud. Her name was Gertrude Morris. She was twenty-four years old, but looked much younger than she was. Her girlish appearance was enhanced by the simplicity of her white dress, and by her rich hair. Gertrude was rather pale, and beside the brilliant brunette was like a colorless lily in the presence of a gorgeous passionflower.

Señor Barrantes scarcely noticed her.

There was a grand "hop" at the hotel that night, and Roberto Barrantes entered the ballroom with Miss Hilgard on his arm. Cuthbert obligingly left them alone, and engaged Miss Morris in conversation. If Senor Barrantes had heard their conversation, he would have suspected that Cuthbert's desertion was not wholly disinterested. There was nothing pronounced or striking in Miss Morris's appearance. She was pretty, as the average American girl is, without any surprising beauty. She was poor, her education had been somewhat superficial, she had few accomplishments, and her family was obscure. No one knew much about her, excepting that she was respectable and clever; and yet it was a veritable fact that Roderick Cuthbert, with all his worldliness, had decided not to marry the heiress because he preferred her companion!

He had been surprised at his own change of purpose. He was more surprised to discover that he possessed some latent sentiment which Gertrude Morris had aroused. He had not noticed her at first, but when his attention had once been directed to her she held it. Her wit, her repartee, her lack of toadyism were all so refreshing, that he longed to have her constantly with him to keep off his old mental lethargy. This girl had a temper of her own which was more delightful to him than Judith's unvarying amiability.

He had been confident of winning his ward's consent to marry him, but, curiously for a man in his position, he was not at all certain of gaining the companion's. Her moods were so variable, that he could never anticipate what she was going to do or say. At the "hop" she at first refused to dance with him.

"I must not," she said, her face full of mischief. "I must hover about my charge and drive away the wolves who are eager to carry her off!"

She evidently understood Cuthbert's intention of marrying off his ward and having no more responsibility concerning her.

"Is it always safe for you to meet these wolves?" he asked, significantly. "Remember,

it was not Red Riding-hood alone, but her grandmother, who was devoured!"

She laughed, and shrugged her shoulders.

"Don't compare me to that frightful old woman," she said. "Why, her face was so like the wolf's, that when he put on her night-cap the resemblance was perfect!"

Before she had finished her sentence he had drawn her into the waltz.

"You have inveigled me into this to prevent me from interrupting the tête-à-tête between your ward and the Spanish cavalier," she said, saucily. "I suspect you of having match-making proclivities. You regard Miss Hilgard in the light of a daughter, and are ambitious to have a future marquis for a son-in-law."

"I aspire even higher than that. I hope to make you his mother-in-law!"

She broke away from him suddenly.

"I am not going to dance," she said, "nor to help you marry Miss Hilgard to a Spaniard. I have no right to criticise your choice, but I would rather see her dead than married to one of his race."

Meanwhile Senor Barrantes had been cultivating the acquaintance of the heiress. She conversed with him in her sweet though indolent fashion, while they watched the dancers. They had noticed Cuthbert and Gertrude in the dance.

"Miss Morris waltzes uncommonly well," Miss Hilgard commented. "See how perfectly cool she looks among those hot dancers—like a natural lily in a group of crumpled artificial flowers."

"And will you waltz? The music is tempting."

"Oh, no," she answered, with that indescribable gentleness which took all the sting out of her utterances; "I never dance in Summer. There are few who can survive a waltz as does Gertrude—all cool, apparently, with only a little additional color to show that she has exercised."

He found a cool place on the piazza, where they sat and watched the dancers through an open window. A moment later some one addressed him in his own language. The voice was so familiar that he turned quickly, expecting to meet the face of a friend. Cuthbert and Miss Morris had joined them, and the girl had spoken. As he scanned her face the Spaniard was convinced that he had never seen her before that day. But her voice! Where had he heard it? Its accents sounded as familiar as a melody learned in childhood.

"So you speak my language," he said, offering his chair, and regarding her with sudden interest. "You cannot imagine how delightful it sounds to me in this babel of voices. The confusion of sounds here makes the English language almost incomprehensible to me."

. "I did not know that you could converse in Spanish, Gertrude," Miss Hilgard remarked. "You have been with me three years without ventilating this accomplishment. Where did you acquire it?"

Miss Morris had suddenly grown very pale.

"I once possessed a 'castle in Spain,'" she said, evasively. "While I inhabited it I learned the Spanish language."

Mr. Cuthbert's match-making progressed indifferently, and Gertrude Morris was to blame for it. Señor Barrantes could not keep her out of his mind. Her voice haunted him. Where had he heard it—or one exactly like it? He watched the girl with increasing interest. Had she ever crossed his path before, and was there any hidden meaning in her assertion that she had once lived in a 'castle in Spain'? It was obvious that she avoided him, and that she had a disposition to keep Miss Hilgard out of his sight. Her conduct finally attracted Cuthbert's attention, and he commented upon it.

"Miss Morris has an unreasonable distrust of your countrymen," he said to Señor Barrantes. "She doubtless has read some fictitious literature in which a Spanish desperado has figured. She probably thinks you are armed to the teeth, and carry a stiletto down the back of your neck. Some girls have singular prejudices, but Judith Hilgard appears to be entirely free from them. She has a firm belief in the proverbial Spanish honor and chivalry."

In spite of her dislike for his race, the Spaniard's interest in Miss Morris increased. He had at first disapproved of her. She appeared to him frivolous and cold. Later, he discovered that nearly all who came to pay court to the beautiful heiress ended by devoting their attention to the "companion." The latter was versatile, and piqued men by her indifference; yet they liked She understood them so well, and was at once so careless, so pretty, so nearly insolent and yet so well-bred, that they began to study her and forget the good-tempered Judith. The girl's object did not appear to be to attract attention to herself so much as to divert it from Miss Hilgard. She believed that Judith would marry a man unworthy of her rather than give herself the trouble of refusing him.

Gertrude Morris was conspicuously faulty, yet Barrantes was compelled to admit that she had some excellent characteristics. When a friend of Miss Hilgard's sickened and died, Judith shrank from approaching her; but Gertrude sustained the sufferer in her death-struggles. The girl was as tender as a mother and as steady-nerved as a surgeon.

She was in one of her most captious moods one

morning when Senor Barrantes met her on the beach.

"What!" she exclaimed; "are you out sketching so early? I thought you Spaniards always arose at noon after your café au lait."

"We Spaniards are not all lazy. Americans are not the only toil-loving people, so you must not think you have a monopoly of arduous labor."

"I suppose we Americans are money-loving rather than labor-loving," she said, lightly. "But do all Spaniards call sketching 'arduous labor'?"

"Sketching is a mere drop in the ocean of an artist's life," he said, now really irritated. "An artist's life is no joke, senorita."

"I know that," she responded, her voice so sympathetic that his temper was soothed. "Miss Hilgard once determined to devote her life to art, and began and ended her career by painting a pair of jars. Such a time as she had putting on the paints and rubbing them off again! The vases were completed in seventeen weeks."

He made a gesture of impatience, which she secretly enjoyed. The spirit of mischief had possession of her.

"Do you ever paint jars, or plaques, or anything?" he asked, at length. "I suppose you do, since all young ladies amuse themselves in that way."

"Then I must be an old lady, for I do nothing of the sort."

"I see I have been guilty of a blunder," he said, in Spanish. "You speak my language so much better than I do yours, that you ought to indulge me by conversing with me always in Spanish."

They stopped then to watch the water. The sea was in a state of tumultuous fury. The girl who had been all smiles and dimples a moment before stood looking at the spectacle with eyes dark and humid, and an expression of terror on her face.

"Do you love the sea?" he asked, without looking at her.

"Love the sea!" she repeated, her voice trembling with passion; "I hate it! I force myself to look at it—I am compelled to hear it constantly—but I wish my eyes were blind to the sight, and my ears deaf to the sound!"

He turned to her quickly, a sudden remembrance flashing upon him.

"Ah," he said, impulsively, "I know you at last! I heard your voice in Barcelona. You fell from the pier, one night seven years ago, just before the late steamer arrived. When you were drawn from the sea your hair fell over your face so that I could not see you. But I heard your voice. Great Heavens! how could I ever forget it?"

She was trembling violently.

"And I did not know you!" she said, her voice vibrating with intense feeling. "There were two fell into the Mediterranean—a gentleman and I. You saved my life, but when you went back into that awful sea, he was dead."

marry one for whom she had no affection. left her with deeper regret than he had believed himself capable of feeling.

She was on the balcony on the evening before Señor Barrantes's departure. It was a perfect He made no reply, and she continued, her | night, starlight, and silent excepting that some



"THEN HE KISSED HER LIPS ONCE MORE BEFORE SHE FELL. DARED NOT LOOK TO SEE WHAT HER FATE HAD BEEN, BUT A CHEER FROM BELOW BEASSURED HIM.

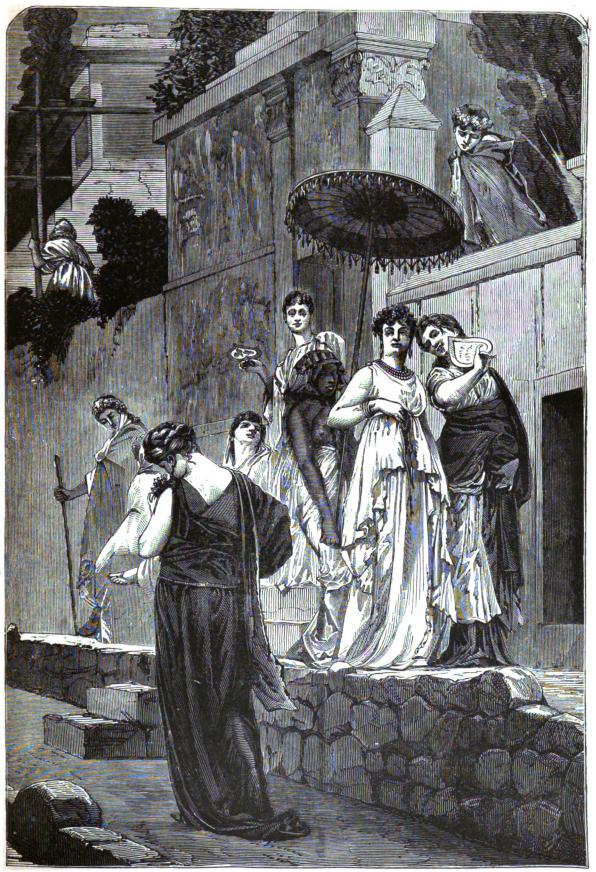
this way again." "I am glad you spoke. I am glad that I can |

"Believe me, I will never transgress in

look in your face and thank you for giving me back my life."

When Mr. Cuthbert proposed marriage to Miss Morris she promptly refused him. She could not his face made her resolve to escape him; but

distant musicians played Gounod's inimitable Flower-song. She was radiantly beautiful in the half-light, verifying the poet's assertion that "night shows stars and women in a better light." When Senor Barrantes joined her, something in



THE UMBRELLA.—ON THE APPIAN WAY, ANCIENT BOME.—SEE PAGE 497.

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when she would have gone he understood her intention and thwarted it.

"You are too late," he said. "I must be heard."

"The music has ceased," she said; "the night grows chilly. Let us return to the parlor."

He placed her wrap about her shoulders.

"This will keep you warm," he said, "and the music is beginning again."

"Lardi si fa, addio." she sang, provokingly. "What could be a stronger hint than for those men to play 'The hour is late, adieu'?"

"This is my last opportunity of seeing you alone before I go," he persisted, "and I must seize it. I must ask you to be my wife."

She stopped and listened.

I have spoken abruptly because you avoid me, and have several times prevented me from speaking. You have a thousand evasions at your command; but to-night I must compel you to listen. I know that under your cloak of carelessness is a woman's warm heart, and I appeal to it. I love you, Gertrude."

"But I cannot marry you." she said. Unlike her suitor, she was apparently not agitated. Perhaps she was accustomed to scenes like this. "We are not suited to each other, and I do not like your countrymen. You want a confiding woman, and I am incredulous. You want a loving woman, and I am cold."

"You appear cold, indeed, when you can reason so dispassionately," he answered. "But I have watched you, and I believe your coldness is assumed. Do not confront me with these tricks of mannerism. Be your true self to-night. Your nature is as earnest, as tender, as passionate as that of any daughter of Spain. Tell me if you love me."

"If I had known you eight years ago, I might have answered differently. Then I could have trusted the man I loved with my soul. Now I cannot trust a Spaniard."

"Why not?"

"I am afraid of your countrymen, and I believe they make bad husbands. I ought to know, for I was once married to a Spaniard!"

He started away from her, too shocked, too astonished to speak. She stood nervously clasping and unclasping her hands.

"My father disliked my choice. He considered the Spaniards treacherous, unreliable people. I would not listen to him. When I was betrothed, he turned me out-of-doors. He was a cold, hard man, and I was hungering for affection. I was sixteen, impetuous, trustful and loving. I would have died for the man I loved. I married him in the face of all opposition, and he took me to Barcelona. When we had been married six months he was drowned."

"There is nothing in all this to prejudice you against my suit," Senor Barrantes said. "You are free, a widow, and I love you."

The tears ran over her face.

"I trusted him. I gave up father, home, country—everything to go with him, and he distrusted me! Heaven forgive me for telling of his sin—but he intentionally fell from the Barcelona pier, and he purposely dragged me with him!"

She could not speak for a time, but when she regained her self-control she told him more. Her husband had been jealous. Stung by the injustice of his accusations, she had been too proud to make any defense. He had mistaken her silence for an admission that his accusations were true, and he had determined to end her existence and his own. When they were on the Barcelona pier, he plunged into the sea, and dragged his young wife with him. The rest of her story Barrantes knew. He had saved her life, while her husband was drowned.

She had returned to America as soon as possible, and had taken her maiden name. She had wished to forget the brief, black history of her married life.

"You were little more than a child when you made this mistake," Senor Barrantes said. "Do you not see the difference between then and now? If you loved me, I would be your maturer choice. Your woman's heart could not deceive you? Do you think all Spaniards are alike? Do I look like a coward and a murderer?"

He put his arms about her, trembling with excitement as he did so, and for an instant she made no resistance.

"Be a girl once more," he urged, his handsome face close to hers and his breath coming quickly. "Resurrect your old faith in the goodness of men. Believe in me as I do in you. Be my wife, and let me prove to you how tender and true a Spaniard can be."

She staggered to her feet and released herself. "No, no, no!" she exclaimed. "I cannot—I dare not yield. Por siempre adios!" (Goodby for ever).

He could not rest that night. He sat in his room thinking of what had passed between him and the woman he loved. That she was a widow—that girlish-looking creature—seemed incredible. A widow for seven years, and the widow of a man who had died in trying to take her life!

A little while before daylight he cast himself down on a lounge, dressed as he was, and fell into troubled sleep. He was awakened by some excitement in the corridor. Some one ran past his door and shrieked, "Fire!"

He rushed into the hall, where he was nearly blinded by smoke. On the stairs a crowd of men

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and women fiercely struggled to reach the open The Spaniard had but one thought in his He knew that Gertrude's room was on mind. the third floor, in a wing of the house where the fire had originated. Had she escaped? He saw Cuthbert and Miss Hilgard struggling in the mass of human beings whose frenzy momentarily increased their danger, but Gertrude Morris was not there.

He dashed up the stairs leading to the south The fire would have driven back any but the most daring of men. Many voices warned him that he was rushing to his death. deaf to the warning. He fought with fire and smoke until he reached her room. She lav upon the bed, alive, but stupefied with the death-laden atmosphere. He wrapped the bedclothing about her, and then bore her out into the corridor. This time he was driven back by the flames that rushed up the stair-way. There was but one possible means

He climbed out upon a bay-window, still with her helpless weight in his arms. The crowd below cheered and shouted to him to let her fall and they would catch her.

But he held her fast.

"A ladder-a ladder!" he cried.

But alas! for the safety of human lives, none long enough to reach him could be found. stretched a strong blanket below, again begging him to drop her. Even then he noticed that Cuthbert was one of those who held it. flames behind Barrantes made it impossible for him to keep his position many seconds longer. He thanked God that the woman in his arms was insensible to her danger. Then he kissed her lips once before she fell.

"Adios!" he said. "Por siempre adios!" He dared not look to see what her fate had been, but a cheer from below reassured him.

Then the blanket was held up again.

"Jump," they said, "and we will save you!"

Three years later, Señor Barrantes and his youthful - looking wife were spending a quiet evening in their home in Barcelona. Their lovely two-vear-old daughter slept peacefully in the mother's arms.

"Do you know that it is three years to-night since you said you would not trust me?" the Spaniard asked.

"I cannot well forget it," she said. "When I heard that you had saved my life again, at the risk of your own, and that you had broken your ankle when you leaped from that bay-window, I could not rest before I saw you. Oh, Roberto. did you think me bold and unwomanly when I told you that the life you had saved for the second time was yours to do with as you chose? of the highest degree would have considered their

I had always loved you, and I could not resist the promptings of my heart any longer."

He bent and kissed her.

"I can never tell you how womanly and sweet you appeared to me when you came to me with your confession. Before you spoke, I knew by your face that love had conquered prejudice."

"Judith was scandalized by our unseemly haste in getting married," she continued, blithely. "I heard from her to-day. She is going to marry Mr. Cuthbert in the Spring, if her trousseau is finished in time. They are not such hasty folk as we are, Roberto."

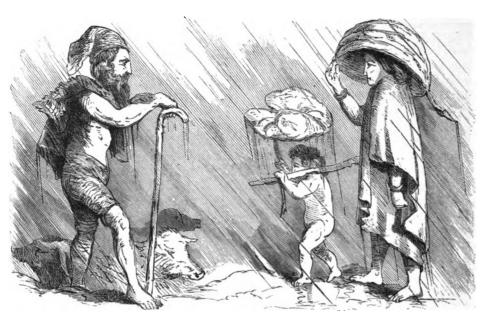
"And not so happy either," he added.

THE UMBRELLA.

THE umbrella may lay claim to a pedigree of the highest antiquity, it having, amongst Eastern nations and the classic ones of Greece and Italy, held almost from time immemorial a most In China important position in State functions. the umbrella was in constant use fully two centuries before the Christian era; but anterior to this, representations of it may be found upon the ancient slabs of Nineveh, and the frescoes of Thebes and Memphis. Upon Etruscan vases preceding by some centuries the Roman period umbrellas distinctly figured are to be met with, but always, as on Grecian vases and engraved gems, in connection with the attributes of maj-Bacchus was especially favored in this respect, and in the processions in honor of this deity the umbrella always formed an important feature. Aristophanes mentions the white umbrellas and baskets, which signified joy and pomp, as being intended to recall to men the acts of Ceres and Proserpine, and as such they were constantly borne by virgins at all religious ceremo-The same writer, when describing the desire of Prometheus to shield himself from the glance of Jove, causes him urgently to command a slave to hold an umbrella over his head, so that the god might not perceive him in passing by.

In the Roman period the umbrella, according to Pliny, came into general use on rainy days. when the velarium could not be used; but it still formed a leading part of State ceremonials, for Heliogabalus—when he, in his insane love of display, attired himself as a woman, and caused himself to be carried by female slaves on a litter through the streets of Rome—had borne over his head a magnificent golden umbrella covered with diamonds, whilst two smaller ones were carried on either side. Amongst the matrons of Rome, so prevalent was the use of the umbrella, that dames

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BEFORE UMBRELLAS WERE INVENTED.

establishments incomplete had they not included a due complement of umbrella-bearers; and it was the custom for these ladies to be attended when abroad by two slaves, one of whom bore a fan, and the other an elegant linen parasol stretched upon light sticks, and mounted upon a long handle, which enabled the bearer, at the slightest sign from his mistress, to direct it in any position agreeable to her. In form, these classic umbrellas strongly resembled those now in constant use in Japan, and, like them, they were fitted with long handles, to which, in some cases it would appear, a movable adjustment was at-

DIOGENES' SHELTER.

tached, which permitted the bearer with facility to direct the shadow in the requisite position.

The name of the umbrella appears to have been taken from the Italian word ombrello—"a little shade." We have it thus rendered in Bai-



ASSYRIAN CHARIOT-UMBRELLA.

ley's English Dictionary, 1736: "Umbella, a little shadow; also an umbrella, a bongrace; also a screen which women wear over their heads to shadow them." In a dictionary published a few years subsequently to Bailey's the following derivation is met with: "Umbrello, a sort of wooden frame covered with cloth, put over a window to keep out the sun; also a screen carried over the head to defend from sun and rain."

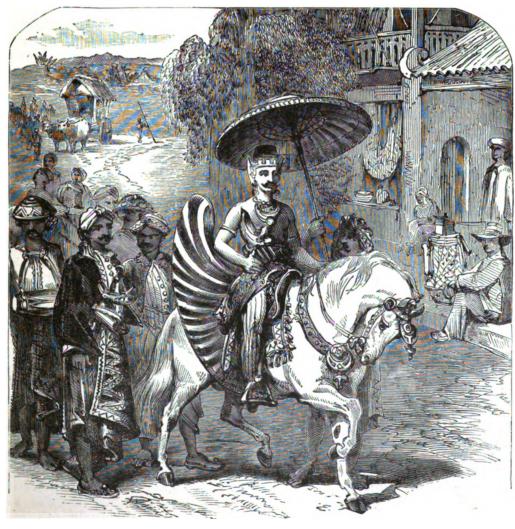
Though deriving its name from a Latin source, the introduction of the umbrella into Europe was originally from the East; and, before passing to

its use in the Middle Ages, it will be interesting to note some particulars of the very important position it holds in all royal and courtly Eastern ceremonial. For ages, amongst Oriental potentates, the umbrella has been a most important factor of their royal state, typifying, as it is supposed to do, the almighty power of the



PERSIAN POMP.

sovereign. Chardin, in his "Voyages," relates how, in early Persian bass-reliefs, the Kings of Persia, long anterior to Alexander, are frequently represented in the act of mounting horseback, on surrounded by lovely female slaves, the duty of one of them being that of holding an umbrella over the monarch's head; this



THE SIAMEST SUNSHADE.

service being intended not only to protect the sovereign from the powerful rays of the sun, but also to demonstrate his absolute right of life and death over his prisoners and subjects. In India, as in Persia, the parasol has invariably been used as an attribute of royalty, and is upon all occasions of ceremony, borne over their rulers. These Eastern parasols or umbrellas were and are, as a rule, composed of the richest materials, frequently being literally covered with incrustations of precious stones, pearls, spangles, and gold and silver filigree.

So fully are these umbrellas recognized as being the insignia of royalty, that when the Prince of Wales visited India, it was, we are told, found necessary for him to be placed beneath a golden umbrella on an elephant, in order that the people might identify his princely person. Amongst the numerous presents brought from India by the Prince of Wales, were no fewer than twenty State umbrellas. Of these may be specially noted one sent by the Queen of Lucknow, which was covered with blue satin woven with gold, and literally covered with seed-pearls. Other very noticeable examples were the State umbrella of Indore, simulating, in form, that of a mushroom, and those which were covered with the plumage of the rarest tropical birds. All these State umbrellas were furnished with long handles of gold, silver or ivory, more or less richly enameled or damascened, and the consideration of them forms an interesting link in the history of the regal sunshade.

Occasionally, from old engravings, we may gather some idea of the variations of form which the umbrella was subjected to in divers countries. In a print representing the procession of the Great Mogul, the capacious umbrella borne over his head is provided with a deep curtain or fringe, which not only must have added to its beauty, but also considerably to its merits as a shelter from the powerful rays of an Eastern sun. In another engraving a similar fringe is shown bordering the square-shaped, two-handled umbrella which is being carried over the head of a princess of the Mogul Empire, who, contrary to the recognized ideas one forms of the privacy enforced upon these Eastern dames of high degree, appears to be walking in familiar and friendly contact with her dependents.

Fixed umbrellas of considerable size, and fitted with deep falling curtains, were an important feature of the two-wheeled sedans formerly used by Japanese ladies of quality. These remarkable-looking conveyances were propelled from behind by an attendant, who bore, passing over his shoulders, a long bamboo handle, the ends of which, held in either hand, enabled him, no doubt, with but slight fatigue to accomplish his duty.

In Sierra Leone the regal umbrella was of a decidedly conical form, and was fitted with a handle that permitted it, similarly to those alluded to as of classic origin, to be held obliquely over the King's head.

The importance attached to the use of the umbrella in Eastern countries, and the degrees of rank recognized by their number, may be gathered from the fact that amongst the long roll of titles borne by the rulers of Ava and Pegu, was that of "The Lord of the Twenty-four Umbrellas"; and we are told in Uzanne's monograph that the King of Dahomey holds his court in a barn lined with twenty-four umbrellas, the outer ones of which are white, but the central ones, marking the spot occupied by His Majesty, are of the gaudiest ones imaginable, such as orange, blue, scarlet and purple.

The Kings of Burmah were invariably in the habit of addressing their brother-potentates as "The Great Umbrella-bearing Chiefs of the Eastern Countries," and the omission of this courtesy would, no doubt, as implying inferiority of rank, have been considered a cause of mortal offense. Some of King Theebaw's golden umbrellas have been brought to this country, and figure in collections.

In the Land of the Sun the umbrella has long played an important part in the domestic life of its people, and its use does not by any means appear to have been there so exclusively the prerogative of royalty as in other Eastern countries. It is stated to have been known, at least, for two centuries prior to the Christian era, and a pretty legend ascribes its invention to the wife of the celebrated carpenter Lou Pan, who conceived the idea of making one, and whilst so engaged thus addressed her husband: "You very cleverly construct houses for men, but it is impossible to render the shelter afforded by them movable, whilst the object I have in my hand may be borne for thousands of miles." Sc non è vero, è ben trovato. Certain it is that the little portable shelter has proved an inestimable boon to all who have become familiar with its use; and who, it may be asked, is not so in this year of grace 1890? In all parts we have umbrellas and parasols galore, from the dainty lace confection, almost too fragile and transparent to fulfill the purpose for which it is destined, to the substantial gingham, familiar to us as the prerogative of the genus Gamp, or of those elderly females who, despite the denunciations of the stern representatives of the law, are still occasionally to be met with dispensing Pomona's precious gifts from beneath its sheltering ægis.

It is, perhaps, a little strange that, notwithstanding the extreme antiquity of the umbrella. and the important position it has held, apart even

from the interest attached to it as the now almost inseparable companion of our outdoor life, so little literary attention has been directed to it. It would appear as though it had either escaped, or been deemed beneath, the notice of writers upon costume; for, with the exception of one or two treatises of this subject in periodical publications, and Uzanne's monograph, the allusions to the subject in books treating of costume are of the most meagre description.

In Planché's otherwise admirable and exhaustive dictionary, the umbrella is totally overlooked: and though, in one instance, Planché gives an illustration of the form of it as borne in the procession of the Doge of Venice in 1591, it is without any descriptive reference, and the word "Umbrere, umbril (ombre, French)," only appears armorially in connection with the peak or shade worn on the front of the head - piece. Planché's omission is remarkable, since he by no means confines himself to English costume; and, quite apart from classic use, the umbrella held in the Middle Ages an important position in Spain and Italy, and, though at rather a later date, was an equal favorite in France. At this early period the use of the umbrella was, however, still recognized as a privilege belonging to the upper classes, and it was principally in request for religious ceremonies or State processions, and like, later on, the daïs, specially reserved for kings, nobles and the clergy. The Doge's umbrella has been already alluded to; this was in use as early as the year 1176, and it would appear that, until the special permit granted by Pope Adrian III. to Venetian nobles to carry the umbrella in processions, it was the sole prerogative of the chief member of the

The size as well as the weight of these early umbrellas appears to have been considerable, many of them being large enough to cover three or four people. These were, however, of course, borne by attendants, and the smaller ones, far from having obtained the excellence and almost feather-weight of their modern descendants, were so cumbrous that they were said to tire the hand more than they relieved the head. Italian cavaliere were in the habit of carrying leather umbrellas on horseback, holding them in the hand. but relieving the weight by resting the handle on the hip.

The Italian ombrello, or Spanish quitasol, found its way, it is said, into France with the fan, and other objects favored by Catherine de Medicis; and though at first, as in the former countries, supposed to appertain only to the higher ranks of the community, the parasol gradually became popular with all classes. An example of the style of those used by royalty, said to have belonged to old Hôtel de Sully. It was a magnificent parasol of large proportions, covered with blue silk powdered with elongated fleur-de-lis worked in real

In the seventeenth century parasols appear to have been used by women in England, as well as in France, for Ben Jonson mentioned them in a play acted in the year 1616; and Dryden, sending some doves to his mistress, in 1670, wished that their wings might, as parasols do, shelter her forever.

Many years, however, elapsed before the petits bourgeois of either country were conceded the general use of the parasol, or parapluie, for we find that in 1769 a company was formed in Paris to lend out parasols to persons crossing the Pont Bureaux were to be placed at either end of the bridge, and the borrower was to relinquish the loan after crossing to the further side. There is no evidence to say if the company was a success, or if it rapidly collapsed before the more general advent of the bourgeois parasol, which about this time was also becoming popular with the women of England, since we have Swift in 1760 remarking that:

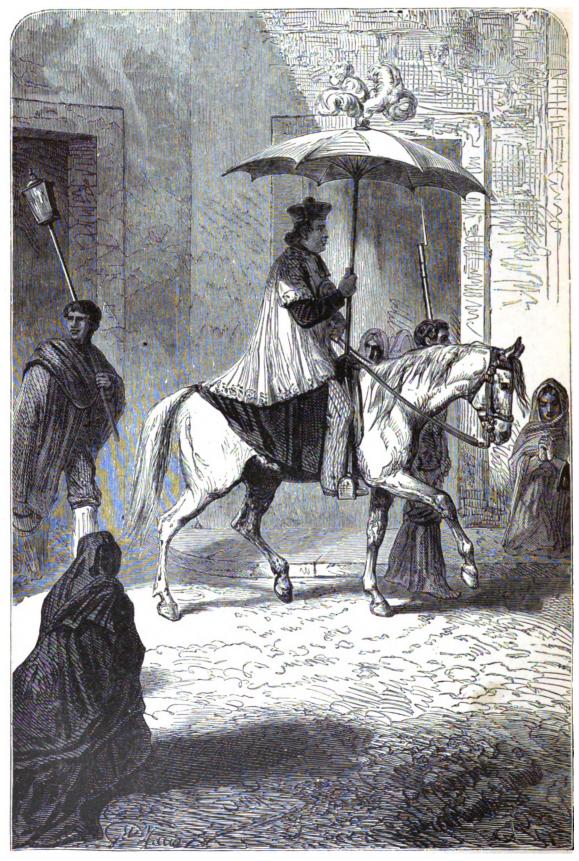
"The tucked-up sempstress walks with hasty stride, Whilst streams run down her oiled umbrella side."

The value of the parasol had by this time become so apparent, that makers of them directed the most assiduous attention to the improvement of their proportions, and shapes were invented which might with advantage be resuscitated by our modern manufacturer, some being so convenient, that their dimensions might be reduced at will sufficiently to allow of their being carried in the pocket, whilst others folded back triangularly and became of the thickness and bulk of a hat, carried under the arm. So far, however, in England, the fashion of carrying a parasol or umbrella would appear to have been restricted to females. This is proved by the quotation already given from Dryden; and Gay, in his "Art of Walking the Streets of London," published in 1712, also calls attention to that fact, when he states that

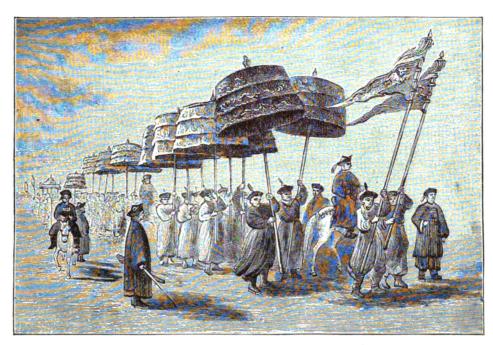
"Good housewives all the Winter's rage despise, Defended by the riding-hood's disguise; Or underneath th' umbrella's oily shade, Safe through the wet in clanking pattens tread."

With the year 1756, or very close upon that date, a new era dawned for the English umbrella. A doctor of the name of Jonas Hanway, having imported a small and convenient-sized one from Paris, persistently made use of it in the streets of London, and, after thirty years, had the satisfaction of knowing that his sensible action was no Henry IV., was for many years preserved in the longer deemed a sign of effeminacy, but a prudent

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A MEXICAN PRIEST GOING TO ADMINISTER THE VIATICUM TO A DYING PERSON.



PROCESSION OF STATE UMBRELLAS AT THE CHINESE EMPEROR'S MARRIAGE.

custom which others gladly availed themselves of the opportunity of following. Hanway's umbrella was probably of oiled cloth or gingham, silk being at that time too costly for general use. It is strange to reflect how very considerably Jonas Hanway was in advance of the opinion of the days in which he lived, for not only did he successfully break down the barrier that existed in the way of the general use of the umbrella, but he, in his own person, fulfilled the hygienic principle now generally recognized, of wearing flannel underclothing, all his garments being lined with that material.

The Church of Rome uses the umbrella as a canopy of honor. It figures in her sacred rites, and in Spanish America, when the Viaticum or Blessed Sacrament is borne to the sick, the priest rides on horseback bearing an umbrella. The royal honor is thus paid to the King of Kings.

In the days of its restricted employment the umbrella sufficiently indicated the status of its possessor. Has it, in its more widely extended use, lost its suggestion of character? I think not, nor did the celebrated Count d'Orsay, who declared that, failing the best carriage, he would have the best umbrella. "Tot homines, quot umbracula." The subject is worth a moment's thought, for "if the

proper study of mankind is man," and man is known by his umbrella, its investigation is an imperative duty. Hitherto you may, oblivious of your solemn responsibilities, have passed unheeded the unwritten book presented to your gaze, a book which he who runs may read; but bear with me for a minute longer, as I slip into the lantern a few typical slides, and, if you are the reader I take you for, you will do so no longer.

Look at that elegant construction with its delicate paragon frame; the covering of choice silk confined by a band of the same material, and not

of the elastic trumpery which gives in the wear, becoming too large for a single turn whilst insufficiently long to encircle the umbrella twice! Look at the polished Malacca cane, its chased silver mounting inscribed with name and address—as plain as plain can be, but as good as possible—and tell me if that could be carried by any one but a gentleman! If it were not sacrilege to parody the immortal bard one might paraphrase the injunction of Polonius, and give as our advice:

carried by any one but a gentleman! If it were not sacrilege to parody the immortal bard one might paraphrase the injunction of Polonius, and give as our advice:

"Costly thy 'brolly' as thy purse caubuy,
But not expressed in fancy."

The "gingham" is as strong and sterling and homely as the heart of its worthy owner. Then there is the worn silk umbrella which has



BURMESE STATE UMBRELLA (CLOTH OF GOLD).

seen better days. The frame, originally good, has worked a bit loose, and has been wrung out of shape, whilst the cuts at the folds of the cover have been painfully concealed by bands of ribbon. You may set down its bearer as a needy worker some thrifty spirmter, who keeps about her a few memories of the old home, when things were so very different, and who now shelters herself under the tried friend as she sallies out to earn a scanty wage. God help you, poor thing! may the young man who so often eyes you at the corner find you a new resting-place, and may the faithful servant be re-covered. The umbrella of the married man, as such, has no typical characteristic, if we except a tendency to rasberry-jam and treacle on the knob in certain well-defined The gradations are infinite, ranging specimens. from the elaborate excellence of the jeunesse dorée parachute to the hermaphrodite object which serves by turns as shelter and support, and which (always reputable if its owner retains any selfrespect) has no place at the upper table, or, more correctly, stand, of its kith and kin.

Yes, there certainly are umbrellas which, unable to claim a place in the aristocracy of their race, are yet eminently respectable. And amongst these I would rank the weapon of the habitual play-goer. It is not an object of beauty, but how serviceable! A mixture of silk and cotton— "union" I think they call it-for your patron of the drama is a refined and educated person with higher claims to gentility than to own the vulgar alpaca article. During how many hours of patient standing has it sheltered him as he awaited the rush when the doors were opened, and, hastily furled, how manfully did it battle in the surging crowd! The old cut-and-thrust sword was a joke And when the auditorium was gained, and it rested betwixt the knees of its still panting proprietor, how heartily did its worn, brazen ferrule urge the rising of the tardy curtain or greet the appearance of the favorite "star!"

The umbrellas of the doctor and the parson command respect, if not admiration. True, they are still carried when their pristine elegance has departed, and when, sooth to say, they are the worse for wear, besides which, they are more carelessly rolled than pleases a fastidious eye. But do not these very facts betray a devotion to duty which leaves little leisure for a consideration of appearances, and indicate the haste with which a summons to the bed of the sick or dying has been answered?

Certain classes are less easily indicated. There is the bearer of the frayed cover, unsewn here and there from the ribs, and confined by a band as easy-fitting as the cestus of Venus. The jagged edge of brass through which a splintered end of wood projects can scarce be dignified by the

name of nozzle. The characteristics are clearly those of neglect and of the bearer's carelessness of the opinion of surrounding humanity. But the causes of this indifference may lie far apart, and point either to a natural slovenliness or the absorbing preoccupation of the student or politician. The proprietors of such fanciful gewgaws as folding umbrellas, umbrella walking-sticks, pocketumbrellas, and the like, are few and far between. They are either inventors seeking gratuitous advertisement for the offspring of their brains, or creatures who, without their wits, and with a superfluity of vanity, angle for a cheap notoriety in the exhibition of an eccentric appendage. And so we pass down by an easy transition from one form and quality to another, until we reach the tattered and dingy rags which, hanging from a few bent wires, make a poor attempt to shelter the ill-clad form of shivering humanity, forced to brave the downpour in the sloppy streets, and pass on to the dust-heap, where rest the almost irrecognizable débris of the old servant, whose time has come, and whose unregarded age is in corners thrown.

But one must not moralize, on pain of being tedious, and talking of morality brings me to another point. Mrs. Caudle, in one of those lectures which she delivered for marital edification, is recorded to have observed, "He return an umbrella !--as if any one ever did return an umbrella!" And the cynical remark has been echoed Whence arose the laxity of conad nauseam. science in matters concerning this harmless article I have vainly endeavored to discover. What is the hidden potency of ill that lurks within the combination of silk and steel? Does it possess some occult power of which, like hypnotism, we are as yet in profound ignorance, but which is one day to be revealed? Will some hierophant of the future furnish us with an exorcism which will enable our umbrellas to dwell at peace within our stands? Who can say?

The depravity is an existing fact, and the familiar friend who would regard with horror the appropriation of your purse will annex your umbrella without scruple. This you know as well as I, and act on your knowledge when you hang up your own umbrella under your overcoat at the club, instead of trusting it to the rack, or when you hand to your departing guest the nursery gingham instead of adventuring your "own particular." The casuistry with which the ungodly are wont on this point to salve their conscience is lamentable. For instance, I know of a man-I say "of" advisedly, for so immoral a person shall never be a friend of mine—who argues, as I am told, in this fashion: "As the average of people pay no more than a certain price for an umbrella, and I buy one annually at that price, I acquire a

right to any umbrella for which I may exchange my own." Horrible, isn't it? But he has the courage of his abominable convictions, and acts down to them unblushingly. Other instances could be readily cited, were not the failings of our fellow-creatures an ugly subject upon which to descant, and so I leave it; but, before I close this paper, I propose that you shall put my views to the test, by a piece of practical analysis. I have said that a man is known by his umbrella, and it is perhaps only fair that I should give the

reader the opportunity of divining my own character. So I propose to give you the portrait of the shelter which habitually accompanies me. "Here, Mary, run into the hall and bring my umbrella from the stand, that I may describe it accurately from nature. What! gone!! It's that rascal who called just this moment for a subscription to the Bargemen's Benevolent Cooperative Mission." Excuse me, reader—no more till I recover my property. I must pursue the abductor. "Stop thief!"



AN AUDIENCE OF ONE.

ONCE, during a long vacation, Tom Robertson and Henry Byron, the inimitable author-actors, were in London together, and mournfully wondering what was to happen next. There was a room in the Gallery of Illustration "to let." Now Byron and Robertson had written and played an entertainment with "varying success" (always varying). It was so constructed that while Byron was on the stage in the first part Robertson was money-taker, and during Robertson's performance, and prior to their appearance in a duologue which wound up the bill of fare, Byron took his place in the pay-box, a proceeding he stated "to be wholly unnecessary, for reasons quite obvious."

Robertson's idea was to take this room and establish their entertainment as a permanent thing. Byron gave his assent with a sickly smile of doubt, and, after much worry and trouble, an arrangement was made that they could hire the room, a kind friend paying the first week's rent in advance, and helping with the printing and with all the expenses incurred. When the eventful opening night arrived "they hadn't a farthing in the world."

The performance was advertised to commence at eight o'clock, an announcement received with much apathy on the part of the public, for at ten minutes to the time advertised not a soul had been seen. At last a gentleman tendered a sovereign for a front seat. "Are there any seats left?" inquired the patron. "Oh, yes," replied Robertson, "both right and left—I will bring you the change in a minute, sir." The gentle-

man entered, stared around and sat down. The hall was empty! Byron had been peeping through the curtains, anxious and nervous, and when he saw the apparition in the stalls he sent for Robertson, who had changed the sovereign—returned eighteen shillings, less the price of the seat—and brought Byron some stout to nerve him for his task.

Byron—"Where are the critics?"
Robertson—"Oh, they're always late."
Byron (dubiously)—"Oh!"

Robertson — "Better commence and get it over."

Byron—"Tom, I think this is going to be a failure."

Robertson retired to the pay-box.

The pianist having finished the overture, the curtain rang up. Byron entered, dressed in the evening dress which he had to share with Robertson, and began to explain, "The Origin of Man," looking fixedly at the wretched individual in the front seats.

"In the beginning there was only one man"—here Byron paused.

"Yes," said the "front seat," "and I'm that fool," and then hurrying out to Robertson, demanded his money back, saying he had come to see "The Chinese." Robertson assured the infuriated one that Byron was a Chinaman, but to no purpose, and finally had to return one shilling and eightpence, having spent fourpence of the two shillings in stout for Byron, remarking that "they only charged fourpence on such occasions."



American Billionairess. "M. LE DOCTEUR, I SEE THE DUC DE SEPT-CADRANS IS A PATIENT OF YOURS. I WANT HIM TO PROPOSE TO MY DAUGUTER, A-MY FEE THAT-A-" Professor of Hypnotism, "MADAM, T VILL YPNOTISE M. LE DUC. VE SHALL SEE!—"



"SORRY TO TROUBLE YOU AGAIN SO SOON, MORSIEUR! BUT MY DAUGHTER DECLARSS SHE WON'T ACCEPT M. LE DUC, JUST BECAUSE HE 'S A HUNCHBACK, AN IDIOT, AND A PAUPER!" "MADAM. LEAVE IT TO ME. I VILL YPROTISE ALSO YOUR DAUGHTER!"

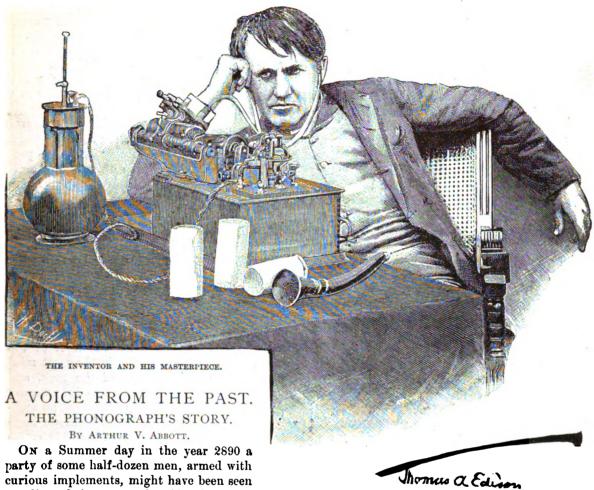


THE AMERICAN BILLIONAIRESS BECOMES MADAME LA DUCHESSE DE SET-CADRANS. SHE AND HER HUSBAND ARE HAPPY, ALTHOUGH SHE HAS NO MONEY, AND THERE IS NO SUCH DUNEDOM AS SEPT-CADRANS, AMERICAN BILLIONAIRE. THEY MOVE IN THE PMARTEST SOCIETY IN FOR THEY HAVE NOT YET LOST THEIR ILLUSIONS ABOUT EACH OTHER.

AND HER LOVELY DAUGHTEB IS NOW THE PROUD AND ADDRING WIFE OF THE GREAT HYPOTHE HYPOTHE IS NOW THE PROUD AND ADDRING WIFE OF THE GREAT HYPOTHE HYPOTHE ADDRES



HYPNOTISM-A MODERN PARISIAN ROMANCE. (IN FOUR CHAPTERS.)



curious implements, might have been seen wending their way up the side of a rocky

eminence. When the summit was attained, there spread before their eyes so beautiful a panorama that all involuntarily stopped to gaze on the scene, as well as to recover from the exertion required by the steepness of the ascent. On the west there stretched a wide line of gleaming water, sparkling under the rays of the afternoon sun, that, as the

eye turned southward, gradually expanded, until it extended to the horizon, and with ever-deepening blue indicated a mighty river losing itself in the infinite azure of the ocean. Beyond the silver of the river was a range of low hills, whose purple shadows gave to the imagination abundant opportunity to picture the possibilities of the world be-

hind them. To the eastward. almost at the feet of the exploring party, ran a second, though much narrower, stream, that to the southward debouched into the spacious harbor, and on the north seemed to have its birth in the western river, showing to the strangers that they were on an island. Still further to the east, an intermittent streak of whiteness, over a yellow sand-bank, told of breakers, and the ocean.

Turning from the placid landscape the eyes of the

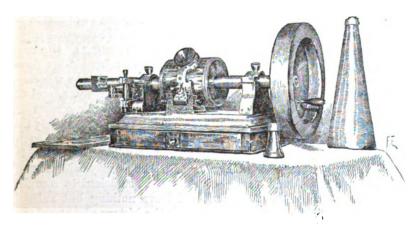


FIG. 1 .- THE ORIGINAL PHONOGRAPH. Vol. XXIX., No. 4-32.

explorers were startled to perceive that all around lay the evidences of a mighty ruin. From the bed of the eastern river close beside them rose three lofty and massive arches, in white granite, the ample proportions of which seemed a defiance against destruction. Yet, along the bank, on either side, were strewn in heterogeneous confusion, and covered with vines and moss, the blocks of stone that were at once recognized as formerly composing the companion arches that united the Passing from the immediate foreground, as far as the eye could reach the signs of destruction continued. Here a lofty column rose into the air, with elaborate pedestal and intricate carving, but half-way up the column was broken, and the cornice lay, damp and green, beside the Yonder was a crumbling wall tottering on its foundation; with paneless windows, that seemed mournful and sad, like the eyes of the blind; while beyond, the whole plain of the island was dotted with mounds marking the graves of the departed buildings. Not a sound broke the stillness, save now and then the chink of a falling brick or stone, that, yielding to the unequal strife with time, found a last resting-place on one of the universal heaps of rubbish. Not a bird winged its flight over the ruin, and even the wind breathed low, as if unwilling to disturb the repose that was covered with the dust and silence of the centuries.

For some moments, awed by the solemnity of the scene, the explorers stood silently gazing at the picture of desolation. They were men of commanding appearance, with broad, high foreheads, clear, intelligent eyes, who, as they stood and looked, rebuilt in imagination the ruin, and endowed it with all the glories of the past. At last one of the party, who, from his long white beard and venerable aspect, appeared to be the leader, broke the silence, and speaking to his companions in the Maori tongue said: "Behold the former vastness of Western civilization! Well, indeed, are we repaid for the trials and the perils of our voyage from the antipodes by being permitted to gaze on the only surviving relics of what a thousand years ago was the greatest race on earth. If I read the ancient print aright, we are near the spot of our search; for all that I could learn from the old and half-destroyed map and manuscript, near the end of the great High Bridge, on Manhattan Island, there existed buried curiosities of much value to science. There indeed is all that remains of that beautiful structure, and here must we begin our investigations."

So saying, he pointed to a large rectangular pile of rubbish that appeared to have been the site of an important building, both from its size and from the richness of the carving on the blocks of stone scattered about. The little party at once dispersed themselves, some proceeding to examine the

ground and surroundings minutely, while others commenced to remove the débris around the spot that probably had been the entrance. For some time the work proceeded in silence; the pile of removed masonry about the ancient door grew larger, till the old portal was disclosed. The leader, standing apart from the excavating group, regarded the scene with the apparent apathy of a man lost in thought, until a sudden shout aroused his attention and called him hurriedly to the spot. Beneath the stair-way to the door there existed a kind of chamber that seemingly had been prevented from becoming filled with refuse by accidentally being covered with a slab that had fallen from some part of the building. The bottom of the cavity disclosed was carefully paved with a single large stone set in pitch, in the centre of which was a cover that had formerly been supplied with an iron ring. This ring was entirely rusted. away, but the tools of the explorers soon succeeded in raising the cover, disclosing a stone stair-way leading downward into the darkness. Lights were soon supplied from the stores of the party, and all descended to find themselves in a small chamber about ten feet below the level of the The cavity was built in the most solid ground. manner, being hollowed out of the rock, and thickly covered with pitch so as to be perfectly water-proof. In one side was discovered an archway carefully sealed with a single block, so large that it required the united efforts of the entire party to remove it. Passing through the opening, the explorers found themselves in a similar, though much larger, vault. Near the rear of the room there was a kind of stone table or altar, on which was placed a highly polished wooden box surmounted by some curious machinary, that glittered in the torch-light of the intruders. In front of the apparatus was a large cone of brass, having the open end pointed toward the door, while the smaller orifice was fastened to the strange instru-For some time the party regarded the vault and its contents in silence, till at last the leader stepped forward and began to examine the strange machine. Whether some concealed spring was touched, or whether the opening of the room was planned to set in motion some hidden force. was never discovered, but suddenly the wheels of the curious apparatus began to revolve, and the explorers were terrified to hear issuing from the brass cone a clear, resonant Voice, apparently that of a man of middle age, that addressed them as follows: "Fearing even a very mild repetition of the recent earthquake that has already laid in waste our beautiful city would be sufficient to complete the destruction, and leave nothing but ruins to transmit to the future the history of the achievements of America, it has been determined to

sible, in which should be placed one of our most wonderful inventions, so arranged that if discovered in other ages it should be able to recount to future nations, to whom we seem but as the mists of the past, some of the glories of America in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. To this end a site near the Gate-house of the new Aqueduct, close by the terminus of our beautiful High Bridge, has been selected, and this chamber constructed with the greatest durability. And when, in unknown ages to come, the stone seal of the arch be removed and the eyes of man again behold the vault and its contents, listen to The Voice from the Past, for the history once recited may not be repeated."

The Voice ceased, and save for the whir of wheels, the stillness of the vault was indeed the silence of the tomb, for the explorers, petrified with astonishment, were motionless as statues. A moment or two more and a different Voice, deeper and more resonant than the first, came from the cone, filling the chamber with its clear, full tone.

"I am the Phonograph," it said. "I was first invented, in 1878, by Mr. Edison, the Wizard of Menlo Park. If you will open the small drawer in the wooden box on which I stand, you will find some pictures that will aid you to comprehend me."

The Voice stopped; mechanically the leader, moving forward, opened a compartment in the base of the instrument, and taking out three sheets of an ancient substance known as paper, placed them in the torch-light where all could see Again the clear notes rang from the cone: "It was well known in the nineteenth century that sound consisted of a series of waves traversing A stone thrown into a quiet pool causes a set of circling rings to spread to the uttermost shores, so a vibrating body like a piano-string throws the mobile air into waves, that have only to fall on the sensitive tympanum of the ear to be recognized as music. To Mr. Edison occurred the possibility of making the sound-waves write their autograph, and to this end he constructed the apparatus shown in Fig. 1, consisting of a heavy base-plate carrying two standards. On the top of the standards extended a shaft, supplied with a fine screw-thread, so arranged as to give longitudinal motion to a drum set in the centre. Over the middle of the drum a substantial arm supported a conical month-piece, under which, and just over the drum, was placed a flexible plate supplied on its under side with a sharp point. If any soft material was placed on the drum and the handle turned, the point traced a fine spiral line, the depth of which depended on the position of the engraving-point. If the flexible diaphragm was subjected to a series of sound-waves, it would be thrown into a state of vibration corresponding to them, and the line traced underneath would be a hilly one, the rises and depressions of which would exactly match the waves producing the motion of the plate. By covering the drum of the instrument with a sheet of tin-foil, and speaking or singing to the instrument, a complete autographic record of the sound could be thus obtained, that could be removed and inspected by the micro-No sooner had Mr. Edison obtained the trace on the tin-foil than the thought presented itself of running the machine over the record a second time, in hopes that the engraving-point would follow the original mark, and causing the diaphragm to vibrate, reproduce audibly the original sound. To conceive the idea was immediately to put it into effect. The foil was replaced. the vibrating-diaphragm adjusted; with breathless expectancy the crank was turned, and for the first time I raised my voice and spoke to the world, faithfully repeating the words Mr. Edison had spoken to me, and announcing another triumph of his genius. -

"The news of my birth was spread far and wide; the newspapers, speaking of a discovery that paralleled that of the telephone, predicted my wide-spread appearance. I was put on exhibition, and crowds of the curious came to see me. Soon, however, the astonishment ceased; my voice was found to be very harsh and squeaky, the tin-foil giving a disagreeable metallic quality, while by turning the handle at a different speed from that used at the original engraving, all manner of tricks could be played with the reproduc-For instance, a high soprano solo would be repeated as a deep base by a slow rotation of the drum. My various members were not delicate enough, and in order to make me repeat loud enough to be at all audible, it was necessary to scream at me in so loud a tone as to be very disagreeable. So, after a short though brilliant career, I gradually fell into obscurity. Mr. Edison also neglected me; and, busied with electrical inventions, he put me away till a more convenient season.

"During this period of quiescence another inventor, Mr. Tainter, working along similar lines, produced a talking-machine embodying the same general principles. This machine was named the graphophone, the construction and operation of it being illustrated in Figs. 4 and 5. The graphophone consists of a substantial frame, mounted on a table, resembling that of a sewing-machine, in that it is supplied with a treadle forming the motive power of the machine. The frame carries a bar, along which, by a combination of gears seen at the left of Fig. 4, a little carriage is caused to slide. Underneath the carriage is a contrivance for holding a cylinder of wax an inch and a quarter

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in diameter and six inches long. This wax cylinder takes the place of the foil, and is a vast improvement; for by its adoption the instrument returns all the modulations of the voice in the most perfect manner. With the old tin-foil another objection was experienced in attempting successive reproductions from the tearing of the foil by the point, and the consequent spoiling of the record. With the wax, however, there is

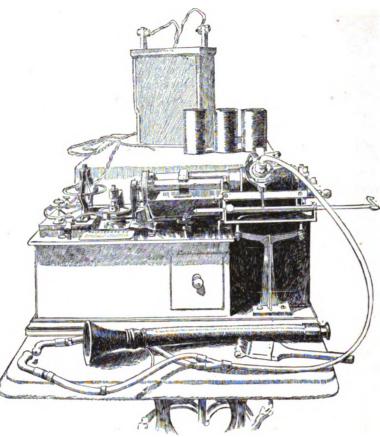
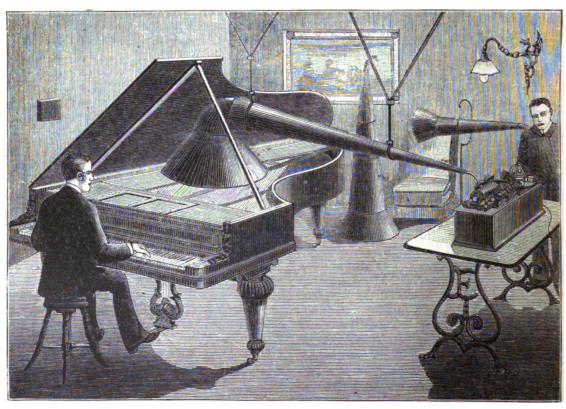
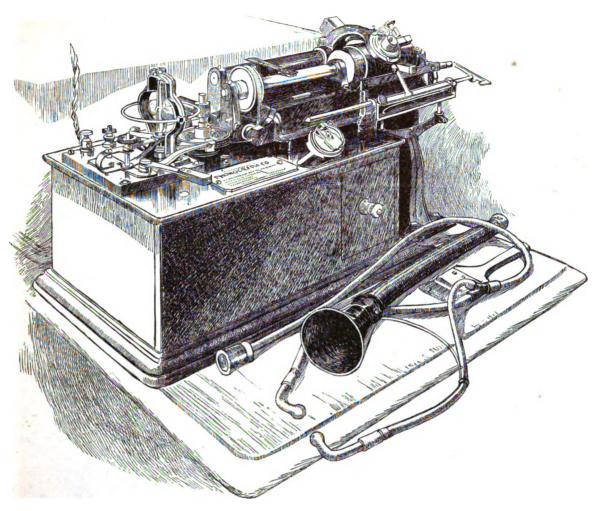


FIG. 2.— THE NEW PHONOGRAPH, WITH ELECTRIC MOTOR.

very little danger even of wearing out the fine sound-lines. The wheel at the left of the instrument gives to the cylinder a rapid rotation, while by a concealed screw in the overhead bar the recording and reproducing mechanism is slowly moved lon gitudinally. The recordingapparatus is made of a thin vibrating-plate, supplied with a sharp point adjusted to cut a fine groove in the wax. The motion of the carriage is such that the point



APPARATUS FOR OBTAINING A PHONOGRAPHIC RECORD OF A PIANO-FORTE SOLO.



- ENLARGED VIEW OF TOP OF NEW MACHINE.

engraves 160 lines in an inch of the cylinder. The reproducing-mechanism is a similar diaphragm, having a smooth point to follow, with-

attached a rubber tube supplied with two vulcanite tips that are placed in the ears of the listener. A sensitive governor provides that the machine may always bо driven at a perfectly constant speed, so that the pitch of the sound may never vary.

"Notwithstanding his seeming neglect, Mr. Edison had not forgotten me, and in the latter part of 1887 he resurrected me from his archives, and out injury, the original engraving. To this is commenced a series of experiments that in about two years re-

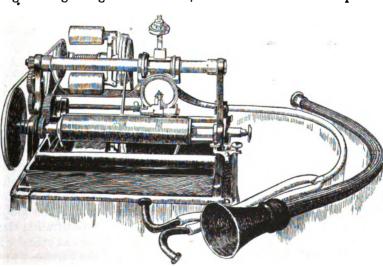


FIG. 4. - THE GRAPHOPHONE.

sulted in giving me my present improved form. In my perfected state, such as has been placed on this pedestal, and such as you will see in Figs. 2, 3 and 8, I consist of a very highly finished mahogany box not quite a foot wide and less

than two feet long. This box serves as a convenient base on which I rest, and gives protection to the electric motor by which my machinery is On the top of this wooden base rests the solid bed-plate that forms my foundation. The plate at either end has two supports carrying a polished brass cylinder on which is placed the wax for receiving the 'phonogram,' as my record is called. Steady rotary motion is communicated to the wax by means of a little pulley on the left, driven by a belt from a most ingenious electric motor hidden in the wooden base. The current for driving the motor comes from a battery placed just behind me, while at the extreme left may be seen the switch that at a touch is used to stop and start me, and the governor to keep me

proved form, the same diaphragm is used both for receiving and reproducing, the change being effected while substituting the tubes for the speaking-cone, by slightly rotating the diaphragm a little, so as to remove the sharp edge of the sapphire point from the wax. If preferred, I can be mounted in a manner similar to the graphophone, and operated by a treadle. When I am only to be used by one person the hearing-tubes placed in the ears are found to be the most convenient, because then what I say is entirely confidential, but, as you perceive, my voice is abundantly loud to be heard by a large roomful, for, by placing on my diaphragm a resonant cone (Fig. 8), the sounds are so intensified as to be plainly heard. You will also see that I am a marvel of exquisite

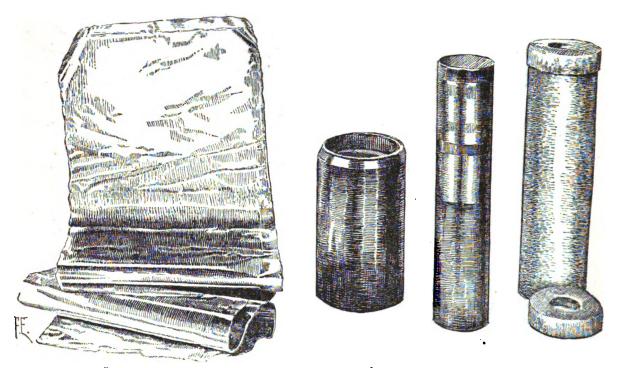


FIG 5.—TIN-FOIL OF THE ORIGINAL PHONOGRAPH, AND WAX CYLINDERS OF THE NEW PHONOGRAPH AND GRAPHOPHONE.

running with the utmost nicety of speed. The recording and reproducing mechanism is carried on a strong, substantial bar placed behind the revolving - cylinder, which receives longitudinal motion from a very fine screw-thread cut on the same shaft that carries the wax; so at any time, without stopping me, you can stop or start the diaphragm on any part of the cylinder holding the record that may be desired. By touching a little spring at the right of the base I can be made to repeat some forty or fifty words; an extremely convenient attachment when I am used for transcribing from dictation. The diaphragm with which I am supplied is made of a very thin plate of glass, armed with a sapphire point, polished to perfection. In my latest and most im-

mechanical workmanship. All the parts of which I am composed are not only well finished to the eye, but the joints are firm and rigid, the bearings run as smoothly as silk, and the lead screw with a hundred threads to the inch feels like a piece of velvet.

"In Fig. 5 you may see a representation of the old tin-foil sheet of the ancient phonograph, together with the short though large wax cylinder of the perfected machine, and the longer but more slender wax of the graphophone, while on the right of the illustration stands the pasteboard case in which the wax cylinder is to be stored from all harm, like the parchment and papyrus rolls of Biblical times, and in which it may even be transported by mail. The cylinders as shown have a

capacity of nearly a thousand words, which is ample for more than all ordinary communications.

"In Fig. 6 there is a microphotograph of a portion of a wax cylinder after the record has been made. This particular cylinder contained a solo played on the saxophone. The spiral grooves cut in the wax are clearly visible, while the deep excavations of the sapphire point under the powerful sound-waves make parts of the cylinder look like a plowed field. By the microscope the work done by the recording-needle may be appreciated, and the mind is filled with wonder at the delicacy of the remarkable mechanism so sensitive as to respond to the beats of the sound-waves, so accurate as to perfectly record them, and so susceptible as again to be able to repeat unchanged the original sound. When any record has ceased to have value, the same cylinder may be used over again by placing it on the revolving-shaft, and by means of a little knife set behind the carriage-bar the old record may be shaved off and a fresh surface exposed.

"As soon as I appeared in my present form my popularity at once revived. Business and professional men found in me an ever-ready listener, who was always at their side, whether in the office or at home, early or late, ready at the touch of a spring to receive and store up their slightest word. I never became tired, did not fall ill, nor like the stenographer of the nineteenth century did I ask for holidays, or go out to lunch just at the particular time that my master wanted to dictate to me. I was very discreet also. I never lisped a word of the many secrets confided to my care, for my wax cylinders were carefully kept in a safe to which the curious could not obtain access. Schools and teachers of language found in me an invaluable aid. To acquire the proper accent of a forcign language is a matter of long education of both ear and tongue. A master of any language could dictate to me cylinder after cylinder of the choicest literature of his tongue. These could be sent to his various pupils, to whom I would repeat, over and over again, the rounded sentences with all of the most delicate shades of accent, until by continued practice the learner became perfect. As an enunciator, I soon came into wide-spread public favor. I was placed in the cars of the railways, and in the various stations, and called out the succeeding stopping-places and the destinations of the trains in so clear and resonant a voice, and with such a plain and distinct articulation, that the ancient institution of the brakeman, whose chief function seemed to be that of mystifying passengers, at once lost his usefulness, and disappeared from railway management. On the parlor-table and at the side of the invalid I became a constant object. I could talk with the voice of an absent friend, or read a selection from

a favorite author. I could sing or play any part on any instrument, could repeat a solo from the latest prima-donna, or could give a symphony as rendered by a full orchestra. I could address myself to a single individual without disturbing others in the same room, or I could hold the attention of a large audience. Now let me give you a specimen."

The Voice ceased; for a moment there was



FIG. 6.— MICROPHOTOGRAPH OF WAX CYLINDER, SHOWING ENGRAVING OF SOUND-WAVES MADE BY THE MACHINE (RECORD OF A SAXOPHONE SOLO).

again stillness in the chamber; then from the cone came the opening bars of a symphony, rendered by a full orchestra; the violins, the flutes, the horns, all were there, the peculiar quality of each instrument being returned with perfect fidelity; when suddenly a little snap, a slight crash on the floor as of something fragile breaking, and before the astonished observers lay the fragments of the wax cylinder, its sound forever silenced;

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and at the same instant the torches with a flare went out, leaving the explorers to extricate themselves from the inky darkness of the vault as best they might.

TALLOW-CANDLES AND ART.

PRINCE MAKONNEN, the Ambassador of Menelek, had never been out of Abyssinia until he made his recent journey into Italy. Before returning to Africa he made purchases of many objects not to be found in Abyssinia, as, for instance, coffee-mills, table-spoons, forks and other domestic articles not to be mentioned.

One day the prince gave an order for a great quantity of tallow-candles, and on the same day ordered many yards of cloth to be painted to decorate the walls and tribune of an Ethiopian church. As he was soon to return to his own country, the prince ordered the candles to be ready in thirty days. Then, coming out of the candle-maker's shop, he entered an artist's studio and ordered the cloth to be painted and finished within the same period. He chose the subjects

and sizes of the figures, and gave the artist models of Ethiopian art, that he might comply with the exigencies of his country's style. "Italian art," said this cousin of King Menelek, "is perhaps a most valuable thing, but we want our own method of painting. If you accept the commission, you must make the paintings, as I wish, to suit the taste of the country they are intended for. You may paint Madonnas of Raffaelle, or Virgins of Andrea del Sarto, but they must be after an Ethiopian type." Then, having given the details, he ordered them to be ready in a month! "They promised to have ready for me several thousands of candles in thirty days, so I think that must be sufficient time to paint only a few hundred yards of cloth. Would you be second to a candle-maker?"

The artist felt the weight of the argument, made his plans rapidly, and accepted the commission. Perhaps political considerations entered into the artist's calculations; and he probably thought that this way of marring Italian and Abyssinian art would further the political views of Signor Crispi.



A VOICE FROM THE PAST.— FIG. 7.— TYPE-WRITER WORKING AT DICTATION THROUGH PHONOGRAPH AND GRAPHOPHONE.— SEE PAGE 497.

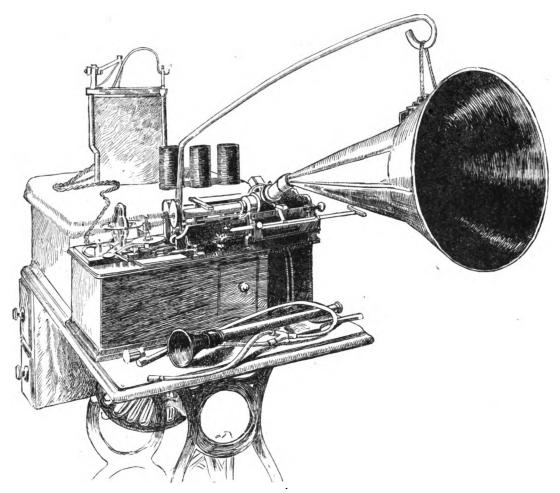


FIG 8.— PHONOGRAPH DELIVERING A CONCERT TO A LARGE AUDIENCE.

For many days the studio was the cause of wonderment to the neighborhood, and especially to the artist's fraternity. The studio was in the Via Margulta. Mysterious seclusion was preserved. Only a few friends of the artist were admitted; and when these men were seen emerging from their privacy, their features bore unmistakable traces of anxiety—a circumstance which had the effect of deepening the mystery. At length the work was completed, and the mystery was revealed.

Tiziano's and Raffaelle's figures are so mixed with saints of Ethiopian form and style as to symbolize the Italo-Abyssinian alliance. Saints are all of white complexion, and those who are not saints are painted a chocolate-brown. Kings and worthy people are colored chocolate and cream, suggesting the idea of the beginning of beatification. The background of the picture is gold, a convenient arrangement for those hurried artists.

But there were some exceptions prescribed by Makonnen, as to the color for the faces. St. George, for instance, is all black. In the Ethi-

opian mind his beatification was not sufficient to give him a fair complexion. St. George is dressed as a mediæval crusader. In one part of the picture he is piercing two white thieves with his lance, and in another part he is to be seen cutting off the crowned head of a mischievous king, just as one would cut down a water-melon. This king has a decoration of the Golden Fleece, but no one knows why. In another part of the picture St. George is triumphantly riding along, dressed as Charles the Great. This has been Makonnen's wish.

In another picture, Menelek (king of kings) is represented in triumph. His wife is leaving him and preparing to fly toward heaven. A saintly form precedes the queen, showing her the way. Not far distant is the Holy Virgin, speaking to a colored Abyssinian through an interpreter, a white soldier. What does the king mean, one naturally asks, by sending the queen off first? It is not easy to answer the question.

But the most important of all is the philosophical-political-moral-religious-apocalyptical picture, representing the apotheosis of Menglek and

Umberto. In the top of the picture two angels are separating the good ones going to paradise from the wicked going to hades. Margherita, Queen of Italy, is the first one among the good, and she is in a white ball-dress with a diadem of brilliants. Abyssinians think that she will fly to paradise in this toilet.

King Umberto comes next; after him the glorious Menelek in a splendid Ethiopian device, and then Signor Crispi, the most successful of all. Next to him is coming Makonnen, then some of Garibaldi's generals, followed by illustrious Abyssinians, etc.

And the wicked? What likenesses those odd artists have painted among them!

Some believe they recognize the faces of monsignori or other prominents at the Vatican. I cannot tell. I only know this wonderful work was accomplished in the time required to manufacture the tallow-candles.

SOME BY-GONE TALKERS.

Conversation is said to be a lost art, and to some extent this is true. Good talk presupposes leisure, both for preparation and enjoyment. The age of leisure is dead, and the art of conversation is dying. A Dr. Johnson writing only under pressure, and with somewhat unwilling hand, but pouring out in his talk the wealth of a wellstocked mind - virile in thought, forcible and luminous in argument-would be an almost impossible figure for the literary world of the present to produce. What Dr. Johnson was in conversation may be gathered from the pages of Roswell and Mme. d'Arblay. With a congenial companion, like Dr. Burney, he would sit up talking on a Winter's evening until the fire was dead, and nothing remained of the candles but their wicks.

The doctor was no monologist. He needed the stimulant of question and objection, and the spur of opposition, to bring out the best of his The tendency to monologue has been the talk. besetting sin of most great talkers. Carlyle, much as he railed against mere talk, did not escape this danger. Darwin has a characteristic anecdote of him in his "Autobiography." At a dinner-party where, besides Darwin, Babbage and Lyell, who both liked to talk, were present, Carlyle silenced them all, and held forth throughout the dinner on the advantages of silence. "After dinner," says Darwin, "Babbage, in his grimmest manner, thanked Carlyle for his very interesting lecture on silence." Macaulay, a prince among talkers, suffered at times from the same inability to stop. Different accounts of his conversational style have been given. Some people found him ready to converse, willing to listen, as well as to speak, but his conversation."

on many occasions his tendency was to monclogue. But who could grumble at the copionness of his talk? His mind was richly stored, filled with the literary wealth of both ancient and modern times; and every part of his mental possessions was, by means of an extraordinarily retentive memory, easily accessible to their owner, and ready for production on the slightest suggestion or provocation. Greville describes his talk as "inexhaustible, always amusing and instructive, about everybody and everything."

At Holland House, one evening in 1841, Macaulay discoursed on the Fathers of the Church, giving the substance of a long sermon of St. Chrysostom, which he had read many months before in India, on obscure points in history, on Milman's "History of Christianity," and on myths in general, until Lady Holland, wearied by the flow, sought to arrest it and to puzzle the speaker, by asking: "Pray, Mr. Macaulay, what was the origin of a doll? When were dolls first mentioned in history?" Macaulay at once replied that the Roman children had dolls, and explained how they were offered to Venus, backing his explanation with a quotation from Persius. Later in the same year Macaulay was one of the party gathered at Bowood, Lord Lansdowne's seat, and is recorded to have held forth in much the same encyclopedic fashion. Among the guests was Samuel Rogers, whose fame as a conversationalist was great. But, as the Spanish proverb says, "Two great talkers will not travel far together." While Macaulay remained, Rogers was overwhelmed. His small, weak voice was unable to make itself heard, so he grumbled and admired and waited until the inexhaustible essavist had gone, when he and the other inmates of the house revived, and enjoyed conversation on more equal terms.

Rogers was renowned as a sayer of smart and pungent things. His polished sarcasm cut like a Toledo blade. But the chief feature of his talk was its wealth of anecdote and reminiscence. Throughout a long life he knew everybody worth knowing, and there were few of the great names in the literary and social worlds of the latter part of the last century, and the earlier years of the present, about whom he had not some interesting recollections or story to tell.

Buckle, the historian of Civilization, was another great talker, but he was sometimes hardly fair to those who would have conversed with him, had he but given them a chance. On one occasion he held forth to Darwin without giving the latter an opportunity to put in more than a word here and there, and when Darwin moved away, Buckle turned to a friend and calmly remarked: "Well, Mr. Darwin's books are much better than his conversation."

Victor Cousin, the French philosopher, is reported, by a patient auditor, to have talked one day without stopping for four hours. Another great Frenchman of an earlier day—Diderot—was very eminent in conversation. Marmontel has described the free flow of his ideas in talk, the persuasiveness of his eloquence, and the fire of his enthusiasm. The enthusiasm sometimes bubbled over into something resembling frenzy, for the hero of the "Encyclopedia" is said at times to have rounded his eloquent periods and clinched his arguments by dashing his night-cap violently against the wall.

Burns, it has been said, was great in prose, greater in poetry, but greatest in conversation. Many witnesses have testified to the extraordinary nature of his conversational powers. Robertson, the Scotch historian, says that he "scarcely ever met any man whose conversation displayed greater vigor." When he came late to an inn, it is said that even the servants would leave their beds to hear him talk.

Sir Walter Scott was another able conversationalist. The pleasant feature of his talk was his evident desire to get at whatever of good there might be in the person or book under discussion. He would point out the excellences rather than the defects, and of some dispraised poem or other work he would quote the best lines, or one good verse, so as to redeem the whole work from absolute censure. In this respect he has been contrasted with Jeffrey, the great reviewer. The latter was keener to detect blunders or errors than to recognize whatever features of promise or of good performance a work might present.

William Hazlitt, the fiery politician and vigorous essayist, was also a brilliant talker. The centre of a circle of choice spirits who met at The Southampton, in Chancery Lane, he often held them in discourse until the dawn of day dispersed the whole nest of conversational night-birds.

But the greatest of talkers was Samuel Taylor Coleridge. For copiousness, for richness of illustration and diction, his conversation, or, rather, his monologue, was unrivaled. Mme. de Stäel said of him: "He is very great in monologue, but he has no idea of dialogue." His talk sometimes degenerated into preaching, but on the whole it exhibited qualities that have never since been equaled. Early in his career a London innkeeper is said to have offered him free quarters if he would only stay and talk. Just as his own "Ancient Mariner" held with his glittering eye the belated wedding-guest, so Coleridge led captive by his talk all who came within the charmed circle of his speech. He was probably heard at his best by those who had the privilege of visiting him during the years of his residence at Highgate. As he meandered along the garden-paths, frequently crossing, in his undecided way, from one side to the other, as many years before the youthful Hazlitt had observed him do in the course of a Shropshire walk, he rolled forth a tide of talk, poetical, metaphysical, magnificently imaginative—a rich stream freighted with learning and wisdom. "He spoke," says Carlyle, "as if preaching—you could have said preaching—earnestly, and almost hopelessly, the weightiest things."

THE CZAR AND THE AMERICAN GIRL.

THE following is a narrative of an incident which occurred in St. Petersburg some years ago. The American lady concerned is the daughter of a prominent public benefactor, has for years been a social leader in Washington, is the wife of a leading Republican statesman, and would be recognized instantly if her name might be mentioned. The half-dozen initiates will remember the incident now published:

A grand reception was in progress at the palace of a high Russian dignitary. Members of the cabinet, generals of the army, grand dukes, the nobility of the empire and the diplomatic corps were present. It was a notable affair. Four young ladies-three Russian and one Americanhad gathered into a little nook screened in palms, and were discussing in French the dowdy appearance of a high court lady. Some eavesdropper caught their remarks and bore them to the criticised lady. She, in turn, indignantly reported them to a noble duchess, who held the peculiar office of mistress of etiquette. She retired to a private room and had the four culprits summoned before her. They appeared, the Russian girls in fear and trembling, the American calm and selfpossessed.

"Young ladies," said she, "you have been commenting discourteously upon the personal appearance of Lady———. You have committed a grave breach of etiquette, and it is my duty as court mistress of etiquette to punish you. Olga, your slipper!"

The trembling Olga took off her slipper, and then very meekly received a sound punishment of the sort confined in America exclusively to the nursery.

"Katia, it is your turn. Give me your slipper!" said the inexorable duenna, as the weeping Olga arose from her castigation. Katia took her gruel with audible lamentations, and Tania followed the suffering Katia.

All the while the American girl watched and waited. The indignities thrust upon her companions roused the Hail Columbia in her. Her eyes flashed and her little fists clinched with excitement.

"It is your turn now," said the mistress of etiquette to the fair American. "Your slipper, please."

Columbia's blood was up. There was fighting stock back of her for generations. She removed her slipper and drew near, but she held the slipper by the toe. At proper range she swung the missile and struck the old lady in the mouth a fearful clip. Then she sailed in. Lace, feathers and furbelows flew. Finger-nails fetched blood.

impotent rage, showered maledictions in broken French, German and Russian upon her conqueror, and demanded that the most condign punishment be meted out to her. The matter soon was carried to the Czar, who made a pretense of punishing the young lady by issuing some order against her appearing at any ball for a certain period, but the Liberator was immensely tickled. He showered the most embarrassing presents upon the American—beautiful slippers of every kind and descrip-



A VOICE FROM THE PAST. - THE PHONOGRAPH SINGS A COMIC SONG. - SEE PAGE 497.

Gray hair and the St. Petersburg fashions of 1863 filled the air.

The screams of the thoroughly frightened mistress of etiquette at once brought a crowd, and the door was battered down. The three Russian girls were screaming in their respective corners. The old lady was hors de combat, and a fiery-eyed goddess of liberty stood in the centre of the room waving a tuft of gray hair in one hand and a jeweled hair-dagger, with which she had been trying to stab the Russian, in the other.

tion, silver slippers and gold slippers—and finally wound up by sending her a hair-dagger, set with diamonds.

NUX VOMICA.

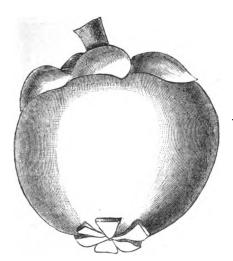
This most energetic poison is the product of a plant belonging to the family Loganiacea, named by Linnæus Strychnos Nux vomica. It is a native of the Indian Archipelago and Peninsula, as well as the southern part of the Bengal Pres-The mistress of etiquette fairly screamed with | idency. It grows to a moderate-sized tree, with

s short, crooked trunk; branches irregular, covered with smooth dark-gray bark; wood white, intensely bitter. Leaves opposite, oval, pointed, 3-5 nerved, varying in size. Flowers small in terminal corymbs, greenish-white. Fruit round, about the size of an orange, filled with a soft, white, gelatinous pulp, in which the seeds are immersed attached to a central placenta. Seeds round, or shield-like, depressed on one side, convex on the other, about three-quarters inch broad and two lines thick, thickly covered with silky, ash-colored hairs. They have little smell, but an intensely bitter taste, which is due to the presence of two most energetic poisons, viz., strychnia and brucia, united with a peculiar acid known as strychnic acid. Besides these substances, the seeds contain a yellow coloring matter, a concrete oil, gum, starch, bassorine, and a small quantity of wax. A third base has also been detected and named "igasuria."

The action of Nux vomica is a powerful excitant of the spinal system of nerves, poisonous, producing tetanic convulsions without affecting the brain. It is used in the form of a powder or other extract, is employed as a stimulant of the nervous system in cases of paralysis, etc.

Strychnia is the crystalline alkaline prepared from the seeds, occurring when pure as white, brilliant, oblique octahedra; or as elongated four-sided prisms, or even sometimes seen in a simple granular state. It is so intensely bitter that one part is perceptible in 60,000 parts of water. The strychnia as sold is seldom or never pure. It contains brucia and coloring matter, as well as lime and magnesia.

Brucia resembles strychnia, although not so



NUX VOMICA FRUIT.

powerful; it crystallizes in transparent crystals, or in pearly scales.

Strychnia is employed for the same purposes as | to practice on.

Nux vomica, but only in very small doses. The first effects experienced from a dose are twitches in the muscles. In larger doses, tetanic spasms ensue, and a tendency to lockjaw. It is so power-



STRYCHNOS NUX VOMICA.—a. FLOWER, b. SEED.

ful that Dr. Christison mentions that he has seen a dog killed in two minutes, when not more than the sixth part of a grain has been injected into the animal's chest. It is also stated that as small a quantity as 1-1,000th part of a grain, diffused in the water in which a frog is immersed, will cause the animal to have tetanic convulsions.

CHILDREN'S IDEAS ABOUT SKELETONS.

Not long since, in Cambridge, Mass., some teachers were talking about Longfellow's "Skeleton in Armor" as a school exercise, when it was suggested that some of the children might not know what a skeleton is. One of the teachers put the question to her pupils, and among the written answers to it were the following: (1.) When anybody dies the flesh dries up to the bones and makes a skeleton. (2.) A skeleton is bones in the museum. (3.) When you die a doctor can make a skeleton of you. (4.) When you grow into a skeleton you are sent to Harvard College to practice on.

LITERARY MEMORANDA.

LEWIS CARROLL'S new juvenile treasure-trove, entitled "Sylvie and Bruno" (Macmillan & Co.), is a book rich in amazing conceits and droll speeches, illustrated with forty-six drawings by Harry Furniss, which the author justly pronounces "wonderful." If this work falls short of the sensational success of the same author's " Alice in Wonderland," it is only because the latter was absolutely original, unique, unapproachable. In "Sylvie and Bruno," Mr. Carroll has endeavored to strike out yet another new path, combining all sorts of odd ideas, fragments of dialogue, quotations, perversions and dreams, into an eccentric tale of two little children who flutter back and forth between fairy-land and the world of reality in a charmingly irresponsible fashion. All through the story there pops up, now and again, a kind of crazy Gardener, who chants "in shrill, discordant tones" such stanzas as:

"He thought he saw an elephant
That practiced on a fife:
He looked again, and found it was
A letter from his wife.

"At length I realize," he said,
"The bitterness of life."

One of the queerest things about the book is a sermonizing preface-evidently written on purpose to be skipped -in which the author seriously enjoins his young readers never to go to any entertainment where they would be afraid to die! "If the thought of sudden death," he says, "acquires, for you, a special horror when imagined as happening in a theatre, then be very sure the theatre is harmful for you, however harmless it may be for others; and that you are incurring a deadly peril in going. Be sure the safest rule is that we should not dare to live in any scene in which we dare not die." Perhaps some of the mad Gardener's remarks have got themselves mixed up with Mr. Carroll's introduction. Here is a description of Sunday as spent by children of the last generation, quoted verbatim from accounts furnished by two of the victims:

"When, as a child, I first opened my eyes on a Sunday morning, a feeling of dismal anticipation, which began at least on the Friday, culminated. I knew what was before me, and my wish, if not my word, was, 'Would God it were evening!' It was no day of rest, but a day of texts, of catechisms (Watts's), of tracts about converted swearers, godly char-women, and edifying deaths of sinners saved. Up with the lark, hymns and portions of Scripture had to be learned by heart till eight o'clock, when there were family prayers, then breakfast, which I was never able to enjoy, partly from the fast already undergone, and partly from the outlook I dreaded. At nine came Sunday-school; and it made me indignant to be put into the class with the village children, as well as alarmed lest, by some mistake of mine, I should be put below them. The Church service was a veritable Wilderness of Zin. I wandered in it, pitching the tabernacle of my thoughts on the lining of the square family pew, the fidgets of my small brothers, and the horror of knowing that, on the Monday, I should have to write out, from memory, jottings of the rambling, dis-connected extempore sermon, which might have had any text but its own, and to stand or fall by the result. was followed by a cold dinner at one (servants to have no work), Sunday-school again from two to four, and evening service at six. The intervals were, perhaps, the greatest trial of all, from the efforts I had to make to be less than usually sinful, by reading books and sermons as barren as the Dead Sea. There was but one rosy spot, in the distance, all that day: and that was 'bed-time.' which never could come too early!'

THE New York Home Journal, refined and entertaining us ever, has undergone a change of dress, and now appears in an elegant and convenient 8-page form, somewhat similar in size and shape to that in which it was originally it gives pictures of "shady" localities and people in New York city with unking fidelity, and furnishes to the thoughtful or philanthropical reader food for proissued, away back in the forties. But at that time it

consisted of only four pages. The charming social and literary associations which cluster about the Home Journal date from the reign of George P. Morris and N. P. Willis, more than a generation back. In a recent issue, the present editor and proprietor, the genial and accomplished Morris Phillips, gives some delightful reminiscences of his famous predecessors, accompanied by their portraits, and pictures of their residences, "Idlewild" and "Undercliff," on the Hudson. The tone of the Heme Journal is as high as it was in their day, while its fi.ld has been greatly extended, and its external appearance improved almost beyond recognition. It seems remarkable that the original prestige should have been so amply maintained, and that to-day the position of the paper as a kalend and chronicle of society, an arbiter elegantiarum in matters artistic and literary, is more influential than ever. This may be credited chiefly, if not solely, to the unerring taste and tact of Mr. Morris Phillips, an editor of versatile acquirements and peculiar qualification for the post he adorns. In his experienced hands, the best traditions of the Home Journal are safe, and its continued, prosperity is assured. A world of readers will unite with the old contributor, who, in a recent poem. addresses the paper as his "old friend in a new dress," and says

"Near fifty years have run their course, Yet still his smiling face, From outer cares a sweet resource, At our fireside finds his place."

"IMAGINE, if you can, a world without music!" says James C. Macy, in the preface to his "Young People's History of Music" (Oliver Ditson & Co.). We cannot. except by conceiving something like the orthodox idea of a place of eternal punishment for the wicked. Music is so essentially a part of the social, religious and artistic life of this age, that it occupies, of necessity, an important place in every scheme of modern education. Mr. Macy's "Young People's History" is a valuable and interesting book for beginners, devoting as it does ten chapters to a succinct survey of the "divine art" from its earliest forms down to the grand opera of modern times, followed by seventeen short biographies, with excellent portraits, of famous musicians, together with an alphabetical list of over a hundred more, giving the birth-place of each, with dates of birth and death. "A Birthday Book of Musicians and Composers," edited by Gertrude H. Churchill (Oliver Ditson & Co.), is an ingenious and very elaborate compilation. It is arranged on the basis of the successive 365 days of the year, and under each date are entered the names, etc., of eminent musicians, composers, artists and critics, both European and American, accompanied by appropriate literary comment in the form of extracts, either from their own writings or from what their contemporaries have written about them. There are corresponding dates on the alternate pages, with the spaces left blank for any new names or memoranda which the owner of the book may choose to write therein. Thus may each volume acquire from its possessor a distinct individuality.

Most successful novels of contemporary life and manners combine dramatic interest and color with a greater or less degree of realism in depicting typical characters and phases of life, with the final result of forcibly impressing a moral lesson. In some of the qualities mentioned Mr. Edgar Fawcett's latest work of fiction, "The Evil that Men Do" (Belford Company), is not deficient; it gives pictures of "shady" localities and people in New York city with unfinching fidelity, and furnishes to the thoughtful or philanthropical reader food for profound reflection. But interest of plot, the unction of

humor, the charm of sentiment, or the poetry of pathos, are not to be sought here. Mr. Fawcett's book is, in fact. a progressive study of the hopeless struggles of a pretty working-girl against poverty and the moral degradation of her surroundings. These are too strong and pitiless for .her, and the end is-a ghastly murder and suicide, such as the morning newspaper too frequently has occasion to chronicle in real life.

THE biography of Jane Austen, by Mrs. Charles Malden, is the twentieth volume of the "Famous Women" series (Roberts Brothers). Miss Austen died eighty years ago, and her comparatively short life was passed chiefly amongst her near relations, in the seclusion of an English country parsonage, varied only by an occasional visit to London or the sea-side. Her biography has not the romantic color of that of a George Sand; but its literary interest is of the highest. Jane Austen's writings were her life; and Mrs. Malden's book will perform a service for good literature if it awakens wider appreciation, at this day, of the works of this by-gone woman of genius, whom George Eliot named "the greatest artist that has ever written," and Tennyson has declared "next to Shakespeare."

"A COLLEGE WIDOW." according to the definition given by one of the characters in Frank Howard Howe's novel bearing the foregoing title (Belford Company, publishers), is "the nickname a girl gets in the course of time in a college town who has been going round with generations of students without succeeding in marrying any one of them." The particular specimen to whom Mr. Howe introduces us is named "Sadie" Sitgreaves, and she is not a prepossessing person; yet we fancy that not all readers will approve of the rude manner in which she is treated in this not over-refined story.

"THE HEROES OF THE CRUSADES" (Lee & Shepard), written by the popular novelist Amanda M. Douglas, is an admirable book for the general reader, young or old. It gives a concise and picturesque account of the spirit of the Crusades, and then relates the lives and achievements of the great heroes of those days of chivalry, from Peter the Hermit to St. Louis. The copious illustrations accompanying each chapter, being reduced reproductions of the superbly imaginative drawings of Gustave Doré, constitute a valuable feature of the work.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

EUROPEAN military journals contain much matter nowadays in regard to the new device of underground forts, proposed by French masters of fortification. In a recent number of La Nature, Colonel Hennebert, of the Belgian Army, describes one of these forts. It presents, he says, the appearance of an enlarged mole-hill, but the whole affair might easily escape the eye of an observer. It is built of concrete, protected everywhere by heavy steel armor. Three armored towers conceal each two heavy guns: four small turrets may be run out at pleasure, each armed with two rapid-firing guns. At three suitable places there are armored observation-stations, from which the electric light may be flashed on the surrounding country. Beneath the surface, the fort consists of a huge well divided into sections, one for ammunition, and another for machinery-including the dynamos and accumulators for lighting the fort, hydraulic machines for moving the turrets and supplying them with ammunition, and a series of ventilators to keep the air pure. All movements in and about the fortifications are reported by telegraph and telephone. The garrison needed consists of only thirty to forty mechanics and specialists. This obviates the general objection made to forts by military operators, namely, that they absorb numbers of men who are wanted for active service in the field.

DANGER of disease in using postage-stamps carelessly is thus pointed out by the Sanitary News: "One of the simplest and most plausible ways in which a stamp may convey contagion is that in which a postage-stamp, partially attached to a letter to pay return postage, is sent by a person infected with some disease to another person. The disease is transferred, in the first place, to the adhesive stamp through the saliva, and in being attached to the letter by the receiver the poison may be transmitted to him in turn through the saliva. Another cause may be the infection of the stamp with disease germs. The stamp, having been exposed in a room where a diseased person lies, may become slightly moistened, and thus retain the germ. That this is true can be proved very sim-We often see a perply by a microscopical examination. son holding change for a moment in the mouth, probably not knowing that investigation has shown that disease germs can be carried by money. If one could see through what hands the money has passed, he would hesitate before using such a third hand. Silver money is as bad as paper money: but, while many would heaitate to hold a dirty bank-note in their mouth, they think that a silver piece, because bright, is apparently clean."

THE coming eclipse of the sun, which a party of American scientists have just departed to Africa to observe, begins to be total at a point in the Caribbean Sea north of Venezuela, and ends at a point on the east coast of Africa 5½° N. latitude and 40° E. longitude. The path is about 100 miles broad, but observers outside this belt may do valuable work. Fainter stars, more especially those of the Milky Way, may become visible, as well as comets near the sun. Observations of the zodiacal light, Professor Abbe says (in Nature) will be of particular interest, for if the light is materially diminished during the totality, this will go far to show that zodiacal light originates in the earth's atmosphere. If the light shows no diminution, or an increase in strength, it will follow that it is an appendage of the sun.

ONE rule which ought to be taught in every school in the United States is, never lift a wire off the ground. As long as it is on the ground it is harmless, no matter what pressure may be on it. The moment it leaves the ground it may be dangerous. Never touch a wire tied on a pole. It may not be dangerous, but it is like the unloaded gun, it may kill you.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THE EVIL THAT MEN Do. By Edgar Fawcett. 339 pp. Illuminated paper, 50c. Belford Company, New York. OLLEGE WIDOW. By Frank Howard Howe. 198 pp. Illuminated paper, 50c. Belford Company, New York.

Couldn't SAY No. By John Habberton. 229 pp. IIluminated paper, 50c. Belford Company, New York.

A MOUNTAIN - WHITE HEROINE. By James R. Gilmore ("Edmund Kirke"). 240 pp. Paper, 50c. Belford Company, New York.

THE COUNTESS MUTA. By Charles Howard Montague. 244 pp. Paper, 50c. Belford Company, New York.

A VAGABOND'S HONOB. By Ernest De Lancey Pierson.

217 pp. Paper, 50c. Belford Company, New York.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE EXEGESIS OF LIFE. "Minerva" Series. 192 pp. Paper, 50c. Minerva Publishing Company, New York.

THE SCIENCE OF METROLOGY; OR, NATURAL WEIGHTS AND MEASURES. A Challenge to the Metric System. By the Hon. E. Noel. 83 pp. Cloth. Edward Stanford, London.

FUR, FEATHERS AND FUZZ: OR, STUDIES IN ANDIAL CHARACTER. By James W. Steele. Illustrated by Frank Ver Beck. 183 pp. Paper, 50c. Belford Company, New York.

JUVENILE. Sylvie and Bruno. By Lewis Carroll. Illustrated by Harry Furniss. 400 pp. Cloth, \$1.50. Macmillan & Co., London and New York.



A DECORATOR. - FROM THE PAINTING BY ALBERT MOORE.

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MAY, 1890.

\$3.00 PER

VANCOUVER: A GREAT SEA-PORT OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

BY DOUGLAS SLADEN.

THE sea-port of the twentieth century! the | the Sea of Marmora, and the False Creek to rival Constantinople of the West! are the names which suggested themselves to me the moment I set eves on Vancouver.

Nature and circumstance have been prodigal to Vancouver. Nature has given her the situation of Stamboul—the Turkish part of Constantinople

the Golden Horn as a natural dock. Like Stamboul, the City of Vancouver stands on a peninsula, with the cypress groves of the Seraglio Point represented by the forest primeval of Stanley Park, and with a "hog's-back" running the whole length, on which it is to be hoped that the public -with the deep waters of Burrard Inlet to replace | buildings will break the sky-line, as it is broken



REAL-ESTATE OFFICE IN VANCOUVER, AFTER THE GREAT FIRE OF JUNE 13TH, 1886. Vol XXIX., No. 5-33.

by the domes and minarets of the mosques in the capital of Islam.

Across the Golden Horn of False Creek there is not only the slope (reminding one of the lie of Galata and Pera) comprised in the Canadian Pacific Railroad grant, but roads leading across to the rich alluvial lands at the mouth of the Fraser, which will be occupied in the immediate future by countless fruit and hop ranches, pouring their produce into Vancouver for the consumption of its growing thousands, and for transportation to the ungardened cities of the prairie; while by sea all the booming cities of the Sound, from Seattle and Tacoma downward, act as feeders to the traffic of Vancouver, as witness the crowds traveling over the Canadian Pacific Railroad to and from them and the Eastern States, and the steamers connecting them with the Canadian Pacific Railroad, and acting as tenders for the China mail-ships trading from Vancouver.

So much for the south side. On the north side, across Burrard Inlet, are myriad islands and inlets destined to be the seat of a fishery trade as important as the bone of contention owned by Eastern Canada, not to mention lumber and minerals.

All these places, north and south, find their natural focus at Vancouver, the head of navigation and the terminus of the only transcontinental line of the continent — belonging to a single company—the Canadian Pacific.

But I must not forget that I am starting with the natural advantages of Vancouver. Its site is really exquisitely beautiful. It is planted, as I said, on a gentle hill, between two arms of the sea, and this peninsula terminates in a promontory ten miles round, still covered with the forest primeval, over the depths of which tower giants 200 or 300 feet high, cedars and spruces and Douglas firs. One cedar measured to be 56 feet in girth round the bolo proper, above the roots. This is the public park, named after the present Viceroy, and presented by the Province to the City—one of the most delightful parks imaginable, with its gigantic trees and ferns, and undergrowth and moss so luxuriant that the effect is semi-tropical. This is the day of small things, and in its little coves still float flocks of duck and teal and diver, and auk, while on the Bay and Narrows, between which it lies, are little flotillas of Indians in their quaint Squamishe and Chinook canoes, trolling for salmon, or deep-fishing for the famous black cod, called skil by the Indians, and becoming an article of commerce, as becirel, by the labors of Captain Lundberg and the score or two of hardy Norsemen who have formed themselves into a colony under him.

All round are mountains. Far away south is the magnificent white mass of Mount Baker rising from American territory with an English name, as a monument of boundary negotiations. Across English Bay are mountains, right ahead are mountains, and across Burrard Inlet are the noblest heritage a city could have, range beyond range of mountains rising thousands of feet high and coming almost down to the shore, covered with forest to their peaks, with a fund of wild life that could not be exhausted in half a century, if Vancouver grew as large as San Francisco, where for many a year yet the Vancouverite, going a day's journey into the wilderness, will be able to chance bear or goat, deer or panther. and wild fowl galore.

At one point this range draws in toward the peninsula, making the salmon-haunted Narrows, picturesque with the lofty precipice of the Observation Point and the steamer slain upon the rocks below, a mere skeleton now, but historical as the first steamer which ever plowed the Pacific—that Beaver which rounded Cape Horn before the long Jubilee reign began, three and fifty years ago—breaking up now with decay and storm, but I hope, ere its final dissolution, to be removed to the city and made the nucleus of a Vancouver Museum.

But the most picturesque object in this noble harbor lies on the other side, behind the mountains which make the Narrows. For on their shoulders, as bold and distinct as on the granite plinths in Trafalgar Square, seem to couch The Lions, the most perfect resemblance in nature to the couchant lions of the statuary. I say seem to couch, because these Lions in reality are peaks of a range many miles behind, showing over the front range. The resemblance is not a far-fetched one. It strikes every observer before it is pointed out to him, and it was this which made the late Judge Gray suggest to Mr. O'Brien "The Lions Gate."

"The Lions Gate" is, certainly, an admirably apt name for the harbor of Vancouver. Its Narrows, fenced in on one side by the precipice of Observation Point, and on the other by the mountains encroaching on the shore, are a gate, and on a larger scale Vancouver itself is the gate at the end of the pass through the terrific mountain ramparts of British Columbia, and on a vet larger scale the few degrees of latitude in which British Columbia touches the sea are the only gate of the British Lion between the barriers of Alaska on the north and the United States on the south—in fact, the only gate on the American side of the Pacific. Besides, with the United States finding their "Golden Gate" at their great Pacific port of San Francisco, it is appropriate and epigrammatic for England to find "The Lions Gate" in her great Pacific port of Vancouver.

The traveler steaming through the "Lions



Gate" need not stop at Vancouver; he can steam eighteen miles up, past Vancouver, and past Hastings, but leaving Port Moody on his right, into the majestic fiord of the North Arm—an exquisite fiord, hardly to be equaled in Norway, with its two grand water-falls, its black and fabulous depths, its precipitous mountain walls, clad with forest to their lofty plateaux, imbosoming lakes on their summits, and populous with the antelopelike mountain-goats. It is just as if a Valley of the Selkirks had been filled half-way up with the deep sea, terminating in a fine river, and a vista almost as beautiful as the far-famed Valley of the Bow at It is sublime, this flord, so long, so deep, so deeply sunk; and as Vancouver and Tacoma and Seattle expand, its gray granite used in their principal buildings will make it important in commerce.

Commerce! At present we talk of the scenery of Vancouver, but in a few years all the world will be talking of its commerce. Even now it has several avenues of commerce defining themselves.

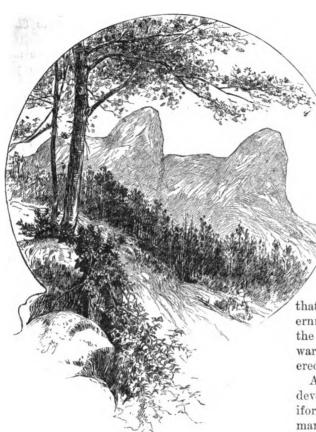
What a marvelous town it is! Where Vancouver now stands was on March 1st, 1886, the forest primeval. Thanks to the magician which has transformed British Columbia—the Canadian Pacific Railroad-by June 12th, 1886, the town, in spite of paying \$300 per acre for clearing, had grown to the very respectable dimensions given in our cut showing "A General View of Vancouver, from the South," from a photograph taken early But on the 13th the whole town was obliterated by one of those wholesale fires without which it seems impossible for a town in the West to become first-class. But the inhabitants, nothing daunted, set to work to rebuild it, and in 1887 it had 3,000 inhabitants, doubled to 6,000 in 1888, and again doubled to 12,000 or 15,000 in The City-hall and the Real-estate Office, of which we give engravings, show the spirit in which Vancouver faced its uphill task, and the kind of charred timber which had to be cleared away. But in spite of the population doubling itself every year, the growth of Vancouver has been steady; there has been no booming of the Tacoma and Seattle type. While good business properties in either of these towns are worth \$1,000 to \$1,250 per foot, modest Vancouver, to quote the figures supplied me by the politeness of an American, Mr. H. T. Ceperley, of the firm of Ross & Ceperley, real-estate agents, Vancouver only requires the following rates: Cordova Street, best inside business properties, 120 feet deep, price \$450 per front foot; corners, \$550. Hastings Street, best inside business properties \$350 to \$400; corners, \$450 to \$500. Granville Street (North), \$350 to \$400; corners \$450 to \$500. Granville Street (South), \$125 to \$150; corners,

\$200 to \$250. Residential: Best, \$40 per front foot, 132 feet deep. Suburban: \$100 to \$500 per acre.

This, with similar frontages in Melbourne and Sydney, Australia, realizing up to \$6,000 per frontage foot, and in New York up to \$20,000 per frontage foot, presents an astonishing field for investment. Why is this? Because of the attitude of the principal land-owners, the Canadian Pacific Railroad, who, determined to avoid the prostration which followed the boom at Winnipeg, have prevented the speculative buying of land by requiring buildings varying up to \$10,000, according to the lot, to be erected within twelve months, and the following severe payments: One-third cash, one-third in six months, onethird in twelve months, with interest at six per cent. per annum. Though, if the buildings are erected on plans approved of within the time agreed, the liberal discount of from 20 to 30 per cent., according to the handsomeness of the building, is remitted by the Land Commissioner, who is liberal in extending the time for bona fide reasons, though the buyer binds himself either to forfeit his lot or pay the company the value of the house agreed upon if not erected within the given time. To the Canadian Pacific Railroad's honor, this forfeit has never even been mentioned, though frequently incurred. It has fulfilled its object by scaring off dishonest speculators. Some idea of the business buildings may be formed by the cut given of Cordova Street. Solid brick stores are going up all over Vancou-Wood is not allowed within certain limits. Inside of city limits there are 46.33 miles of graded streets, 24.09 miles of sidewalk, 4.80 miles graveled, 5.5 miles of planked, 6 miles of culverts, 5,280 feet of bridging, and 10 tanks.

Some idea of the progresss of the city may be formed from the fact that the Canadian Pacific Railroad alone have spent on the city, chiefly on labor, over \$745,000 in 1888, and \$844,000 in 1889. For these statistics and those that follow I am indebted chiefly to Mr. J. M. Browning and Mr. D. Oppenheimer, the Mayor, who is the Sir John Macdonald of Vancouver—that strange mixture, the youngest city of the young West, but with good society, and free from saloon rowdyism as Montreal itself.

Some idea of the commerce of Vancouver may be formed from the single item of tea. From Liverpool to Hong Kong via Quebec and Vancouver is 11,548 miles; from Liverpool to Hong-Kong via New York and San Francisco is 12,753—1,205 miles in favor of the northern route; from Liverpool to Yokohama via Quebec and Vancouver is 9,946 miles; via New York and San Francisco, 11,151 miles—1,205 miles in favor of the northern route. Now, in the tea-trade, in



"THE LIONS," AS SEEN FROM VANCOUVER. — FROM
A SKETCH BY MISS L. A. LEFEVRE.

the sale of the first new teas, a start of a few hours makes a great difference; therefore it is quite certain that Great Britain and the countries supplied through her will transport all the first choice teas of both China and Japan through Vancouver, and as Vancouver is nearer to New York by 109 miles than San Francisco, and by 73 miles nearer than Portland, Ore., which has no trans-

Pacific steamers, and as she is nearer to Boston by 275 miles than San Francisco is—not to mention the 516 miles she saves by sea-the natural channel for the first teas to reach New York and Boston, and the places supplied through them, is the Vanconver route. Last year 15,000,000 pounds were conveyed to the United States by this route, and only 6,000,000 pounds to all other destinations. When slower-moving Great Britain awakes, as the United States began to last year, this trade will assume gigantic proportions.

Then, take coal. There is nothing builds up the prosperity of a country like coal, as witness the carboniferous portions of England and Scotland. British Columbia and the neighboring Territory of Alberta abound in coal. Alberta has no less than three prosperous coal centres already working-Lethbridge, Canmore and Anthracite. From the last, to quote the Vancouver World of October 27th, taking the year round. more than 100 tons a day are already being sent over the Canadian Pacific Railroad through British Columbia to Port Moody (on Vancouver Harbor), to be shipped thence to San Francisco, while estimates show that in the near future the quantity of anthracite sent by this route alone is likely to reach 1,000 tons per day. It is also intimated

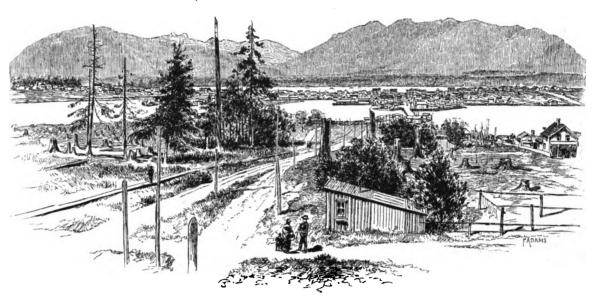
that it is not improbable that the Imperial Government will now establish a coaling-station on the Pacific Coast, seeing that a coal suitable for war-vessels to consume has at last been discovered.

And the same paper points out that "the rapid development of manufacturing enterprise in California necessitates a continually increasing demand for smokeless coal, and this the Canadian anthracite fields are, on account of their geographical proximity, far better qualified to supply than are those of Pennsylvania."

The same remark applies to the rapidly developing States of Washington and Oregon, which would also be supplied through Vancouver; and to Minnesota, with its enormous milling industries, Dakota, Montana, Nebraska, Wyoming and Idaho; which would not affect Vancouver. except by increasing the wealth of the great railway line whose interests are identified with it.



VIEW ON THE NORTH ARM, BURRARD INLET. — FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BAILEY & DEELAND.



GENERAL VIEW OF VANCOUVER, B. C., FROM THE SOUTH. -- FROM A PHOTOGRAPH DY C. S. BAILEY, VANCOUVER.

have pronounced Vancouver itself and Port Moody to be situated on a coal-field. Were this true the results would be multiplied, but in any case, having coal so accessible on the line of a great and patriotic railway company, anxious to develop Vancouver in every way, she has huge advantages for a shipping and manufacturing ready—in December, 1890; in January, 1891; in

But we have not done with coal yet. Experts | and mining centre. And she will be all three, without any doubt.

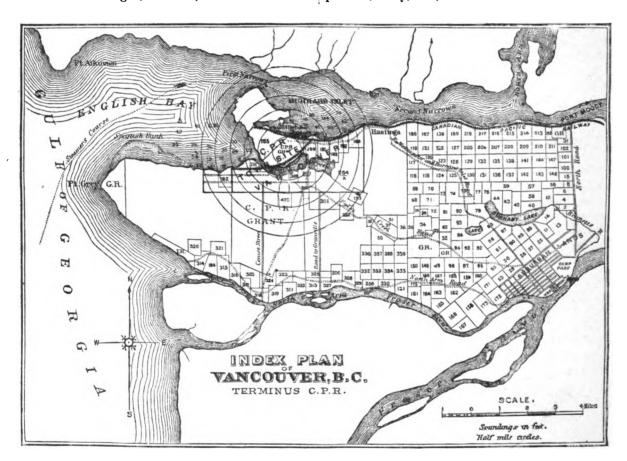
Already the Canadian Pacific Railroad are running a line of mail-steamers to Japan and China, doing the distance from Vancouver to Yokohama in thirteen to fifteen days; but the Canadian Pacific Railroad have ordered three steamers to be



VANCOUVER AFTER THE FIRE, JUNE 13TH, 1886. - FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY STANLEY BROS Digitized by Google

February, 1891, respectively—of 6,000 tons, and a speed of eighteen knots. Any month now a line may be started between Canada and Australia for the vast prospective trade mentioned below: and it will not be long before Canadian manufacturers of cheap cottons, etc., and the United States manufacturers who find the Canadian Pacific Railroad and Vancouver the natural outlet to China and Japan, will want direct communication for putting them on a better footing to get a share of the vast consumption of the 250,000,000 subjects of the Queen in India—the ships bringing, among other return freight, the teas, silks and curios of

The import business of Vancouver will also be vastly increased as soon as the steamers begin to run to Australia—part of the Canadian mail system for which the Imperial Parliament recently voted £60,000 a year. For Canada already imports large quantities of wool from Australia—much of it carried over the Canadian Pacific Railroad—and when the direct service is established making transport cheaper, this will multiply itself; while, if the great woolen industries of Massachusetts desire to receive the prime of the new Australian clip as early and punctual as possible, they, too, will swell the trade of the



India, as they already bring those of China and Japan.

The tea business with India and Ceylon bids fair to be gigantic. These teas have already established themselves against China in the markets of England and Australia, and it will not be long before their shippers try to tap the enormous markets of New York and Boston. And the natural route for their "first" teas—in which time means money—will be through Vancouver, transshipped from the P. and O. at Hong-Kong, and not by the longer route via the Suez Canal and England. And already in Boston there are two fine stores for East Indian curios and wares, which will naturally travel by the same route.

Canada-Australian line and Vancouver, Vancouver being nearly 300 miles nearer than San Fransisco, and the Canadian Pacific Railroad rates lower.

Australia, too, has another trade to whose expansion there seem to be no limits—kangaroohides for boots and shoes, Americans and Canadians preferring this leather to all other.

Last year Queensland produced raw sugar to the value of \$3,500,000, and refining is so profitable a business in Canada, that when once the Australian line is running, it is only a question of months before sugar refineries will be established at Vancouver, importing the raw material direct from Rockhampton, about the last port of call in Aus-

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tralia for the new line, and saving cost of carriage in crossing the mountains by sending the refined article instead of the raw, and supplying the whole of Canada west of Lake Superior.

Canada is beginning to use Australian furs-"opossum" and "native bear"—in considerable quantities, cheap, warm coats being a scarcity since the extinction of the buffalo. At present she buys these in the world's fur mart—Leipsic but it cannot be doubted that as the consumption increases they will be imported direct—through Vancouver. So with oranges, of which there are thousands of acres round Paramatta, N. S. W. So with Australian wines—one firm in Bordeaux gave a single order to a firm in Australia for a thousand hogsheads of its generous, fragrant So with Australian hard-woods, which will be brought to Vancouver, made up into furniture, and resold in Australia, as soon as the Ontario furniture-makers establish branch factories in Vancouver to save the cost of railway carriage over the mountains. And Vancouver will have to import vast quantities of the impregnable jarrahwood for the teredo-haunted waters of Puget Sound and the innumerable inlets to the north of it, as settlement increases on this coast-line of 3,000 to 4,000 miles though it is contained in so few degrees of latitude, to make the necessary wharves and bridges. So much for imports, tea, silks, curios, rice, and other Oriental products from India, China and Japan; wool, kangaroohides, wines, hard-wood, oranges and raw sugar from Australia.

As for exports, Australia and the East alike require the deals, doors, sashes and other softwood exports of British Columbia. Japan, with its progressive ideas, requires much machinery. What Australia wants in this way may be gauged by the fact that the Masseys in Toronto recently sold 150 of their huge reapers and binders and seventy tons of wire in one order to one firm in one single colony of the Australasian group. This year British Columbia has produced 422,000 cases of canned salmon, each case containing two dozen Australasia alone could consume twice as much as this in a single year, while, on the other hand, this catch was only limited by the canning capacities of the canneries. The run of fish was illimitable. The export of furniture and machinery and refined sugar from Canada to Australia may expand to any extent when the manufactories are at Vancouver, by the water's edge, worked with coal water-borne just across the strait from Vancouver Island, instead of being handicapped by the great cost—\$390 per car-load -of transportation of the finished article across the mountains, and by the distance of Ontario from the coal-fields.

And the vista is limitless if the special envoy

sent from Canada to Australia early this year, the Hon. J. J. C. Abbott, can arrange reciprocity between Canada and Australia. This would give Canada a discrimination, amounting in some cases to 35 per cent., against all other countries in supplying Australia with machinery, hardware, woodware, wheat (if there were another failure in Australia's crops), canned fruits, apples. etc., and would give Canadian wool industries an enormous impetus by supplying them with free wool of the finest quality, and with cheaper kangaroo-hides for their shoe factories, while it would give an equal impetus for the Australian exports to Canada of wool, wine, hides, oranges, canned meats (such as one now sees in every Canadian grocer's from Chicago), by putting Australia, or such of the Australasian colonies as might enter into the treaty, on the most favored footing. The volume of trade which this would pour into Vancouver may easily be imagined.

And Vancouver has much more to hope for from Australians; for when the Canada-Australian steamers begin to run, this will undoubtedly become one of the favorite routes, if not the favorite, for Australians to Europe. They will be attracted by the chance of seeing a sister-colony, and especially a sister-colony whose resources have hardly begun to be developed, where great fortunes are yet to be made by colonists who understand how to wrest its secrets from a new and wild country. As soon as the mining speculators of Ballarat and Sandhurst and Stawell begin to pass over the Canadian Pacific Railroad, they will recognize that British Columbia is one of the most promising mining regions in the world to men with large capital, who look as much to the extent and permanency of a lead as to its immediate richness; others, again, knowing the vast quantities of soft-wood used in Australia, every bit of which has to be imported, will be drawn into speculation by the sight of the British Columbian forests; while others, noting the inexhaustible and hardly touched deep-sea fisheries, and knowing the import demand in Australia for fine cured fish, will put the much-needed capital into the sea-fisheries.

If reciprocity is established between Canada and Australia, it is Australian capital that will develop British Columbia into what nature designed her for—a great mining and manufacturing and shipping province. And the *entrepôt* of British Columbia must be Vancouver, the most convenient head of navigation, and the natural terminus of the great railway artery from England to the East.

I fancy that I can see Vancouver when her hour has come, as Melbourne's hour came. Great docks lined with ocean steamers fill the mouth of the False Creek, and front the future terminus of

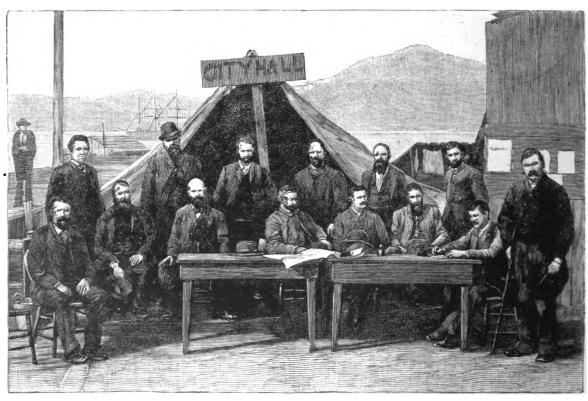


CORDOVA STREET.

the Canadian Pacific Railroad in the heart of their broad transpontine grant, on which the tall forest primeval will have given place to the huge chimneys of the manufactories of machinery, furniture, woolens, cottons, refined sugar, woodware, hardware, fruit-canneries for the produce of the Fraser delta, smelting-furnaces for the reduction of the iron and copper ores of the islands, saw-mills, foundries, yards for building and repairing the iron shipping of the Pacific, and a score of other industries at present un-

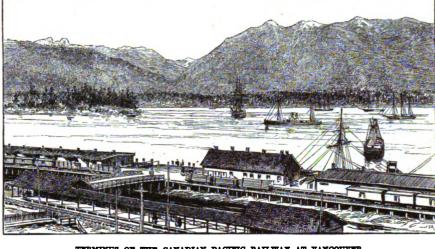
guessed. I see the whole delta of the Fraser and its tributaries one vast orchard and hop-garden, smiling like Kent or Sussex. I see the residences of the well to do crowded out of the narrow limits of the peninsula and spreading, some down the opposite side of Burrard Inlet from Moodyville to Howe Sound, some through a chain of suburbs enveloping Hastings and Port Moody; some through a chain of suburbs replacing with their neat gardens the whole forest between Vancouver and New Westminster. Street railways, cuburban railways, and many

ferry-boats, give rapid communication with the heart of the city—the original city on the peninsula, where are the cathedral, some of the finest churches, the finest hotels, the clubs, the theatres, the banks, the wholesale warehouses, the boarding-houses, the Broadway and Fifth Avenue, the Fourteenth and Twenty-third Streets, with their magnificent stores, a part of the city too expensive for ordinary folks to have houses there, not private or select enough for the very rich except in the remoter part facing English Bay, with its



CITY-HALL, AFTER THE FIRE.

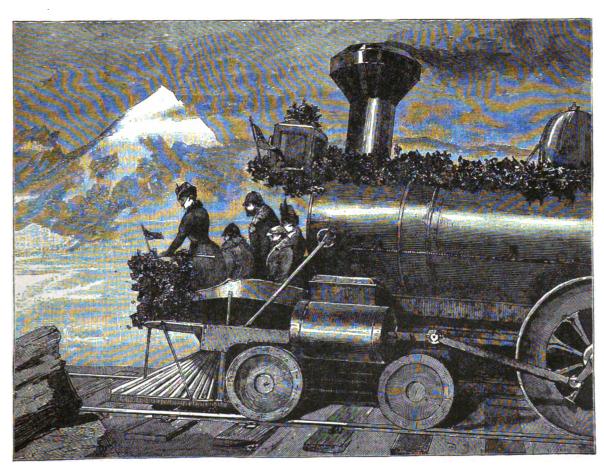
fine sandy beach, and its proximity to the park. Here there is quite a colony of theman aristocratic suburb. But many of the very wealthy prefer to have villas on what plateaux can be found amid the precipitous shores of that peerless fiord, the North Arm, or on the foot-hills of the grand mountains which line the



TERMINUS OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC BAILWAY AT VANCOUVER.

north side of Burrard Inlet—the north side made | beautiful by its avenue, miles long, alongside of the water and planted with beautiful maples, whose carmine leaves in the Fall show up gloriously against the dark spruce and cedar of the primeval forests. Nothing could be finer than the City Park in the twentieth century. Follow-

ing the water, a drive of ten miles long encircles it. Round the water's edge are growing famously the maples, sumachs, cherries and oaks, birches and poplars planted to make it brilliant green in Spring and brilliant flame-color in the Fall. The forest is left untouched, with its stately trees, its mighty ferns, its hanging mosses.



THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA CROSSING THE SUMMIT OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, ON THE CANADIAN PACIFIC BAILWAY.

Pleasant paths for lovers to ramble in the Summer shade are cut into its sylvan recesses, and in it roam all the wild animals and birds of the country that are not dangerous to man, introduced and habituated with infinite trouble, and protected from wantonness by public opinion. There are other parks in various parts of the city, and a superb athletic ground, where, by the influx of English and Australians, cricket is restored to its legitimate pride of place. Between the city and the great cannery and saw-mill town of New Westminster is a fine race-track, called Flemington by the enthusiastic Australians, who got it up to console them for their distance from Mel-At the very highest point of the peninsula stands the finest building in the city, the magnificent Episcopal cathedral of the united Diocese (united much to the disgust of Westminsterians) of Vancouver and New Westminster; and not far off is its rival in popularity and opulence, the rebuilt St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church. Burrard Inlet is full of shipping. Its wharves are lined with local passenger steamers—with ships from Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, Victoria, Nanaimo, Alaska and the like, concentrating at Vancouver the local trade of the Pacific, while out on its deep bosom lie two or three British men-of-war, easily recognizable by their upright masts and grim solidity, even if they were not flying the white banner of St. George, and between them and the shore a crowd of vachts. Most of the wealthy merchants living up the North Arm or on English Bay have their smart steam - yachts. And the residential and shopping streets are full of handsome carriages, and the business streets with street-railways and wagons and cabs; and there goes up to heaven the mingled echo, joyous and mournful, eager and indolent, of 300,000 of earth's voices to show where the most untiring of commercial nations has at last found the Lions Gate to the Eastern Pacific.

A SPANISH HERO.

Strolling through the magnificent cafés of Barcelona with my good friend the advocate (writes Edgar Wakeman), he was able to do me what he regarded as the highest favor and honor that can possibly come to a stranger in Spain. This was an introduction to an ambitious and already almost famous bull-fighter, or espada, of this city. This recalled personal reminiscences of this class of men, and some interesting facts concerning the greatest two living espadas, Francisco Sanchez and Luis Mazzantini. The latter I have known. Perhaps the most famous of all matadores, the espada primero of the world, is Francisco Sanchez (alias Lagartijo). He is prob-

ably the most daring, skillful bull-fighter that ever lived. His handling of the wild and savage bulls of Jaraina is something marvelous. He now seldom appears, \$10,000 being the price demanded and secured in advance for each performance. He is a very great pet with the Spanish nobility, is immensely rich, and was the warm personal friend of the late King Alfonso. Other famous espadas are Rafael Molina, Angel Pastor, José Gomez, Hermosilla, Juan Sanchez and Luis Mazzantini, elready mentioned.

The latter is rapidly becoming the first Spanish favorite. His life has been full of romance and adventure. He was destined for the priesthood by his parents, who were people of refinement and proper aspiration. He possessed a poetic, restless nature, and ran away from the university. Joining a band of strolling musicians, he wandered for several years through the Spanish Provinces, breaking many a fair lady's heart, and having his own heart broken by a sweet little peasant girl of Aranjuez. His friends finally found him, and secured him a government position in the Postal Department at Madrid. But he deserted this. Then he wrote poems, which were gladly printed, but would not sell. Soon he sang in opera; but fame was too great a laggard. he publicly announced that he would become the most famous bull-fighter of Spain. Spain laughed at him. That alone gave him note Then he gave the Spanish people this saying: "Not a king, but a tenor or a bull-fighter only, can enslave Spain!" He is still young. He is always a gentleman. He has already amassed wealth, and is the only rival of the peerless espada, Francisco Sanchez, in the affections of the people of Spain.

OLD COUNTRY HOUSES AND DANCES.

WE have great sympathy with Mr. Baring Gould's respect for those old houses, about which he has written a charming book.

Only one who, like myself (he says), has the happiness to occupy a room with a six-light window, twelve feet wide and five feet high, through which the sun pours in and floods the whole room, whilst without the keen March wind is cutting, cold and cruel, can appreciate the blessedness of such a window, can tell the exhilarating effect it has on the spirits, how it lets the sun in, not only through the room, and on to one's book or paper, but into the very heart and soul as well.

A long, upright, narrow window does not answer the purpose for which it was constructed. The light enters the room from the sky, not from the earth, therefore only through the upper portion of a window. The wide window gives us the greatest possible amount of light. If we were but

to revert to the Elizabethan window, we would find a singular improvement in our health and spirits.

Our old country houses were, say modern masons, shockingly badly built. "Why, sir," said one to me, "do look here at this wall. It is three-foot-six thick !--what waste of room ! and then only the facing is with mortar between the stones, all the rest of the stones are set in clay." I was engaged building my porch when the man said this. So I, convinced by his superior experience, apologized for my forebears, and bade him rebuild with mortar throughout. What was the result? That wall has been to me ever since a worry. The rain beats through it; every course of mortar serves as an aqueduct, and the driving rain against the wall traverses it as easily as if it were a sponge. Our old houses were dry withindry as snuff. Now we cannot keep the wet out without cementing them externally. Those fools, our forefathers, by breaking the connection, prevented the water from penetrating.

Do any of my readers know the coziness of an oak-paneled or of a tapestried room? There is nothing comparable to it for warmth. reader certainly does know is that from a papered wall and from a plate-glass window there is ever a cold current of air setting inward. He supposes that there is a draught creeping round the walls from the door, or that the window-frame does not fit; and he plugs, but cannot exclude the cold air. But the origin of the draught is in the room itself, and it is created by the fire. The wall is cold, and the plate-glass is cold, and the heated atmosphere of the room is lowered in temperature against these cold surfaces, and returns in the direction of the fire as a chill draught. But when the room is lined with oak, or with woven woolen tapestry, then the walls are warm, and they give back none of these chill recoil currents. The fire has not the double obligation laid on it of heating the air of the apartment and the walls.

Before leaving the consideration of old country houses, one word must be said about their setting. We, nowadays, when we build a mansion, look out for the top of a hill, a good, exposed spot. It never occurs to us that half the charm of a house consists in the way in which it is framed. The mediæval Germans lived on the top of rocks, but then their houses were castles, partly for defense and partly because they knew what was fit to be done. Artistically, they made these castles eminently picturesque, with towers and gables that cut the sky. We do not now build castles, but—well, the word is suitable boxes; and a box looks like a box on the top of a hill against the sky, and nothing can make it look other. Our English forefathers, in their

sense of security, and in their love of sun and shelter, sought out a hill-side, and built their mansions so as to have rising ground behind it. to back it, and where they had not a hill, there they had a wood of tall trees. A house thus set is like a picture in a frame, a pretty face in a real bonnet. I do not think that ladies who, in pursuance of a vile fashion, wear hats, can be aware of the loss of charm to the face. Let them take an ancestral portrait out of its frame, and hang it thus naked against the wall, they will see at once that the frame insulates it, draws attention to its beauties and enhances them. It is the same with a house. It may be good architecturally, but unless it be backed up by a green hill covered with wood, tall Scotch pines, the haunt of rooks, "umbrageous beech, in Autumn trees of gold," it is nothing but an architectural study.

How naked and how forlorn a dear old house looks that has lost its timber that surrounded it. I know one or two old mansions that have been converted into farm-houses, and their rear-guard of timber hewn down and sold. There is a broken - hearted look about them that reminds one of a carriage-horse degraded to go in a cart. It feels its degradation, loses flesh, gloss and spirit.

Writing of country dances, Mr. Gould complains that "the beautiful and graceful dance is extinct among us," and affirms that "it has been expelled by the intrusive waltz;" concerning which he makes the allegation that it lacks the charm of modesty, grace of action and dignity of posture which, in the dancing of farpast days, delighted our forefathers. dance is not properly the spinning around of two persons of opposite sex, hugging each other and imitating the motion of a teetotum. dance is an assemblage of graceful movements and figures performed by a set number of per-There is singular beauty in the dance The eye is pleased by a display of graceful and changing outline, by bringing into play the muscles of well-molded limbs. But where many performers take part, the enchantment is increased, just as part-singing is more levely than solo-singing; for to the satisfaction derived from the graceful attitude of one performer is added that of beautiful grouping. A single well-proportioned figure is a goodly sight; several well-proportioned figures in shifting groups, now in clusters, now swinging loose in wreaths, now falling into lines or circles—whilst an individual, or a pair, focus the interest—are very beautiful. It is a change in a concert from chorus to solo; and when, whilst the single dancer, projected into prominence, attracts the delighted eye, the rest of the dancers keep rhythmic

motion, subdued, in simple change, the effect is exquisite. It is the accompaniment on a living instrument to a solo."

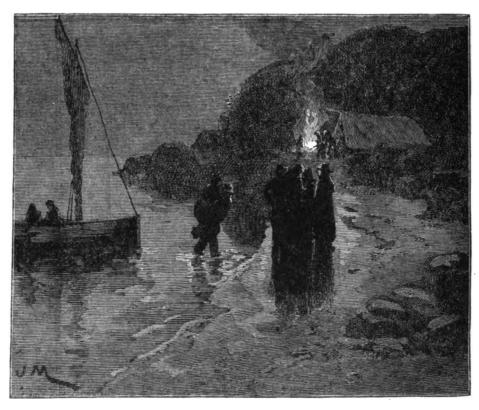
THE MUTTON-BIRD SEASON IN AUSTRALIA.

BY THE VAGABOND.

ALL over Cape Woolamai there are muttonbirds' holes, but in one slight hollow on the southern cliffs there is a perfect warren. This has been locally christened "The Rookery." Four acres of land are completely honeycombed by their holes, which are within a yard, often dreds and thousands of birds appear, and whirl around, and fill the air with bizarre sounds, and cover the ground with black moving forms, which run from hole to hole, each one, as it seems, seeking its proper residence. They disappear, and the earth covers them, but still thousands more arrive.

The mystery of the mutton-birds' coming is as great as the mystery of their disappearance. The darkness deepens, the numbers of the birds increase. They fly near us; they will fly against us if we are in their way. They run on the ground beneath our legs, they are caught with the hand.

It is the strangest, weirdest sight I have wit-



THE CAMP ON PHILLIP ISLAND, NEAR MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.

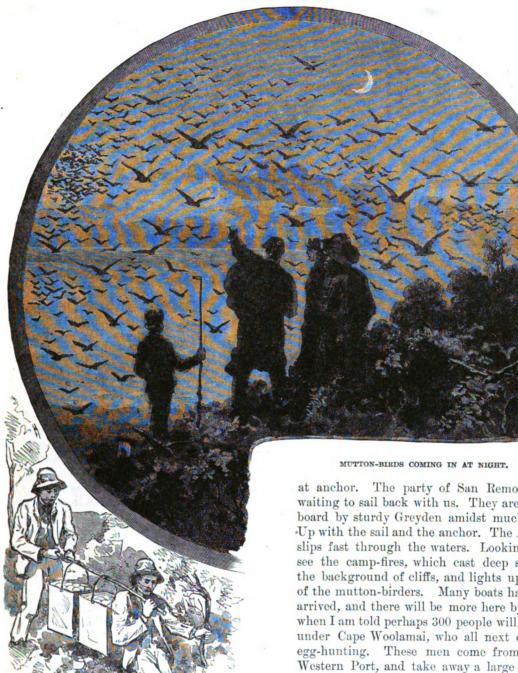
a foot, of each other. We lie on the bluff near this warren looking over the sea at the setting sun, waiting for the dusk. Soon the light on Cape Schanck glimmers in the distance. The sun goes down. There is no moon, and a few clouds obscure the horizon, still there is sufficient gloaming to make everything visible. Yet neither in sky nor sea can the sign of a bird, mutton or otherwise, be seen. We are getting impatient.

"IIere he comes!" says Willie Fraser.

A black bird suddenly flies past us, and with that strange gurgling sound disappears into the ground. Two more follow, then four, then in a few seconds, from the firmament above and the waters below, as if created on the moment, hun-

nessed in animated nature. It is a Walpurgisnight of the feathered tribe.

The darkness increases, and we must wend our way to the boat or we shall be bushed for the night. This march back over Cape Woolamai from the western shore to the Eastern Passage is one of the hardest parts of this malanga. We are perpetually tripping in mutton-birds' holes as we force our way through patches of thick scrub and tussocky grass. I do not think it is any exaggeration to say that there are millions of holes on the seaward side of Cape Woolamai. The birds follow us wherever we go. They flop around us in the air, they dive under our feet into the ground. They gurgle and groan in their holes. Earth and



CARRYING HOME THE SPOILS.

air are filled with "uncanny" sounds. The nearest thing in nature to which we can compare this note of the mutton-bird is the first note of the great Australian kingfisher. Very glad, indeed, am I when we reach the cliffs on the other side of the cape, and by the reflection of the campfires on the beach below see our boat with others

at anchor. The party of San Remo ladies are waiting to sail back with us. They are carried on board by sturdy Greyden amidst much laughter. "Up with the sail and the anchor. The Italian Fly slips fast through the waters. Looking back, we see the camp-fires, which cast deep shadows on the background of cliffs, and lights up the faces of the mutton-birders. Many boats have already arrived, and there will be more here by morning. when I am told perhaps 300 people will be camped under Cape Woolamai, who all next day will be egg-hunting. These men come from all round Western Port, and take away a large number of eggs, which are preserved for future food, besides having a pleasant picnic—a true malanga. Last year in two days a party of five fishermen from Hastings obtained 285 dozen of mutton-bird eggs. There is profit as well as sport in this.

The lights of the camp-fires fade away. I suggest to my artist friend that the scene we have left is worthy of Salvator Rosa, a suggestion which he rather scorns, as also the hint that this sail through the dark waters reminds me of Venice. The young ladies sing sweetly to while away the time, and altogether it is a very pleasant trip back to San Remo, where at half-past 10 at

night the tired and hungry party feast on tender steak, cooked at this late hour by kindly Mrs. Fraser, and sleep the sleep of the just on good beds, and awake thoroughly refreshed in the early morning with renewed appetites for breakfast, at which I eat a mutton-bird's egg, part of the spoil of the young Ballarat lady, the "school-marm" who was one of our last night's party.

I had been told by many persons that these eggs have a strong, disagreeable, fishy flavor. I find them, when eaten fresh, to be as good as any fowls' eggs, with no perceptible difference in taste.

PRINCESS AND POET.

BY EMILY H. HICKEY.

Above him in his sleep she leaned, a star
Of lovely light and lustre many-rayed,
And on the lips of golden song she laid
The golden meed of grace peculiar;
Then passed upon her way, like dreams that are
Too dear and fair to be one moment staid;
But sweetness which that kiss of hers had made
No dream could e'er create, no waking mar.

And which of them had won the greatest bliss?

And which the gladder and prouder went that day?

By all the bounty and honor of that kiss

Which more enriched and worshiped? Poets, say,

And royal ladies, make reply to this—

Was 't Margaret or Alain Chartier?

A NIHILIST TRIAL SCENE.

BY STEPNIAK.

In the gray, dull light of the approaching morning the court-room looked strangely op-Six candles, in silver candlesticks, pressive. glimmering upon the judges' table, gave it a lugubrious, funereal aspect. The closely packed people were almost silent. From the prisoners' box a hum of suppressed voices came. The prisoners knew that after the sentence they would be separated. They tried to profit by the short time they were to be together. Judging by their unbroken, rapid talk, they were in good spirits. But the public could not see any of them, as they sat all six on wooden benches, surrounded by twelve gendarmes with drawn swords on their shoulders. The crowd outside the building, which the sleepy and exhausted policeman now left to take care of itself, was neither so patient nor so calm. They represented the most turbulent section of the population. As a part of the loiterers, tired by the long waiting, withdrew, these were brought into closer contact. A handkerchief was raised at one of the windows. "The verdict!" shouted a voice in the crowd. stantly all noise ceased, and the crowd pressed forward.

Within, the voice of the usher was announcing the last scene of the shameless farce. The tribunal was about to enter to read the sentence. Rising to their feet as one man, the people stood in breathless expectation. A silence as of death fell upon the many-headed crowd. One could almost hear the beating of so many hearts—some in agony of fear, some in the excitement of dramatic tension. One by one the six members of the tribunal appeared upon the platform behind the long table lit by the six candles. Their troubled, worn-out looks were suggestive rather of a great villainy just committed, with full knowledge, than of a stern though painful duty fulfilled.

All eyes were riveted upon the presiding judge, who, a white sheet of paper in his hands, was about to utter the fatal words. In a voice raised to an unusually high pitch he read the preamble, which seemed to last an eternity. At last the first words of the sentence were uttered, sending an electric thrill throughout the audience. The name of Boris came first, followed by a long mumbling to which nobody paid attention—it was the enumeration of his offenses. Then a short pause and the sentence—death! Though no one expected him to be spared, the word fell upon strained nerves like the blow of a hammer. Vasily's name followed with a mumbling less irksome, for it was shorter, and then another blow of the hammer-death! The nerves shiver but hold good. The third in the roll is Zina, whose fate had been the most discussed, because the most uncertain. The silence deepened. Life or death? life or death? all asked in their hearts, whilst the mumbling went on. The threatening hammer rises higher and higher, then suspense, and again it falls with a crash—death! A sigh, gathering into a groan, ran through the hall. All, even the most prejudiced, turned their eves with unmixed sympathy and awe upon that young, noble, beautiful woman, standing so calmly and modestly. Most had expected that as a woman she would be spared.

The three remaining prisoners were so little compromised, they would be let off with a nominal punishment. The mumbling affixed to Botcharov's name, which came next, was such as to lull the inattentive audience to complete tranquillity. Most people ceased to listen altogether, when suddenly a suspicious quivering in the judge's voice, a short pause, and the sentence—death!—resounds amid universal stupefaction. A wondering "Ha!" escaped from all lips. Men looked at their neighbors to ascertain whether they had not misheard. "Many thanks, gentlemen judges." the voice of the condemned man resounds, sneeringly. The judge had not the courage to call the prisoner to order, and pretended not to hear, and

hastened on to the following name. It was that of the elder Dudoroy. This time the public followed with strained attention all the circumlocutions and windings of the clumsy summing up of offenses. There was the same treacherous prolixity and abstruseness in the statement of motives. Some phrases sounded ugly—doubts, alternated with hopes, irritating men's nerves to the extremity. The hammer was hanging in the air—now rising, now sinking, and then rising again. Then the blow was struck; it was—death!

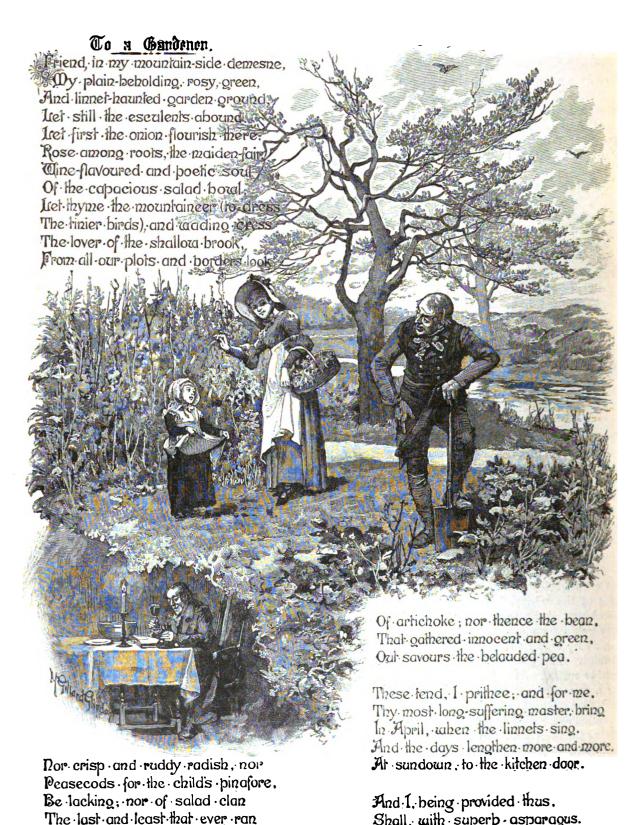
The suppressed passion burst forth on a sudden. Shrieks, hysterical cries of women, groans and curses filled the air. People jumped upon their seats, shouting and gesticulating wildly, as if they had gone mad on a sudden. It was a scene of disorder such as had never before been witnessed within those walls. A good lady in the second row—the wife of the chairman of the board—fainted from her excitement.

Upon the bench the disorder and confusion were hardly less than among the public. The presiding judge, the paleness of shame on his face, strove to face the storm. He failed completely. He wished that the public should remain and listen to the end of his paper, which trembled in his hand. The sixth of the prisoners, the younger of the sisters Dudoroy, in consideration of her youth, was condemned—not to death, as the prosecutor had asked—but to fifteen years' penal servitude. They had offered this sop to their slavish consciences, and they wished their act of courage to be made known. But in the general uproar nobody could catch one word of what was read. A young man opened the window, and, leaning out, shouted to the people in the street: "To death! All sentenced to death!" A threatening yell was heard from the crowd below. Some among the representatives of the "loyal" element thought that the crowd was about to storm the place, and that they would be massacred wholesale. In a fit of panic they began to shriek and yell on their own account. The police officers appointed to watch outside rushed to the judge. They confabulated for a moment, and the policemen ran out by the back way. The President had ordered troops to be called out. The judges slipped out of sight, hiding themselves in the inner rooms, while the policemen began to clear the hall.

ORIENTAL LUXURY.

A LARGE portion of the palace of Agra is devoted to the wants and pastimes of the harem; and the solicitude which the Mogul Emperors displayed for the comfort, well-being and happiness of their wives is very evident. No European sion to a long underground passage, by who offender was conducted to a small, round ber in the depths of the fortress. On the was the fatal beam, and through a hole floor her body was cast into the Jumna.

wife was ever housed in such luxury and spendor as that which enveloped the harems of Agra, whose condition, as far as physical comforts could avail them, might well be an object of envy to a Roman Empress in the past or to a great lady of Paris of the present day. They lived in palaces which were designed by architects and adorned by artists who have never been excelled, and which are still the admiration and the wonder of the world. If the ladies wished to purchase jewels-and what woman does not?-there was a bazaar within the precincts where the diamonds of Golconda and the precious stones of Ceylon might be seen sparkling in the sun. A pond in the Muchi-Bhawan Court was teeming with fish, which a favorite might catch from a marble balcony overhanging the water. The chief Sultana had a boudoir in the Saman Burj, or Jasmine Tower, wherein, adorned with most delicate tracery, was a deep portico, inlaid with rarest art, and a vaulted chamber and a pavilion looking out toward the river—wherein, also, British artillery has left its mark in the shape of five jagged holes in the marble trellis-work. From a gallery close at hand Akbar and his wives directed the movements of living counters on the pachisi board below—an Oriental game in some respects resembling draughts. Often the balconies on the ramparts were filled with beautiful women, watching the tiger and elephant fights in the ditch below. Adjoining the Ungaree Bagh is the Shish Mahal, or Palace of Glass, which contained the ladies' The walls are inlaid with a thousand mirrors, set in marble frames, which appear to be covered with the finest lace-work; in reality, the reflection of the tracery on the opposite sides is diminished by the convexity of the glass lenses. In the centre of the floor are sunken baths of inlaid marble, to which water was admitted by cascades, falling through channels resembling chimneys in the walls, from which it passed under the marble pavement into the bath. Nor were the personal tastes of the ladies of the harem ignored. The Hindoo wives of Jehangir dwelt in a court decorated in the Hindoo style. Thus did the faithful wife fare. She had no cares, she lived in a superb palace, and everything which could add to her pleasure was supplied by her lord. But for the unfaithful wife there was quicker, more certain and more effectual punishment than any which could be inflicted by the censure of public opinion or by the slow process of a divorce court. A low door-way and a few steps, leading down the Garden of Roses, gave admission to a long underground passage, by which the offender was conducted to a small, round chamber in the depths of the fortress. On the roof was the fatal beam, and through a hole in the



About great natures garden beds.

Nor thence be missed the speary heads

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Shall, with superb-asparagus.

Of country wine, divinely sup.

Abook, a taper, and a cup,

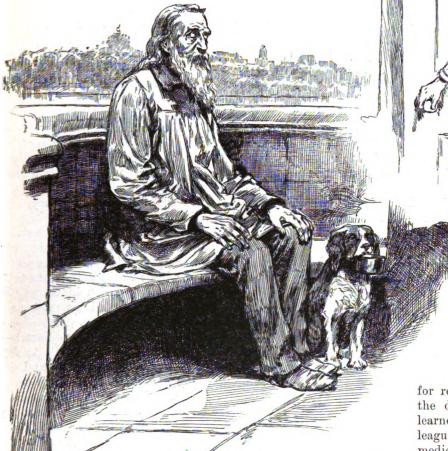
FROM DARKNESS-LIGHT.

BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

Dr. Martin—I say, Dr. Martin, do not walk so fast. Come back here."

"What is the matter, Dale? If you loiter like this we shall not have an hour to spend at the Salon."

"Here is something that will, I think, interest you. Did you notice that blind beggar just at the end of the bridge?"



"A GRAVE, DIGNIFIED-LOOKING OLD MAN, WITH A FINE, INTELLIGENT COUNTENANCE." . . "IT WAS OPENED BY A PRETTY, YOUNG GIRL."

"As if blind beggars were not common enough in Paris without my losing time to look after them!"

"But this person is not like any other blind beggar that I have ever seen. Such a noble, resigned face! Do come this way for a moment, doctor. Perhaps your science might be of use in this case."

Dr. Martin, the most skilled and celebrated ocuvol. XXIX.. No. 5--34list in the United
States, who had arrived in Paris only a
few weeks before on
a journey undertaken

for rest and refreshment by the directions of the most learned of his American colleagues in the practice of medicine, turned back at

the appeal of his friend Richard Dale, with whom he had just been taking a stroll amongst the bricà-brac shops and book-stalls of the quays on the left bank of the Seine. Right at the end of the bridge which they had just traversed he saw the personage whose appearance had so struck his friend. This was a grave, dignified-looking old man, with a fine, intelligent countenance, and seemingly between sixty and seventy years of age. His hair and beard, which were as white as snow, were carefully combed and arranged, and his wellpatched blouse was scrupulously clean. Even the poodle, who, according to invariable custom, sat beside his master, holding between his teeth a tin cup in which to receive the contributions of the charitable, was a well-washed and comfortable-

looking beast, altogether unlike the forlorn animals that usually fill such positions.

"A respectable-looking old fellow, I must say, Dale. So you want me to see if I can do anything for him? Well, I've no objection to try."

So, crossing the street, he dropped a ten-cent piece in the poodle's cup.

The old man, recognizing the clink of silver in the fall of the coin, bowed his head with a mute gesture of thanks. So dignified was his expression and manner, that the great oculist felt half embarrassed at addressing him. But just at that moment the beggar lifted his sightless eyes, and the sun shone full upon their pupils. The doctor uttered an exclamation of gratified surprise as he looked into the dimmed orbs thus revealed to him, and with characteristic abruptness he said:

"See here, my man, I'm an oculist, and I feel an interest in your case. Would you object to telling me how and when you lost your sight, and how long it has been since any doctor has examined your eyes?"

"I will tell you anything you wish to know, sir," responded the blind man, with characteristic courtesy.

"But not here, or now, I should say. We would have a crowd around us in five minutes to see what I was going to do to you. Have you any one at home that can read?"

"Oh, yes, sir-my wife and my three children can all read."

"Well, here is my card. Come to my rooms at the Hôtel Continental, to-morrow morning, before you take your station here—as early as nine o'clock, if you like. I want to examine your eyes thoroughly before I say anything more to you respecting them. I will pay for your guide, and I'll pay you, too, for your loss of time, if you like"

"That last will not be necessary, sir, for I never come to the bridge much before ten o'clock. But it is a good post, you see, and I must not leave it vacant. So I'll be at the hotel, without fail, punctually at nine o'clock to-morrow."

"Very good; I'll expect you. Now mind, do not raise your expectations too high. I do not say that I can do you any good—I only mean to see what I can do. Come, Dale, we shall be too late for the Salon." And off went the famous oculist and his friend, followed by a low-murmured phrase that sounded very much like a blessing.

"Do you really think that you can restore the old fellow's eye-sight?" asked Mr. Dale, as they walked briskly toward the Champs Elysées.

"I think it more than likely; though, of course, I cannot answer concerning certain complications in his case till I have thoroughly examined his eyes. But, so far as I can see, the

disease that caused his blindness is an extremely rare one, and I shall take great interest in learning what I can do. I never met but with one instance of it before, and that I cured."

"And the patient saw afterward?"

"As well as you or I. Positively, I feel much obliged to you for having called my attention to the old beggar's case just now. For the solitary instance that I treated had been considered incurable till I took it in hand, and now my learned brethren declare that there must have been some mistake in the diagnosis, or I never could have restored the patient's sight. So I have been anxious ever since to find another specimen of the same malady wherewith to convince them that my former cure was neither an error nor a fortunate chance."

"I hope that your new specimen will turn up all right to-morrow."

"So do I."

Punctually, as the hour of nine sounded on the little traveling-clock that stood on the table in Dr. Martin's drawing-room at the hotel, there came a discreet knock at the door, and in answer to the doctor's summons the old blind man entered, led by a fresh, bright-looking boy, and followed by the inseparable poodle.

The whole party were first made comfortable by a substantial breakfast, and then the boy was dismissed with an ample gratuity, and was promised as much more if he would wait down-stairs for the old man. The dog curled himself up in a sunny spot on the carpet, and his master set himself to work to tell his history.

"I have not a long story to tell, gentlemenneither is it very thrilling or interesting. My name is Gabriel Perlot. I am of Normand descent, though my grandparents took up their residence in Alsace, and it was there that both my father and mother were born, as well as my wife, my good Gredel. We were fairly well to do in the world. I was a school-master, and kept a good-sized school for small country boys in a village near Strasburg. When the war between France and Prussia was ended, and Alsace belonged to Germany—well, gentlemen, we were all French in feeling as well as by descent, and there was nothing for us to do but to leave our home and come to France. That home was all destroyed anyhow, and we could not have staid there; my school was broken up, and the house was burned down, and our cows and pigs and chickens were all seized or driven away. So we came to Paris, my wife and I, and our two elder children, Franz and Anna. The latter was only a baby then. We got along pretty well for awhile. People were sorry for us because we had lost our home, and sympathized with us because we had chosen to keep our French nationality instead of turning

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Germans, so they threw a good many odd jobs in our way, and got me a place as baggage-master at the Northern Railway Station, where my knowledge of German could be useful. For I was not learned enough to teach the boys in Paris anything, and, besides, they all said I had a horrid accent. Gredel took in sewing, and sometimes got a job of dress-making to do, though she could not go out by the day on account of the children. And then, after a year or two, our dear little Suzel was born, and my poor wife has never been strong enough since to do much work. We managed to struggle along somehow for a year or two, but it was hard work, gentlemen-hard, pinching work, especially in Winter. And then, to make matters worse, my eves began to fail me, and before long I lost the sight of them entirely. I do not know what we should have done had not the city authorities given me my permit to beg, and one of the best stands in the city as well. now we get along famously. Franz is studying the piano; he has a great taste for music, and he hopes by next Winter to be able to earn a good deal by playing dance-music and accompaniments for songs at soirées. As to my eldest daughter, Anna, she recites poetry most wonderfully, and one of the professors of the Conservatoire has taken her in hand, and save he will get her into the dramatic class at that institution at the annual competition for entrances next Fall. Suzel is only thirteen, but her brother and sister will look after her if she shows any talent. And my good wife sees to our clothes and to the housekeeping, and keeps her old blind husband neat and clean, so that I'm often told I look too respectable for a beggar. I've been blind now for eight years, gentlemen-eight years without the light of heaven or my children's faces; and sometimes it seems to me very hard."

"Let me look at your eyes," said the doctor, assuming a tone even more abrupt and decided than was usual with him, to conceal how much he was touched. He led the old man in front of the window, made him sit down, and investigated his eyes long and thoroughly, to the immense discomposure of the blind man's dog, who whimpered anxiously on seeing his master so ordered about and handled, though he was too well taught to indulge in any active interference. Finally, Dr. Martin said, letting slip his patient's eyelids from under the dextrous hold which he had maintained on them: "I think, M. Perlot, that I can promise you with full certainty the entire restoration of your sight, if you will submit to a comparatively trifling operation, and will afterward follow my directions implicitly."

The old man sank, trembling, back in his chair.

"Oh, sir!" he panted, breathlessly, "do you]

really mean it? Shall I see again the skies and the sunshine—my Gredel's face—the features of my children? Do not give me false hopes, I implore you!"

"As far as any operation in surgery can be assured of success, that which I shall perform upon your eyes will surely be successful. Calm yourself, Perlot. I am not going to operate at once. I must make arrangements for a room for you, and for a trained nurse. Have no anxiety about the expense; I am more than willing to defray the cost of the whole affair, for reasons of my own. Come back here in two days' time, and I will tell you then the date and the place that I have fixed upon."

So saying, Dr. Martin slipped a gold coin in the old man's hand, and summoned his guide. Dazed and bewildered by the dazzle of this great new hope, Gabriel Perlot was led away, murmuring benedictions as he went, and scarcely heeding the rapturous caresses of his faithful dog, who was overjoyed at seeing his master departing safe and sound after having been subjected to such a very unusual course of handling.

The next morning, when Dr. Martin and his friend returned to their private parlor after finishing their breakfast, they were surprised to find the blind beggar waiting there for them, and Dr. Martin accosted his unexpected visitor rather impatiently.

. "Why, Perlot, what brings you here this morning?" he asked. "I am not ready for you, nor shall I be for two days' time."

The old man twisted his hat between his hands, and seemed sorely embarrassed as to how he should begin his reply. But finally, turning his sightless eyes in the direction of the doctor, he said:

"Beg pardon, gentlemen; I hope you will not think me ungrateful or changeable—but—but—I have come to the conclusion that I had best not submit to the operation, after all."

"Why, man, are you mad?" cried Richard Dale. "Not have your eye-sight restored when such a wonderful chance is offered to you? I thought you were half beside yourself with delight yesterday at the bare idea."

"Come, Dale, let the man say what he has to say," interposed the doctor. "You will not object to let me know the reason of your new determination, will you, Perlot?"

"Oh, no, sir—no! I was quite overcome with joy yesterday, as the gentleman said; and I could not sleep last night for thinking about it, though I told the wife and children nothing at all, for I meant to surprise them when it was all over by walking in with my eyes as sound and bright as anybody's, and saying, 'I'm glad to see you ai!,' as well I might have been. But, as I lay there in

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the quiet night-hours, thinking—thinking, I said to myself, 'Gabriel, my man, if you are no longer blind, and cannot make any more a tidy sum daily by begging, who will support Franz till he finishes his studies, and Anna till she gets into the Conservatoire, and Suzel till she grows up, and the poor mother till she gets back her health?" Look you, gentlemen, I am no longer young-over sixty-three-and I am not strong enough nor sharp enough to begin the world anew. Best leave things as they are."

"And do you mean to say that you are willing to do without your eye-sight for the rest of your days, just for the sake of your family?"

"Yes, doctor—yes, that is about it. It is very hard when I think of the flowers and turf and trees, and the sunshine, and the faces of my children that went out into the darkness when they were such little creatures. But it is not hard when I picture them to myself with their future prospects all secured to them—Franz and Anna well able to take care of the mother and the little one when I am gone, and the nest-egg at the savings-bank doubled, and perhaps trebled, before I die, or get too infirm to keep at my regular stand. The blind beggar can maintain his family, and lay up something for the future. Gabriel Perlot, with a pair of good, strong eyes, would be fit for nothing but the work-house, and would drag his wife there after him, to say nothing of the privations and trials for the children. No, no; my mind is made up. I'll live in darkness for my dear ones' sake."

"And this is your unalterable resolution?"

"Fixed and unchangeable. Don't try to argue me out of it, gentlemen, I beg of you. Do you not think that there is a voice pleading with me all the time to take the chances — a voice that tells me of all the glories of the world and sky that might be mine, and that are shut out from me by my own act forever? I cannot and I must not listen. I thank you, doctor, all the same, and a thousand times over. Now, good-by; I must go to my post."

"Stop a minute, Perlot," said Dr. Martin, laying his hand as he spoke on the blind man's shoulder. "How long do you think it will take for this boy and girl of yours to become self-sup-

porting?"

"In two years' time, sir, Franz will, I hope, be earning a fair income, what with lessons and playing at soirées; and once Anna has gone through her first year at the Conservatoire, she can teach French and elocution, even if she does not get a pension from the State to support her till she takes her first prize."

"Very good. We are now in the month of June, 1886. In three years' time I shall come to Paris again, to visit the great Exhibition. I'll | the American doctor who, three years ago-

look you up then, and if all goes well I will perform the operation. It is only delayed, you see. Nay, no thanks, my good man-no thanks. Keep them till I accomplish my task in 1889."

"Dr. Martin," said Mr. Dale, as the door closed behind the retreating form of the blind beggar, "I call that old fellow's conduct nothing short of sublime. The Bible says, Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. But is it not almost as great to give up one's eye-sight—to voluntarily live in blindness so that the wife and children may be fed and clothed?"

Dr. Martin nodded acquiescence.

"And all I hope is that I may find him again, three years from now. But many things may happen in three years."

Never looked Paris more radiant, and never were her thronging crowds more gay and animated, than in the Summer months of 1889—the long-talked-of, eagerly anticipated Exhibition year. The weather was superb, the skies were without a cloud, and the whole city, even outside of the enchanted land on the Champ de Mars, was ablaze with flowers and beautiful with turf and foliage. Amongst the earliest visitors to the Exhibition were the two friends, Dr. Martin and Richard Dale. They had often talked together about Gabriel Perlot during those three years, and had speculated concerning his probable fate. And when they reached Paris their first pilgrimage was to the Bridge of Solferino. But the place once occupied by the noble-looking old man was filled by a commonplace old beggar, who refused to answer any of their questions, and either knew nothing or was willing to tell nothing about his predecessor. It was not till some weeks later that Dr. Martin, through the good offices of the Prefect of Police, contrived to discover the abode of the blind old Alsatian. He found it at last, in a little street back of the Panthéon, and on questioning the concierge concerning Gabriel Perlot he learned with regret that he was very ill.

"But go right up, sir-go right up. I suppose that you are the American doctor he has talked so much about of late, and though he is very bad indeed, I know it would break his heart to miss seeing you."

Thus adjured, the doctor mounted the stairs, and tapped lightly at the door that had been indicated to him. It was opened by a pretty, young girl, a bright-eyed, graceful brunette, whose delicate features were, however, disfigured with cry

"Gabriel Perlot? Yes, that is my fatherbut he is very ill, sir—too ill to see any one."

"I think he will see me, mademoiselle. I am

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MRS. SIDDONS.— FROM THE PAINTING BY GAINSBOROUGH, IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON.— SEE PAGE 554.

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"You are Dr. Martin, sir? Oh, then come in] —do come in! He has been longing to see you." And without further ceremony she ushered the doctor into the sick man's chamber. It was scrupulously clean, and the grand head and white locks and beard of the invalid showed as nobly picturesque as ever against the spotless pillows and in the warm Summer light that came through the open window. But his eyes were closed, and the labored, sobbing breath told more eloquently than words of the repose that was so near at hand. A fine-looking young man was seated at the foot of the bed, watching the impassive face with an anxious gaze; and an elderly woman, her face buried in her hands, knelt beside the bed, weeping uncontrollably. As the doctor entered, the dying man stirred restlessly on his pillow, and his daughter, bending over him, said, softly:

"Father—dear father, Dr. Martin has come—

he is here beside you."

A flash of reviving vitality thrilled the wan features and brightened the sightless eyes. He held out his hand with a groping, helpless gesture, and the doctor took the cold palm in his own.

"Yes, Perlot, I have kept my promise, and I

am sorry to find you so ill."

"Not ill," gasped the sufferer, "but well—well. It will be well with me soon. A greater Physician than you even, doctor, is going to give me back my eye-sight. And you see how wise I was to live just a little longer out of the light. For Anna won her first prize at the Conservatoire last week, and will be a great actress; and Franz is doing wonders with his music; and it was I—I—that helped them on their way. And in a little while—— No, Gredel, dear wife, you must not cry. Kiss Suzel for me when she comes home from the country. Franz—Anna—be good to your mother and your little sister—as good as I have always tried to be to you all."

His voice sank into an inarticulate whisper, and the wandering hands lay collapsed and motionless upon the quilt. Only the sobbing of the wife and daughter broke the stillness. Suddenly the voice of the dying man rang out clear and sonorous as in his days of stalwart manhood:

"God said, Let there be light: and there was light."

Then all was silence.

"MRS. SIDDONS," BY GAINSBOROUGH.

THIS beautiful illustration, on page 533, is from a photograph by Braun, which photograph is taken from the original picture in the National Gallery, London. At the time this picture was painted (1784), the famous actress was in full possession of her uncommon beauty, being only twenty-nine years of age, and had also just begun

to taste the delight of genuine metropolitan popularity. A few years before she had been abruptly dismissed from Drury Lane; and, though she was highly appreciated in the provinces, it was not until her return to Drury Lane, in 1782, when she made her début as Isabella, in "The Fatal Marriage," that she achieved a thorough London success. It may be observed that the celebrated portrait of Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse, engravings of which are much commoner than of this picture of Gainsborough's, was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds in 1783. At this time Gainsborough was at the zenith of his fame, and painted a great many portraits. Peter Pindar, the satirist, advised him to be reconciled to Nature, and to have "the modest grace" to devote his attention to landscapes. Fatigued with portrait-painting, he seemed inclined to take this advice, but his subsequent quarrel with the Academy caused the contemporary public to see very little of his future work, and in 1788 he died.

THE BASQUE LANGUAGE.

Writers uniformly take a wicked pleasure in maligning the Basque language. Its spelling and syntax, its words and sentences, its methods of construction, are openly derided. Unusual wordforms and distended proper names are singled out and held up to jeers and contumely. A Spanish proverb asserts that as to pronunciation the Basques write "Solomon" and pronounce it "Nebuchadnezzar." The devil, it is alleged, studied for seven years to learn the Basque tongue; at the end of that time he had mastered only three words, and abandoned the task in disgust. "And the result is," adds a vivacious writer, "that he is unable to tempt a Basque, because he cannot speak to him, and that consequently every Basque goes straight to heaven. Unfortunately, now that the population is beginning to talk French (which the devil knows terribly well), this privilege is disappearing."

Overhearing disjointed Basque phrases on the Biarritz beach or in the streets and the cafés of St. Jean, one will not blame the devil's discouragement. There is scarcely one familiar Aryan syllable. For centuries their speech was not even a written one; there is said to be no book in Basque older than two hundred years. But, its strangeness and isolation once allowed for, there is in reality much to defend in the Basque language. As spoken, it is far from being harsh, and falls pleasantly, often softly, on the ear; the sounds are clear, the articulations rarely hurried as in the French. The words, other than a few proper names, do not exceed a sober and reasonable length, and as to spelling, every letter has

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its assigned use and duty; there are no phonetic drones. The original root-forms are short and always recognizable; the full words grow from these by an orderly, if intricate, system of inflections and the forming of derivatives.

In regard to length of words, there exist undoubtedly some surprising examples, but they are merely compound expressions, and quite in analogy with those of better known and less abused tongues. The German, for one, indulges in such with notorious, yet unrebuked, frequency. One is naturally startled at encountering in Basque such imbrications as Izarysaroyarenlarrearenbarena, or Ardanzesaroyareniturricoburua, which are actual names of places in Spanish Basque-land; but they are mercifully rare, and when analyzed prove to be rational, and even poctic, formations, laden with a full equivalent of import—the first of the above two signifying "the centre of the field of the mountain of the star," and the second, "the summit of the fountain of the mountain of the vine."

THE COMTE DE PARIS.

HE might (says Count Vasili) have formed a friendship with the Prince of Wales, and the Queen of England, who professes the most sincere affection for the princes of Orleans, anxiously desired that that intimacy should exist; but seldom were two natures more incompatible and different in tastes, habits and feelings. They agree only in politics, and it is said that the Prince of Wales, being reproached by his royal mother with his little sympathy for the Comte de Paris, replied: "Friendships cannot be crammed down people's throats."

Since I wrote "La Société de Londres," the future King of England has become still more master of mundane sciences, confidant of the peccadilloes and petty scandals of society, protector of fine arts, and especially of chorographic and dramatic arts. He now lives on such terms of familiarity with his entourage that, once closeted in the smoking-room, there is no longer question of either highness, prince or subjects, but simply of Wales, Macduff, Sykes, Carrington, and such like, in full enjoyment of each other's society. He tolerates from those rather numerous privileged persons such latitude in their behavior toward him-quoting one instance out of a thousand—that one of them having received from the Prince a late invitation to dinner, wired the following reply: "Won't come. Lie follows by post." It is difficult to imagine the Comte de Paris in such a circle. The exquisite correctness of his manners, his concern for morality, the elevation of thought and propriety, which latter

feeling is to him like a second nature, could not associate with it. Besides, he has but little gayety and natural cheer, and only puts aside the stiffness of his manners in the unrestraint of family life, when he is often seen to play with his children as would a very affectionate and well-beloved elder brother.

He works regularly from six to eight hours daily, without, however, shackling himself with strict routine. He is always ready to share the sportive recreations of the Comtesse de Paris, and displays therein a goodly average skill and knowledge. He is a good shot, and a correct horseman; he is not, however, passionately fond of hunting, and it is doubtful whether he would have written to his young wife according to the style of his ancestor: "Madame, the weather is very cold, and I killed six wolves."

FLAG-LORE.

To "STRIKE A FLAG" is to lower the national colors in token of submission.

Flags are used as the symbol of rank and command, the officers using them being called flag-officers. Such flags are square to distinguish them from other banners.

A "flag of truce" is a white flag displayed to an enemy to indicate a desire for a parley.

The white flag is a sign of peace. After a battle, parties of both sides often go out to the field to rescue the wounded or bury the dead under the protection of a white flag.

The red flag is a sign of defiance, and is often used by revolutionists. In our service it is a mark of danger, and shows a vessel to be receiving or discharging her powder.

The black flag is a sign of piracy.

The yellow flag shows a vessel to be at quarantine, or is the sign of a contagious disease.

A flag at half-mast means mourning. Fishing and other vessels return with a flag at half-mast to announce the loss or death of some of the men.

Dipping the flag is lowering it slightly and then hoisting it again, to salute a vessel or fort.

If the President of the United States goes afloat, the American flag is carried in the bows of his barge or hoisted at the main of the vessel on board of which he is.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS, the elder, on the first night of his son's famous drama "La Dame aux Camélias," was wandering about the theatre beaming with pleasure. An acquaintance exclaimed: "Surely, my dear master, you have had a large share in the production of this piece?" "Certainly!" replied the old man. "Why, it's author is by me!"

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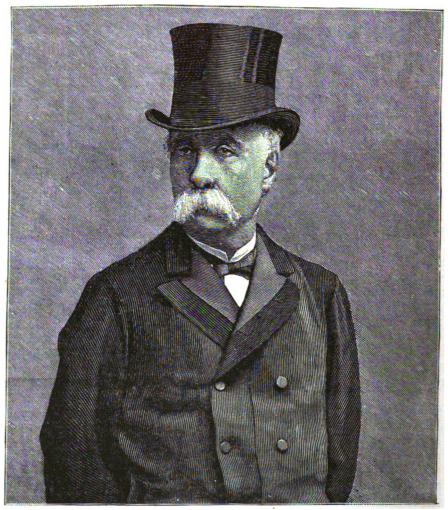
SIGNOR CRISPI AND THE ITALIAN CHAMBER.

By George Makepeace Towle.

NATIONAL unity and a free Constitution have nourished in Italy a ripe and vigorous school of statesmanship. There is probably no legislative body in Europe which includes, according to its numbers, so many men of conspicuous ability as

sits under the hot sun of Italy, are almost wholly unknown.

A visit to the Italian Chamber is well worth the making. Rome has a thousand attractions for the sojourner within its limits, so absorbing the Italian Chamber of Deputies. There is cer- that it probably occurs to few American tourists



FRANCESCO CRISPI, PREMIER OF ITALY.

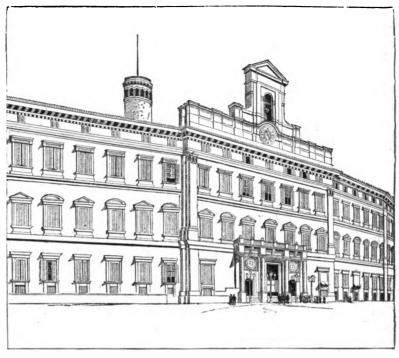
tainly no such body which maintains greater decorum and order in its proceedings, or in which party feeling is more steadily kept within the bounds of decency. The clamor which sometimes rises to a storm in the British House of Commons when that House has tired of an unwelcome speaker, the din which turns the French Chamber of Deputies into a bear-garden when a stinging epithet has been hurled from the trib-

to wend their way, when Parliament is sitting, to the lumbering old edifice which serves-temporarily, it is to be supposed—as the Italian Capitol. Yet, it would be interesting to any one who took the trouble to take a place in the gallery of the Chamber to observe the many picturesque and the few historic figures seated there, and to hear debates in the sweetly flowing "lingua Toscana." The Palace of Monte Citorio was used. une, are features which, in the Parliament that in the old Papal days, as the Prefecture of the

Papal Police. It was selected, when the King came and took up his abode in Rome, as the Parliament House. But, huge as it is, it contained no apartment adequate to the accommodation of the lower House; so its big court-yard was roofed in, fitted up, provided with semicircular benches, adorned with hangings, and here the Deputies met, for the first time representing every old. kingdom, duchy and state of Italy in one assembly.

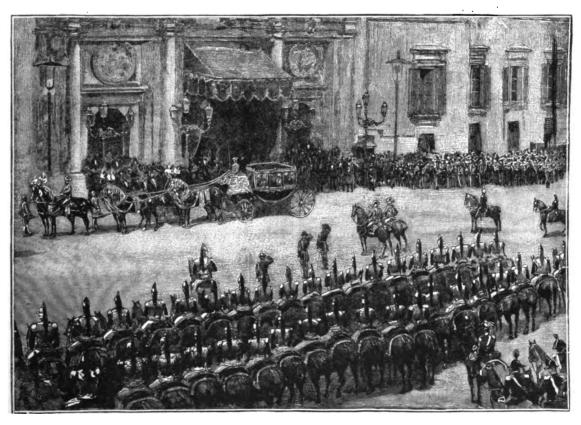
Opposite the semicircular seats, on which the Deputies sit, divided according to their party affiliations into Right, Centre and Left, is the President's fauteuil, on the same dais with the throne. In front of the President is the table at which the Ministers for the time being sit. Above and behind the Deputies are the

cozy galleries, admission to which it is never serve without pay, are chosen for a term of five difficult to obtain.



EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT (MONTE CITORIO).

years—though a Chamber seldom survives through The Deputies are about five hundred in number, | its full term—and must be at least thirty years of



OPENING OF THE ITALIAN PARLIAMENT-ARRIVAL OF THE KING AT THE PALACE OF MONTE CITORIO.

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age. They must also pay taxes, equal to about four dollars a year—not a very narrow limit. Another curious feature of the Italian electoral law is, that officers in the army and navy, Ministers, under-secretaries, and certain other high officials, may be elected Deputies; but the number of these must never exceed forty, not including the Ministers and Secretaries-general. The principal "perquisite" of the Deputies is the right to travel free on all railway and steam-boat lines. About one-fourth of the railways, it may be said, are owned by the Government.

In one political respect the Italians show a wisdom which might well be emulated in countries more boastful of their greatness and the excellence of their institutions. When a district finds out that it has elected a good Deputy, it keeps on returning him to Parliament. Party lines in Italy are not very distinctly defined; and the fact that a man has done good and honest legislative service is a stronger argument with Italian electors than the fact that he belongs to Right or Left, that he is a follower of Cairoli or Crispi. There are probably fewer changes in the personnel of the Italian Chamber, at each recurring election, than in any other Parliament in Europe.

The generation of men who took an active part in the series of revolutions whose combined result was to unite all Italy under the Crown of Savoy has by no means yet passed off the world's stage. Most of the great figures, it is true—Cavour, Garibaldi, D'Azelio, Mazzini-are seen no more in the haunts of men; yet of their disciples and followers, some in the walks of civil life, others with wounds received in the warlike commotions, many still live, honored by their grateful countrymen. It is interesting to note that these survivors of the struggle for unity and liberty are accorded a political privilege which is, perhaps, unique among nations. If any one of them is proposed as a candidte for the Chamber, whether he belong to the conservative or to the progressive party, all opposition to him is withdrawn. He is elected as a matter of course. It is looked on as unpatriotic to set up any candidate against him. So it was that Garibaldi, as long as he lived, had his seat in the Chamber secured to him, without opposition; although he scarcely ever appeared in it, and although his political views were only shared by a small, extreme and powerless group in the House, and were wholly lost sight of by the district which chose him.

The Italian political parties, like those of France and other European constitutional States, are broadly divided into the "Right" and the "Left." The Right is composed of conservative men, and may be said in some sort to correspond with the English Tories; while the Left profess to be progressive, and may be likened to the En-

glish Liberals. But for a long time party lines have not been strictly drawn in the Italian Parliament. Since the occupation, by the united realm, of Rome as a capital, twenty years ago, the questions which have divided parties have not been of high import. Both have opposed, more or less vigorously, the claims of the Papacy, and have favored the restriction of the powers of the Church and the alienation of monastic properties. Both, too, have avowed an active foreign policy and colonization; for all Italy seems to have been eager to maintain its new position as a great power of Europe. The result of this aspiration has been the creation of the third strongest navy in the world, and of an army which, on a war footing, would reach the figure of a million of

The rule of party in Italy, then, for the past ten years or more, has been rather by the coalition of groups of statesmen of both party names than by the pure domination either of the Right or of the Left. The large number of exceptionably able men in Parliament has made the personal element an important one in the construction of cabinets and the leadership of national policy. In 1879 Signor Depretis, probably the most astute politician, if not the broadest statesman, of his age, became a second time Prime Minister, as the leader of the party of the Left. But his policy was too moderate to suit certain groups of that party; and in order to maintain himself in power. Depretis formed a coalition between the more moderate groups of the Left and a large portion of the party of the Right, admitting some members of the latter into his Cabinet.

This caused the groups of the Left who had been "left out in the cold" to form a retaliatory coalition, which, from the fact that the chiefs consisted of five prominent leaders, came to be known by the name of the "Pentarchy." The names of these five leaders are all well known to those familiar with Italian politics—Crispi, Cairoli, Baccarini, Nicotera and Zanardelli. division of parties, which seemed, to a large degree, to obliterate the lines dividing Right and Left, was shaken by the untoward events of the first Italian attempt at African conquest in 1887. resulting in the massacre of Italian troops at The Depretis Ministry was thereby to a serious degree discredited; but the wily old Prime Minister was fertile in resource. He managed to detach from the Pentarchy two of its members. Crispi and Zanardelli, the former being by far the ablest of those who had hitherto opposed the Ministry. Both joined Depretis, and took seats in the Cabinet. This had the effect of breaking up the coalition of the Pentarchy altogether, for it left its remnants in a hopeless minority. The power of old Depretis seemed now founded upon

a rock. But death proved a fee more potent than the Pentarchy. In midsummer, 1887, Depretis died, at the advanced age of seventy-six. His had been a stirring life. He had shared the adventurous fortunes of Garibaldi in Sicily; had been made Dictator of Sicily when Garibaldi crossed to continue the revolution in Southern Italy; and had been often in high office for more than a quarter of a century. His tact and adroitness as a politician were unequaled in Italy; and he had shown qualities which made a comparison between him and the shrewd English Lord Palmerston a most apt one.

The death of Depretis left two figures conspicnous above the rest in Italian politics, and many others who were only a very little way behind the two in service, ability and eminence. These two foremost figures were Crispi and Cairoli. Cairoli, it may be said that his life reads like a thrilling romance, and that he is one of the heroes of the struggle for Italian unity who will not be retired to private life, probably, whatever his public course may be. A native of the historic northern town of Pavia, he was one of the leaders of an insurrection of unionist students against Austrian rule when he had just come of age. He was one of the ever-famous One Thousand of Marsala, and fought like a lion on the memorable field of Men-He was always one of the foremost in any conflict which led toward Italian unity. In politics, too, he had long been conspicuous. He was twice Prime Minister, as the most popular chief of the Left, and was an especial favorite both of King Victor Emmanuel and of his successor, Humbert. Cairoli's chief hold on popularity is his personal history, his noble personal qualities, and the richness and fervor of his eloquence.

A yet more notable, "all-around" man than Cairoli, however, is the Prime Minister of Italy, Francesco Crispi. Glancing down from the gallery, you will perceive, sitting at the Ministerial table, a man somewhat above medium height and rather slight of form, with a keen dark eye, bronzed, strongly Italian features, heavy, snowwhite mustache, and head thinly covered with frosted curly hair. The expression of the countenance indicates a strong, stern, even stubborn will, and a degree of energy unimpaired by advanced Crispi, indeed, is one of the "grand old men" who have in recent years had so large a share in directing the destinies of European States. He has passed his three-score-and-tenth year, and yet his physical and mental powers seem undiminished. He holds his own as stoutly against his antagonists as he once fought the myrmidons of the execrable Bomba under the deep-blue skies of Sicily. For, like Cairoli and many other Deputies, Crispi was one of the gallant soldiers of the war of Italian deliverance. Born in Sicily, in

1819, he came of that famous Græco-Roman stock which contributed many a fiery spirit to the Southern Italian revolution. "The Sicilian of the Græco-Roman race," says a recent writer, "is silent, suspicious, wise, faithful, unable to forget either a good or evil deed without having rewarded or avenged; not easily moved from his purpose, and always armed with infallible logic. Full of boundless self-confidence, he hates cowardice and indolence; will use any means to obtain a desirable end; is a faithful friend, a terrible, irreconcilable but honest enemy, and more inclined to action than to words." This might serve very well as the description of the character of Crispi himself, a true son of that remarkable race.

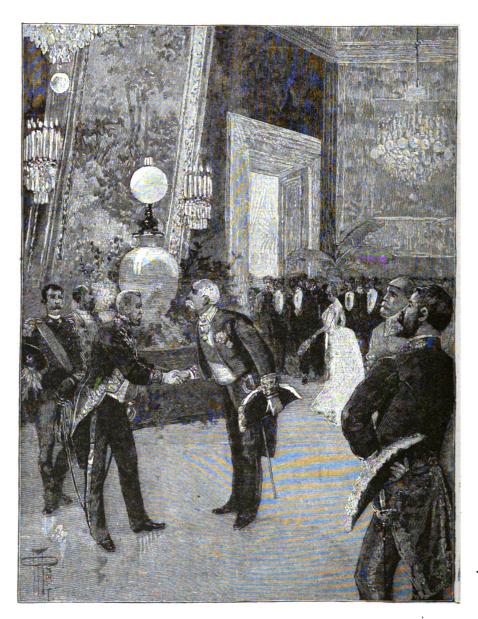
At first, Crispi thought he would be a lawyer; but, just as he was preparing to enter upon a legal career, he became involved in the conspiracies of Southern Italy to throw off the intolerable He was a fiery young yoke of the Bourbons. leader in the brave but abortive insurrection which followed, as was the case nearly all through Europe, the outbreak of the third French revolu-Crispi, like many of his fellow-patriots. was obliged to flee from Italy. He resorted first to Paris; but Napoleon III. had scant sympathy for those who conspired to overthrow thrones, and the young Sicilian was obliged to repair to that asylum of all political exiles, London. There he consorted with Louis Blanc, and plotted with the heroic Venetian patriot, Mazzini.

But his restless spirit could not abide amid the secure ease of exile in a great foreign capital. Presently we find him returning to his native Sicily in disguise, and there forming, in concert with Garibaldi, the ever-memorable effort of "the Thousand "- the thousand devoted souls who pledged themselves to the liberation of Naples, or death. Crispi went through the mountain districts of the Sicilian isle, enlisting his recruits, and arranging for their action in connection with Garibaldi, who was then in Northern Italy. Crispi himself took part in the victory of the Thousand, and was, from the first to the last of that critical time, Garibaldi's right-hand man and trusted adviser. With the organization of the united Kingdom of Italy under Victor Emmanuel, Crispi, like many of the most ardent revolutionists, and even republicans, abandoned once for all the part of conspirator, and became a loyal supporter of the new régime. While, no doubt, he would at that time have preferred an Italian republic under his heroic chief, Garibaldi, he deemed the unity of Italy, under a liberalminded King, the best solution of the governmental problem as circumstances were. He entered the Italian Parliament to become at once one of its most conspicuous figures. In four

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years he rose to the post of President of the Chamber of Deputies; and at the most turbulent period in the history of that body proved to be a firm and tactful presiding officer. At the same time Crispi took a keen and ever-watchful interest in the momentous problems involved in the construction of a united kingdom out of the patch-

Pope and the Church. This was the most vexed knot of all to untie; but Crispi, and those whe thought with him, were never content until the supremacy of the State was everywhere cstablished throughout Italy, even though that was attained at the sacrifice of the most august traditions, and even the property, of the Church.

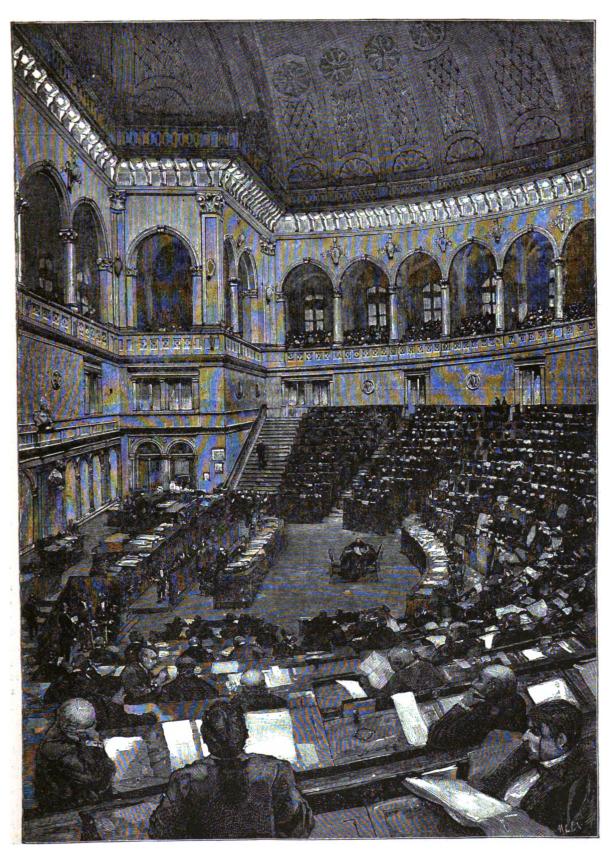


SIGNOR CRISPI AT AN OFFICIAL FETE OF THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR, FARNESE PALACE, ROME.

work of old kingdoms, duchies and states of which Victor Emmanuel's new realm was composed.

At first and always an ardent, an uncompromising Liberal, or, rather, Radical, he supported by his eloquence and labors the most advanced measures, especially the drastic policy which soon prevailed in the attitude of new Italy toward the

Crispi is recognized to day not only as the broadest and most vigorous of Italian statesmen, but as the most skillful party chief and the most resourceful of Parliamentary leaders. His adroitness as a manager of men is proverbial. In spite, too, of a strenuous and far from despicable opposition, he is regarded as the personification of Italy's patriotic aspirations. He may be said to



THE ITALIAN CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

be the creator of the policy which has diverted Italy from her old alliance with France, and has enabled her to enter into a close bond of international union with her old enemy and oppressor, Austria, and her stalwart friend of twenty years, Germany. It is he who has carried the Italian Army to its present large numbers and high state of efficiency; he who has established a navy inferior only to those of Great Britain and France in the world.

Thus, no doubt, the vigorous ex-revolutionist has placed heavy burdens upon the Italian taxpayer, and has withdrawn large numbers of ablebodied men from the pursuits of industry. But at the same time he has filled the national pride with profound satisfaction, by elevating Italy to the rank of the sixth great power of Europe. all these matters Crispi has shown a degree of boldness, a supreme self-confidence, which nothing can appall or subdue. In a notable speech, a vear or two ago, in the Chamber of Deputies, he compared himself to the famous volcano of his "As Etna," said he, "I unite the native Sicily. heat and the cold, the repose and the tempest. have an irritable fibre; my mind burns; but I have learned how to control myself, and my calmness and strength of will reduces my heart to obedience."

By qualities such as these Crispi has attained to such a height of power and influence, not in Italy alone, but in the councils of Europe, that it is doubtful whether he can ever be spared long from the helm of State, while he lives and retains his masterful faculties. At first he was strongly disliked by King Humbert; but, like Sir Robert Walpole, he has overcome the prejudices of his sovereign, and is now more deeply in Humbert's confidence than any living man.

Crispi's soul seems wrapped up in the great and grave political duties which devolve upon him. He is neither scholar nor student, and has but little familiarity with, or even taste for, polite literature. When, as he occasionally does, he goes to the theatre, he usually falls asleep. But when he rises to speak in the Chamber of Deputies, he becomes suddenly transformed. He lifts himself to his full height, his fists are clinched, and he speaks in a strong, clear, penetrating voice. His speeches are full of nervous force, of sarcastic sting, of incisive logic and well-constructed argument. In these latter qualities of speech he is easily supreme in the Chamber. "In talking," says a recent Italian writer, "he looks straight into the face of the person whom he addresses, as if trying to look through the eyes into the mind. If the person addressed is intelligent, Crispi's attention is soon attracted. He holds his head higher, his face expresses interest, he listens and replies. If he is face to face with an indifferent

person, he smiles half pleasantly, half disdainfully; his head sinks on his chest, his hands fall on his knees, he shrugs his shoulders, expressed distrust, and ends the conversation as soon as possible."

Such is the remarkable old man who to-day guides the destinies of the sturdy, ambitious and progressive young Kingdom of Italy.

MY LOVE IS LIKE A SONG.

By Donald R. McGregor.

My love is not like any flower;
For flowers live but a day,
And many a one but for an hour,
Then dying, fades away;
But my sweet love is like a song,
That sinks into the heart,
And lingers there so very long,
It 'most becomes a part.

My love is not like any star;
For stars but shine at night,
And then 'tis only from afar
That stars appear so bright;
But my sweet love is like a song,
That brightens all the day,
That rolls the wheels of Time along,
And drives the night away.

My love is not like any one.

That mighty pens have made,
Like no fair image 'neath the sun,
No bird in field or glade;
But my sweet love is like a song,
Alike to hut and throne,
A glorious thing before the throng,
A sweet, mild thing alone.

A BLOOD-SUCKING PLANT.

LEROY DUNSTAN, a well-known naturalist of New Orleans, who has recently returned from Central America, where he had spent nearly two years in the study of the flora and fauna of the country, relates the finding of a singular growth in one of the swamps which surround the great lake of Nicaragua. He was engaged in hunting for botanical and entomological specimens in this swamp, which is known as San Sebastian's, when he heard his dog cry out as if in agony, from a Running to the spot from which the distance. animal's cries came, Mr. Dunstan found him enenveloped in a perfect net-work of what seemed to be a fine, rope-like tissue of roots or fibres, the nature of which was unknown to him.

The plant or vine seemed composed entirely of bare, interlacing stems, resembling, more than anything else, the branches of the weeping-willow denuded of all foliage, but of a dark, nearly black hue, and covered with a thick, viscid gum that exuded from the pores. Drawing his knife, Mr.

Dunstan endeavored to cut the animal free, but it was only with the greatest difficulty that he succeeded in severing the fleshy, muscular fibre. To his horror and amazament the naturalist then saw that the dog's body was covered with blood, while his hairless skin appeared to have been actually sucked or puckered in spots, and the animal staggered as if from weakness and exhaustion.

In cutting the vine the twigs curled like living, sinuous fingers about Mr. Dunstan's hand, and it required no slight force to free the member from its clinging clasp, which left the flesh red and blistered. The gum exuding from the vine was of a dark-grayish tinge, remarkably adhesive and of a disagreeable animal odor, very powerful and nauseating to inhale.

The native servants who accompanied Mr. Dunstan manifested the greatest horror of the vine, which they call la sagenas de diable, the devil's seine, or snare, and were full of stories of its deathdealing powers. One of these stories was of an Englishman residing in Managua, who, while hunting in the swamp a few years before, lay down beneath a tree where a large and powerful specimen of this singular plant was growing, and inadvertently falling asleep, awoke to find himself enveloped in its web, and, in spite of every effort made to extricate him, perished in its deadly em-

Another story was of an escaped convict, who had hidden in the swamp, and whose bones had been found in the folds of the sagenas only a short time before Mr. Dunstan's visit. stories, remarkable as they may seem, are firmly believed in by the people, but the only three specimens which Mr. Dunstan was able to find were all small ones, though the meshes of the largest would probably, if extended in a straight line, measure nearly if not quite one hundred feet.

He was able to discover but very little about the nature of the plant, owing to the difficulty of handling it, for its grasp can only be torn away with loss of skin, and even of flesh; but, as near as Mr. Dunstan could ascertain, its power of suction is contained in a number of infinitesimal mouths, or little suckers, which, ordinarily closed, open for the reception of food.

The gum exuded seems to serve the twofold purpose of increasing its tenacity and of overcoming a victim by its sickening odor. The plant is found in low, wet places, and usually beneath a large tree, and, while dormant, seems only a network of dry, dead vines, covering the black earth for several feet, but, coming in contact with anything, will instantly begin to twist and twine upward in a horrible, life-like manner, breaking out with the gum-like substance spoken of before, and inwrap the object with a celerity that is almost incredible.

If the substance is animal, the blood is drawn off and the carcass or refuse then dropped. lump of raw meat being thrown it, in the short time of five minutes the blood will be thoroughly drunk off and the mass thrown aside. Its voracity is almost beyond belief, it devouring at one time over ten pounds of meat, though it may be deprived of all food for weeks without any apparent loss of vitality. Mr. Dunstan attempted to bring away a root of the sagenas, but it died during his return voyage, growing so foul with a strong odor of real animal corruption that he was obliged to get rid of it.

PISA AND ITS CHARM.

BY AMY LEVY.

"AT last!" I cried, inwardly, as I sped down the steps. At last I could breathe again, at last I was out in the sunlight and in the wind, away from the musty chilliness, the lurking shadows of that stifling palace. Oh, the joy of freedom and of solitude! Was it only hours? Surely it must be years that I had been imprisoned behind those thick old walls and iron-guarded windows. on I went with rapid foot in the teeth of the biting wind and the glare of the scorching sunlight, scarcely noticing my surroundings in the first rapture of recovered freedom. But by degrees the strangeness, the beauty of what I saw began to assert themselves.

I had turned off from the Lung' Arno, and was threading my way among the old and half-deserted streets which led to the cathedral.

What a dead, world-forgotten place, and yet how beautiful in its desolation! Everywhere were signs of a present poverty, everywhere of a past magnificence.

The men with their sombreros, and cloaks worn toga fashion; their handsome, melancholy faces and stately gait; the women, bare-headed, graceful, drawing water from the fountain into copper vessels, moved before me like figures from an oldworld drama.

Here and there was a little, empty piazza, the tall houses abutting on it at different angles, without sidewalks, the grass growing up between the stones.

Truly it seemed only waiting for first gentleman and second gentleman to come forward and carry on their dialogue while the great "set" was being prepared at the back of the stage.

The old walls, roughly patched with modern brick and mortar, had bits of exquisite carving imbedded in them like fossils; and at every street corner the houseleek sprang from the interstices of a richly wrought molding. A great palace,

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with a wonderful façade, had been turned into a wine-shop; and the chestnut-sellers dispensed their wares in little gloomy caverns hollowed out beneath the abodes of princes. Already the nameless charm of Italy was beginning to work on me; that magic spell from which—let us once come under its influence—we can never hope to be released.

by the low wall of the Campo Santo, with the wind whistling drearily across it, struck me as the very type and symbol of desolation.

At one end rose the Leaning Tower, pallid, melancholy, defying the laws of Nature in a disappointingly spiritless fashion. Close against it the grand bulk of the cathedral reared itself—a marvel of mellow tints, of splendid outline, and A long and straggling street led me at last to richly modeled surfaces. And, divided from this



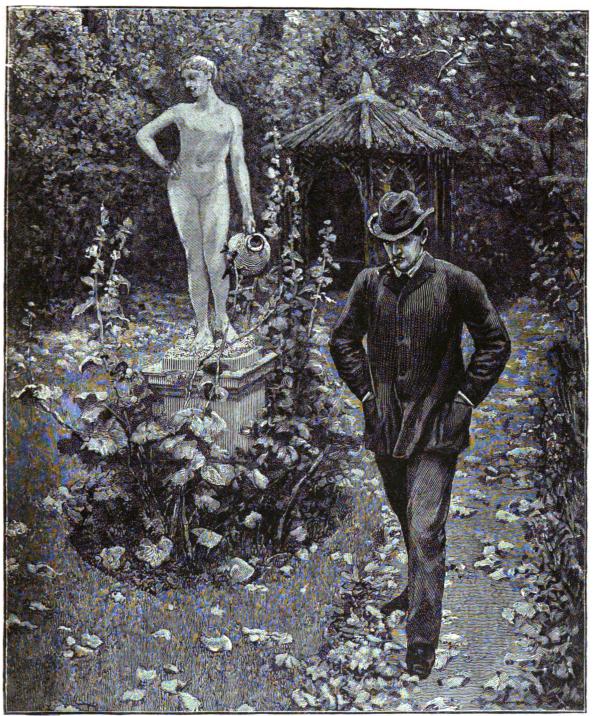
SIGNOR CRISPI AND THE ITALIAN CHAMBER. - BISMARCK AND CRISPI, FRIEDRICHRUHE, OCTOBER, 1887. - SEE PAGE 536.

the Piazza del Duomo, and here for a moment I by a strip of rank grass, up sprang the little paused breathless, regardless of the icy blast which swept across from the sea.

I thought then, and I think still, that nowhere in the world is there anything which, in its own way, can equal the picture that greeted my astonished vision.

The wide and straggling grass-grown piazza, bounded on one side by the city wall, on the other quaint baptistery, with its extraordinary air of freshness and of fantastic gayety, looking as though it had been turned out of a mold the day before yesterday.

Such richness, such forlornness, struck curiously on the sense. It was as though, wandering along some solitary shore, one had found a heaped treasure glittering undisturbed on the open sand.



MY FELLOW-ACTOR WAS PACING IMPATIENTLY TO AND FRO BEFORE THE GATE."

ROMEO.

- " Speakst thou of Juliet? How is it with her? Now I have stained the childhood of our joy With blood removed but little from her own! Where is she? And how doth she? and what says My concealed lady to our canceled love?"
- "BEAUTIFUL!" said Helen Foote, admiringly. occupied in admiring your work." I said, gallantly.

 Why, none of you can hold a candle to him, ing my own," I said, gallantly.

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- Mr. Conroy. How he throws his heart into his acting! That last bit was superb. If you'd only do that in 'The Stranger.'"
 - I laughed.
- "Your eloquence always puts me out. I'm occupied in admiring your acting instead of heed-

Miss Foote shrugged her shoulders.

"Nonsense, Mr. Conroy. Where did he come from? I've been ill so long that I've heard no stage news. I suppose he's from London?"

"I believe so. I'm not certain, for he keeps

his own counsel very closely."

"But what a boy he looks!" Miss Foote cried, as the curtain fell amid rapturous applause.

"He says he is six and twenty," I said, laugh-

ing.

"Well, and that's ten years younger than I," said Helen Foote, who was not in the least sensitive about her age. "What's his name?"

" Denzil Beatoun."

As I spoke, the owner of the name was called before the curtain, and as he bowed in acknowledgment of the repeated plaudits I saw Helen Foote's hand clinch on her black lace fan. For a moment Denzil Beatoun's handsome brown eyes had met hers, and for that space of time she seemed spell-bound. The next moment he was gone, and Helen Foote's color came back.

"I was right," she said, composedly; "he is

very clever."

The next day Denzil Beatoun was absent from rehearsal, and afterward, partly from curiosity, partly, I hope, from a kindlier feeling, I went round to his rooms in North Craig Street. He was sitting over the fire when I entered, looking very haggard and worn, and idly sketching something on a sheet of paper.

He flung it aside as I came in, but not before I had noticed it was a woman's face, and a very

lovely one.

"Now, this is very kind of you, Conroy," he said, holding out his hand, "especially in such a busy time. How gets on 'Tannhäuser'?"

"Pretty well," I said, seating myself; "I shall

be ready for Monday."

"Who is to be your Lady Halle?"

"Miss Foote, of course."

"She's a fine woman."

"And a fine actress," I returned. "You'll be in raptures with her on Monday, Beatoun. You've never seen her play before?"

"My good fellow, I never go into raptures over anything-not even myself," Denzil Beatoun said, coldly, ignoring my question altogether. Rather surprised at his sudden change of tone, I remained silent, and presently he said: "What disgusting weather Letton boasts! We've had nothing but east winds since we came here. They play the mischief with me."

"You don't look very brisk," I assented.

"What's wrong with you?"

"Nothing in particular," he said, wearily; "headache and dizziness, that's all. Oh, I shall be all right for this evening." And then he broke out into a laugh, and, drawing his desk | I took no part, but contented myself with keeping

nearer him, held out a small sheet of satin-wove paper. "Read that," he said, abruptly.

I read the few words of invitation, and handed it back to him.

. "Lady Erne writes a pretty hand."

"Tush! shall I go or not, Conroy?"

"How can I tell?" I said, in surprise; "it's your own affair, Beatoun."

"I know. But I've grown superstitious for the first time in my life. And I think there is something evil in the road to Erne Manor."

I laughed.

"Don't go then."

"I see, you think me a coward," Denzil Beatoun said between his set teeth. "I will go, Conroy."

"You're wise, I think."

"And you—are you wise, Conroy?"

"I don't know what you mean," I said, hurriedly.

"I'm not blind, my dear fellow-and I've seen Alice Erne."

"And what then?"

"Not much. She sings well, but not so well as Miss Foote."

"When did you hear Miss Foote sing?" I asked, not sorry to change the topic. "She told me she had not sung a note since her illness."

Denzil Beatoun flushed, and poked the decaying fire fiercely.

"What does it matter to you, Conroy? Yes, I did know Miss Foote in London."

"I thought you were old friends."

"Why?"

"From her manner last night."

"Indeed! Miss Foote is a clever woman."

"So she remarked of you as a man, Bestoun."

"Which was very kind of her under the circumstances. Do you indeed go to the Manor, Conroy ?"

"How do you know I'm invited?"

"I read it in your face long ago."

"Are you a thought-reader, then?"

"Not a professed one," he said, lightly, "yet I can read yours easily enough. I see you'd like to learn how I came to know Miss Foote—how I: got this invitation from Lady Erne—and how much or how little I know of the fair Alice."

"What nonsense!" I said, laughing.

"True, nevertheless. Are you going already? I shall see you this evening at the theatre. As revoir."

A week afterward we met at Lady Erne's hospitable table. Sir.George monopolized Beatoun, and her ladyship was busy talking to her nephew. Major Lindsay, so I was free to devote myself to Alice Erne and her lively school-fellow Miss Dacre.

After dinner we had a lot of singing, in which

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a jealous watch over Alice and her cousin while Beatoun and Miss Dacre were singing "My Pretty Page." Presently, Alice rose and came up to me, looking flushed and prettier than ever.

"Harold has been telling me about your adventure at Liverpool," she said; "and I wonder

you could run such a risk."

I glanced at Harold Lindsay, sulkily. I did not want to be indebted to him for Alice's good opinion. "What risk, Miss Erne?" I said, rather crossly.

"Why, saving the poor dog. I think it was

splendid of you, Mr. Conroy."

"It will be much more splendid of you to come and turn over my leaves for me," said Miss Dacre, gayly; "Mr. Beatoun has grown tired of waiting on me, it seems."

Beatoun did not hear; he was talking to Sir George, and so I had to go the young lady's assistance. She was merciful, however—she only sang three songs, the last a pretty, pathetic ballad of love and loss. She was just singing the refrain of the second verse,

"O laddie, laddie, laddie,
Thou wert made for more than this;
To be loved a day, and then flung away,
Just bought and sold with a kiss,"

when Denzil Beatoun came up to me and whispered, hastily: "I must get away from this place somehow. Make my excuses, Conroy. Say I'm ill—dead—dying—anything you will." He broke away from me, said something in Lady Erne's ear, and hurried out of the room. Miss Dacre pouted, and expressed her opinion that Mr. Beatoun was mad. Alice looked pale and scared, but her mother was quite composed.

"Poor Denzil," she said, as I made my excuses and adieux, "I understand him exactly, Mr. Conroy. We rely on you to help him over his trouble," she added, confidentially.

"What did she mean?" I wondered, as I hurried down the avenue in pursuit of my fellowactor, who was pacing impatiently to and fro before the gate.

"What an age you've been!" he exclaimed, taking my arm. "Step out, Conroy; it's awfully cold."

We walked on in silence for some minutes, then my companion burst out with: "What possessed me to close with Fay's offers, I wonder? Conroy, I wish your company had been at the bottom of the sea."

"Thank you," I said, rather offended; "and may I ask why?"

"The one woman in the world I wanted never to see again," he said, musingly. "Will the other track me down, I wonder? Oh, no," with a little laugh, "she's safe at all events. Look here, Conroy, I'll tell you all about it, and by and by

you can work it up into a tale. Promise me one thing—you'll wait till I am dead. 'Absent thee from felicity awhile, and in this dark world draw thy breath in pain to tell my story'—Pshaw! how the cant sticks to one. Like a good many other young fools, I saw a pretty face, and I dubbed its owner an angel. She was—a little different. We were engaged, and I broke with all my people for her sake. They did not like her, and they shook me off with very little sorrow. I was always a scant-o'-grace. But my godmother, Lady Erne, stuck to me all along—God bless her for it! Alice never knew—but she must know—my God! she must know all before long."

He broke off abruptly, then, with a defiant laugh, went on: "My angel behaved in a queer manner for an angel. She got tired of me after a time, and one day borrowed all the money I had left. That evening I was arrested for debt-a pretty thing for General Beatoun's only son! Thanks to Lady Erne, my people came to my assistance, and the day I was free I went to see Adeline. I saw her as she was; not in a pleasant light, when I had loved her. She insulted me so that I lost patience, struck her, knocked her Mind, Conroy, I make no excuse; it was inexcusable. I left London at once, and went to There I met your manager, and we came to terms. Of course I was ignorant that my old sweetheart, Helen Foote, the woman I'd jilted for Adeline's sake, was in the company. song Miss Dacre sang to-night is the one Adeline sang to me last. Is it all clear to you now? Honor among thieves, Conroy. I've kept faith with you about little Alice Erne. But I'll never go again to the Manor. I might learn to like the child too well for my own peace or hers, or yours. Bad as I am, Conroy, I never thought of playing false to you. Stop, I won't be pitied. And there is something else I have to say. I saw in the Letton News yesterday that Adeline Harley died a fortnight ago from concussion of the brain. So you see I shall have to answer for that blow I struck. Good-night, Conroy. You know the worst of me now."

In spite of the sword hanging over his head on so slender a hair, Denzil Beatoun's laugh was as ready and gay as ever when he stood at the wings the next night, waiting till the scene between Juliet and her nurse should be over, and he be called on. As we stood together, somebody tapped me on the shoulder—it was our manager, Mr. Fay.

"One minute, Conroy," he began, in an excited whisper; "they say Mr. Beatoun—"

"What about me?"

Denzil turned round hastily. A few steps behind him stood two policemen, big, burly Yorkshiremen both.

"They want me," Denzil Beatoun said, com-

posedly. "I told you so, Conroy. Murder will out."

He went up to them, leaving me amazed at his coolness, and after five minutes' whispering came back, smiling.

"I'm going to play out my part," he said. "These good fellows are going to watch the exits, and two are posted at the wings. Their measures are well taken, eh? Well, I must be going on. Wish me good luck with Romeo, Conroy. I wonder if he was ever played in the same circumstances before?" and waving his hand, he went on, looking particularly calm and self-possessed.

The manager and myself watched him from the wings, wondering at his indomitable pluck. Miss Foote was in the stage-box, looking on, and, like attitude.

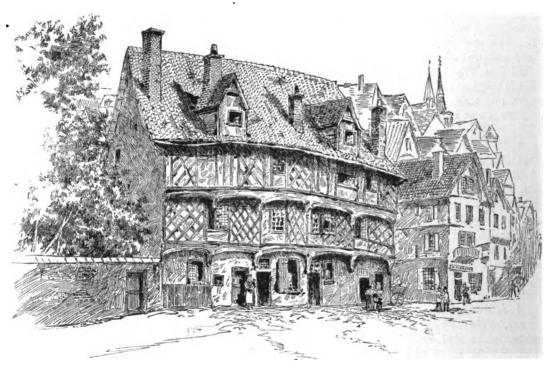
lief. The curtain fell again, and the calls for Denzil were reiterated. But, instead of going before the curtain, the manager's daughter came up to us with a scared look in her dark eyes.

"You're wanted, papa," she faltered.

"What now, Rachel? I'll see after it. Go you in front, Rachel, fach," and the little manager bustled away.

A minute later one of the policemen touched me on the arm. "Mr. Fay would like to see you at once, sir;" and surprised, and a little startled, I went on.

The stage was still in semi-darkness, but instinctively I made my way at once to where Romeo was lying still in that languidly graceful attitude. The manager was kneeling beside



CHARTRES AND ITS CATHEDRAL .- HOUSE IN THE OLD QUARTER OF CHARTRES .- SEE PAGE 550.

ourselves, almost electrified by the passion and pathos of his acting. The last scene was superb—his dying words spoken in even more masterly a manner than his other speeches, and I saw Miss Foote was crying behind her fan. Our little Welsh manager coughed huskily.

"Poor boy! poor boy! Knowing what you and I know, Conroy, we can appreciate it—we can tell what pluck it needs. Listen, how they're applauding!"

At this juncture the curtain rose rapidly to afford the audience one more glimpse of Romeo's handsome face and figure, the cold gray stone of the Capulets' tomb contrasting forcibly with his golden hair and rich dress, against which one of Juliet's long black curls showed up in strong re-

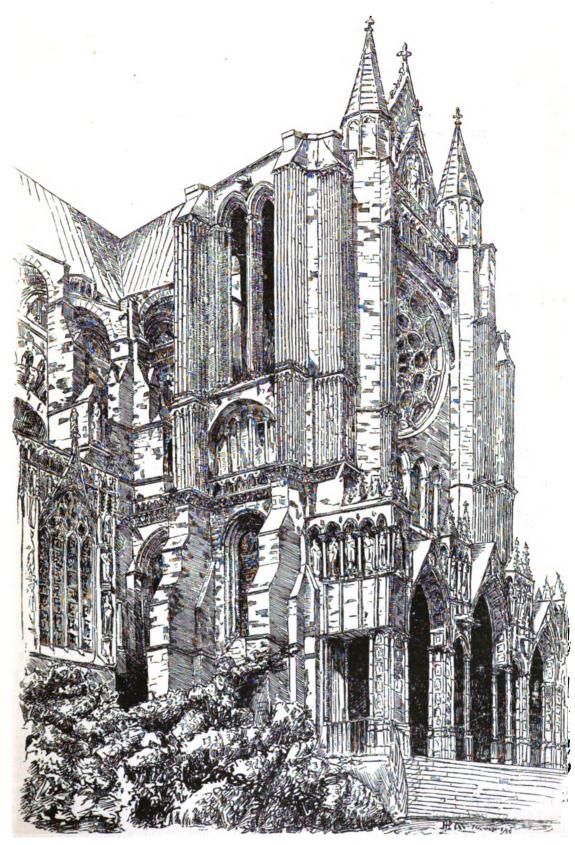
him, and as I came up to the group a woman's cry rang sharply out behind me. Somebody rushed past me and flung her arms round the young actor.

"Oh. Denzil, my darling! my darling!"

The brown eyes opened suddenly, and looked up sadly and gratefully into Helen Foote's agonized face.

"Helen, you're an angel to come to me now." Their lips met and parted, and then Denzil Beatoun held out his hand to me. "Will you take it, Conroy? At least I have been true to you. You can write the story now, you know."

Overwhelmed with the horror and the suddenness of it, I turned to the manager, who was holding in his hand, not the stage poison-cup, but a



CATHETRAL OF CHARTRES-SOUTH TRANSEPT.

tiny vial, whence it seemed this Romeo of ours had drunk his death. Even then I heard the audience applauding, and Mr. Farquhar, our Mercutio, apologizing for Mr. Beatoun's non-appearance on the plea of sudden indisposition. How terrible the stage looked, with its lights, and flowers and music surrounding the tragedy which was so nearly played out. I turned again to look at this man, who might have been more sinned against than sinning, and even as I turned the brown eyes met mine—dimmer now, but fearless still.

"I'm sorry I frightened Miss Fay. Good-by, Conroy—St. Helen, let me kiss you before my strength goes."

He raised himself to kiss her, then fell back, his hands clinching; and Helen Foote bowed her head with a cry f anguish, as our brilliant, beautiful Romeo passed to "where beyond these voices there is peace."

ELLA PICTON.

CROSSING THE BAR.

By LORD TENNYSON.

Sunser and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no meaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,

Too full for sound and foam,

When that which drew from out the boundless deep

Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark:

For the from out our bourn of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face,
When I have crost the bar.

'WARE WOLF! By B. B.

I was staying last year at a country house in Hungary, when, one evening, the party assembled at my host's were dismayed to hear that a judge, whom several of us had met but a few days before, had been eaten up by wolves. unfortunate gentleman was driving home from a late dinner, when his sledge was pursued by a pack of wolves. The driver lashed his horses into a gallop; the sledge, dipping into a rut, gave a jolt which threw the judge out; and the servant, who afterward swore that he had not noticed the accident, drove on to the nearest town without his master. When a search-party was sent out with guns and lanterns, they found nothing of the judge except a few shreds of clothes in a large pool of blood.

Horrors of this kind are not rare in Hungary; and it is difficult to guard against them, for wolves are uncertain in their migrations. ing whole years a district will be comparatively free from them, after which they will suddenly appear in myriads. The length of the Autumn in Russia has something to do with the matter. If the Winter comes late, and is preceded by a rainy season, there is generally a great deal of disease and mortality among the cattle on the steppes; thousands upon thousands of tainted beasts are then driven out of the folds to shift for themselves, and thus the wolves find plenty to eat in home-quarters. But if Winter sets in early and severe there is but little waste of cattle, and the hungry wolves make tracks for the West. They must have retentive memories, for it has been noticed that they seldom ravage the same district, in any great numbers, two years in succession. It is certain that the packs are all led by old "dogs," and these veterans probably recount to the younger ones their experiences of by-gone wolf battues, in which their brethren were slain by the thousand. For a wolf-invasion has to be combated with all the might which an infested district can put forth. It is no question of sport, but one of defending life and property, which remain in constant jeopardy until the wolves have been slaughtered in hecatombs, and the remnant clean scared out of the district. So long as these evil-doing beasts are on the prowl, not a mother dare trust her child out-of-doors; not a cow, sheep or pig can be turned into pasture. At night bonfires have to be lighted near the strongly barricaded cattle-sheds, and by day squires and tenants go out together in well-armed parties, escorted by all the rabble doggery of the There is a story of a gentleman who went out lion-hunting, and found it very good fun until he discovered that the lion was hunting him. A similar experience comes upon many a sportsman who, having talked trippingly at home about his desire to have some wolf-shooting, has found himself on a Hungarian plain, where the wolves were quite as anxious to get at him as he at them. Wolves, when not famished, will lie in woods during the day-time, and prowl for their food at night; if famished, they act like mad dogs-in fact, they often are infected with rabies, and then they know no prudence or Singly, in small packs of half a dozen, or in hundreds, they will fly at any living thing which comes near them. Their howls are dreadful to hear, for they are the howls of creatures in excruciating pain from hunger and wounds. When rabies breaks out in a pack the mad ones bite the others, till all become rabid together, and there is not an individual in the pack but is mangled and maimed.

This rabies, so common among wolves, accounts for the fact that the conduct of these animals can never be reckoned upon. About a year ago a Hungarian in a sledge kept a pack of ten or twelve at bay by loudly tooting upon a cornet-àpiston; but these cannot have been famished Quite lately again a Hungarian woman, being attacked by a wolf, her little child, a girl of twelve, caught the animal by the ears and frightened him away; but this, too, must have been a wolf who had not lived long on short commons. A well-fed wolf will run away from man like a Such a one will be scared by the flaming of a lucifer-match; and he will squat on his haunches blinking at the light of a cottage-window without daring to advance a step until the light be put out. Even this kind of wolf, however, will gorge himself if he gets among sheep, horses or poultry. These are his natural prey, and he will fall upon them, if he can do so with safety, whether he be hungry or not. A single wolf has been known to mutilate every sheep in a fold, biting a piece out of one and another from sheer greed and natural enmity. A wolf, who had got into the stables of a Hungarian gentleman, bit ten horses, though they were stalled separately, and was only quieted at last by a kick which stretched him dead. No wonder the peasantry confound the wolf with hail, blight, the phylloxera and other scourges of Nature under one common anathema. They have, moreover, a direct pecuniary inducement to kill these brutes, for the authorities pay a premium of from five to fifteen floring for every wolf's head.

It did not fall to me personally to see any wolfshooting in Hungary. The wolves did not choose their hunting-ground near my friend's house—at least during the time of my visit—but I heard plenty of stories from eye-witnesses of what they were doing in other quarters. At about ten miles from the place where I was staying several hundreds of them one night attacked a village where there were a great many large cow-houses and pig-styes. The wolves found ingress into a cowhouse through an open window six feet from the ground. The first assailants leaped in by clambering over the backs of the others; and one after another they bounded in, ravenous and infuriated, while the rest leaped up frantic, barking and howling against the walls. The noise is said to have been diabolical. The bellowing of the cows mingled with the shrieks of pigs, butting with desperation at the doors of neighboring The affrighted occupants of the farmhouse could only fire out of their windows at the wolves in the yard, but dared not unbar a door. In the village every window was open, heads and gun-barrels peeped out, but nobody ventured forth. At last an accident put an end to the car-

nage of cows, for one of these animals rearing (as it is supposed) on its hind legs, knocked over a petroleum lamp, hung on a wall to light the shed. The oil set fire to some straw, and soon the whole cow-house was in a blaze. This frightened away the wolves in the yard, and those inside the shed perished, along with eighteen cows and a great number of pigs. It was with the greatest difficulty that the whole farm was saved from burning.

After this affair it was resolved to organize a grand wolf battue. Several railed platforms were erected at about twenty feet from the ground in the midst of a plain, and a number of squires came out with repeating-rifles and plentiful ammunition. Meanwhile about a couple of hundred farmers and peasants with all sorts of guns were set to circumvent a wood in which it was believed wolves were lurking. Toward night-fall some carcases of horses were dragged on to the plain; and some young pigs being procured, they were made to squeal by the pinching of their tails. This always attracts wolves, and the plan was to make the wolves swarm on to the plain, and then to fire right into the thick of them with the repeaters from the top of the platforms. The device did not succeed, for one of the sportsmen opened fire too soon. Only the hardiest of the pack charged forward; the rest fell back upon the woods; and, when the rifles resounded again, the whole pack turned tail and scampered across the wood right through the cordon of peasants on the other side. The curious part of the matter was that nothing more was seen of them.

The goings of wolves are as mysterious as their comings. To-day they swarm; to-morrow they have all vanished. They resemble those sinister gatherings of desperadoes who hold possession of the streets during times of civil disturbance. Masters of the city in the morning, they have been dispersed by night-fall, leaving only a few stragglers to be ignominiously manacled or shot.

Let it be added, however, in conclusion that there is an occasional romance even in wolf-lore. A little Hungarian village boy once told his mother that he had got a pet dog of his own in a wood, with a number of puppies, and wanted food for them. He was given some scraps of broken meat and bones, and for several days he carried away a basket full of these provisions to his pets. His parents were curious, at last, to see these pets, and went with him to the wood, when it was found that the boy's dog was a she-wolf with a broken leg, who was suckling a litter of cubs. The poor beast was too much injured to rise, and was at the point of death when her identity was discovered; but her cubs were forthwith adopted, and it is satisfactory to add that they have done well in life, and are now earning their living, like honest quadrupeds, in a menagerie.



OLD FRENCH COINS.

CHARTRES AND ITS CATHEDRAL.

BY HERBERT PIERSON.

It was one September afternoon that I got my first glimpse of the great cathedral of Chartres. None of the host of pilgrims who for centuries have journeyed to that shrine was ever more cheered by the sight, or looked forward more eagerly to reaching the goal.

I felt almost one of them, as I looked at the great spires and huge mass of the nave and transepts standing out against the sky across the low hills in the distance. No one can approach wholly unmoved a great French cathedral, and I

> had reason enough besides for enthusiasm at the sight. A heavy knapsack and portfolio grow no lighter with long carrying; and with that view of distant Chartres, let me confess, came in imagination the fragrant civets and ragouts awaiting me in some unknown hotel.

> How far it had seemed from Rambouillet that day! Pleasant enough at first going through the weedy gardens of the old château; then the monotonous French road. the squalid little peasant villages, each one just like the last. Now it was nearly over. I congratulated myself.

But it wasn't over, as I gradually became aware.

It was the old story of the mountain that looked so near that a short walk before breakfast would bring one to it. Like

always just beyond; or a mirage, after a long time walking, it seemed no nearer, yet hardly possible that it could be far.

I am sure I got a better impression of the great structure than if I had been "dumped" out of a railway - carriage at its base. But just then I would have foregone the experience gladly, and have considered the view of a smoky table-d'hôte finer than anything in the world.

The sun went down in a blaze of glory, entirely unappreciated by one person at least, leaving the tall spires still aglow like twin beacons when all else was darkening in the twilight. Then the road turned into the woods. Not a soul to be seen. only a white patch just ahead between two black walls of foliage. On, on, on, till, just when hope was about gone, a lonely café, with vigorous shouting going on inside - peculiarly sharppointed stones under foot, a yellow, flickering gas-light, and I knew I was there at last.

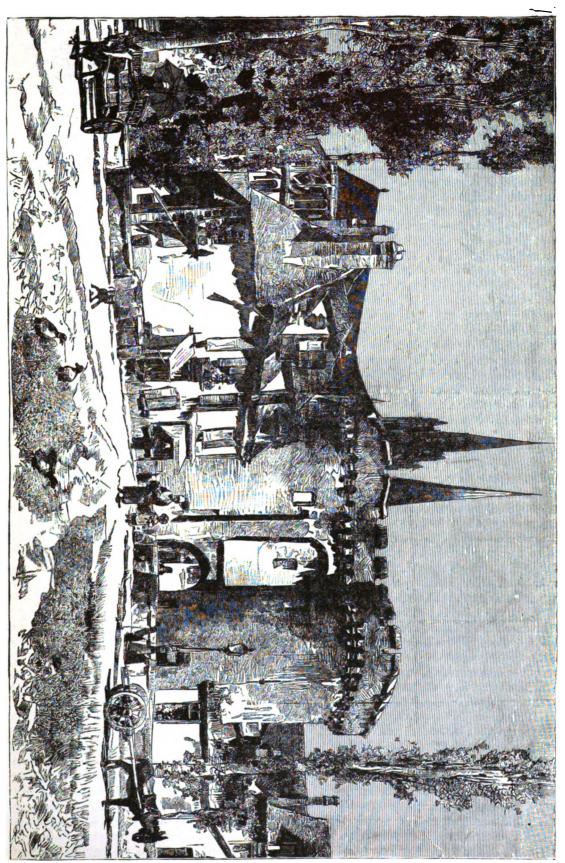
A cathedral town is never just like an ordinary one, and Chartres is perhaps as typical a specimen as can be found. It never belongs entirely to these times, no matter how much iconoclastic improvement has wrought havoc with its new straight streets and plaster houses. There is always more or less atmosphere of the past, a lack of bustle in the quiet streets, helped, doubtless, or caused, by the great building, the mute story of other times and men.

This is particularly the case here, for the church set on a hill cannot be hid. No matter where we are about the town, it is never out of sight long, presenting ever-varying views and changing beauties.

It does not stand in a large, open space, which is a disadvantage in some respects, as one fails to grasp its complete grandeur at close quarters. But, on the other hand, it is pleasant to see the unabashed friendliness with which the little redroofed houses huddle close about its base, as though seeking protection from their great neighthe fruit of Tantalus, bor. It is, besides, more in the spirit of the







builders—of those old times in the city when the lofty shrine of "Notre Dame" was at once the pride and the protector, the monument of their faith, the mother and the guide. To put it out in a great, open space, far away from any neighbor, though it might improve it for the photographer, would be little gain in the Pharisaical exclusiveness in which it would appear, although more in keeping with ordinary once-a-week devotion.

Of all the great cathedrals of France, than which none are greater in any country nor of any time, this one has perhaps the most interesting of histories. In its details it gives us a clew to the cause of the full flowering of Gothic art, as well as a reason for the impossibility today of building a real cathedral. We can only copy and combine what is left to us; we can only make wax figures of the ever-living beauties of the transcendent geniuses of the Middle Ages. Yet that is better than nothing, as the shadow of a substance is preferable to blank nothingness.

Art in all its phases is an outcome of causes and environments, quite as much as plants or men, or anything else. As the plant depends on the kind of soil, the amount of warmth, for its blossoming—as it is first the seed, then the leaf, the bud, the flower—so architecture and all its allies began, grew on to blossoming, and withered only to begin again. No man or men, artists in whatever art they may have been, very far outstripped their fellows; there never was one upon the mountaintop unless the rest were well up from the valley. Some flowers bloom sooner, and others last latest; but there is a time when no flowers bloom at all, and one when the whole world is filled with songs and blossoming. So that I think it beyond the power of any one, though he have all the wealth in the world, and all the genius in it at his command, to sit down and say, "I will build something such as the world never saw the like of in beauty. I will have a picture or a statue such as will make all others of no account."

He may do it or he may not, for all of us are creatures of circumstance, and the spirit of the times will make or mar his masterpiece. the soil and sunshine of the plant, and the seed, no matter how priceless, lives or dies as it has what it needs or lacks.

When the year 1,000 had passed, and the Adventists of the period had subsided after making a good deal of noise, as Adventists do-and there were a good many more of them then than nowa period of sowing again began in France. long Winter that was to end in the annihilation of the world was past and over, and the end had not come. Soon the abandoned fields ripened to the harvest, and more slowly the grander fruition nation toward the light, not of an individual, and therein lay the secret of its success. Churches greater than ever before grew up on the sites of older and meaner ones, or new ones sprang into existence whose heaven-pointing spires stood in the towns and cities, watch-towers of the new Jerusalem and beacons for guidance.

Chartres had at that time one of the earliest shrines dedicated to the Virgin in all France. Tradition said it had been dedicated during her life-time. At any rate, it possessed a number of wonder-working relics, and always had been a favorite resort for the devout pilgrim.

It was natural, therefore, that with the first coming of possibilities of grander structures the people of Chartres desired, more than anything, a shrine worthy of the town and its protectrix.

But for all that, the building went on slowly for many years. Work upon it was irregular and intermittent, as many a one dependent upon popular subscription has been since; but after a long period of this a sudden enthusiasm for the completion of the edifice took possession of all classes, the like of which has never been known save in the place that saw it rise. It was not only shared by all of the city, but spread like fire over the whole north country.

Hugh, Archbishop of Rouen, writing at the time, describes the popular ardor. "At Chartres," he relates, "the people have begun, with true humility, to draw carts and wagons in order to help on the erection of the church, and their humility is made glorious with miracles. report of these things has spread far and wide, and has kindled the zeal in this our Normandy. Our children, after receiving our benediction, set out for Chartres to fulfill their vows. And in the same manner they have begun to come to their Mother Church, in our bishopric forming companies to which no one is admitted unless he has confessed his sins, fulfilled his penance, laid down at the foot of the altar every hate and anger, and become reconciled to all his enemies. One of the band is chosen chief, and under his orders, in silence and humility, they drag heavy wagons and make their offerings, accompanying them with tears and mortifications. Many miracles are wrought on the sick whom they carry with them, and they bring back sound those whom they took away infirm."

Nor was this fervor of enthusiasm short-lived. but the work went on with undiminished zeal until the great building was complete, and faith had removed the mountains which seemed to stand in the way. It was the joy of all the people of that little city, for to each who had helped was a sense of share in its beauty, as there had been in the work. But a terrible misfortune was to come. of art drew nigh. But it was the movement of a | Hardly fifty years after the triumphal completion,

Digitized by GOOGLE

fire broke out in the houses, and gradually climbing the hill, in a few hours destroyed the work of years. The pride of Chartres, the new cathedral they had worked so hard to finish, was laid low before their eyes.

Well may the people have been in despair at seeing the fruit of all their toil gone irrevocably; natural enough, in those first despairing days, to may among themselves that it were better to leave the town that had lost the dignity and honor that made it fair.

So for a time the little city gave itself up to mourning. Then a more hopeful time began. All was not over, even though the church was gone. What had been done once could be again, and from past experience the new phenix would outrival the old, and be a more worthy earthly habitation for the "Holy Mother."

Again the religious enthusiasm took possession of the land. The old scenes were re-enacted. The same spirit which had brought the old building to completion burst forth anew. The same feeling was as universal as ever, but the growth of art had been more marked, and the full flower of Gothic architecture was come. Miracles were constant, money as well as men poured in from everywhere; and as a reward for the courage of the people in adversity, the church, larger and more beautiful than ever, rapidly advanced to completion.

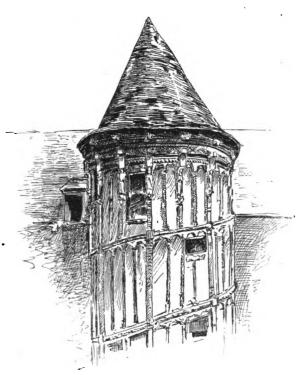
The parts spared by the fire were utilized in the new structure; the quaint statues and all that could be used were worked in-not inharmoniously; rather, giving variety by contrast, and reminding the citizens how much lovelier was the later creation than the older one; so that even what had appeared an unmitigated misfortune was, after all, their gain. At no period, and in no other land, have the arts worked together so harmoniously as here. Sculpture combines with delicate arches and enriches it while enhancing itself in beauty. The north and south porches, than which there is nothing lovelier of their kind in the world, are thronged with numberless statues and intricate arabesques, throned in niches or framed in vines; columns slender as flower-stems branch in clustering leaves, while the interior blazes with jeweled windows, and the walls, covered with paintings, gleam in the light of many candles. It is here, again, we see a marked difference between our own times and the so-called "Dark Ages," in the position which art occupied in the lives of one and all. Like religion, it was not a thing indulged in by the few, something outside the really important things of existence. Religion, faith and works was the business of life, and art the recreation and the teacher. At a period when few save clerks in the monasteries read, pictures and statues told stories that needed no

education, that no intellect was too rudimentary, to understand. They were the books in which all read; learned graphically of the hell yawning at their feet, or the pleasures of paradise awaiting the devout believer, while the way to the latter was shown in the painted scenes from lives of holy men, set as an example for them.

Such is the story of "Our Lady of Chartres." It and its history seem to me an answer to those who wonder why we can only combine and copy nowadays; who look for new styles in architecture, and would build a real and live cathedral in times when people are about as prone to forgive their enemies as to harness themselves to carts to help build a church. If it were an office-building, and especially if it paid, it would make all the difference in the world.

Chartres is a quaint and pleasant old place—a city of queer old half-timbered houses, standing in narrow, crooked streets—picturesquely dilapidated some of them, more sketchible than habitable, perhaps, but none the worse for it. There are broad allées with rows of trees where the city walls once were. They have disappeared with the use of them, all but the remnant they call the Porte Guillaume, which is a good specimen of what they once were—a surviving sample which is picturesque enough to make us wish for more. It makes a charming foreground for all that is most picturesque in the little city, and is the approach which shows it at its best. Just beyond, going through the arch, we come to the little river with its old stone bridge, either bank fringed with white-capped washer-women beating and twisting clothes, gossiping and chattering laughing and splashing, as only French laveuses know how to do. Then over the bridge, into the Rue de Bourg, with its decrepit, knock-kneed houses, weak in the back and infirm in the gables. Gables, with crooked sides, facing and overhanging the shadowy street. Then the main tributary breaks into numerous brooks, little narrow passages that twist aimlessly and mysteriously about the hill-side, up deep steps, past queer little oriels or towers, like the one they call Queen Bertha's Staircase, till finally the brook joins the river, and they end in one of the wider streets, or at the foot of "Notre Dame" itself.

But it is not entirely in its memories that Chartres lives to-day. It is no forsaken Pompeii of the Middle Ages, as any one will find who comes within ear-shot of the busy market. Go there, too, by all means, ye apostles of woman's rights and lecturers upon the awful condition of woman in the effete countries of the Old World; go, all of you who complain of woman not being on a par with man, and see the lord of creation reduced to second place. It is madame who does all the buying and selling, while monsieur stands



QUEEN BERTHA'S STAIRCASE.

by in meditation. A committee of women form the Wheat Board, and manage its affairs well—and the Wheat Market of Chartres is one of the largest in France. Measuring, selling, receiving payment — all is done by the poor, down-trodden members of the weaker sex.

There is no suggestion of the ivy about these hardy, weather-beaten old peasant women, nor of the oak, either, about the listless husbands. Madame is thrifty, pushing, and strictly busi-Sentiment she does not know, while monsieur follows where she leads, and is probably all the better for doing it.

I had been in the place a few days, wandering about the cathedral, letting its beauties grow upon me, and sketching between-times, when an event took place which made it seem as though the wheels of time had turned back, and that the spirit in which the edifice was built still lingered about it.

This, I think, is one of the advantages we moderns have, the effect of contrast always being thrust upon us when we least expect. For a time we live and move in every-day things—in times of telegraphs and telephones, and all the rest of the graphs—when, presto! more wonderful than any magician's power, we are carried back to time when no sorcerer, however black his art, could imagine them.

But to return to our muttons. I was standing by the old sun-dial, where the angel who has such so many centuries, when I heard a great hubbub in a neighboring street—a beating of drums and tramp of many feet, which I thought would be nothing else than the not over-rare soldiers. Shortly I saw I was mistaken, for the queerest procession that ever nineteenth-century mortal beheld came into the place.

First, there were three drummers making a great deal of noise; then four men carrying a pile of cakes under a canopy of flowers on a sort of bier. It looked indeed like a sort of cake funeral, with the procession of men behind, seeming eminently solemn and uncomfortable in their best clothes. Then more cakes, pyramids with wabbly bouquets on top under floral canopies, more men in shiny hats, some banners, and a crowd of lookers-on.

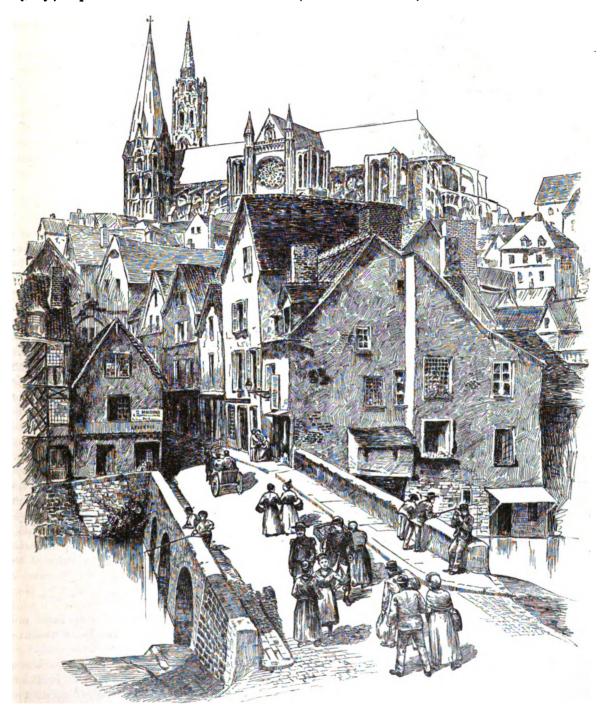
I followed them into the building where they went, and assisted at what I learned was the celcbration of the Fête of St. Fiacre, the patron of gardeners, instead of cabmen, as I should have supposed. Some seven or eight priests in full Such gorgeous pieces of vestment met them. coloring they were, those chasubles, as though they were patterned after the wonderful hues of the old windows above; not crude nor glaring in their splendor, but toned down with the passing of many years. Then they began a solemn, fulltoned Gregorian chant as the procession of cakes, priests and men moved slowly toward the high altar, amid the swinging and smoke of incense and glimmering of candles through the multicolored twilight. There the cakes were deposited for a time, while the majestic chant went on, now seeming to soar, with the higher notes, away up among the groinings of the roof, or sinking down and echoing among the low vaulting of the crypt.

Soon the cakes were taken up again by the bearers, and once more the procession moved around the church, preceded by the pompous Swiss, with cocked hat and stick, visiting shrine after shrine, past the wonderful carving of the choir-screens, through the gloom of the apsidal chapels, into the luminous trails of color from the great rose-windows of the transept; while ceaselessly the rise and fall of the music, now loud, now soft, filled the building with resonant

Alas, St. Fiacre! I fear the sturdy women of Chartres do not look forward to the coming of your day with unmixed feelings of pleasure. You were the innocent cause of more than one not going home till late that night, nor as straight as Some were very joyous in the streets that night before their wives captured them, and many not entirely tuneful songs woke the stillness. Nor were the festivities entirely exhausted that night, I should imagine, if one individual a beatifically vacant expression has looked down who came to me, next morning, where I was at

gravity, that he was a friend of Raphael's, and also knew Michael Angelo. The latter he only knew

work, is a sample. He assured me, with suitable | common in having such a background; nor was it a very grand one, either. No long lines of carriages blocked the way; there were no tickets slightly; Raphael was more "his friend the most taken at the door; no dime-museum air lurked



THE HILL OF CHARTBES FROM THE BUE DE BOURG.

particular," he stated, and wound up by asking if I knew or had heard of them.

Yet another picture comes to my memory with that of the glorious building—one again in which the human element entered. It was nothing but a wedding—common enough, if you will, but not | not wholly comfortable either, but seemed to feel

about the great portals as the little procession entered. Very quietly those composing it, on foot, came out of the shadows into the sunshine. Very dignified and impressed by the occasion, they proceeded up the steps and entered. They were

that they were assisting at such an important event that it would be no credit for them to go through it if they were entirely at their ease. There was the bride and groom leading-she, all smiles and orange-blossoms, in white, with her long veil blown by the breeze in a misty cloud about her; he, unimportant, uncomfortable in new, ill-fitting clothes and boots that hurt him, frightened, and looking as though he wished it all over.

Papa was in a high hat of wondrous shape and long-past mode—a rusty black suit, once, maybe, his wedding-suit, for it showed creases of packing and reminiscences of a time when he was slenderer. But he was a proud man withal. How his face shone with happiness and his hair with grease! Mamma, in white cap, brown-skinned and wrinkled, dried up but smiling, came with him; then all the "sisters and the cousins and the aunts," walking two by two.

I followed them in, with other unbidden guests, and watched the ceremony. It was a very complicated affair, indeed, and attended by a good deal of changings of position, and taking up a collection now and then, all of which seemed entirely in keeping with the elaborate ceremony in such elaborate surroundings. The music was furnished by an orchestra of boys-very good music, too, although some of the performers could not have been more than twelve.

At last it was over, to the relief of all, particularly the groom, I fancy, and all went to pray before the celebrated wonder-working Madonna The shrine is the most gorgeous of of Chartres. all, and always is most brilliant with lighted candles. Votos of all kinds hang on the walls. Gold hearts, arms, crutches and the like, testify to the Madonna's power in miracles. Many flowers are on her altar, and though the whole of the rest of the church may be empty, some are always kneeling there. Here I left the newly married couple; here, too, the friends seemed to leave them to themselves, as though to show that henceforth their lot for weal or woe was dependent on themselves and their faith. In the quick-coming future their world was to be of their own making, in which they should live as Adam and Eve of old, in Eden or driven out.

I dare say that no such ideas occurred to any of the crowd. Their thoughts were most likely upon the wedding-breakfast to follow. But I felt like an intruder and passed out, and lost with the passing all sight of them forever. But thinking of those Chartres days, I have wondered more than once whether the wedding I saw was a success. Surely, I have thought—for I feel a sort of personal interest in that pair so inwoven with days that are most pleasant to remember—surely,

wholly a failure, and I hope it hasn't. I should prefer infinitely that no one could turn to the great church and wish mentally that it had been in Guinea that day, as he or she might do.

What are they doing now in Chartres? often I think of it! The old cities we visit are books we take up for the time, read for awhile and close. It almost seems, as we go on, that the tale is closed with our leaving. It is so hard to think of the countless life-centres going on without our knowledge. Everything is so unreal when we are out of it. Ah, me! it is we who are the passing phantoms. Man passes, but his work endures, or what is worth keeping. And Chartres will be there in all its beauty in centuries to come, as it has been for centuries long gene.

THE USES OF LAUGHTER.

ONE Sunday morning a visitor to the Foundling Chapel, London, was shocked to hear a ripple of laughter, and he wrote a horrified letter to the preacher, the famous Professor Momerie. The next Sunday Professor Momerie discoursed on "The Uses of Laughter." "I admit, of course, that there are occasions in life when laughter would be out of place, and, therefore, unseemly. But the same is true of tears. Tears may sometimes be an insult. Tears are occasionally the signs of madness. I admit, of course, it is scarcely necessary to say, that laughter may sometimes be silly, that merriment may sometimes be profane. There is a laughter, there is a merriment, unworthy of the name, just as there is poisonous food and adulterated wine. The true merriment may be distinguished from the false by the fact that it bears reflection; we can think of it with pleasure next day and next week. It is a joy forever. The doctrine I wish to condemn is the doctrine that all merriment, even the best, is worthless, or comparatively worthless; that laughter is always inferior to tears; as Lewis Morris puts it,

"'Tears are divine, but mirth is of the earth."

I say it is a false doctrine, and, like all false doctrines, mischievous. It is a gratuitous assumption, for which there is not a particle of evidence. There is overwhelming evidence against it. Tears mean that something is wrong with us; laughter means that we are happy. Surely, if you come to think of it, you will see it is nothing short of blasphemy to assert that the only gift we receive from God is wretchedness. Moreover, tears are but a temporary accident attending the earlier and imperfect stages of evolution. There will come a time, the Bible tells us, when there shall be no more tears. That is never said of laughter. something begun in such a place cannot have been | Again, laughter is one of the criteria of goodness.

A villain never laughs. What Shakespeare said of music is just as true of laughter:

"'The man that hath no laughter in himself
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils.
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted.'

On the other hand, as Carlyle says, 'No one who has once heartily laughed can be irreclaimably bad.' You may always trust the man whose laughter has a genuine ring about it. These facts alone would suffice to show that laughter cannot be an evil, not even a silly, thing.

"Further and specially, laughter, merriment, cheerfulness, and everything that conduces to cheerfulness, are absolutely essential to enable us to live our best. Life is so serious, you may say, that the man who is in earnest will have no time for laughter. I tell you, it is just because life is so serious that we need all the laughter we can get to help us through with it. You may think too much of the seriousness of life. You may brood over the tragic side of human experience till you find yourself in a mad-house. And what would be the good of that? A man's first business, say the Puritans, is to battle with his temptations, and with these temptations. therefore, his thoughts should be wholly engrossed. I tell you he will best battle with his temptations by drawing his thoughts away from them. And here laughter and merriment, no less than healthy occupation, have their part to play. Cheerful amusements have saved many a soul from death."

It is this cheerful and healthful view of life that makes Professor Momerie's sermons the inspiration that his crowded congregations invariably find them. The man who can persuade people in these pessimistic days that God meant them to laugh and enjoy the life He has given them, and yet be in the truest sense of the word religious, is doing a service to the age which it greatly needs.

THE EYES OF GENIUS.

EMERSON used to say that each man carried in his eye the exact indication of his rank in the immense scale of men. Another close observer of human nature asserts that persons with prominent eyes are found to have great command of words and to be ready speakers and writers. A third holds the theory that the prevailing color of the eyes of men of genius is gray.

Colonel Higginson speaks of Nathaniel Hawthorne's "gray eyes," while F. H. Underwood, "who once studied them attentively, found them mottled gray and brown, and indescribably soft and winning." Elsewhere we find it asserted that

"no finer eyes had appeared in the literary circle of Great Britain since Burns's time than those of Hawthorne."

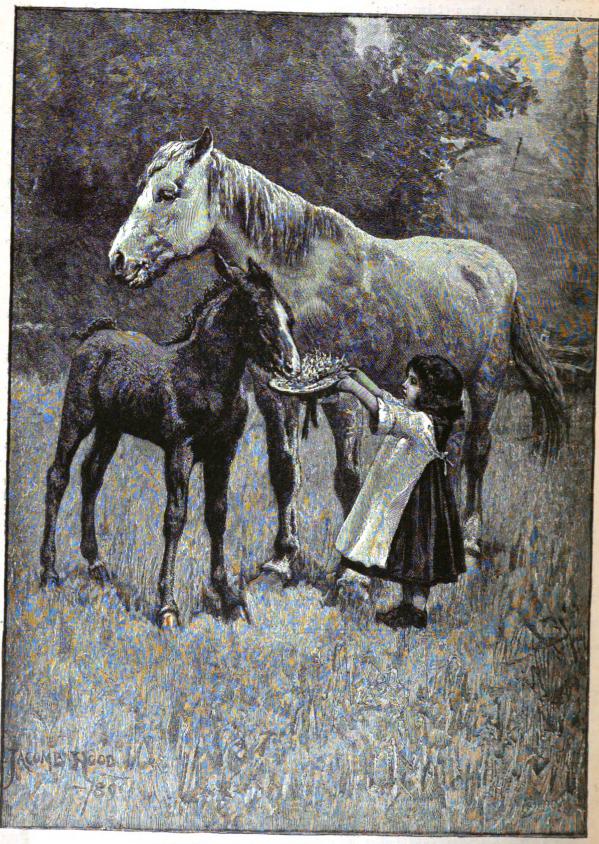
Shelley's eyes are always spoken of as magnificent, and fully indicative of his wayward genius. One writer describes them as "large and animated, with a dash of wildness in them;" another speaks of them as "such a pair of eyes as are rarely seen in a human or any other head, intently blue, with a gentle and lambent expression. yet wonderfully alert and engrossing." Medwith, while writing of Shelley's appearance, refers to his blue eyes, "very large and prominent. They were at times, when he was abstracted, as he often was in contemplation, dull, and, as it were, insensible to external objects; at others, they flashed with the fire of intelligence." Tom Moore's eyes were "as dark and fine as you would wish to see under a set of vine-leaves."

Of Coloridge it is reported: "His forehead was prodigious—a great piece of placid marble; and his fine eyes, in which all the activity of his mind seemed to concentrate, moved under it with a sprightly ease, as if it were pastime to them to carry all that thought." Another friend of his writes: "The upper part of Coleridge's face was excessively fine. His eyes were large, light gray, and prominent, of liquid brilliancy, which some eyes of fine character may be observed to possess, as though the orb itself retreated to the innermost recess of the brain." In his "Life of Sterling," Carlyle introduces his famous description of Coleridge's appearance. "The deep eyes, of a light hazel, were," he says, "as full of sorrows as of inspiration; confused pain looked mildly from them, as in a kind of mild astonishment."

The eyes of Keats were described by one of his contemporaries as "mellow and glowing; large, dark and sensitive." Cowden Clarke states that they were of a brown color, or dark hazel, thus contradicting Mrs. Proctor's assertion that they were "blue."

Leigh Hunt, in his "Autobiography," speaking of Wordsworth's appearance, says: "I never beheld eyes that looked so inspired or supernatural. They were like fires half burning, half smoldering, with a sort of acrid fixture of regard, and seated at the further end of two caverns. One might imagine Ezekiel or Isaiah to have had such eyes."

Walter Scott says of Burns: "There was a strong expression of sense and shrewdness in all his lineaments; the eye, alone, I think, indicated the poetical character and temperament. It was large, and of a class that glowed (I say literally glowed) when he spoke with feeling or interest. I never saw such another eye in a human head, though I have seen the most distinguished men of my time."



IN CLOVER .- FROM THE PAINTING BY G. P. JACOMB-HOOD.



HERON'S WIFE.

By ETTA W. PIERCE.

CHAPTER XXIV .- THE AUTHOR SPEAKS.

Fon a moment silence prevailed in Judge Ferrers's chamber. Francis Heron laid the dead man gently down on the pillows, took the hand of his new-made bride, and drew her toward the door.

"Come away," he said.

Passively she submitted to be led from the room-from the curious stare of stranger eyesinto an adjoining apartment which, fortunately, was empty. There, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, she broke from her bridegroom. She seemed to awake with a shock from her stuporto realize in a moment all that she had done. Her face grew cold and white, as with some great despair.

"You have taken a contemptible advantage of my misfortunes !" she panted. "I will never forgive you, Francis Heron!"

He staggered a little under this unexpected

"You might be reasonable - you might be civil." he said.

But she was neither. With wild upbraiding

"I am not your wife—the words of a preacher cannot make me that. Oh, I see it all! With the help of that dreadful old man, now dead, you beauty. Had he acted unselfishly that day? Not Vol. XXIX., No. 5-36.

him to destroy the last remnant of my peace. You brought me from Wolfsden that I might fall into the pit which you two had digged for me here!" He grew deadly pale.

have caught me in a trap-you were leagued with

- "How can you say such things, Hazel? Were not your enemies all at Wolfsden, and your friends at Heroncroft?"
- "No, no. Sergia is not, and never can be, my enemy. She had no part in my accusation, and she could not defend me because she was ill."

He bit his lip.

- "Pardon me—I forgot Sergia. Judge Ferrers bade me fetch you to Heroncroft. I acted solely for your interests. You will do me the justice to believe this, when you have time for reflection."
- "Reflection!" she echoed. "Heaven forbid that I should reflect! I meant to have been so happy!" throwing out her beautiful arms. "I was so happy only yesterday, and now I am wretched-wretched!"

Heron stood staring at the girlish figure, in its hopeless attitude—at the maddening young face, round which the dusky hair fell in disordered

altogether, perhaps. Her next outbreak cut him like a knife.

"Why did you marry me?" she cried. "How could you marry me, Francis Heron, when you knew I did not, and never would, care for you?" He hung his head.

"Why does a starving man accept bread?" he answered, bitterly, "or the thirsty drink? I married you—I may as well confess it—because I loved you so madly that I was glad to take you in any way—because I would rather have your indifference than another woman's love. Judge Ferrers put the opportunity before me—not all the powers of earth could have kept me from seizing it!"

Her great dark eyes filled with passionate scorn. "Don't talk to me like this—I will not hear

you!" she cried.

He drew his breath hard.

"You still love Sir Griffin Hopewood!"

"Was I not his promised wife?" she answered, defiantly. "Can one forget in an hour?"

"But he believed you guilty of theft—he deserted you in your greatest need."

She winced.

"Even such things do not kill love. I cannot help it," drearily: "his shadow is more to me—more—more than a world full of Francis Herons. In spite of this dreadful marriage, I must love him till I die."

"His treatment of you seems hardly to justify such devotion," said Heron, in a cold, labored voice. "However, I will not quarrel with your taste, Hazel. I will only remind you that I have helped you to gain your inheritance—at least, you might thank me for that."

"What do I care for an inheritance that comes to me under circumstances like these?—that imposes upon me such bonds? The bitterness of death is in it."

Convulsed with sobs, she cast herself prostrate on the floor, like a heart-broken child.

Heron lifted her up and put her upon a sofa. "It is too late to repent or retract," he said, hoarsely. "We are now husband and wife. I have one task to accomplish, Hazel—to prove your innocence to your Wolfsden friends, and to—yes—to Sir Griffin Hopewood: then," setting his teeth, "you need never see my face again. I will put the world betwixt us. Because you have married me, do not fear that I shall presume to control either you or your future movements."

She lay face downward on the pillows of the sofa, and answered not a word.

He waited a moment, then went quietly out, shutting the door upon her and her utter ingratitude.

In the chamber of death Heron stopped long enough to give some necessary orders to his serv-

ants, after which he descended the stair, and in the hall found Graham Vivian waiting for the trap that was to take him to the Black River Station. With a haggard, care-worn face, Heron went up to his friend, and put his hand on his shoulder.

"All ready for departure, Vivian?"

"Yes. My luggage has gone on before me. I shall be in time to catch the last express to town."

"I dare say you little thought that you would be called to officiate at my marriage before you left," said Heron, with a ghastly smile.

"It was a surprise, certainly," replied the young preacher, embarrassed by the look on the other's face. "Allow me to wish you joy, as we part——"

"Don't trouble yourself!" interrupted Heron, brusquely. "I hate mockery, even when it is unintentional. You have many virtues, Vivian—one is that you never bother a man with questions. If you love me, let me send a servant to bring back your luggage—don't leave Heroncroft to-day—I need you here. Stay till after Judge Ferrers's burial. I may then decide to sail with you for Cape Town—it is a time of strange happenings."

Whatever amazement Graham Vivian may have felt, he concealed it well.

"Certainly I will stay, since you ask it, dear boy," he answered, with forced cheerfulness. "I have still a week or two that I may call my own before I leave America—that time is entirely at your disposal."

"Many thanks," said Heron, and he took his hat, and left the house.

Cossack sneaked after his master to the gardenboundary, but was sternly ordered back.

Heron passed through the little gate into the grounds of Wolfsden, and along the same path which he had traversed at noon with the girl who was now his wife—his, till death should part them! Long shadows stretched across the way; the westering light shone warm and red in the shrubbery. Heron mounted the steps of the dust-brown house, rang the bell, and asked to see Colonel Rivers.

A servant ushered him into the drawing-room. It was empty, but a moment later he heard a feminine rustle in the hall, and Miss Carbury burst breathlessly in.

"Oh, Mr. Heron, what have you done with that poor, unhappy child?" she began. "Mrs. Steele declares that she went away with you to Heroncroft—with you, a young man and a bachelor! Really, for Sergia's sake, I must protest against such a strange proceeding!"

"You are rather late with your protestations," said Heron, dryly. "You should have advanced

a few, Miss Carbury, against the verdict which Rivers and the rest of them rendered here today."

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean," replied Miss Carbury, in a weak, deprecatory voice. "We all saw the jewels and money at the bottom of Miss Ferrers's trunk. Oh, I am shocked, horrified, quite upset, by all that has occurred in this house since morning! As for Colonel Rivers—poor, dear man! he is like a father mourning for an erring child—his feelings are really too much for him. Sir Griffin, of course, fled like the wind. But one cannot blame him. Under the circumstances, I dare say he found it impossible for a peer and a gentleman to remain a moment."

Heron's face grew dark.

"I cannot trust myself to answer you, Miss Carbury. I must see my cousin Sergia and Colonel Rivers."

"Oh, but Sergia is ill, and unable to see any one."

"So bad as that? Well, surely she has been told of the events of the day, Miss Carbury?"

"Certainly not. It is always dangerous to agitate sick people—her guardian, of course, would not allow it."

"In Heaven's name, what is the nature of an illness that necessitates such concealment? Hazel Ferrers is my cousin's dearest friend."

Miss Carbury's small, wrinkled face betrayed confusion and alarm.

"True, true, but dear Sergia's safety must be considered. Both the doctor and Colonel Rivers have given strict orders that she shall not be disturbed. She has a—a fever, resulting from the excitement of her first ball."

Heron shrugged his shoulders.

"Very odd! Is Sergia so frail? One would suppose that she might have passed unharmed even through the ordeal of a country-house ball! So Hazel's one friend has been carefully kept from all knowledge of her misfortunes, Miss Carbury?"

"Fie!" cried Miss Carbury. "Now you are reflecting upon our dear colonel! Believe me, he has acted throughout with wonderful kindness. He deeply pities Hazel, and he did his utmost to induce Sir Griffin to see her once before he fled from Wolfsden. But the baronet was mad with grief and horror—wild horses could not hold him. Oh, here comes the colonel himself—now he will tell you everything."

The door opened, and Pitt Rivers entered.

"You are the very person that I most wish to see, Heron!" he exclaimed, cordially. "You find us all under a cloud. Our happy circle is broken. Is it true that poor Hazel has taken refuge in your house?"

"She is at my house, certainly," answered He-

ron, with something ominous in his hard, cold voice. "Judge Ferrers, her grandfather, is also there—dead! I beg you will not leave the room. Miss Carbury," as that lady moved nervously toward the door. "I must ask you to call Mrs. Van Wert, also—I have something to say, which I wish you all to hear."

"Mrs. Van Wert!" echoed the colonel, lifting his fine eyebrows. "I think she is sleeping. She has been greatly agitated by the events of the day—it would be cruel to disturb her."

"Nevertheless, she must be called," replied Heron. "I insist upon it!"

"How tragic you look, my dear fellow!" said the colonel, smiling. "Of course you shall have your way;" and he rang the bell, and bade the servant tell Mrs. Van Wert that she was wanted in the drawing-room.

The pretty widow answered the summons promptly. There was no sign of sleep about her—on the contrary, she looked very much awake. She flew to Heron, crying out:

"Is it not a dreadful affair, Mr. Heron? Consider the shock to my nerves, the agitation to which we have all been exposed. Think of a thief in the house—at table with us, petted and admired by us all—wearing my bracelets at the br last night, and stealing them later from my dressing-table! Oh!" setting her little teeth vindictively, "I only regret that I did not deliver her at once to the police. I am sure it would be a good thing for such a creature to lie in prison."

"Let us talk of Miss Ferrers later," said Heron, almost roughly. "I beg permission, Mrs. Van Wert, to look at the bracelets which were found in that lady's trunk."

The trio stared.

"My dear Heron," said the colonel, gently, "what can you mean?"

"I ask to see the bracelets," repeated Heron; "it is for Mrs. Van Wert to grant or refuse my request."

"I grant it, of course, since there is no reason why I should not," said the widow, with her hand on the bell, and she ordered her maid to bring her jewel-case to the drawing-room.

From the satin cushion on which they rested Francis Heron took the bracelets which had wrought such woe to poor Hazel, and retiring into a window, proceeded to examine them with close scrutiny.

"It is just as I suspected last night at the ball," the gentleman said, at last. "These jewels are paste."

"Paste!" screamed Mrs. Van Wert.

"Exactly. If the Rajah's diamonds ever filled these settings, they have been removed, and a clever imitation substituted."

The ladies shrieked in chorus.

Colonel Rivers came forward, with an air of profound astonishment.

"What strange thing are you saying, Heron?"
"Let Mrs. Van Wert take her bracelets immediately to a lapidary, and see if he does not confirm my statement. I know something of stones—she may be assured that I speak the truth."

In great concern, Rivers turned to the young widow.

"To whose hands, Mrs. Van Wert, have you been in the habit of intrusting your jewels?"

"My banker always kept them, until I came to Wolfsden," panted Mrs. Van Wert, with symtoms of strong hysterics. "I thought there might be balls and parties at the Black River country houses, and, of course, I wished to shine at such gatherings. So I ventured to bring my diamonds with me. Annette and I have guarded them here."

"Very badly, it seems, for your jewels are gone!" said Heron, returning the bracelets to her hand. "You had better look to any other gems of the same kind that you may have with you. It is highly probable that the thief has not stopped at your bracelets."

Mrs. Van Wert rushed wildly toward the door.
"Oh, my ear-rings!" she shrieked; "my solitaire necklace-my girdle---"

Colonel Rivers put himself before her.

"For shame, Heron!" he cried; "how can you frighten a lady like this? Paste? Pooh! You are talking great nonsense. Be calm, my dear Mrs. Van Wert; can you not trust yourself, and all that you have, with me? I will go with you to a lapidary this very hour. I, too, know a great deal about diamonds, and I assure you, our friend Heron is either beside himself, or he is indulging in a huge joke at our expense."

Mrs. Van Wert, reassured, sobbed softly on the colonel's arm.

Heron looked on unmoved.

"I have acquainted Mrs. Van Wert with a plain fact," he said, stubbornly. "I say again—her diamonds are paste—she can seek a confirmation of my statement at her leisure. Now one thing more—an hour ago I married Hazel Ferrers by the death-bed of her grandfather."

The announcement was like the bursting of a bomb. The ladies stood petrified.

Colouel Rivers's face seemed to change and harden.

"Married!" he repeated, coldly. "You have married that girl, Heron?"

"Precisely. It is now my right and purpose to refute the charge of theft which has been brought against her. Miss Ferrers was your invited guest, Colonel Rivers, and the intimate friend of your ward. Yet, here at Wolfsden you suffered her to be overwhelmed by an outrageous accusation,

which you must have known to be false—you tried in no way to defend her. As master of this house you are responsible for what occurs in it. I hold you responsible, sir, and I tell you to your face that you are a liar and a coward!"

Pitt Rivers changed rapid color, but he controlled himself admirably, as became a high-bred gentleman.

"I make it a point never to quarrel in the presence of ladies," he said, with quiet dignity. "Heron, I forgive you the insult, for it is evident that you are not yourself. This morning Miss Ferrers was betrothed to Sir Griffin Hopewood—to-night you declare that she is your wife. All is plain to us now—you are laboring under strong excitement, and must relieve your feelings in some way, of course. These ladies will bear witness that I implored their elemency for that wretched girl. I know the power of inherited tendencies—her father—— But do not frown—I will not speak of her antecedents. The whole household saw the contents of the trunk. Even in your present state of mind, you really must not ask us to disbelieve the evidence of our own eves."

His forbearance, his imperturbable serenity, went to Mrs. Van Wert's heart.

"How can you be so violent, Mr. Heron?" she said, reproachfully. "Even if my diamonds are paste, as you declare," she smiled incredulously, "Hazel could not have known it when she appropriated them. The quality of the gems does not lessen her crime. You say that she is innocent—fic! it would be more to the purpose if you would explain how my bracelets came to be hidden at the bottom of her trunk, along with the ring and money, stolen from Miss Carbury while Colonel Rivers was absent from Wolfsden. I tell you frankly, Mr. Heron—but for the colonel's intercession, that guilty girl would have fared ill at my hands."

Heron looked impatient.

"I do not pretend to know who put the money and jewels in Miss Ferrers's trunk—who laid the plot—for such it plainly was—for her destruction. All the same, I say again, and a thousand times over, she is innocent! I am here to demand a thorough investigation of the whole affair—the mystery surrounding it must be sifted to the bottom. Has it occurred to any of you to explain how Hazel Ferrers could have entered Mrs. Van Wert's chamber, when the door was secured from within, and the key left in the lock?"

Rivers smiled quietly.

"The room has another door, communicating with the closet of Annette, the maid. This morning the detective discovered that the key to Miss Ferrers's own chamber fits perfectly that second door!"



LISTENING TO A SERMON, IN THE OLDEN TIME.

Not a muscle of Heron's stubborn face changed. "Doubtless you have duplicate keys, Colonel Your housekeeper, Mrs. Steele, carries a prodigious number. Allow me to interview that person for a few moments."

"Martin has just driven Mrs. Steele to Black River, on some errand for the kitchen," replied Rivers, placidly. "She cannot possibly reach home till night-fall."

Heron looked straight down at the floor.

"I regret the absence of Mrs. Steele at this particular moment. When she returns, say to her that to-day I have made Hazel Ferrers's cause my own-that she is no longer alone and unprotected—that those who have maligned and injured her must now answer to me.'

The setting sun, aslant through the drawingroom-window, fell redly on his spare, sinewy figure and lean, dark face. For once Heron looked imposing. The colonel put on an air, half puzzled, half conciliatory.

"I cannot quite follow you, Heron. Mrs. Steele carries no duplicate keys, for such things are not known at Wolfsden. As for investigating this case, my dear fellow, you can rely upon me to help you to the utmost! My housekeeper, my servants, my guests, myself-all are at your service. We will cheerfully appear before any court of inquiry to which you may summon us. Consider me your friend and ally in the matter. Here is my hand upon it!"

But Heron, unappeased, drew coldly back.

"I decline to take your hand, sir! We are not, and never can be, friends!"

The two ladies regarded Heron with open indignation. It was the good fortune of Pitt Rivers always to find in women his warmest sup-

"How churlish of you, Mr. Heron!" bristled Miss Carbury. "Depend upon it, you are greatly deceived! That girl has somehow inveigled you into marriage, and persuaded you to believe her guiltless. She is handsome, and we all know the power of beauty. But when you talk of plots in this house—under my nose—under the nose of Colonel Rivers—oh, that is too absurd for belief, you know! And when you insult and abuse our estimable colonel to his face—it is really more than I can bear."

"I, too, am cut to the heart!" exclaimed Mrs. Van Wert, in a tragic tone. "Positively the whole affair grows more scandalous every moment. Berate me, Mr. Heron—call me all sorts of dreadful names, if you like, but spare—spare the colonel!" and she began to sob anew.

Heron moved toward the door. He was badly beaten, but he did not seem to know it.

"The assertions which I have made must

patience! That will come. Be assured that I shall spare neither money nor effort to bring the truth to light. As surely as there is a God in heaven, all of you will yet see and acknowledge your gross mistake, and Hazel Ferrers's innocence-till then, good-by."

Miss Carbury gave a scornful sniff.

Heron's hand was on the door-knob, when the colonel, with playful irony, asked:

"At what time, Mr. Heron, may we confidently look for your proofs?"

Suddenly, and with great violence, the door was flung wide open from without.

"Now!" cried a voice, and on the threshold towered an apparition that electrified every person in the drawing-room.

It was a woman, with high head thrown back, and sloe-black eyes blazing like coals of fire in her death-white but determined face.

"Stop, Mr. Heron!" she cried, throwing out her arms to bar his way. "Stop and hear me! It was I who put the bracelets in Hazel Ferrers's trunk-it was I who hid Miss Carbury's money and ring there. I swear it by everything in earth and heaven. I stole them all—I—I!"

CHAPTER XXV.

WITH pale, quivering nostrils—with her whole majestic figure braced, as if for some desperate struggle, Jael stared from face to face of the aghast group.

"I am the thief'!" she repeated, with the shrillness of intense excitement. "Mr. Heron, you did well to believe in your wife's innocence—yes, I was listening outside the door. I heard you say that you had married Miss Ferrers. She is good, she is blameless. I am the sinner, and she the victim!"

In the general consternation. Pitt Rivers was the first to find his speech. With a serious air he advanced toward the girl, and simply spoke her name:

"Jael!"

His voice, always, like his temper, under perfect control, expressed nothing but profound astonishishment; nevertheless, the effect upon Jael was startling. Her boldness vanished; a tremor went over her tall figure. She drew back a step, staring at Rivers in a sort of frightened fas nation.

"Jael!" he said again, even more gently than

She put out her hands, as if to hold him off.

- "I will not unsay it!" she half screamed. will die first !"
- "Unsay it? I should hope not," answered stand to-day without actual proof," he said; "but | Colonel Rivers. "Why did you not speak before?

why did you suffer us to accuse Miss Ferrers wrongfully?"

All the courage was gone from her look—she shrank like a terrified child.

. "Because I was a coward," she faltered, with chattering teeth; "because I was desperately afraid, sir; but," with growing intensity, "I'll speak now, if I die for it! Mind, I take all the guilt on myself; I implicate no other person-I stand alone, sir. Weeks ago, I stole Miss Carbury's money and jewels—I've kept them in my possession ever since. Her dog Punch knew me on the night of the robbery, and so failed to bark, and waken her. I stole Mrs. Van Wert's bracelets. while she and her maid were sleeping after the ball. I entered her chamber by the door through Annette's closet. I put the things in Miss Ferrers's trunk that you might fasten my wickedness on that innocent girl. Give me over to the police —punish me as you like—I do not care what happens now!"

"My poor Jael," said Colonel Rivers, in a very grave tone, "we will decide about your punishment later."

Then he turned to Heron, with the air of a man who can hardly credit his own senses.

"I never heard of such an extraordinary thing in my life!" he began. "You have me at your mercy, Heron. What can I say—what do—to express my mortification and regret? It is useless to hope that either you or the new Mrs. Heron will be able to pardon the monstrous blunder made by us to-day."

"Oh, poor Hazel!" cried Miss Carbury, wringing her hands in the deepest contrition. "I will apologize upon my knees, Mr. Heron. We will all apologize. To think that we should lay the sins of this brazen creature at her door—it is really too dreadful!"

Mrs. Van Wert was looking at Jael in what she meant to be a penetrating fashion.

"Your Blackbird lover, Bagley, must be at the bottom of all this," she said.

"No, madam," dissented Jael, sharply. "Blame no one but me—accuse no one but me. Joe Bagley knew nothing about it."

Not till this moment had the colonel betrayed any anger against the culprit; but now a hard, cold look came into his face—he waved Jael imperatively toward the door.

"You have said enough—go to your own quarters!" commanded, "and remain there till Mrs. Steele returns from the town. Then report to her—she will settle accounts with you. Of course you leave my service immediately."

With her eyes on the speaker, Jael made a precipitate movement across the threshold of the drawing - room. At the name of Mrs. Steele a blank terror overspread her face. She seemed to

see some sight of horror—some Damoclean sword suspended—invisible to others.

"Sir, sir!" she cried, in a wild, entreating way, "don't send me to Mrs. Steele—settle with me yourself—punish me yourself!" But Rivers made a single gesture, as though taking final leave of her. The door closed—Jael vanished.

Francis Heron looked around on his companions.

"It seems that the mystery of the day is solved," he said, dryly. "I would like to ask if, in any mind here, a doubt is left concerning Hazel Ferrers's innocence?"

"Pray, do not humiliate us with such a question," groaned Miss Carbury. "I am sure we all feel as though we were partners in Jael's guilt."

"Even if Mrs. Heron should condescend to forgive us, we can never forgive ourselves," said the colonel. Heron bowed coldly.

"As my task is accomplished," he said, "I need not detain any of you longer." And he took his hat, and immediately left the house.

Turning homeward through the Wolfsden garden, Heron looked as he felt—deeply disturbed. Hazel was fully exonerated — her innocence, by the unexpected aid of Jael, established beyond a doubt. But as he went, he mused:

"Gracious Heaven! how that girl's face changed the instant she met Rivers's serene eyes, and heard his silky voice! What terrific power does he wield over her that his first word should take all her courage like that? And when he mentioned Mrs. Steele, the poor thing looked as if she had been ordered to report to Apollyon of the Pit—"

Something crashed suddenly through a thicket behind him—he heard a hoarse breath, and lo! Jael herself tore past him, like some wild thing flying for life. She was without bonnet or outer garment. Her ashen face, turned back over one shoulder toward Wolfsden, was full of a mortal foar—a deadly apprehension. Poor, guilty creature! Plainly she did not mean to report to Mrs. Steele! She shot by Heron, as though he was imperceptible to mortal eye, and plunging headlong into the shrubbery, disappeared in the direction of the high-road.

"Jael!" he cried. "Hi there! I want to speak to you." But he called in vain—the waiting-maid was gone.

Heron experienced a sudden unpleasant thrill. In spite of her guilt, which he laid wholly to the charge of her long association with the Blackbirds, he was deeply interested in Jael. How could he forget the service that she had rendered at the mills, on the night of the strikers' visit? or the warning given to Vivian, whereby the robbery of Heroncroft had been averted? Surely he had good cause to think kindly of the girl. He

followed through the shrubbery, to which shreds of her cotton gown clung, in witness of her wild flight, and on to the fence, bordering the highway. There the road described an abrupt curve, and he could see nothing of the fugitive. Doubtless she had fled to the Nest—her only home. He leaped the wall, into his own grounds, and immediately came upon Graham Vivian, pacing about under the old pear-trees of the garden.

"The seed sown by you at Black River has borne fruit to-day, Vivian!" he began, slipping his arm through his friend's. "As I feel sure that this dénouement is due entirely to your influence, you must be the first to hear the story."

He told it briefly. In conclusion, his voice took a troubled tone.

"I am disturbed about Jael," he said, "for I have an impression that, bad as things appear on the surface, there is something worse remaining untold. Her face, as she tore through the garden, looking back to Wolfsden, was Tragedy itself. She seemed to see a death's-head at her shoulder. Some spur more powerful than the fear of being delivered to the police urged her headlong flight from that house."

"We must find her at once!" cried Vivian, with lively concern. "We must befriend her at this crisis, Heron. She has noble elements in her character. All her impulses are true—generous. She must be saved from the Blackbirds—her voluntary confession will certainly bring her to grief, and from this hour render the Nest unsafe for her. She must be rescued from thieves and vagabonds, and given a chance in life."

"Right!" said Francis Heron. "I have an urgent errand in town. When it is done, I will meet you at the mills. Meanwhile, take my best horse, and ride down to the Nest and find Jael. My housekeeper shall make a place for her here at Heroncroft, till we can decide about her future."

They turned about and started for the stables. "Do you think that Rivers and the ladies design to enter complaint against Jael and bring her to punishment?" asked Vivian. "Our neighbor has hitherto been very lenient with the Blackbirds. Will he make an example of this girl, who is merely a tool in the hands of evil associates? Will not your cousin, Miss Pole," his voice changing a little, "intercede for her?"

Heron's face clouded.

"I forgot to tell you that Sergia is ill, and, so far as I can discover, knows nothing about the nefarious business."

"Ill!" echoed Vivian, in a constrained tone.
"Not seriously, I hope?"

"I cannot say. You must know, Vivian, that the events of this day have not increased my esteem for Colonel Pitt Rivers. I told him to his

face that he was a liar and a coward. I believe him to be both."

"Your uncle loved him like a brother."

"Yes; but my poor uncle was a whimsical invalid, of unsound judgment, as was plainly shown when he trusted both his daughter and his ducats to a perfect stranger—perhaps an adventurer. As you have doubtless heard, Rivers chanced to win his gratitude in some railway accident abroad. Being a clever fellow, he knew how to make the most of his good fortune. In his will, my uncle left him fifty thousand dollars and the care of Sergia. Bah! I tell you, Vivian, the man who can gamble with a moneyed guest, like Sir Griffin Hopewood, and fleece him nightly—the man who can keep for a housekeeper a dubious, dual character, like Mrs. Steele—is hardly the person to inspire confidence in his neighbors. I am not sure that it is safe to leave Sergia to such guardianship."

Not without strong emotion could Graham Vivian hear the name of the blonde beauty who had so cruelly scorned and flouted him. She was ill! The news sent a suffocating thrill through his heart. He had thought himself strong, well-disciplined; now he knew that he was weak—unstable as water—that the fight was not yet fought nor the victory won.

"Rivers is the guardian appointed by Miss Pole's father," he said, in a low voice. "You cannot interfere with his authority, Heron."

"I do not design to interfere, without just cause," replied Heron, briefly. "But, being nearest of kin to Sergia, it is plainly my duty to watch the polished colonel, and his methods of guarding a ward who is both rich and beautiful."

He turned his gaze toward the green knoll, crowned with chestnuts, where the dust-brown house stood, high above the hollow of Heroncroft. Twilight was now closing in. From the upper windows of the mansion lights began to twinkle.

"A mysterious house!" muttered Heron. "I do not half understand the things that have happened there of late! One word more, Vivian, about my cousin Sergia: For weeks I have entertained a secret hope that she might fall in love with you, and lure you, somehow, to abandon your determination to lead a celibate life."

Vivian's face was like a marble mask. There were secrets in his life which he could not confide even to his friend.

"That is great nonsense, Heron," he answered. "I am the last man on earth to be mentioned in such a connection—a poor clergyman, with an empty purse and a tainted name."

"Pooh! You dwell too much on that latter subject, dear boy. Where is the person that, once knowing you, would stop to ask about your family secrets? I would like well to see my cousin and

her fortune safe in your possession. Your views are all wrong—you know nothing about women they are kinder — more generous than they seem-"

. He saw the curious look on Vivian's handsome face, and stopped short, biting his lip.

"No-I err!" he corrected, hotly. "Women

are as cruel as death-shun them, man, as you would the pestilence!"

And with long, nervous strides he hurried on to the stable-door in advance of his friend, and called to a groom to saddle the horses and lead them out.

"We will meet at the mills," said Vivian, and he mounted first, and rode away through the fast-falling night.

Heron tarried long enough to draw out a notebook, and by the aid of a stablelantern, held aloft by the groom, to pencil Jael's story hurriedly on a blank leaf. This he tore out and gave to his servant.

"Take it to the house—to—to Mrs. Heron," he said, speaking the new name with some difficulty. The next moment he was in the saddle, riding out of

Heroncroft. He had told Vivian that an urgent errand called him to the town. About its urgency there could be no doubt, for at break-neck speed he dashed across the bridge, and away over the narrow, dark road to Black River.

The events of the day provided ample food for thought on the way—his mind was as busy as his street of the town, just as a church-clock was striking eight, and pulled up before the door of a telegraph-station.

Several hours had elapsed since the flight of Sir Griffin Hopewood from Wolfsden, but Heron felt assured that his rival had gone no farther than Boston. Fortunately, he chanced to know

> the hotel which the baronet was most likely to honor with his presence there. Grim as fate-full of a bitter satisfaction - he entered the little office, and dispatched to Sir Griffin the following laconic message:

"Miss Ferrers innocent. Guilty party confesses."

God pity the man when he should read those words! If there was any love for Hazel left in his heart, he would surely call on the earth to open and cover him! His errand done, his Parthian shaft sent to the breast of his rival, Heron closed the door of the little station. mounted his horse again, and turned homeward.

There was no urgency now in his pace. In a sudden revulsion of feeling, he let the rein drop on the animal's neck, and suffered him

to fall into a sober walk. What had he done? Stabbed Sir Griffin to the heart, but also provoked a dire catastrophe; for would not the baronet, in his penitence and remorse, fly at once to seek Hazel's forgiveness? Then how would it be with the unhappy girl, divided forever from the lover whom she might have pardoned, and bound irrevhorse's heels. He clattered into the principal ocably to Heron — the man whom she could only



"I BRING FRESH SHOWERS FOR THE THIRSTING FLOWERS."

hate? He sickened at thought of the scene that must ensue—at the inevitable anguish and despair awaiting his bride. He could have cursed himself for the bonds which he had helped Judge Ferrers to impose upon her. What was wealth to the girl, compared with liberty and love? Great Heaven? He had made a sad, mad marriage indeed, and there was no remedy for it on this side of the grave.

Moody and absorbed, Heron took the road to the silent mills. There industry was still suspended, for the strike was not yet "off," nor the breach betwixt master and men healed. He, waited some time in the mill-yard before Vivian appeared. The latter wore a disturbed look.

"What news?" said Heron.

"None," replied Vivian. "Jael is not at the Nest-has not been there. I have searched all the ins and outs of the place, and can glean no tidings of her."

"Strange! Of course, you have interviewed the Bagleys?"

"One, at least-old Sal was at the shanty alone. She swears she has not seen Jael for eight and forty hours. I attempted to quicken her memory with a bank-note, and failed, so it is plain that Jael has not been night he Nest."

"By Jove! where, then, shall we look for her? The terrible fear on her face, as she fled through the Wolfsden garden, haunts me still. She cannot have thrown herself into the river-eh, Vivian?"

"Out of the question!" answered Vivian, promptly. "Jael is no coward, to add self-destruction to her other sin. The girl would be more likely to meet punishment with a brave front."

The two went down to the river-bank, and stood there, looking silently around. Bruce was somewhere about, but not visible. The night was dark, save for myriad stars, and all the winds were laid. Did Vivian remember another night of moonlight and glamour—the little boat—the fair woman with roses in her bosom, who had deluded and mocked him-the

" Love that was lost, ere it came to birth, Weed of the wave, without fruit on earth"?

Surely he did remember! In the sheltering shadow, his Antinous face grew very pale.

"Hark!" said Heron. "Is anything stirring here ?"

They listened, but heard only a water-rat scurrying down the bank.

"It is evident that we must give over the search for to-night," said Heron, in a disappointed tone; and the two turned back to the mill-gate, where the horses waited.

his saddle, looking out into the dark, still road, he suddenly discerned a woman's figure, black, slender, graceful, moving swiftly, noiselessly. along the highway, straight past the mills, and into the ingulfing night beyond.

"Who was that?" whispered Francis Heron.

"The Wolfsden housekeeper, Mrs. Steele," an swered Vivian.

"Ah! She has returned from the town. is hurrying down to the Nest-to find Jael, perhaps. Let us leave the horses here, Vivian, and follow her."

CHAPTER XXVI.

MBS. STEELE.

IT was quite true.

The slim, black figure, solitary, unattended. gliding so rapidly by Heron's Mills, and disappearing in the night, was no other than Colonel Rivers's housekeeper; and so absorbed was that lady in her own thoughts that she quite failed to notice the two men watching her in the opening of the mill-gate.

Along the moonless road she went, and turned into a by-way leading down to the Nest. dank mists curling up from the river hung white in mid-air. Not a breath stirred the pines of the preaching-field, but from the cottages and the dram-shops arose abundant sounds of life-mostly of a kind offensive to ears polite. Unflinchingly Mrs. Steele made her way straight to the narrow, unsavory lane where stood the Baglev shanty. A light, shining from a coarsely curtained window, told her that the occupants were within. Daintily she picked her way around the refuse-heaps of the place, like one familiar with all its pitfalls, and advancing to the low door, she gave two distinct, imperious raps. In answer, a bolt was drawn, and the face of old Sal Bagley peered out.

"I knowed 'twas your knock, ma'am," she said, "Come in." dryly.

Mrs. Steele stepped into the shanty. She was dressed in widow's weeds of fine, soft texture. Her gray puffs clustered smoothly under a close crape bonnet. Her glasses were off, for once, and with a comprehensive glance her brilliant yellow eyes swept the small, bare room.

"Jael is not here!" she said, with conviction-"she has not been here."

Old Sal shook her unkempt head.

"Of course not. The preacher was at the door just now, looking for her. You might have met him, ma'am."

"No. My curse on that man!" murmured Mrs. Steele, as softly as though she was pronouncing a benediction.

"He thought he must find her in the Nest. Why should anybody think that?" cried Sal, As Vivian stood with a hand on the pommel of | shrilly. "Jael knows we can't hide her, even if

we should want to. She knows this is the first place to be suspected—she wouldn't come to us."

The two women, one graceful and elegant, one ugly and repulsive, stood on either side of the pine table, whereon the daily meals of the Bagleys were spread; and strange to say, that hard-dened old sinner Sal shrank and trembled before the refined Mrs. Steele. The latter began drawing the gloves from her handsome white hands, as though preparing for business.

"Where is Joe?" she asked.

"He's a-laying down, ma'am-resting hisself."

"Call him!"

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Old Sal shuffled across the floor, and opened a door communicating with an inner room.

"Get up, Joe!" she cried, and a bed creaked, as though she was vigorously shaking some heavy body upon it. Then followed a grunt and an oath, and soon after, a few lines of song drawled out in a sleepy, yawning voice:

"Hey, trolly lolly! A leg to the devil!

Come, answer him civil, and off with your cap.

Hey, trolly lolly! Be done with your drivel—

Good-morrow, Sir Evil,

We've finished the tap,

And saving your Worship, we care not a rap!"

Leisurely Mr. Bagley seemed to rise from his couch, and prepare himself for the presence of ladies. An odor of bad tobacco invaded the room, and then bullet-headed Joe, with his hands stuck in his breeches-pockets, appeared in the middle door, drawing long whiffs from a freshly lighted clay pipe. Mrs. Steele made a little gesture of disgust.

"Lout!" she said.

"Beg parding!" answered Mr. Bagley; "I forgot I was called to speak to a true-blue lady, that don't relish the 'baccy. Well, a man must have a little comfort. I was out all last night, you see, up and down, raiding orchards and hen-roosts—small game, of course, but not to be despised, since Blackbirds have appetites, as well as other folks."

He seated himself, in a free and easy way, on the edge of the pine table.

Mrs. Steele eyed him with cold disapproval.

"Orchards and hen-roosts sound a little trivial just now," she sneered. "Is it possible, Joe Bagley, that you could sleep after the news that was sent you to-day? You should be searching for that traitress Jael, instead of napping, like an idiot, on the brink of a volcano."

"Softly!" said Mr. Bagley. "I staid here to wait for orders—I couldn't act until I got 'em."

"Recall the oaths which bind the Blackbirds together. Each of us has sworn to be silent and obedient—never, on pain of death, to betray each other—to stand by our leaders, through thick and thin—to——"

"Bless you! I know it all!" interrupted Bagley, with some impatience. "And Jael has gone and busted regulations, and kicked clean over oaths, like a frisky filly. Well, I've been expecting something of the kind for a space back. Weeks ago, I warned you to look out for her; but you thought you had her well in hand, which was a trifling mistake of yours. That girl is a rum one! Blood will tell," and he winked facetiously. "Now, Madam Maisie, I wait for you to speak. Age before beauty. What's going to be done about it?"

She stood and looked Bagley full in the face, with a long, unwinking gaze.

"'Diseases desperate grown
By desperate appliance are relieved,"

she quoted. "Jael is to be killed wherever found!"

She spoke the diabolic words very softly. A stranger, listening, would have doubted his own ears. Not so Mr. Bagley, who knew the speaker well.

"Just as I supposed," he muttered, putting his clay pipe down on the table. "She has grit—that Jael! Stood and shouted to em all that she was the thief, eh? Now, who could foresee anything like that? Of course, she won't stop there. She'll out with the whole story afore she's done."

"Undoubtedly. Find her, Joe, and shoot her at sight, after which you may vanish from Black River, and return here no more. This is the order I bring you: Sentence has been passed on the girl, and you are chosen to execute it."

There was a sudden sharp cry, and old Sal, rushing forward, leaned her withered arms on the table, and glared at Mrs. Steele in horror and fear.

"Joe is her foster-brother!" she fairly shrieked.

"That does not matter," replied Mrs. Steele, indifferently. "If I had her within reach, I think I could strangle her with these hands," holding out the delicate white members in the lamp-light.

"Oh Lord, Lord!" groaned Sal. "What a heart you have, to be sure! I couldn't say that, nor any other woman made of flesh and blood. Jael was a baby when she was brought here, and I reared her like my own. You're too cruel hard on the girl, Maisie Dee—you were always hard on her."

"You reared her like your own?" repeated Mrs. Steele, paying little heed to the change of name. "Bah! Never was work done so badly, Mother Sal. There was always something wrong with the creature—"

"No, no!" cried Sal; "never till the young preacher came to Black River!"

Mrs. Steele smiled wickedly.

"The preacher!—ah! But we cannot discuss cause and effect now—it is enough to know that Jael has grown unspeakably dangerous of late. She wants only a chance to tell all that she knows—her tongue is untied—it will keep wagging, as Joe has intimated, until it is stopped. Necessity knows no law. To spare her, means destruction to us all. She shall not be spared. She knew that I hated the little Ferrers, and longed to destroy her, and she deliberately thwarted the work—opened my trap, and let the prey out. I might forgive everything else, but not that—never that!"

"Jael didn't mention names!" pleaded Sal, wildly. "She took everything on herself—she involved no one."

"That will do for a beginning." sneered Mrs. Steele; "but how will it be when she is questioned by the young preacher? It's not safe to give her more time, I tell you. In the Blackbird code, treachery is punishable with death. Jacl is a traitress—let her pay the penalty."

But Sal, with the wild gray hair pushed back from her wretched face, pounded on the table

with protesting hands.

"No, no!" she cried. "You're a wicked woman, Maisie Dee—so wicked, that, as the Lord hears me, you chill the marrow in my bones. I'm clean afraid of you! Beat Jael—lash her, as you've done often enough—haven't I seen the blood on her clothes—the scars in her flesh? But don't go to kill her! Joe won't do it—none of the Blackbirds will do it."

But Sal had reckoned without her host. Joe pushed her roughly back from the table.

"Tut, mother—you're losing your wits," he said. "I hope I know my duty. I'm a strict disciplinarian—equal to Maisie herself. Jael has blowed—more than once, too," with a round oath, "and that's a thing we can't afford to tolerate. The night we tried to burn Heron's Mills, she foiled us. Who but she put Heron on his guard, that other night when we went to rob him? Who warned the Talcotts about their butler Collins? We've shown forbearance enough," his voice took a savage tone. "I'm ordered to kill Jael—well, by the powers! I will kill her! From this minute her life isn't worth the fillip of a finger!"

With a groan, Sal recoiled from the two.

"You might remember who the girl is." she faltered, feebly.

"What's the use?" replied Joc. "As things are now, we'd better forget that."

Mrs. Steele took from her belt a watch blazing with diamonds—an elegant and costly time-piece, which another person might have hesitated to expose in the Bagley shanty. In drawing it forth, she flung aside her mourning-mantle, and Joe's sharp glance, following the line of her neat belt,

discovered something more confined therein—a little gold-mounted revolver.

"Ha! ha!" he laughed, greatly diverted by the sight; "do you wear that toy for defense, Maisie? Perhaps you think it isn't safe for you to venture into the Nest unarmed? 'Pon my soul, it would be a bold party that dared meddle with you!"

With an unmoved countenance, she consulted her jeweled watch.

"I came prepared to meet Jael here," she said, quietly, significantly. "Past nine o'clock! In the company of old friends, time flies fast. So," assuming a meditative air, "that preacher is also out to-night, looking for the girl? Now, I was congratulating myself that he had left Black River, to come back no more—that he was fairly started on his journey to the other side of the globe."

"There's some hitch in the proceedings," answered Joe. "He stopped to marry Heron, and now, I dare say, he'll stay to bury the old nabob that's just dead at Heroncroft. I've scouts out in that quarter, and know all that's going on there. It's safe to say that the little Ferrers is about out of your reach, Maisie. Besides being Heron's wife, and as such, pretty well protected against enemies, she's to come in for a big fortune from the old fellow that's dead."

Mrs. Steele set her teeth. Her long, narrow face betrayed her inward fury.

"A curious fatality has pursued me in this case," she began, in a suffocating voice. "I fancied that I had Hazel Ferrers where I could crush her; but it seems that I have succeeded only in breaking her engagement with the Englishman—that is but a meagre triumph, for Heron is the better man of the two."

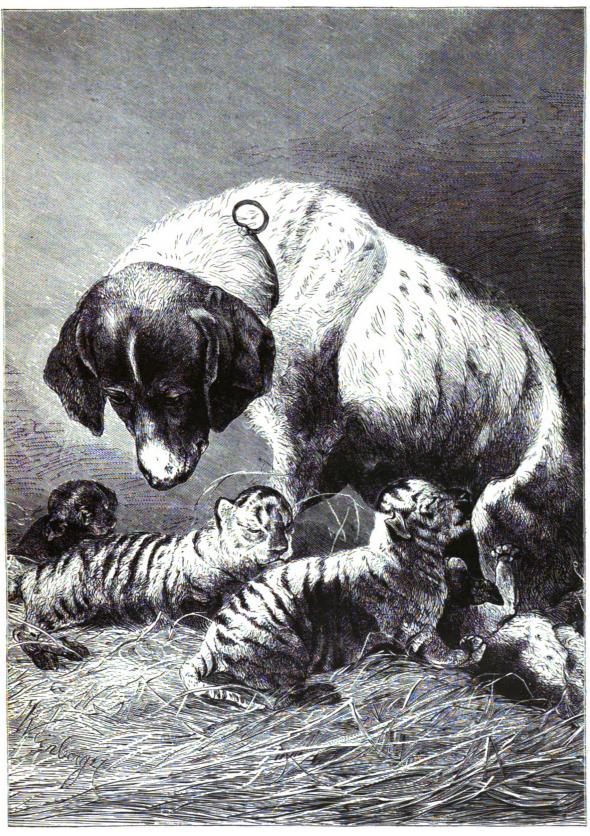
"Precisely, Maisie. Don't you think "—with an exasperating grin—"that you was a trifle hard on the Ferrers? Now, I couldn't have had the heart to lay such a trap for the little beauty. Well, let us return to our muttons, as the French say. I must find my game before I can wing it. Do you expect Jael to show herself at this shanty again? The girl is no fool."

"No—look for her elsewhere—everywhere, Joe Bagley! It is a misfortune that she got away from Wolfsden in my absence, for she ransacked my desk and carried off certain papers—— Hush!" her voice changing suddenly; "not another word—I hear some one moving up the lane."

Joe arose from his seat on the edge of the table.

"You've a deuced sharp ear, Maisic. Maybe it's the preacher come back to pursue inquiries about his convert. Awkward for you to be seen here."

But evidently Mrs. Steele did not concur in



THE FOSTER-MOTHER.

that opinion, for she coolly picked up her gloves, and moving to the door, stood, a black silhouette, in the light that streamed forth from old Sal's lamp.

A few yards distant, among the refuse-heaps of the lane, two men were consulting in low voices.

"Mr. Vivian!" she called, promptly. "Yes, it is you, and you have brought Mr. Heron with you! Ah, I see—you are still looking for poor Jael. We meet on common ground, then, and with the same purpose in view."

Thus addressed, the twain advanced to the

shanty-door.

"It is late for ladies to be abroad at the Nest," said Heron, dryly; "but fortunately, yours is not a timid nature, Mrs. Steele!"

"True — when I am seeking the good of others," she answered, with a gentle smile. "One finds courage in doing one's duty—is it not so, Mr. Vivian?" turning her pale face upon the young preacher. "You must know, because you are always searching for the lost sheep. Tell me, have you any news of that poor, unfortunate girl?"

"None," said Vivian, briefly.

"Too bad!" sighed Mrs. Steele, "especially as Colonel Rivers and his lady-guests have decided to forgive her everything. If she will promise to do better in the future, they will let the matter drop. I have come from Wolfsden at this hour, to find her, and tell her this."

"Very kind of you!" said Vivian, but somewhat coldly.

"You pity her, Mr. Vivian—so do I. You feel a friendly interest in the erring creature—you want to do her good—so do I. Should you hear anything of her to-night—above all, if you are fortunate enough to discover her hiding-place—will you kindly send me word at once?"

"Certainly," he answered, "providing that Jael herself wishes me to do so."

She gave him a sharp, displeased glance, and stepped down into the lane.

Vivian went up to the threshold of the shanty, and looked in.

Joe had vanished.

Sal sat alone at the table, bending over a piece of knitting.

"Didn't I tell you, an hour ago, that Jael wasn't here?" said the old woman, grimly.

"Never mind," he answered; "I have a message for her, which I forgot to mention on my previous visit. I came back to leave it with you."

She looked up quickly from her knitting.

"A message, sir!"

"Yes. Jael may put in an appearance tonight—to-morrow—at any hour. Whenever you see her, Mother Bagley, tell her to fear nothing

from any quarter—tell her she has friends who will not fail her. If she needs shelter, money, help of any kind, let her take the nearest road to Heroncroft."

The woman turned on him a pair of wild eyes, in which sudden hope blended with deadly fear. But the next instant she recovered herself, and bent again over her knitting.

"Thank ye kindly, sir," she muttered. "I'll tell her, if she comes; but she won't come!"

Vivian turned back into the lane where Francis Heron was waiting.

Mrs. Steele had flitted away—disappeared in the night.

In silence the two friends returned to the mills, mounted their horses, and started for Heroncroft.

"I wonder what the Steele wanted at Bagley's to-night?" began Heron, thoughtfully. "Of course, that story about seeking Jael to appease her fears, and carry her news of pardon, was pure fiction."

Vivian, who was also meditating, answered, rather irrelevantly:

"Did you ever think, Heron, that the Blackbirds—by which I mean the band of thieves who, under cover of that name, hide amongst your mill-folks—might be closely connected with the criminal gangs of the great cities?"

"Yes," answered Heron, promptly. "Have I not often told you that a cleverer head than Joe Bagley's conceives the plans which he clumsily executes—a cleverer head, belonging to some man—perhaps some woman—of genius."

"Woman!" echoed Vivian.

"Who knows? These Blackbirds are a curious study. A portion of them, as you can bear witness, are fairly respectable, though all live in a sort of moral malaria. Vagabonds, petty pilferers, not to say expert thieves, have become strangely mixed with a decent working populalation. Doubtless a student of sociology would tell us that more than one New England village harbors an element of the same dubious kind in its borders—'tribes,' dreaded by their neighbors. and with whom the law deals feebly-never with any attempt to expose their secret connections-Hi, Lancer!" as his horse shied suddenly at some movement in the way-side darkness. "There was a figure moving up the road before us, only a moment ago—I fancied it might be Mrs. Steele, on her way back to Wolfsden-what the mischief has become of her?"

(To be continued.)

LEATHER CANNON.

"LET me give you a bit of history," said a down-town leather merchant the other day, "that many a student has overlooked. The ob-



jects of peace are not all that leather figures in, for it is to leather that we owe the introduction of light artillery. Leather cannon have been actually tried on the battle-field, and, what is more, turned the tide of one of the greatest battles of modern times. The inventor of leathern artillery was a certain Colonel Robert Scott, a Scotchman in the service of Charles I. of England.

"He constructed guns of hardened leather and experimentally tried them. The result was that they were pronounced superior to guns made of brass or iron. But the colonel did not live long to enjoy the greatest triumph of his invention. He died in 1631, and a monument erected to his memory I have seen in a church-yard in London. This monument represents him as an armorclad, fierce-looking man, wearing a heavy mustache and pointed beard.

"In the very year of the colonel's death the effectiveness of his leathern artillery was amply proved on the memorable field of Leipsic, where, September 7th, 1631, Gustavus Adolphus achieved his splendid victory over the Imperialists under General Tilly. It is said that it was owing to the invention of Colonel Scott that the victory was obtained.

"The guns were found to be so easily carried that a small battery could fly from one part of the field to another, and thus artillery be brought to bear where most needed—a thing impossible with the heavy artillery of that period. Certain it is that leathern artillery was used in this great battle by Gustavus, though it is equally certain that the guns were never used afterward. The reason of that, however, was that, the leather guns having demonstrated the value of light artillery, a way was discovered of making the metal guns lighter, and the greater durability of the latter gave them the superiority."

ST. JEANNE D'ARC.

THE cause for the canonization of Jeanne d'Arc will, as soon as the documents relating to her life are ready, be discussed by the Cardinals' Sacred Congregation, at Rome; and when the rites of canonization are celebrated the French heroine will have become a saint. This will not happen for years yet, as she must pass through two grades beforehand. She must first be made venerable; then she becomes the venerable servant of God; after that she must be beatified. Every minute particular relating to her life is being looked into with the greatest care. Monsignor Caprara is the learned advocate always employed by the Vatican in matters concerning beatifications and can-

"My colleagues," he says, "give me the name

cause it is my business to find out all sins committed by, and all the worst points in the life of, the person to be beatified or canonized. Now, in the case of Jeanne d'Arc this becomes rather difficult, as there is not much in history to tell us anything of her private life. However, we are making deep researches, and shall be able, undoubtedly, to discover her weak points when all the documents are ready. The case will then be discussed before the Congregation of Cardinals by the advocate, who pleads the cause, Signor Marini, and by me, who oppose, on the ground of those bad points which have been discovered. If, however, the cardinals judge in the heroine's favor, the cause is then pleaded before the Pope by the Consistorial Advocate, Signor Marucchi.

"The Pope having given his consent, Jeanne will then be made venerable. Before she is beatified it is necessary that in the course of her life she should have accomplished four miracles. It must not be supposed by that that she should have restored any one to life, or done anything in any way supernatural, but some particular episode, like some one very wonderfully cured or miraculously saved from accident in her presence, for instance. This may sound somewhat ridicu-I can tell you that this kind of miracle has happened in our own century. If in her case they exist, they must then be most carefully and minutely examined. That takes time, and must also be legally confirmed, and as far as I can judge she will not be made blessed for another eight or nine years. When once blessed, it is necessary that two other miracles should happen to persons who, imploring her intercession, have their petitions granted. Then she will be canonized, and become St. Jeanne d'Arc."

A PROVENÇAL RELIC.

THE interesting relic of mediæval days which is here represented in a sketch by Herbert Pierson, stands in a rocky nook of the enclos, or Cour de la Reine Jeanne (now a vineyard), midway between Arles and the ancient fortress of Les Baux. It is generally known as the Pavillon d'Amour, in reference to the romantic "Courts of Love" which in the days of the Troubadours held their sessions in such localities. The pavilion is a little gem of mediæval domestic architecture enriched with elaborate sculpture, the roof supported by fluted columns surmounted by a carved frieze and dog-tooth cornice, exquisite in taste and finish, and in wonderful preservation; for (like so many other relics in Provence) it is attributed to the time of "La Reine Jeanne." What "Reine Jeanne" it does not seem easy to discover, but she appears to be in some way of l'Avvocate del Diavolo, or Devil's Advocate, be- | mixed up in the Provençal mind with the ' bon

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roi René," who was the original occupant of Les Baux. "Presently," writes a recent visitor, "we caught sight of the owner of the land,

'That same old animal the vine-dresser,'

who, finding we were sketching and examining the building, drew near, but with a sullen expression which had in it a tone of proprietorship. It seemed politic to open the conversation,

so we remarked on the beauty of the structure, adding what a sad pity it seemed that it should be allowed to fall into decay, and calling his attention to the sculptured keystone of one of the arches. which scarcely held in its place.

" He turned very surly at the interference, asking, 'What was the use of patching up an old thing like that?...It had been in that state ever since he had it, and what had he got to do with repairing it? It was of no use to him

Pavillion of Love.

PAVILLON D'AMOUR, LES BAUX.

but just to throw his tools into, and if it were not for the trouble of pulling it down, he should be glad of the space it occupied to extend his cultivation. . . . Why, you might plant a score of pieds de choux on it,' he concluded.

"We succeeded in mollifying him at last by our admiration of the object, and assured him that if he knew his own interest he would preserve such a monument to attract visitors, who would gladly pay to be allowed to study it. "This was a new light, but it only gleamed for a moment, as he added, 'Qui voulez-vous qui s'occupe de ça? il ne vient jamais de curieux par ici.' And it is a singular fact that we have never seen a mention of this unique little relic even in the rare guide-books which do touch—and that scantily—on Provence and its monuments. As for Mérimée, whose mission it was to discover and report on them, few indeed are those he mentions. Even by Claretie, who writes on Provence

with the enthusiasm of a poet, neither this nor a number of equally interesting ruins we met with are alluded to in the few brief, nevertheless inspiring, pages in which he dismisses it.

"The old 'vine-dresser,' although rough, was disinterested. and would accept no fee, but appeared pleased when we made a present to his little granddaughter.

"We now hastened on, still guided by the child, to the Val d'Enfer. Up one road we went, and

down another, alike strewn with stones and fragments of rock, which made our progress difficult; across clefts, over crags, and along narrow paths crossed by briers and brush-wood, to a gradually widening gorge to which the infernal appellation has been given, and which finally opens out in view of Les Baux—Les Baux, perched on its bare, sun-burnt cliffs, its ruins haunted only by owls, artists, and the memories of the so-called Dark Ages—of song and chivalry and war."



SAVED BY A LIFE.

BY BRANDT KNOX.

IT was noon by the sun, noon by the tall clock in front of the school-house, noon by the dismal shriek of the factory-whistle way out yonder by the river-bank-noon; and as the shrill strains died away in piereing echo, a man stepped out of the post-office, and, whistling softly to himself, sprang off the sidewalk and started to cross the dusty, sunny street. He was a bright-faced young fellow, whose looks and motions betokened perfect health and a robust physique. Half-way across, he halted, as if overtaken by a thought, and then turned to retrace his steps. At this moment George Loomer, cashier of the Hopeton Bank, came out of his banking-room and crossed the street behind the young stranger, on his way to dinner. No one else was in sight; the quiet little village seemed to be fast asleep beneath the moonday sun, when the sharp report of a revolver rang out upon the drowsy air, and George Loomer, with a scream of mortal agony, sprang into the air and fell dead upon his face in the dust of the road, a bullet in his brain. To the young man, within five feet of him, the whole thing was like a visionary picture from Dante's hell; he saw an



WAS A HARD, STRAINING PULL, BUT THE DESPERATE SITUATION GAVE HER STRENGTH.". GLITTERED FOR A MOMENT WITH RIFLE AND PISTOL FLAMES, BUT NO BULLETS REACHED THEM." Vol. XXIX., No. 5-37.

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arm reach over the top of a box, the flame of the discharge seemed to burn his face and blind his eyes. As he staggered back, bewildered and amazed, he felt, rather than saw, a figure spring to his side, push something into his grasp, and go from him again. The next moment, as the little ring of smoke floated lazily upward, he stood there alone, above the prostrate form of the murdered cashier, a revolver clasped tightly in his hand. His first impulse was to fly; his next, to bend over the fallen man; but before he could carry either into execution the street was full of excited people, and men were thronging about him.

"Loomer is killed!" passed from lip to lip. The factory-people caught the shout, and came hurrying up with eager and determined faces.

"Loomer is killed!" swelled the cry-"murdered!"

A stoutly built, broad-shouldered man elbowed his way roughly through the throng and laid his left hand upon the stranger's shoulder, grasping the pistol with his right.

"You are my prisoner," he said, sternly; "I arrest you for the murder of George Loomer."

The prisoner started as if to break away, then said. firmly:

"I am not guilty - I never shot the man; I never saw him before."

"You had better attempt no resistance, and come quickly," was the only reply; then the speaker added: "Joe, Sam, you and Calvert help me take this man to the jail—quick, now!"

The men addressed closed round the prisoner; but before they could move back, the crowd, breaking from about the body, surged toward them, maddened with the crime and wild for vengeance.

"Hang the fellow!" shouted some one, hoarsely; and cries for revenge rang out on every side.

"Bring a rope!"

"That old tree on the corner will do!"

"Make a rush on them!"

Inch by inch, though pressed and threatened on every side, the guards, white-faced but determined, pushed their way, with the prisoner between them. Now some of the boldest made a rush forward. The sheriff flourished a revolver in either hand, and they fell back a few steps, cursing and threatening.

"Stand back!" was the order; "stand back, I tell you! Guilty or not guilty, you'll never get this man except over my dead body."

So they fought their way down the long street, saved by determined bravery and the fact that the crowd had no one to lead them in their vengeance. The prisoner was pale enough as he glanced about into the heated faces, and his eyes met the looks of hate leveled upon him from every side. But | ied in his hands. What thoughts were his? The

his step was firm, his countenance had nothing of the coward in it. Once it brightened almost into a smile. It was at the end of the street, and on the corner a group of women had gathered in terror, yet afraid to run. As the hunted man passed by, a girl's slender figure crept through the crowd of surging, shouting, maddened men, reached back of the guard and let one hand fall upon the prisoner's manacled wrists, while a soft voice murmured :

"Fred, I know you are innocent."

The young man turned to gaze just one instant into a pair of true brown eyes uplifted to his, to answer, quickly:

"Thank God, Rose, for that!"

And then the girl was swept backward in the crowd, and out of sight. The next moment the heavy jail-door swung to, the prisoner safe inside its protection, and the baffled crowd vainly battering its nail-studded front.

"Tough work, that," said the man called Calvert, wiping the perspiration from his face. "Do you think we can save the fellow, Jack?"

"I don't know. If I can keep them off late enough, I shall run him over to Crowder for safekeeping," replied the sheriff. "You fellows go outside and keep them away from the door. Well, young man, this is a pretty tough scrape you're in. What's your name?"

"Fred Hasbrook, and I am a civil engineer from Northfield," was the prompt reply.

"Do you know any one here?"

"Only one-" then checking himself-"No, no one who could help me in the least; but, Mr. Sheriff, I am not guilty." And he gave to the officer a full account of the affair, so far as he knew it.

The sheriff listened with interest, but said nothing until the end was reached.

"Well," he remarked, slowly getting up, "that story doesn't sound very probable, Hasbrook; still, I'm half inclined to believe it. Anyway, my lad, I'll do everything in my power to save you; but the people are pretty wild over the matter. I'll go out and see what they're planning to do." And Hasbrook was left alone in the dreary place, with nothing to break his dismal thoughts save the murmur of voices outside, and the occasional oath which found its way in through the grated window to reach his straining ears.

The long afternoon wore slowly away, the noise of angry voices died out, and the prisoner set there with his head buried in his hands. The long ray of sunlight that streamed in and painted the bare floor gold felt its way slowly up the wall, and finally died away altogether. The shadows began to gather, darkness crept over the room, and still Hasbrook sat there, his face bur-

stain of crime upon him; the blood-thirsty mob seeking his life; his own consciousness of innocence; the knowledge that it could not be proven to the satisfaction of any jury, even if he should be permitted to live to make the attempt. These thoughts burned into his throbbing brain as if seared there by red-hot irons. Then came the vision of Rose Butler, pretty, brown-eyed Rose, in love of whose sweet face he had been drawn again and again down into this rough country. Did she love him and cling to him still? He saw the tears glistening on the long lashes during that instant in the street, but it might have been nothing more than pity. He sprang to his feet in the darkness.

"I will never give up while I have life!" he exclaimed. "For Rose's sake, I'll die like a man, She shall never have cause to feel if I must. ashamed of me for that."

Hush! What was that? A noise overheadit sounded like the tearing of a board from its fastenings. Another and another. The mob was breaking in, to take his life — it could be nothing else!—and the hunted man felt about the little room for some weapon with which to defend himself. There was nothing but a chair. Desperately he clasped it, and drew back into the darkest corner, his eyes gleaming like those of a hunted animal, his teeth clinched, his face as white as death. Another sound overhead. The man crouched lower in his corner, muttering a prayer.

"The end is here!" he thought; "but I'll die hard!" There was a moment's silence; then a whisper cut the still air of the room like a knife:

"Fred!"

There was no answer. The man still crouched like a tiger in his corner.

"Fred!"

A spring forward. The chair fell to the floor.

"Rose, Rose, for God's sake, is that you?" he "Where are you?"

"Here," the low voice whispered, "just above your head. You must stand on the chair, and I will try and draw you up. Come quick, there is no time to lose."

There was nothing cowardly in Hasbrook's nature: his whole soul seemed to rise in rebellion at the thought of running away-to do so was almost to confess his guilt of the crime, was to ctamp his name forever with the brand of Cain.

"Rose I cannot," he faltered. "I am innocent. I hope to prove it. I must stay and face the trial as a man.'

"Stop!"—the girl's voice, trembling as it was, was yet full of decision - "there will be no trial, no hope. They will kill you as they would a dog. I heard them plan it all. This is your only chance, for one hundred men are organized to | iously, as soon as he dared to speak.

break in this jail at midnight—your only hope to clear your life of this stain is to fly with me. Will you go?"

The hunted man, kneeling in the darkness made no answer.

Again the soft voice spoke from above in appeal:

"Fred Hasbrook, I have risked my life to save yours—come, come for my sake, if you will not for your own."

For reply, Hasbrook sprang upon the chair, uplifted his hands, and tightly grasped that of the girl. It was a hard, straining pull, but the desperate situation gave her strength, and inch by inch he was lifted until his fingers closed upon a rafter, and with a struggle he swung his body upon the loose boards and lay beside his

"Rose," he cried, "what can I ever say or do that will repay you for such devotion?"

"Say nothing now—we have no time. Follow me."

She caught his hand, and together they crept along to an end window, which had been boarded up. Rose looked carefully out, and then, bidding him follow, stepped through it upon the roof of a shed. At its end Hasbrook dropped to the ground and then caught the girl, and the two crouched low in the shadow. Then down upon the air was borne the sound of voices-loud, angry voicesand the shuffle of many feet.

Rose started up.

"They are here already," she whispered, hastily. "We must run for the river—come!" Suiting the action to the word, and hand in hand, they started. Out of the tall weeds a man started with a gun in his hands. He had no time to lift it to his shoulder when Hasbrook struck him and darted past. The man fell to his knees, rallied again, and with an oath fired after the fast-receding figures of the fugitives. Rose gave a little cry and staggered forward, but Hasbrook, scarcely stopping, caught her up as he would a child, and hugging his burden to his breast, swept on toward the river. Shouts and shots behind him gave added speed to his flying feet, and he swept down the bank in advance of all pursuers.

"To the right, Fred, there by the tree!" Rose whispered, faintly, and a moment later the boat, with its occupants lying flat upon the bottom, was out of sight upon the inky blackness of the The bank glittered for a moment with rifle and pistol flames, but no bullets reached them; then a huge bonfire flared up and cast its circle of light far out into the river, but the boat, caught in the swift current, swept over close into the opposite bank, and floated down unobserved.

"Rose, were you hit?" Hasbrook asked, anx-

She opened her eyes wearily, and endeavored to smile.

"My arm, I think, is broken, but it does not pain me now."

He tore open her sleeve, found a painful wound, and bandaged it as best he could with handkerchiefs. Then he bent over and pressed his lips to hers. To his surprise, she pushed him back.

"No, no!" she cried; "that must not be between us."

"Not be? Surely, Rose, you do not mean those is rough as a words in earnest. You will not turn me away tire of you in now. Nothing could have prompted you to do doubt me so?"

"You love me," he cried, "and yet refuse to become my own! Rose, what is it?—I have the right to know!"

She shuddered, and drew back from his grasp.

"Is it because you deem me guilty?" Hasbrook urged.

"No, no! I know—I am sure you are guilt-less."

"Then why, my darling? Because you have grown up in the backwoods, because your father is rough as a mountain bear, you think I will tire of you in my city home. Rose, how can you doubt me so?"



prederick the great, king of prussia. — prussian recruiting in the seven years' war. — see page 583.

what you have to-night but love." He bowed lower to where he could look into the girl's dark eyes. "Tell me, Rose—tell me truly that you love me, and some day, when my name is clear from stain, you will be my wife."

The face so close to his was deathly white—white from her wound, whiter still with the martyrdom of self-sacrifice, but her voice was firm and unshaken.

"Fred, I do love you—love you as only a girl's heart can—love you better than life itself; but I can never, never be your wife."

The young man started to his knees, rocking the boat dangerously as he did so.

The honest voice faltered, but the girl stopped him with a gesture.

"It is not that, Fred," she answered, quickly. "But there is a barrier between us now, insurmountable—you must not ask me why—I cannot tell it to you; but oh, if you love me, have pity! May God forgive me, I can never be your wife!" and hiding her face, the tears trickled through her fingers, while the slight form shook with sobs she tried vainly to suppress.

Helpless in his own misery to comfort a sorrow that he could not understand, Hasbrook sat in silence as the shores slipped rapidly by.

Now familiar landmarks came in view, and



with a deft movement of the oar the boat's head was run into the bank.

The grating of the keel aroused the almost unconscious girl.

"Where are we?" she asked, gazing about with tear-dimmed eyes that blinded her. "Why are you going ashore, Fred?" me, wounded, and so weak you can scarcely walk? They can take me; but I will not leave till you are safe."

"Oh, I wish you would—for my sake, Fred. Our home is sure to be searched, and if you are caught now, there will be no mercy shown."

For his only answer he lifted her in his strong



FREDERICK AFTER THE DEFEAT AT KOLIN.

"This is the landing that leads home—come!" and he lifted her up in his arms.

"Home? home? no, not home!" her voice had a strange tremor in it, then the tone as suddenly changed. "Yes, I will go home, but you must not go with me; you must be miles down the river before daylight."

"Do you think I will leave you," he said, indignantly—"you who have risked so much for

arms, and toiled upward to where a solitary light pierced the darkness. It streamed out from the window of a rough, one-story house, perched upon the side of the bluff. Hasbrook kicked at the door, and was almost instantly confronted by a tall, heavily bearded man, holding a lamp in one hand and a pistol in the other. At sight of Hasbrook he staggered back, and nearly dropped the lamp, so great was his agitation.

"You here!" he exclaimed. "I supposed you were dead before this. What do you want here?"
"I've brought Rose home; she has been hurt—"

Ere he could finish, the man sprang anxiously forward. "Not dead!" he cried. "Don't tell me she is dead!"

"No, she is not dead, or badly hurt, I think, but she fainted as we came up the path;" and waiting for no more, he crossed the little room and placed the girl upon the bed. "Quick!" he cried. "What is that upon the table—brandy?"

Mechanically the man passed him the bottle, and then the two bent over the unconscious girl.

The daylight was streaming in when Hasbrook left her to go—daylight, although the lamp was still burning with feeble ray.

"Good-by, Rose," he whispered. "I must go now; but if I live, I shall return to you again."

She held out her hand, and as he took it he bowed and kissed her again, then walked to the door. Butler barred the way, his eyes wild from excitement and drink.

"Go back!" he cried, sternly—"back! They are coming up the hill; if they catch sight of you, you're a dead man. Get back there! You know I hate you, Fred Hasbrook, but for the girl's sake I'll give you a chance this time."

Through the open door Hasbrook caught a glimpse of figures below the house, then Butler's strong arm pushed him back and closed the door.

"Hullo, Butler!" some one shouted. "Have yer seen anything ov that fellar Hasbrook, what killed Loomer yesterday?"

"Hasbrook?" was the reply. "Why, did that fellow get away? Thought you were going to lynch him last night."

"Got away? Yes!" chimed in another voice, impatiently; "an' I reckon yer gal kno's somethin' about it, if you don't."

"Yas," sang out a third; "an' we're goin' through yer ol' ranch jest fer luck."

Butler ripped out an oath.

"I don't care a continental for Hasbrook, or your whole gang," he retorted, savagely; "but there'll be some dead fools around here if you attempt to step inside of my shanty. You'll do well to remember that, gents."

There was a moment's hesitation, then a rush of feet, oaths, blows, the sharp crack of a re-

volver a sharp volley, and Butler's huge figure crashed open the door and fell upon the floor.

Forgetting his own danger, Hasbrook sprang to the side of the fallen man and lifted his head on his knee. His face was ghastly, and blood was flowing in a stream from a jagged wound over his heart. His eyes were closed and his lips compressed in pain. Out the open door, in the glow of the sunlight, the regulators, frightened at their work, and forgetting all about their quest in the face of this second tragedy, were hastening away.

Butler opened his eyes. "Water!" he whispered; "for mercy's sake, give me some water!" Rose held a glass to his lips with trembling hand.

His eyes closed, then opened again, and stared wildly about.

"Gone—have they gone?" he muttered. "Yes. and I am going! Don't look so at me! I'm dying—I tell you, dying! Bend down here—both of you. It hurts me to speak. I want to say that the boy never did it—never did it. I—I killed Loomer, and shoved the pistol——" He choked for breath, flung one arm into the air, sank back with a shudder, and was dead.

Rose was sobbing on Hasbrook's breast. For some time neither spoke, then he whispered:

"Dear, was—was this the barrier? Did you know this before?"

She bent her head, but could not speak.

"And now, darling, now," he pleaded, "if. knowing it all, I beg for you, will you come?" She glanced up into his honest, loving face through tears, and placed her hand in his.

"You are all that is left me in the world. Fred," she answered, gravely. "I will go with you."

And the sun, streaming in through the broken door-way, rested in a wave of gold upon the brown hair of the living and the gray hair of the dead.

Out in a Far Western settlement, bearing a different name, which is honored and respected wherever spoken, Fred Hasbrook has made for himself a home. To the people of Hopeton the murder of George Loomer will ever remain a mystery, for the secret rests between those two. who buried it forever in Horace Butler's lonely grave, beneath the ashes of his desolate and abandoned home.



FREDERICK THE GREAT, KING OF PRUSSIA.

III.—THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR: CAMPAIGNS OF 1756, 1757, 1758.

By Alfred H. Guernsey.

THE Seven Years' War properly commenced on August 28th, 1756, when Frederick gave the order for his army to commence its advance toward Bohemia. He had been in readiness since early in the Summer, but had delayed until now, to meet the wishes of England and Hanover. His march lay of necessity through Saxony. Almost at the last moment he made proposals for an amicable arrangement with the Saxon Court. Augustus III., the Elector-King of Saxony and Poland, and his Minister, Count Brühl, had become as eager as was Maria Theresa for the overthrow of the Prussian Kingdom. They were now at Warsaw, but had they been at Dresden the result would have been the same. Frederick had good reason to believe that among the Saxon State papers would be found positive proofs of the nature and extent of the conspiracy which had been formed against him. These papers had been packed up to be sent to Warsaw, and were placed in the apartments of the Electress. Prussian officer appeared and demanded the papers. The Electress refused to give them up, and seated herself on the box containing them. She was lifted from her seat with scant ceremony, and the papers were seized and sent to Frederick. The essential documents were at once published throughout all Europe. showed that in this instance Frederick had done no wrong; he had merely forestalled a covert blow which was meant to be fatal to him.

As the Prussians advanced, the Saxon army, 18,000 strong, fell back toward the Bohemian frontier, finally taking up an almost impregnable position on the heights near Pirna, on the Elbe, four leagues south-east of Dresden, which they were confident they could hold until the Austrians should come to their aid. "If we cannot get at them," said Frederick, "'we will starve them out." After some weeks an army of 30,000 Austrians, under Marshal Brown, approached. Frederick left a part of his force to hold the Saxons in the vise in which they were, and with all that could be spared marched out to meet Brown. On the morning of October 1st the two armies came unexpectedly in sight of each other at Lobositz, where the spurs of the Erzegebirge range slope down into the great Bohemian plain. A dense fog overspread the region, and for a time neither side could clearly make out the position of the other. A confused fight ensued, lasting for hours, one party here and the other there appearing to have the better of it. At last a bayonet-charge by the Prussian grena-

diers decided the issue of the day; the Austrians retired from the field in good order. They had been handled with a skill and had fought with a steadiness which Frederick had never before seen. "My soldiers," he said, "have never performed such miracles of bravery since I have had the honor to command them; but," he added, fore-bodingly, "these are not the old Austrians."

The fate of the Saxons at Pirna was soon de-Their supplies were exhausted, and not a mouthful of food could be got through the Prussian lines of investment. They were reduced to the alternative of surrendering or of breaking through the Prussian environments. They chose the bolder course. Having sent a request to Marshal Brown to come to their aid, they sallied from their works, crossed the Elbe, and tried to move in the direction where they expected to find their friends. But the Prussians were on the alert. A strong line of palisades and earth-works was stretched over hill and dale right between the Saxons and the Austrian covering party. As the Saxons moved forward every rood of ground behind them was occupied by the Prussians. The Saxons could neither go backward nor forward. Half starved and half frozen, they had nothing to do but to lay down their The Elector Augustus managed to slip back to Warsaw, hoping that he might there be able to do something against Frederick, who had virtually made himself master of the Electorate.

With this virtual conquest of Saxony the campaign of 1756 came to an end. To Frederick himself the result might present itself in two quite different aspects. On the one hand, he had won a victory over the Austrians, and had possessed himself of Saxony—if he could but hold is. On the other hand, he had made no decided impression upon Austria. The core of the dominions of the Empress-Queen was untouched, and she was still in a position to renew the war with increased vigor the next year; and, moreover, France and Russia were yet to be dealt with. So much, therefore, had been left undone, that nothing effective had been accomplished.

Frederick passed the Winter of 1756-57 mainly at Dresden. Once, at least, he paid a flying visit to his capital, which he was not to see again for more than six years. To all seeming he thought more of verse-making and amusement than of war or politics. His hand, however, lay heavily on the Saxons, upon whom he levied contributions limited only by their ability to pay them. But as every day brought fresh reports of the



SEYDLITZ AT ROSSBACH.

mighty hosts which were being mustered against him, not only by Austria, but by France and Russia, he could not shut his eyes to the fact that he was in imminent peril. He drew up minute directions as to how affairs should be conducted should anything happen to him. To Count Finkelstein, his most trusted Minister, he wrote that, in case he himself should be taken prisoner, no attention should be paid to any orders which he might happen to issue while he was in the hands of the enemy. The Minister, and his brother who would replace him—he being childless—were enjoined on peril of their heads to carry on the war just as though he himself had never lived; and, above all, not the smallest bit of territory, or a single mark of money, should be paid by way of ransom for his person.

At the opening of the campaign of 1757, the main hope for Prussia lay in the fact that France and Russia were far from being in readiness to move; and the time which would suit the one might not suit the other. If he could at once strike Austria with his full force, he might crush her before her allies could come to her aid. At

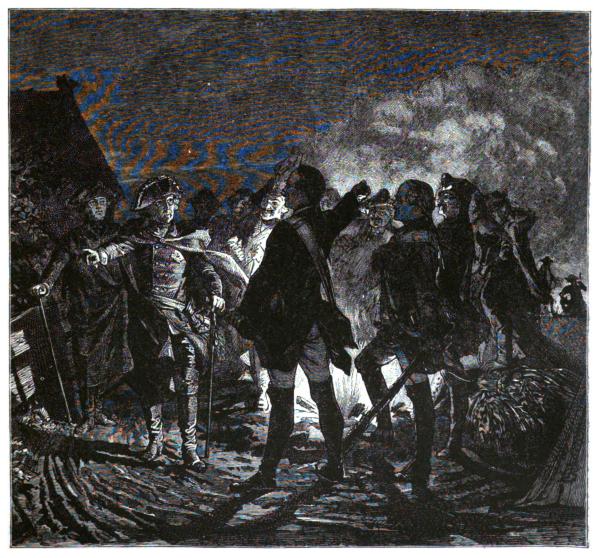
the end of April, 1757, the Prussian troops were put in motion. They moved in three columns from the north-west, the north and the east, but all converging upon Prague, the capital of Bohemia. The Austrians had expected such an attack, but not quite so early in the season, and they were not fully prepared to meet it. Their forces, not yet united into a compact army, fell back toward Prague, suffering heavily in men and munitions. But when they were concentrated at Prague, they were nearly as strong as the Prussians, and they might look for speedy reinforcements from other armies, which were on their way from the south-west.

The Austrians, about 60,000 strong, had taken up a strong position on the heights to the east of Prague. To storm these heights Frederick had about 64,000 men, for he was obliged to leave a considerable force to keep watch upon the city itself, and the works immediately around it. The battle of Prague opened early on the morning of May 6th. The Prussian cavalry skirted around to the enemy's rear, and made some havoc; but the infantry were long unable to carry the

Austrian positions. They pressed up the heights amidst a hail of bullets, but were repelled, and could with difficulty be brought to renew the storm. In the very agony of the conflict the stout old Schwerin-seventy-two years of agesaw his battalions brought to a stand-still. caught a flag from the color-bearer, and shouted, "Forward, my children! See, the enemy is weakening already!" With these words upon his lips, he fell dead from his horse, shot through by five bullets. His fall inspired his men with fresh vigor. Here a point, and there another, was gained in the Austrian lines. At length the watchful eye of Frederick perceived a gap wide enough to admit a cavalry charge. Through this his squadrons dashed; the whole line of heights was gained, and the Austrians were forced to take refuge within the walls of Prague, sorely pressed by the victors.

had been fought in Europe for half a century, and one of the bloodiest which were to be fought for another half-century. The Prussian loss in killed and wounded was some 13,000; that of the Austrians about the same, besides 10,000 prisoners. "On that day," said Frederick, "fell the pillars of the Prussian infantry. The death of Schwerin blasted the laurels of a victory bought with such precious blood." The Austrians lost Marshal Brown, who gave promise of being their ablest general. He fell mortally wounded at the head of his grenadiers. He was the actual commander in this battle, for Prince Charles of Lorraine, the brother-in-law of the Empress-Queen, had been early seized with a violent cramp in the breast, and was borne back senseless to Prague.

The battle of Prague was a brilliant victory for the Prussians, but it was not a great defeat for the Austrians. They were indeed shut up in The battle of Prague was the bloodiest which | Prague; but they were for the present safe



FREDERICK AT THE CAMP-FIRE.

enough there, and it required the greater part of the Prussian force to maintain the blockade. Moreover, Daun was approaching with an army of 60,000. If these could not be prevented from uniting with those at Prague, the siege must be abandoned, and the Prussians must give up Bohemia and retreat to Saxony.

From the investment of Prague Frederick could spare only about 30,000 men for the encounter with Daun. On June 18th he found the enemy awaiting him at Kolin, some ten leagues east of Prague, in a position already chosen upon a chain of low hills. Frederick's original plan of action was the same which had proved so successful at Hohenfriedberg twelve years before, in the Second Silesian War. It was to fling his main force upon one wing of the greatly outnumbering enemy. But the plan of action was deviated from: some say by Frederick's own order; others, with more probability, have it that some of his officers—among whom is specially named Prince Maurice of Dessaueither misunderstood the order they had received, or acted upon their own volition. Be this as it may, the result was disastrous. The weight of the attack fell upon the strong Austrian centre. The advance was checked, and there were no supports who could be brought in, while the Austrians there were continually strengthened by fresh men. The few Prussians at this vital point, broken into squads, were soon in rapid flight. Frederick vainly attempted to stop them; he could gather round him barely forty men, with whom he charged straight at the Austrian batteries. But when nearly all were shot down around him, he was at last restrained by an adjutant, who asked him, "Does Your Majesty intend to take these batteries alone?" Frederick looked around him, and saw that his force was altogether too weak for the work in hand; and he gave the order to retreat. "With four more battalions," he afterward said, "I could have gained a victory." His loss on that day was fully 12,000 men; that of the Austrians, about

The Austrians thought they had merely repulsed a sharp attack; they did not dream that they had won a great victory which they might have made a decisive one, and made no attempt at pursuit. Frederick made good speed back to Prague. Once he dismounted to give his tired horse a little rest, and seated himself near the door of a peasant's hut. A cavalryman brought him a drink of water—in his helmet, they say. "The battle is lost," said the trooper, "but our Lord God still lives." Frederick made no direct reply, but sat lost in thought. After awhile he said, apparently speaking to himself: "Everybody must have his misfortunes; mine are beginning

now. Not to be moved by them, one must have bowels of iron and a heart of brass."

Things had not for some time been going on well in the army before Prague. Many of his officers-among them his own brother, Prince August Wilhelm, the heir-presumptive to the crown—had come to look mistrustfully at Frederick's adventurous plans. "Phæton has had his fall," they said, "and we don't know what may happen to us." One thing was certain, the Prussians must abandon the investment of Prague, and retreat to Saxony. To conciliate those who had set themselves against him, Frederick committed the direct command of the larger division in the retreat to his brother, who proved unequal to the task, came more than once into sore straits, and suffered considerable loss. Frederick, who had brought his division safely through, reproached his brother sharply. The prince took the matter so much to heart that he gave up his command in the army, and soon after died.

Simultaneously with the disasters in Bohemia, the other enemies of Frederick began to bestir themselves. A Russian force of 100,000 swarmed into East-Preussen, and on August 30th gained a decided victory at Gross-Jägendorf. The Swedes sallied out from Stralsund, and overran those parts of Pomerania lying on the Lower Oder. But of more immediate consequence was it that the French on the Lower Rhine had gained the upper hand of the English and Hanoverians. In order to save Hanover from utter devastation, the Duke of Cumberland, son of George II. of England, had agreed to a convention by which the French were left free to turn their whole force against the King of Prussia, and an army of 100,000 was already on the march. The French King also agreed to pay 10,000 Bavarians and Würtembergers, who were to serve under the Austrian colors.

On Steptember 19th, a portion of the largest French army, under Soubise, had got as far as the neighborhood of Gotha, and the principal officers resolved to have a sumptuous dinner in that city to celebrate the victory which they were The gay company going to win in a few days. were about to sit down to the table when the festivities were rudely interrupted. The dashing Seydlitz, with 2,000 cavalry, was scouting in those parts. The French officers made the best of their way out of Gotha on one side, just as Seydlitz was entering on the other, leaving their untasted dinner and all their baggage behind them. The Prussian officers fell to upon the viands, while the men broke open the trunks and, in mockery, tricked themselves out in the frippery which they contained. The French did not on that day make any close acquaintance with Seydlitz; but they were to know him in a few days; for the Prussian

army—Frederick himself and 20,000 others— were coming in search of them.

On November 1st, Frederick came in sight of the French, 50,000 strong, posted at Mücheln, on the River Saale, in a position so strong that with his less than half their force he did not venture to attack them. He fell back a few miles to the heights near the village of Rossbach. The French thought this to be a retreat, and confident of an easy victory, they undertook to prevent the possibility of their escape by marching so as to fall upon the Prussians in flank and on the rear. Frederick watched the long column stretching itself out, growing momently longer and weaker at every point. Then he gave the word to charge, before they had time to form themselves into anything like order of battle. The fight was over almost as soon as it was begun. Next to Frederick the honors of the day belong to Seydlitz, whose cavalry put the enemy to utter rout before the quick-moving Prussian infantry could come up to take part in it; and the most that the cavalry had to do was to pursue a flying enemy, too much broken to make even a show of fighting. The victory cost Frederick only three or four hundred men; the French lost as many thousands, besides 7,000 prisoners and all their guns. The French army, as an army, was utterly destroyed; and, as it happened, this was the only engagement during the Seven Years' War in which the French bore any part directly against the Prussians.

But things had been going ill for Frederick everywhere except where he himself was present. Silesia was invaded by a large Imperial force under Prince Charles of Lorraine. The Duke of Bevern, who had been left in command there, was incompetent for the position. The strong fortress of Schweidnitz, the key of all Silesia, was taken after a short investment; Bevern was defeated and made prisoner at a battle under the walls of Breslau, and the city at once opened its gates to The smoke of Rossbach had the Austrians. scarcely cleared up when Frederick hurried to Silesia. He took with him 14,000 men-all of the victors of Rossbach who were in marching condition; to these he added 18,000 men, the fragments of Beyern's forces. With these 32,000 he advanced to encounter Prince Charles, whose numbers were not less than 60,000—some place them at 80,000.

The Imperialists occupied an intrenched camp just outside of the walls of Breslau. When Frederick came up, he resolved to attack the next morning. He called his principal officers around him, and made no attempt to hide from them the hazards they were about to encounter. "Farewell, gentlemen," he said, in conclusion; "tomorrow we shall have beaten the enemy, or we

have looked upon each other for the last time. Tell your men what I have told you." he made a round of the camp-fires of his regiments. Extra rations of food and drink had been served out, and the men were in the highest spirits, exulting even at the odds against them. It was well that Frederick, when he spoke German, spoke it, as he says, "like a coachman," for his words were just such as they were wont to speak and hear. He came to the camp-fire of the Guards: "What bringest thou here so late?" asked an old Guardsman. "Good news, my children; to-morrow we'll give the Austrians a sound drubbing." "That will we, bei Gott." "But just see how they've intrenched themselves." "If all the devils out of hell were there, we'd pitch 'em out; you just tell us to go ahead." "Well, we'll see what you can do. Now lie down for a nap, and good sleep to you." He came to the camp-fire of a Pomeranian regiment: "Now, my children, how will things go to-morrow? the fellows are pretty nigh twice as many as we are." "That's all right; there are no Pomeranians among theme: thou knowest what they can do." "Yes, I know, or else I wouldn't fight 'em to-To-morrow we'll trounce these Ausmorrow. trians, or be dead men all of us."

The Austrians seem to have feared that Frederick would not, after all, dare to attack them in their intrenched camp, and in order to entice him to meet them in the open field, they fell back some three leagues to the little village of Leuthen, where they awaited his approach, confident that they would make quick work of "that Potsdam watch - parade," as they contemptuously styled the Prussians. But the Imperialists, though twice as many as the Prussians, were not so strong in proportion. They were a mixed army, none of whom had served together. There were none of those seasoned Austrians who had encountered Frederick not without success. If he had beaten them at Lobositz and Prague, they had beaten him at Kolin. Moreover, among them were the Würtemburgers-all Lutheranswho had been hired out to the French by their Duke to fight for the Empress-Queen, and who would rather have fought on the side of Protestant Prussia than on that of Catholic Austria.

Frederick came in sight of the enemy at Leuthen on the morning of December 5th, just one month after his victory over the French at Rossbach. The battle began at noon. Frederick, as was his wont, made his attack upon one flank, and here, fortunately, were posted the Würtemburgers, upon whom the first blow fell. They certainly showed no eagerness for the combat, but soon broke and rushed back in disorder upon those who stood next, throwing them also into confusion, and all together were flung back upon

the centre before the other wing of the Imperialists could be brought into action. Frederick himself directed every movement, and—otherwise than had happened at Kolin—his orders were neither misunderstood nor disregarded. At every point of actual fighting the Prussians seem to have had at the moment the greater numerical force. The Imperialist swarms were ridden over or driven back, and before the short Winter day was over they were in disorderly retreat. As darkness closed in, pious songs were heard here and there among the Prussian ranks, until finally the whole army broke out into the grand German Te Deum, "Nun danket alle Gott!"

Leuthen, taken all in all, ranks foremost among the great victories of Frederick. It was not, like Rossbach, one casily won through the utter incompetence of the opposing commander. It cost the Prussians nearly 6,000 men; the Imperialist loss was about 27,000 in killed, wounded, and prisoners taken in the pursuit; they lost also about 50 stand of colors, 100 guns and 4,000 wagons. Religious enthusiasm had much to do with this victory; but never had Frederick's troops fought more stoutly, never had his officers done better, never had his own capacity as a general been so conspicuously manifested.

"That battle," says Napoleon, "was a masterpiece; of itself it is sufficient to entitle Frederick to a place in the first rank among generals."

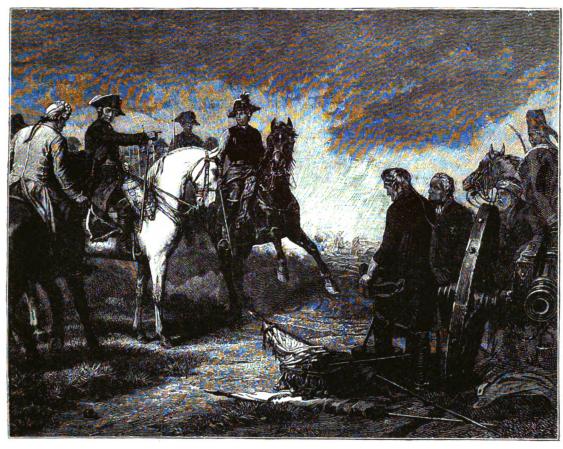
The tidings of the victory of Leuthen, following so closely upon that of Rossbach, caused an immense sensation throughout Europe, notably in France and England. "At Paris," wrote D'Alembert to Voltaire, "everybody's head is turned about the King of Prussia; five months ago he was dragged in the mire." In England the news was received with universal acclamation. Frederick's birthday, coming not long after, was celebrated as a national holiday. London was ablaze with illumination. Painters all over the kingdom were kept busy in altering the old tavernsigns into what might be taken as portraits of the Prussian hero. In default of a better, the addition of a pigtail and a cocked hat transformed the "Vernon Arms" into the "Frederick Arms." William Pitt, not yet Earl of Chatham, had lately come into power. His cardinal policy was the war with France. He declared that His Majesty's Electorate of Hanover ought to be as dear to Englishmen as the County of Hampshire; that France must be humbled in the heart of Germany as well as on the high

seas, on the banks of the St. Lawrence, on the plains A closer alliof Bengal. ance was formed with Prussia; England would supply troops to meet the French; all that she asked of Frederick was the loan of "the best general he could spare" to command the English and Hanoverians. Frederick sent his brotherin-law, Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, who had shown noted capacity at Prague and elsewhere, and who proved himself to be the second general of his time. Parliament was in full accord with the Minister, and voted to Frederick an annual subsidy of nearly £700,000; which in his case was equivalent to furnishing a force of 50,000 men.

The victory of Leuthen closed the campaign of 1757. Breslau opened its gates at once; and the strong fortress of Schweidnitz was the only spot in



FIELD-MARSHAL KEITH AT HOCHKIRCH.



FREDERICK AND SEYDLITZ AFTER THE BATTLE OF ZORNDORF.

Silesia which remained to the Empress-Queen. The campaign of 1758 opened with favorable auspices for Frederick. On the Rhine, Prince Ferdinand more than held his own against the French. Frederick had given the English a general worthy of victory; in Count Clermont, Pompadour had given the French a general made to be beaten. After committing ravages in Hanover, he was surprised in June at Crevelt. "It is certain," says the French Marquis de Vogel, "that Clermont. was at his table in his head-quarters at one o'clock; that he had lost the battle at six, arrived at Reuss at half-past eleven, and went to bed at That is doing a great deal in a short midnight. time.'

Frederick had formed his plan for 1758. It was, as before, to attack the Empress-Queen in her own dominions. The Austrians and Imperialists were awaiting him in Bohemia. His attack was made in Moravia, to the east. He advanced as far as Olmutz, and laid siege to that fortified city; if this were speedily captured, the way to Vienna lay open to him. But the fortifications were stronger than had been supposed; and to reduce these, he must await the arrival of heavy artillery from Silesia. The huge train was at-

Northern Moravia, and lost all its guns and ammunition; the troops with difficulty making their way back to Silesia, toward which the enemy now began to move. Nothing was left to Frederick but to abandon the siege of Olmutz, and hurry back to the defense of Silesia. He was soon confronted by a new peril. Austria and Russia had secretly concerted a plan to fall upon Frederick in the heart of his own territory. The Russians, who had been ravaging in East-Preussen and Pomerania, marched south - westward, and laid siege to Küstrin, only twenty leagues from Berlin. Frederick hastened thither with 14,000 men, to whom were added 18,000 more who had fallen back before the Russians, whose advance they had vainly attempted to stay.

On August 25th he attacked the Russians, 50,000 strong, at Zorndorf, near Küstrin. In the Russian infantry he found an enemy of a different kind from any he had before met. They had not the training and discipline requisite to execute complicated manœuvres; but they would stand stolidly where they were ordered to stand. To conquer them, one must cut them down or ride over them. The fight was long and desperate, and the Prussians would most likely have lost the day. tacked by Laudohn in the wooded region of except for the cavalry under Seydlitz, whose

squadrons seemed ubiquitous; now supporting the infantry, now dashing by themselves upon some wavering column of the enemy. The Russians, rolled up into a heavy mass, were pressed off the field, defeated, but not routed. The Prussian loss was 10,000; that of the Russians, still greater. Frederick fully recognized the services of Seydlitz on that day. "Without that man," said he, pointing to Seydlitz, as they rode up side by side in the evening, "it would have turned out ill for us."

The Empress-Queen had meanwhile been vigorously carrying out her part of the agreement with Russia. The main body of the Imperial troops was placed under the command of the cautious Daun and the impetuous Laudohn. Daun's army lay in Saxony, the centre being at Hochkirch, some ten leagues north-east of Dresden, while strong detachments were beginning to lay siege to the Prussian strongholds in Saxony on the one side and Silesia on the other. If Frederick should make an attempt on either wing, Daun could bar the way or fall upon his rear. He therefore resolved to strike at the centre, and took up a position right in front of it. Perhaps he imagined Daun would withdraw before this bold demonstration; at all events, he did not anticipate any attack upon himself. But Daun was fully aware of the comparative weakness of the enemy, and on the morning of October 14th, in those stillest hours which precede daybreak, he fell with an overwhelming force upon Frederick's encampment. The sleeping Prussians were taken wholly by surprise; they had not time to put on their clothes or seize their weapons before the enemy were in their midst. When morning broke, Frederick saw that the day was lost, and nothing was left but to retreat as best he might. The retreat was executed with difficulty, and at the sacrifice of all his stores and most of his guns. The Prussian loss was 8,000 men; that of the Austrians, considerable less. Five of Frederick's generals were among the slain. Among these was Fieldmarshal Keith. The brave Scotchman, while endeavoring to rally his men, was severely wounded, but refused to quit the field; in a few moments more he was killed by an Austrian bullet.

Daun was confident that he had the enemy in his hands. To General Harsch, who was laying siege to the Silesian fortress of Niesse, he wrote: "Go on with your operations against Niesse. Be quite at your ease as to the King. I will give good account of him."

But Frederick was equal to the emergency. In a few days he got his army well in hand, and what with gathering together the garrisons and guns from the neighboring fortresses he was as strong as he had been before the defeat at Hochkirch. By a circuitous and rapid march he but little apparent toil of any kind.

eluded Daun, and made his way to Silesia. Harsch precipitately raised the siege of Niesse, and retreated to Bohemia. Daun now availed himself of the absence of Frederick to press operations in Saxony. He advanced to Dresden, which was stoutly defended by the Prussian garrison. What between the Prussians within and the Austrians without, the city fared hardly. The beautiful suburbs were burned, and Daun was on the point of fighting his way through the city street by street, when tidings came that Frederick, having cleared Silesia of the Austrians, was on his way toward Saxony by forced marches. Daun broke up the investment of Dresden, and retreated to Bohemia; and on November 20th Frederick made his triumphal entry into the Saxon capital.

The campaign of 1758 had been a glorious one notwithstanding the initial check at Olmutz and the signal defeat at Hochkirch. Frederick passed the ensuing Winter mainly at Breslau, where he was even more than usually busy with verse-mak-To these months belong numerous cutting epigrams aimed against the great league that had been formed against him; against Louis XV. and Pompadour and the Czarina Elizabeth; against the "ridiculous Soubise," the "sleepy Daun," and "the whole raft" of princes and harlots and generals, all of whom, with their hundreds upon hundreds of thousands of troops, had not been able to get the better of him.

LITERARY FACILITY.

By G. L. A.

GENIUS has been defined as an infinite capacity for taking pains. This, like some similar definitions, is but an attempt to compress within the limits of a neatly framed and epigrammatic sentence the volatile essence of a subtle and altogether indefinable intellectual gift. The capacity for taking pains has often, no doubt, been possessed by men of genius, but, on the other hand, there have been not a few writers who, it may be granted, were painstaking in the highest degree, but to whose work there is yet wanting the magical and vivifying touch of genius. And again, this mysterious quality is to be found in works written currente calamo—works on whose composition but little pains were expended, whatever capacity for such labor their authors may have possessed.

"I know that all the Muse's heavenly lays With toil of spirit are so dearly bought,"

says Drummond of Hawthornden. "Toil of spirit" is not an expression to be defined in terms of days and weeks. Yet sometimes the inspired singer has produced heavenly lays with

There is an old tradition to show that "The Merry Wives of Windsor" was written in response to the desire, or, rather, command, of Queen Elizabeth, who was anxious to see Falstaff, with whose humors she was familiar in the two parts of "Henry IV.," represented as a victim of the tender passion, and that in consequence Shakespeare wrote and produced that mirthful play within the short period of a fortnight. Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, one of the best of Shakespearean authorities, regarded this tradition as deserving of favorable attention, if not implicit credence. It is, however, certain that Shakespeare did write with great rapidity, and that he paid little, if any, attention to revision and correction. "The players," says Ben Jonson, "have often mentioned it as an honor to Shakespeare that, in his writing, whatsoever he penned, he never blotted out a line." Heminges and Condell, his fellow-actors, in their preface to the first folio collection of the plays, bear the same testimony. Jonson himself would seem, from entries in Henslowe's "Diary," to have written one of his massive dramas in little more than three weeks.

The great Spanish dramatist, Lope de Vega, bequeathed to his country such a mass of dramatic work, so many scores of plays of all kinds, that his rate of production must have been exceedingly rapid. Some ridiculous stories have been told as to the extraordinary facility with which he penned his dramas. That he wrote a play in a morning before breakfast we may be content to disbelieve, for, as Hazlitt remarks, he had time enough to do it after. It is, indeed, as a rule, but second-rate work that is produced with such extreme rapidity. Only a poetaster, like Miss Anna Seward, could have the presumption to talk of translating an Ode of Horace while dressing her hair.

One of the most facile, and at the same time most diligent, of book-makers of the last century was Dr. Hill, who could earn, to the astonishment and envy of Grub Street, the noble income of fifteen guineas a week by working on a large scale for the wholesale book-sellers. At one period of his career he was employed simultaneously on six voluminous works of botany, husbandry, etc., which were published in weekly numbers. Hogarth, in one of his plates, has a representation of a sturdy porter heavily overweighted with a pile of the doctor's ponderous Boswell's early correspondent, Andrew Erskine, describes him with humorous exaggeration as writing "a folio every month, a quarto every fortnight, an octavo every week, and a duodecimo every day." Dr. Hill enjoyed his fifteen guineas a week, but his works perished with him.

when spurred by necessity, write with great rapidity matter by no means ephemeral. "Rasselas" was written in the evenings of a single week. He once remarked to Goldsmith, with evident appreciation of his own speed, that he had written, in one day, a hundred lines of the "Vanity of Human Wishes." Lope de Vega would have smiled at such a modest "output" as the result of a day's work, and, indeed, there is hardly anything more variable than the degree of facility in production possessed by poets and dramatists of undoubted genius. Three weeks was the usual time allotted by Victor Hugo to the penning of a five-act tragedy, while Congreve is said to have spent the greater part of three years in writing and polishing his single essay in the same kind of dramatic composition. latter, however, could on occasion work very rapidly.

In 1704, Vanbrugh, Congreve and Walsh produced a version of Molière's farce, "Monsieur de Pourceaugnac." Each poet took an act, and the whole was done in two mornings. "Squire Trelooby," as it was called, became very popular, and the authors, or, rather, adapters, were doubtless proud of their celerity. In the epilogue, spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle, Congreve remarks:

" The World by this important project sees Confederates can dispatch if once they please."

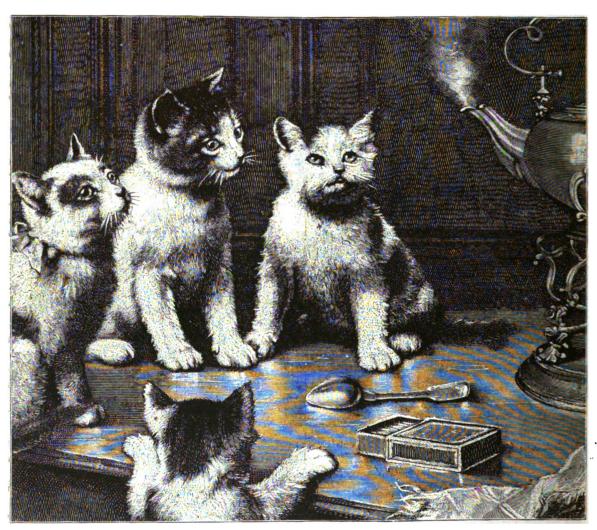
The most powerful tragedy of modern times, the "Cenci," was the result of only two months' labor. During its composition, Shelley worked at high pressure, and, naturally enough, in a state of continued ill health. He says himself that the work was a fine antidote to nervous medicines, and kept up the pain in his side, from which he suffered, as sticks do a fire. The play, powerful as it is, bears evident marks of the feverish haste in which it was written. Drummond's "toil of spirit" was not wanting, but such toil so unremittingly endured was good neither for play nor poet.

Lamb's genius was of a different order. His best things were not the production of the pen of a ready writer. He told Crabb Robinson that he could write acrostics and album verses and things of like nature with a facility that approached that of the Italian improvisatori, but that he had great difficulty in composing either verse or prose which he himself wished to be excellent. The pain and difficulty, the toil of spirit, were not thrown away. Lamb's literary baggage may be small, but the greater part is of superlative quality.

But of all the ready writers, the greatest was Sir Walter Scott. Considering the rapidity with which he wrote, and the great extent of his works. Dr. Johnson, sluggish as he was, could yet, it is astonishing that the literary heritage which

he has bequeathed to us should be of so valuable and enduring a nature as it is generally acknowledged to be. Verse and prose he wrote with almost equal facility. The first canto of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" was the result of three days' confinement to the house from the kick of a horse, and thereafter the poem proceeded at the rate of about a canto a week. The second and third volumes of "Waverley" were begun and completed between June 4th and July 1st,

ings of value have been produced in one or other of these ways. It is given but a few writers of literature, properly so-called, to pursue the middle path of steady, uniform, unhesitating and unhurrying production. The poet, or the novelist, is not often found who can, like Anthony Trollope, plan out a book into so many chapters a month, and so many pages a day, and who can then sit down every morning and write the allotted task, neither waiting for inspiration nor



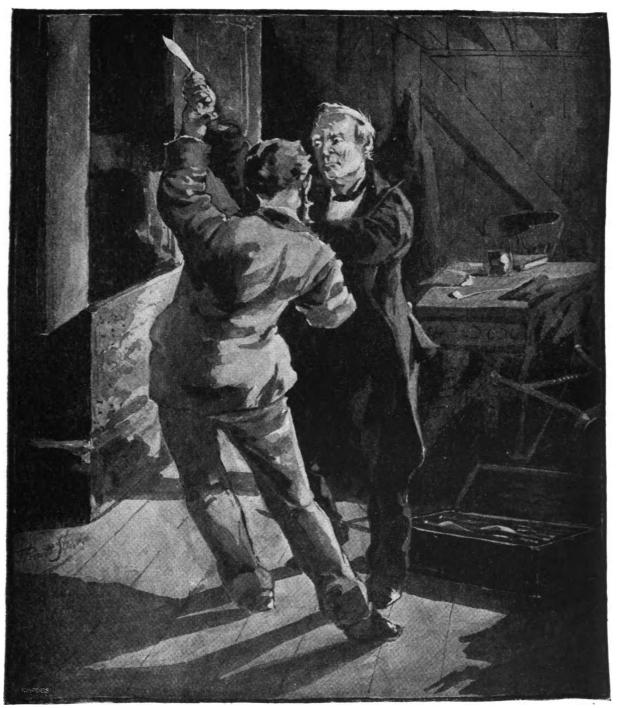
THE POWER OF SOUND. -- PICTURE BY C. BEICHEBT.

1814. "Waverley's" successor was written with like rapidity, for Scott himself said that "Guy Mannering" was the work of six weeks at a Christmas. No reader needs to be reminded of the stupendous amount of work performed in an incredibly short space of time after the fatal smash that involved Scott in the ruin of Constable and Ballantyne.

It would be tedious to multiply further instances either of extreme rapidity or of painful slowness in composition. Most imaginative writ-

hurrying anxiously toward the goal, but calmly adding page to page until the tale of work is done. It would be of evil omen for literature should such a mode of production ever become general. But there is no fear of such a catastrophe. A good book, as Milton says, is the lifeblood of a master spirit, and such life-blood, although it may move sluggishly in one, or stir the bounding pulses to feverish activity in another, can yet never be distilled in daily doses of carefully calculated weight and volume.





"AS HE SPOKE, I GATHERED MY FORCES, AND THREW MYSELF UPON HIM."

THE MIDDLE ROOM. A STORY OF HEREDITY.

BY STEELE PENN.

My grandparents on my father's side were born and lived all their lives in Dauphin County, Pennsylvania.

Beyond this I knew very little of them, for my died in middle age, and was buried in a very old father, who moved early in life to the Western Moravian cemetery, and he on several occasions Vol. XXIX., No. 5—38.

city where I was brought up, was a taciturn man, and not given to reminiscences. I had heard him say that my grandfather was a small farmer, who died in middle age, and was buried in a very old Moravian cemetery, and he on several occasions

expressed regret that he had never seen his grave. As my father was in easy circumstances, I wondered, although I said nothing, that he did not go back, and I long cherished a desire to visit the homestead myself. This desire I did not find an opportunity to gratify until I was past thirty, and both my parents had been dead for years. It was then that business, to my great satisfaction, called me to Pennsylvania, and, indeed, to the immediate neighborhood; so I set myself about collecting what data I could that might avail me on the trip. It was, as I have intimated, meagre. My grandfather's name was Rudolph Bergoman, and he was of what is known as "Pennsylvania Dutch" extraction. The house, I learned, lay a mile or so from a little village, not necessary to name, and was quite near the burying-ground in which rested his bones.

This cemetery proved to be my real clew, for I discovered at the village that Bergoman was such a common name in that section that tracing this particular one would rival the traditional search for a needle in a hay-stack. However, by dint of much inquiry, I got on the right track, hired a horse and started out.

It was quite a pretty day in Autumn, and coming, as I did, from a bustling manufacturing city, the drowsy quiet of the country struck me with a sense of overpowering strangeness. A sort of haze was in the atmosphere, the landscape looked marvelously shadowy and unsubstantial, the distant mountains had the appearance of images projected in water, and an indescribable air of restfulness pervaded all things. This part of Pennsylvania is, or was then, extremely primitive. As I passed into the hills it seemed to me to be a veritable Sleepy Hollow. The houses were quaint and squat, and had the stamp of being there for a century, at least. All of them had immense brick chimneys, that suggested old - fashioned ovens, and long, gray well-sweeps in the barnyards pointed their fingers toward the meridian.

I was so charmed with the surroundings, that I half forgot my errand, but the appearance of a phlegmatic farmer, trundling along upon a wagon of apples, recalled me, and I stopped to inquire the way.

"De Bergoman blace?" he said, slowly. don't know dot."

He spoke with so strong a Dutch accent, I could scarcely understand him.

- "Did you ever hear of a man named Rudolph Bergoman?" I asked, rather hopelessly.
 - " Yes."
- "Oh!" I exclaimed, overjoyed, "then you are just the man I want. Where is his house?"
 - " He is dead."
 - "Yes, I know; but the house?"
 - "Doc Blackwell live in dot house now."

"Well, where is it?" I repeated, impatiently. "I say Doc Blackwell, he live dere," returned

the native, rather emphatically. "Yes, I hear you. But where is it? Which

way ?"

The man gave me a very curious look, but he arose directly and pointed out the road with his whip-stock.

I found the house without difficulty. It was a low, broad, one-story structure built of heavy timbers and standing back some distance from the roadway. I recollected hearing my father once speak of a porch where he played when a boy, and, sure enough, there it was, with a chingled roof supported by huge, square uprights. There was an illy kept garden in the front and a dilapidated stable in the rear. As I appreached slowly, examining the surroundings with cager interest, the door opened and a man stepped upon the porch. He was tall and stooped and very gray. His face, which was rather striking, was smoothly shaved, and he caressed his chin with one hand as he regarded me.

"Is this Dr. Blackwell?" I inquired, raising my hat.

"Yes, sir."

The instant I heard his voice I knew he was a gentleman, for there was that easy suavity in the way he pronounced the two little monosyllables that formed a hall-mark, so to speak, of birth and breeding. I drew near and told my story, to which he listened with polite attention.

"You are right," he said; " this is the old Bergoman house. I purchased it from a connection of your grandfather's—a cousin, I believe. Tie your horse anywhere, sir, and come in. You are very welcome. The place has changed but little, I fancy, these fifty years."

There was an air of gentle melancholy about the old man that was irresistible, and I warmed toward him at once. He led the way into the front room, which was large and bare. The Coor was evidently made of logs, and was worn into hills and valleys, in which the high-backed olarirs tilted unsteadily. An old-fashioned bed steed in one corner, and in another was a cabinet of books. I noticed a volume on the window-sill, with a pair of silver-bowed spectacles in it for a mark.

"Nothing has been removed," said the doctor, smiling. "I have adapted myself to the house. These pegs that I use for clothing were, I imagine, originally rests for a gun. The walls, you see, are blackened by Heaven knows how many tallow-candles. Well, I have grown to like it better than paper. I think it soothes the eyes."

There was little of interest about the apartment except its associations, and I followed the doctor into the middle room. This was irregular in shape, the walls at one end coming quite close together.

"I do not understand the arrangement of this partition," he remarked; "it was probably built for some forgotten convenience. I take my meals in this room, and sometimes sleep here. The place is too small to classify. I live all over it."

I was paying little attention, for as I crossed the threshold I was suddenly conscious of a strange and subtle sense of familiarity. the feeling, which most people have experienced in some degree, that I had seen this spot before, perhaps in a dream, and it chilled and frightened me. For an instant I seemed to be on the point of remembering all about it, and then, slowly, like a dissolving view, the sensation passed away and left me puzzled and a trifle amused at my receptibility. However, the room was certainly sombre in its suggestions. There was only one window, and that was boarded half-way up, and the balance filled in with panes no larger than one's hand, set in a very heavy frame. At the narrow end of the place was a huge, ugly and apparently useless beam, crossing transversely from wall to wall. There was a good deal of furniture scattered about, too old to be sightly, and not old enough to be antique, the only possible exception being a Dutch cupboard, with long brass hinges and zinc doors modeled in the best style of the last century. As I examined these details I thoroughly regained my composure.

"This room is full of memories," said the doctor, unconsciously touching the chord of my thoughts. "Do you observe this circular mark upon the wall, like the blade of a scimiter? That was made by the almost imperceptible touch of the pendulum of an old wall-sweep clock. How long it must have taken to abrade the beam that way! Ah, me," he added, with a sigh, "months and months, years and years, hopes and fears and lives ticked into eternity, and only the black smear on the wall!"

And then for the first time it came to me how much of companionship and almost human association there is in a clock. The throb of this one was probably the earliest recollection of my father, and maybe of his father, too, and the hands of both had doubtless drawn the chain that wound it.

The third room, in the rear, was a kitchen, and had an immense brick oven that reminded me of a laboratory. This resemblance was heightened by numerous bottles, bulbs and test-tubes that shared the walls with the pots and pans, and the doctor smilingly explained that he sometimes conducted experiments there.

"I have retired from practice, as I presume you have surmised," he said, "and I make all my mistakes in theory now."

The afternoon was waning, and I had yet to visit the cemetery. Dr. Blackwell knew the place, and volunteered to accompany me. The Moravian settlement to which it originally belonged had disappeared, and it was in the further stages of neglect, so that I had difficulty, among the briers and many sunken spots, in finding the grave I sought. It was quite overgrown, but when I cleared away the weeds, we read the epitaph, still legible. I took off my hat, and it pleased me to see that the doctor had raised his also.

We stood there for some time, both musing. and then started across lots for the house. As we neared it, Dr. Blackwell took my arm.

"My dear sir," he said, "I have a proposition to make to you. There are many things about this place of interest to you. It is the home of your ancestors, and you have not yet seen the half. Now that you are here, why not stay? Stay a week, if you will, but at least stay over night. Hold," he continued, for I was about to interrupt, "and hear me through. I have two excellent reasons why you should agree: First, the road is bad, and difficult to find in the dark; second, the village hotel is abominable. I have an extra bed, can promise you a fair supper, and, as I am my own household, you need not fear of incommoding anybody. On the contrary, I shall be greatly obliged to you for your company."

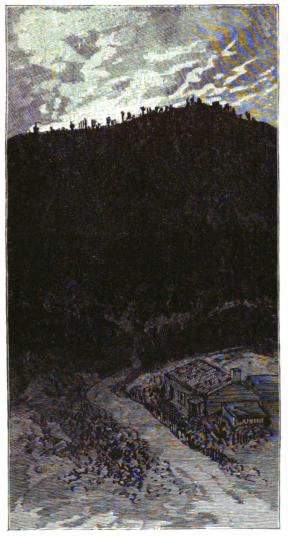
I was strongly inclined to accept, if for nothing else than to see more of my host, who had impressed me most favorably; and in short, after a few conventional objections and a little urging, I consented.

When we re-entered the house, Dr. Blackwell's slight tinge of melancholy wore away, and he became a bon camarade. His rising spirits were infectious, and I congratulated myself that I had remained, particularly when he went about preparing a very savory supper. I insisted upon helping, and we were as merry as two school-boys camping out.

"It is a great mistake to look down on cooks," said the doctor. "In olden times kings hung good cooks with stars and orders, and bad ones with hemp. It was a felony to serve pie-crust underdone. The fact is, cooking is a noble art. I am proud, sir, of only two things: I can make an omelet and cure pneumonia, if it is not too far advanced; but I pledge you my word, I am vainer of the omelet than the pneumonia."

So he rambled on, with good-natured badinage, and we made a capital supper. After the dishes were cleared away, he produced a canister of to-bacco and two pipes. These he carried into the middle room, and when he had locked the doors and trimmed the lamps, we settled ourselves for solid comfort.

"This tobacco," expounded the doctor, "is fit for the gods. A recluse like myself has plenty of time to cultivate those little foibles that really take the rough corners off of life, and I spent over a month adjusting the proportions of the mixture. It is sixty per cent. Turkish, thirty per cent, perique—real perique, mind you, from St. James's Parish—and ten per cent. mild Virginian, sun-cured. It is the tribute of the pasha and the



FOREST DESTRUCTION BY FIRE. - NIGHT SCENE IN THE BUBNING MOUNTAINS.—SEE PAGE 600.

planter, and the breath of the tropics is loosened in its smoke."

I do not know how long we talked—some hours, perhaps—but gradually I became aware that my spirits were flagging, and I wished that he would cease. I found myself growing nervous and distraught, and, by degrees too fine to tell in words, the feeling I had experienced upon entering the room came back upon me. It was not as it came at first—sudden, that is to say, and like a shot;

strength out of its very nothingness, the conviction grew upon me that this room was not strange to me, but was connected with some event, some shocking or appalling thing I was about to recollect. What was it? Something I had dreamed, perhaps, for my memory seemed to anticipate every angle of the wall, the little panes of the window, the ungainly table of dark-colored wood. Something, I knew not what, was on my tongue's end, as the saying is, like a half-remembered

I tried to calm myself, but without avail. A ringing came in my ears, and when I spoke 1 had the curious sense of listening to what I said, that is sometimes the forerunner of fever.

I had lost the drift of Dr. Blackwell's talk, when he stopped and looked at me keenly.

"Pardon me," he said; "you look distressed are you ill?"

"I have a slight headache," I replied. "I fear I have smoked too much."

"Where is the pain?"

"Here, in the temple."

"Ah, I see. It is neuralgia. I suspect that the fifth nerve is affected. It extends here, and here, and springs from a ganglia-"

I no longer heard him. My every sense was riveted upon a sudden and frightful change in his appearance. He had grown livid, his skin looked like tallow, and his eyes, which seemed to have receded in their sockets, scintillated like coals. His lips were dry and bloodless, and as he talked with indescribable rapidity, he repeatedly drew his tongue across them.

"It is a disease of the fifth nerve," I heard him say, "and it begins with a low, throbbing pain, like a toothache. Then it goes away. The second paroxysm is worse, and the third worse yet. The intervals are shorter. It grows and grows and swells until it is a torture, then an agony, then a hell of anguish, that rather than endure you would destroy yourself!—you would take your life!"

"But, doctor-" I stammered, in consternation.

"Listen!" he exclaimed, pointing his finger at me to enjoin silence; "you cannot deceive my eye. Do you think I cannot see that you are suffering hideously? It was inexcusable in me not to notice it before! Why, you are pale as death! Let me feel your pulse—it is fluttering like a You are writhing on the rack this inleaf. stant!"

"No, no! you are wrong; you-"

"Calm yourself. Do you know the cure? There is but one—it is extirpation. The nerve must be cut out; it must be drawn from its bony socket, and all its lace-like filaments destroyed. but slowly, insidiously, imperceptibly, gathering | This is where science pains to cure. Ah, my

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friend, there is no time like the present—we will perform the operation to-night—this evening—now!"

"Doctor!" I exclaimed, springing up, "for Heaven's sake——"

He forced me down.

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"It is nothing," he said. "I will give you permanent relief. You are a man of nerve, for you have endured this torment without a word. Your head on the table for a quarter of an hour, and it is ail over. Then I can make you comfortable here while the wound heals."

I knew now with what I had to deal, and a sob of uncontrollable terror escaped me. But over every other emotion was the utter amazement of the thing—the grotesque horror of metamorphosis. The bland, melancholy face had disappeared, and was now merely a mask of livid flesh; the pleasant and courteous speech was a shrill to rent of half-coherent words, running or e into the other with that dreadful gabbling no see which

lingers longest in the memory of one who has visited a mad-house.

Meantime he sprang with ape-like agility to the old Dutch cupboard, wrenched it open and dragged out a long black box. It contained a set of surgeon's instruments.

"See!" he babbled, lifting out a blade; "these are the finest made. A razor is dull by contrast. They are from Corot's, of Paris. Now for the sponges and warm water!"

As he spoke, I gathered my forces, and threw myself upon him. I was nerved by fear, but he was very strong; and we swayed a moment, overturning chairs and dragging clothing from its hooks. Then, in some manner, I caught the blade of the scalpel in my left hand, laying it open across the palm. The sudden pang and sight of blood collapsed me, and I sank down as nervous as a corpse.

"So," said the doctor, coolly resuming his former tone, "you realize that a physician must sometimes be a master. You are not in a condition at present to judge of your own interests, and it was fortunate that I was able to overpower you. That scratch on your hand is nothing—a mere flea-bite. We will dress that after the operation."

I made no effort to rise, and he walked to the door that led to the front room. Here he paused, and eyed me steadfastly.

"I am going to get towels and water in this room," he said, at length; "but I warn you it is useless to resist further. I anticipated trouble with you early in the evening, and wedged the kitchen-door fast."

I do not think that anything thus far so horrified me as this remark. I realized then that all the evening the cheerful, debonair gentleman who had chatted so pleasantly of music, literature, art, and a hundred other things, was really a lunatic, revolving in his mind a premeditated plot.

I could hear him moving about in the adjoining room, and pouring water into some vessel, but I had reached that tension of terror where my brain and muscles were incapable of action. A spell like that of the nightmare bound me.

It was then, as I lay there upon the floor, that the thing occurred that has caused me to pen this narrative; but now that I approach it I falter and pause, and am tempted to dismiss the task, for I feel my utter inability to describe it, to reduce it to words and make it even reasonably clear. As nearly as I can express it, I rose to my feet and walked across the floor, not of my own volition, but in obedience to some power or impulse independent of my will, and that moved me as an automaton is moved. It did not surprise me, for I was in a frame of mind in which I accepted it as one accepts impossible situations in

dreams; yet I remember that I wondered, in a dull way, what I was about to do. I stopped before the huge beam, which I have mentioned as transversely crossing the narrow end of the room, and passed my hand along its under surface. Near the centre my fingers encountered a little peg. I drew it unhesitatingly toward me, and, still without surprise, I saw the beam raise slightly, and the entire end of the room open like a door, leaving an aperture to the right wide enough for me to pass through. It was the work of an instant for me to gain the other side and push the partition back in place. Then the reaction seized me, and I fell to the ground in a swoon.

When I came to I was lying in a little shed, built to the side of the house; it was morning and I was surrounded by a crowd of men and women. It was a long time before I was able to tell a coherent story or make coherence out of theirs, but this is what I finally learned: For years past Dr. Blackwell had been known to be insane—even dangerous, for he had more than once imperiled life; but, through the common apathy of a country settlement, no effort was made to place him under restraint. People simply avoided his house, and abandoned him to his own devices. Fortunately for me, early on this particular morning he was found wandering near the village with a bloody knife in his hand, and babbling a confused story of an operation and a stranger at his house, and after he had been safely locked up, the investigation that was instituted resulted in my discovery. I may as well say here that he was subsequently taken to a State institution for the insane, and has not, as far as I know, yet performed his celebrated extirpation of the fifth nerve. He came, so I have since been informed, of most excellent and even distinguished family, and was the author of a text-book that is still referred to as an authority.

But to return. When I came to tell my story, people looked at each other and smiled, nor did they credit it until they had entered the house and examined for themselves the mechanism of the wall.

Then they were lost in amazement. Viewed by daylight, the whole arrangement was astonishingly crude, but effective. The shed in which I was found covered a space exactly equal to the wall at the end of the middle room, which, instead of being made of roughly squared logs, like the balance of the house, was constructed of a frame-work of planks. This was hinged at the side, and the log I have described was so balanced as to act as a bolt, a counterpoise making it yield to a slight pull. This was the general plan, the details cannot be made more plain without a diagram, and the rust upon the hinges clearly indi-

cated that they had been moved for the first time in very many years.

But what was the meaning of this singular and sinister contrivance in this old-fashioned country house? Many were the surmises, yet to me my discovery of it, the mysterious manner in which it was made known, was so infinitely stranger, that I paid but little heed to the conjectures, none of which approached the bounds of plausibility. But I did not seek to unravel it. I preferred to regard it as one of those unfathomable things that occasionally crop out in life, and that are not to be even investigated with safety. It opened too many avenues of uncanny speculation, too many theories which men who value their peace of mind should hesitate to entertain.

When I returned to my home I was not less anxious to dismiss it altogether, or at least forget it as best I might, and as I studiously avoided ever alluding to it, or even thinking over it, I would have probably been successful, but for an incident which occurred only a few days ago, which not only vividly recalls the adventure, but throws a new and peculiar light upon it. It has also in a great measure overcome my repugnance to the subject for the reason that, to my mind at least, it gives a clew to an explanation which is, in a certain way, more natural than I had deemed possible. The circumstance was this: I was in the office of my lawyer, and having finished my business, was about to go, when he asked me to remain a moment, and opening his safe, took out a bundle of papers.

"This package was left here," he said, "by your father a number of years ago, and you may as well take charge of it yourself. I don't think it is of any value—merely some old receipts, or something of the sort—but it might be well to look them over before destroying them."

I opened the bundle rather carelessly that evening. It was, as the lawyer surmised, mainly receipts, business memoranda and forgotten accounts, but at the bottom I found a most surprising letter. As nearly as I can ascertain, it was written by my grandfather to a cousin of his, whose name I have a faint recollection of hearing my father sometimes mention. It was addressed on the outside to "Mistress Abigail Hernendon, by hand of John Wall, Esquire," and in the corner was a memorandum of "sixpence, postman's fee." The "Emil" alluded to in the letter was my father, but how it came into his possession I have not the slightest idea. This is a copy of it verbatim:

"MY DEAR COUSIN: I write to you am'dst a time of much trouble and travail, but thanks be the Lord's, my dear boy Emil is safe, at leaste fr'm danger in this commonwealth. I warned him from the first to fly, for albeit he struck the blow in anger but not in malice, our courts

take littyle cognizance of these points; but the boy did not know his peril, and would not hark to me. So I set myself about to devise some means that he might not be surprised and taken without warning, and here, dear Abigail, I am sorely perplexed whether I did right or no. What I did was this: You mind, our middyl room had enterance upon a porch, but since you have seen us, this I have had removed, and built a milk-house where it stoode. The end of the room was closed with a greate shutter of planks, and this I hinged so that it opened like a door and made a private and secrete exit from the place. It is bolted with a beam, and is a right cunning piece of handiwork. Well, I was none too soon, for that very day a true warrant was writ for Emil's detain, and at night the high sheriff and constables came for him from Evanstown. They came to the front door and back, but he heard their voices, and slipped out by the way I had fashioned, and were none the wiser. It was a providence indeed, for had he fallen into their hands, I doubt not he would have fared hardly, and life itself was in deadly.danger. Next night I saw him safely started on his way. He goes to a settlement on the Ohio, where he has a letter at hand for our goode friend Mr. Parker, and I hope and pray that this deplorable event which has caste such blight upon us all will be outlived among strangers. I know, deare cousin, that many would hold me culpable, inasmuch as I connived at his escape; but I feel that if I have not been a goode citizen, I have been at leaste a goode father, and thus I trust I may receive forgiveness if I erred. We are all much caste down, but be assured of our affectionate regarde. I await your letter with anxiety. 'Y'r aff't. kins-RUDOLPH BERGOMAN."

Two things are tolerably apparent from this letter: First, that my father either killed or seriously injured some one in his youth, and that explains his never revisiting his home; second, that he and I were both in great and imminent danger in the same room, and both escaped by the same means. My friends tell me that I sometimes raise my head with a gesture so like my father that it startles them; I have his eyes, his voice, his knack at figures and his taste for music, and having all of these, is it possible, is it in the confines of reason, that some faint memory has passed down, awakened and vivified by the place and hour and deadly peril of the instant? But I do not know. I have not convinced myself, and offer it as the one suggestion in a statement of facts that I have endeavored to render as succinct as possible.

THE centre of the bulb-culture in Holland (says Gartenflora) is still at Haarlem, as it has been during two centuries and a half. Hyacinths are especially in favor just now, and ground suitable for their cultivation has sold for as much as \$13,500 an acre, as against about \$1,000 given for land of other kinds. The expense of cultivation is placed at about \$300 an acre for hyacinths and \$160 for tulips; and it is noted that artificial manures are never used. Narcissus is also grown in vast quantities near Haarlem, chiefly for exportation to England.

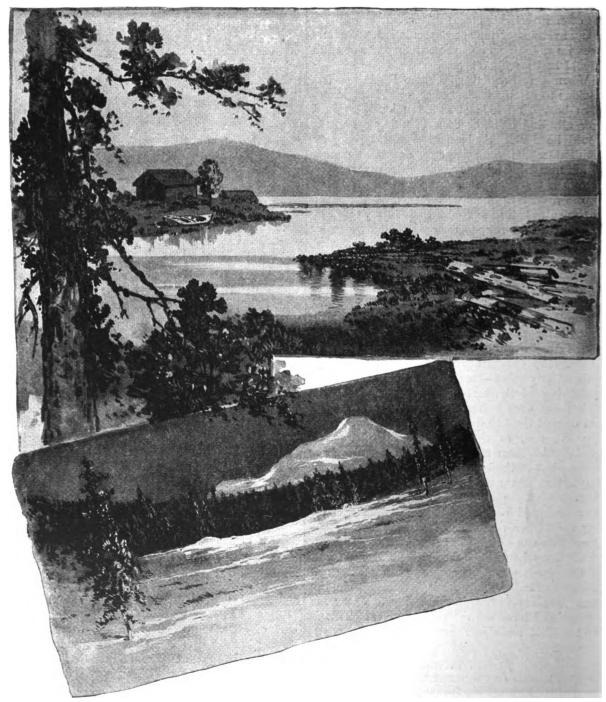
FOREST DESTRUCTION BY FIRE.

AN OBJECT-LESSON.

By RICHARD J. HINTON.

sand miles of travel amid smoke and flame! An atmosphere so murky and dense that, though the journey was amid mountains, their outlines were not even dimly discernible! A strange experi-

Five thousand miles of forest fires! Five thou- | and clear as to be translucent in tone and feeling. had become yellow, murky, dark and dispiriting! The clear, bright air, commonly laden with health-giving ozone, was heavy with acrid gases, pressing low and close to the black earth. Cloud: ence, indeed! The sky, that is usually so blue of smoky haze were parted only by the lurid light



1. TRUCKEE RIVER, OUTLET OF LAKE TAHOE. 2. SPRUCE AND FIR FORESTS, BASE OF MOUNT HOLME



BURNT-OUT SETTLERS TAKING REFUGE IN A SWAMP.

of red-riven flames rushing roaringly to the top of some noble pine, dark hemlock, rugged spruce or stately redwood tree, devouring its beauty and destroying it forever. Such was a vivid part of an experience had during the late Summer of 1889.

Our party, starting on August 1st from St. Paul, after crossing the Dakotas, found itself speeding up the Valley of the Yellowstone, hommed in by great mountain ranges, the sides and the summits of which we never saw. Valley of the Yellowstone for a long distance forms the pathway of the Northern Pacific Railroad. Naturally it is advertised as affording, and justly so, some of the noblest mountain scenery on the continent. But travelers that Summer had no opportunity afforded them of enjoying such scenery, for none of it was visible. A strange sight, indeed, apart altogether from the feeling evoked by the enormous destruction of which it was the visible sign, was this riding from the Bad Lands of the Missouri, just beyond North Dakota, through the Yellowstone's superb valley, into the Gallatin's basin and caffons where Bozeman, with its fine agricultural area, finds shelter; up the sides and across the summits of the northern Rockies, leaving behind the waters flowing to the Gulf and Mid-Atlantic; through the rugged intra-mountain region, where Helena, Butte, Anaconda, Deer Lodge, Garrison and Missoula are found in the midst of their remarkable activities; over and down again toward the Pacific Coast, passing through the tremendous ranges and mountain formations of Northern Idaho, Northwest Montana and Eastern Washington-only and everywhere to find the same yellow-black pall of smoke darkening the horizon's uttermost limits, and leaving, as we rolled on, the impression of a sternly frowning force or power, behind the blackening haze, that one could hardly compre-This was the dim, almost terrifying feeling by which we were overawed, far more than by the outlines of the huge ranges we apprehended rather than knew were so close to vision and vet so completely unseen. Down! down! we went to Puget Sound. Even there, standing at Tacoma and trying to look across the shadowed waters for a glimpse of far and famous peaks, we met the same heavy, smoke-made haze, evidence beyond doubt of the vast forest fires that raged around us. Even the great trees—those magnificent pines of the North-west—were hardly perceptible. They barely defined themselves amid the fire-breathing mist and cloud. So black were they, as a rule, that their great bulks only added to the darkness of the strange landscape.

I remember particularly one night when our special train stopped to obtain water. It was in the what the midst of a forest actually on fire. Along the twenty-five years.

earth, black and burnt, ran, as far as human eves could penetrate, back, front and on one side of the track, fierce and countless tongues and lines of fire.. Deep from the forest, as if it mouned with agony, came the hot breathing of the flames that rushed along the ground and roared up the trunks of noble trees; at first stealthily, then boldly leaping upward with vivid flashes, illuminating momentarily every twig and branch that in a second it licked with fire and blasted with savage blackness! Higher and higher mounted the distant flames, climbing the lofty trunks of its victims until it consumed the crowning leaves and feathery foliage, when all at once it would seem to leap into the air and make crimson the smoke, driving it apart as if by a cyclone-rush, thus carrying by leaps and roars the fateful fire to far-distant tree-tops. Still below crept the silent lines of red light, devouring as they ran! Still climbed the little flames, gathering power as they rose! Still roared the crimson-breathing tempest! We stood there, hushed and awed, watching with strange feelings the wonderful yet fearsome spectacle of a vast forest on fire!

From the Bad Lands of the Missouri to the shores of Puget Sound we rode amid the sad evidences of destruction, sometimes near, sometimes afar off, but always in that 1,200 miles feeling it a visible, sentient, hideous fact! So, too, when we passed southward to Portland, and eastward again along the noble Columbia, into Eastern Oregon and Washington, across the northern portion of the Snake River into Southern Idaho, and from thence along that wonderful basalt-rimmed Basin of the Snake Valley, with its tremendous American Falls, to Pocatello—for more than 1,000 miles the heavy air was smoke-laden, and the evidences of burning woodlands were visible on all Afar off, and yet not so far but that we could see, hung low the blackening clouds above the National Park and the region round about. North and East Wyoming and adjacent Idaho and Montana were all on fire. By great exertions the fires were perceptibly kept under within the wonderful Park itself, but all the ranges, basins and valleys that hem it in have been blackened and denuded.

An area in Wyoming 100 by 80 miles was entirely swept over in one day. The fire ran at the rate of ten miles an hour, devastating one of the finest and most compact bodies of growing timber in the entire North-west. The destruction in Northern Washington and Idaho, as well as in Eastern Oregon, was almost beyond computation. Intelligent witnesses say that, in their judgment, more timber was destroyed by fire during that three months of flame than had been cut down or wasted in the whole North-west for the previous twenty-five years.

In the Great Basin region—that is, Utah and Nevada—we passed out of the fire and the smoke, only because there is so little timber to burn. Yet in Nevada, far to the north and north-west of the Central Pacific's track, the heavy smoke could be seen darkening the sky. South of the Snake River, from the Canon region of the Owyhee, amid the eastern foot-hills of the Sierras. over them in Lassen County, Cal., and further yet to the north, where grand old Shasta raises its summit marked with snow-capped glaciers, the distant clouds told of the devastating flames. All along the California Sierras, from north to south, where they merge into the Mother Mountains, our party either saw or heard directly of the progress of the flames. In Southern California, on both sides of the San Joaquin Valley, they worked enormous destruction. Forest fires were roaring along the ranges that mark the Antelope Valley and the Mojave Desert to the east. Their smoke was seen over the San Bernardino Basin. Flames were visible in the Cucamonga Valley. On the higher portions of San Diego County the burning trees cast their glow over the gray desolation of the Colorado Desert. lovely valleys and foot-hills of the California Coast Range escaped not. Their magnificent forests of redwood, whose superb trees tower in massive columns from 250 to 350 feet in height, were savagely depleted and ravaged. All along the Pacific Coast the timber suffered greatly. Only Arizona pine forests on the Colorado Plateau seem to have largely escaped the prevailing and flaming Further to the east, as again we devastation. swung round on our girdling journey of 14,000 miles, our party was once more thrown into the Northern New Mexico, Colorado and Eastern Wyoming were afflicted. The same story of desolation was told; the same blackened ruin was seen on all sides.

It is useless to attempt a further description. Most certainly it was a marvelous object-lesson to impress upon the legislators in the party the overwhelming need of a forest-protective policy. But what shall that be? There's the rub. still remain as part of the public domain beyond the 100th meridian of west longitude at least 200,000 square miles of wood or forest lands, still more or less heavily timbered. In Colorado, Wyoming, New Mexico, Idaho, Montana and Washington there are not less than 90,000 square miles of forest lands, none of which, if cleared, could be used for arable purposes. How much of this is still unscathed from the recent distruction it is difficult to say. But the loss is enormous. In the whole region there are not over thirty persons employed by the General Land Office to look after and protect the public timber. What a farcical fact is that! A consider-

able number of witnesses were examined, during the irrigation inquiry, as to what should be done to protect the timber. With the exception of two or three persons, all these witnesses-practical Western men, who well know the value of the mountain timber — declared themselves in favor of the enactment of rigid forestry laws by both local and national authority. Without exception, all were hostile to the ridiculous system of secret agents or detectives now in vogue. The general opinion was that Congress should reserve forever from sale all the non-arable timber land. and authorize the employment of a certain number of forest inspectors, each one to be assigned to a defined district; that such officer should be a reputable citizen of the district, be paid a proper salary, and devote all his time to the conservation of the public timber, the use thereof to be under his direction; that he should have power, in the case of fire, to call upon the citizens, and the troops also (if any are within his district), to assist in stamping it out; and that certain rewards should be given for the detection of timber-robbery and fire - setting. The inspector, it was argued, ought to have magisterial powers certainly authority to arrest and hold offenderswhile United States Commissioners should be required to hear and make early disposition of such offenses. The Philadelphia Forestry Congress of 1889 also suggested a policy quite similar to that presented by the men who live amid the forest fires. Public opinion differs as to whether or not the mountain communities are virile and ethical enough to be relied upon in effectually aiding the work of timber preservation. But whether so or not, the instinct of self-protection is a fervent ally. The Department of Agriculture has a Cattle Bureau, and its agents find active support everywhere among farmers and cattle-raisers in the stamping out of infectious diseases.

It is high time that steps were taken to protect our mountain timber, and that, too, without regard to the correctness or otherwise of the theory that trees hold the earth-water, prevent torrents and lessen aridity by distributing the rain-fall in a more regular and satisfactory manner. I do not propose to discuss any technical question. An industrial interest that is annually worth at least \$1,500,000,000 deserves, as to the source from which it is derived, some considerable care and attention, alike protective and restorative in character. This does not need argument.

One other scene that was witnessed on the journey under review, and I have done. One lovely morning in the last days of August our party of Congressional investigators left Carson, Nev., for a visit to Lake Tahoe, thence across it, and by stage down Truckee River to the station of that

name in California. The routes taken enabled us to examine the localities—Lake Tahoe, the grades and roads thereto, with the drainage areas, their value for irrigation, storage and distribution purposes. Lake Tahoe is a magnificent body of water up on the eastern slope of the Sierra Ne-It is the central gem of a huge necklace of lovely lakes. It lies encircled by bare peaks, at an altitude of 6,216 feet. The mountains range from 2,000 to 6,000 feet above the lake. It is from twelve to fourteen miles in width, and some twenty-five miles in length. In sublimity of scenery it is almost unsurpassed. The mountains, black, gray, brown, sere, with here and there patches of untrodden snow, browned, however, by dust and erosion, are largely denuded of their

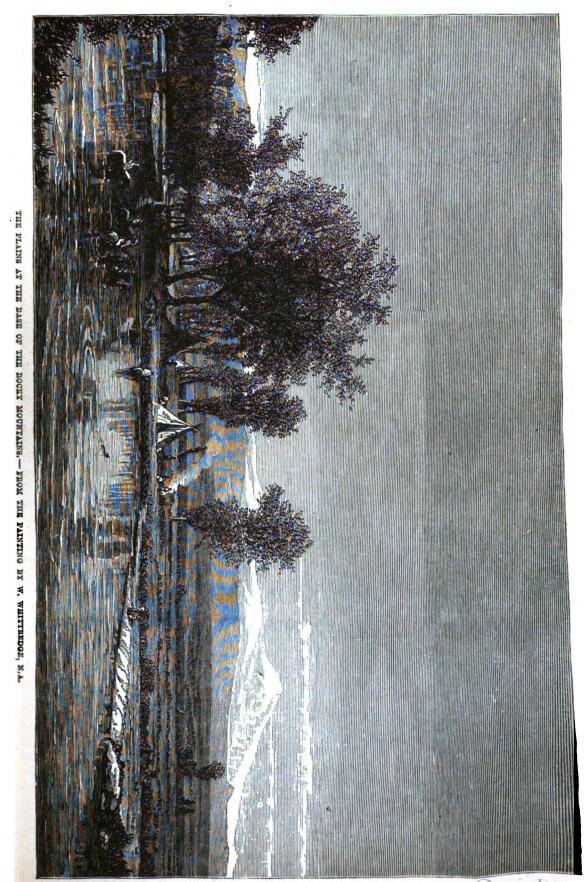
who control them are the bonanza managers of the Comstock Mines. Below the surface in the mines of that lode timber enough has already been consumed to build a city larger than San Francisco. Nearly all the ties and other lumber required in constructing and maintaining the Central Pacific Railroad have come from the various mills at Lake Tahoe and on the Truckee River Valley, its outlet. It was a wonderful sight. Taken in connection with the forest-fires region that had been passed through, it gave a startling conception, indeed, of the rapid destruction of our once vast mountain forests. The day was spent on Lake Tahoe. Amid the long shadows of the Sierras' Summer sunset for fifteen miles we rode down the ruggedly bold, picturesque



IN THE BURNT DISTRICT.

timber—chiefly the immense Sierra pines, Douglas spruces, fir and hemlock trees. A ride of twenty-six miles—twenty by coach and six on a lumber railroad, that went down by gravity to the shores of the lake—was marked by the evidences of timber devastation. A huge flume ranged the whole length of our twenty miles of mountain-climbing. In it, with persistent regularity, came floating down to Carson miles of planks, freshly cut from the mountain trees. The saw-mills are on the shore of the lake itself. A little town has grown up around them. How immense they are may be realized when it is known that 250,000 feet of lumber, board measure, are cut every twenty-four hours. These mills run all the time for about eight months in the year, and a part of the remaining four. The men

Valley of the Truckee River. It made a sombre and most striking picture. The gorges were narrow; the mountain-sides, steep, precipitous, rugged and lofty. A few trees stood boldly outlined against the azure. Amid all their depths, as far as the eye could penetrate, the smoky haze of distant fires filled every interstice. The pungent odor of burning timber filled the atmosphere. The illustrations give some faint idea of the rugged desolation produced by the wholesale destruction of the fine trees that once covered the precipitous sides and gorges of the bold mountains that hemmed us in. As far as the eve could reach, the primal timber had almost vanished. The coniferous second growth, feeble and few, comparatively speaking, could be seen in patches of rugged trunks and dark foliage; while for miles



upon miles the stumps that indicated destruction were, with the rugged mountains, the one marked feature of the bold, desolate scenery. The night shadows were more pleasant than such a picture of devastation. As they fell about us, all were asking what should be done to save our forests?

THE WRONG HORSE.

A NEAR-SIGHTED youth (writes James Payn), on going in for his medical examination, was thus advised by that guide, philosopher and friend, his "crammer": "The doctor will ask you about the horses on the common; say 'gray,' very rapidly, for all horses are either gray or bay." This was, no doubt, a too hasty generalization; but it is the fact that to persons who do not concern themselves with the equine race, horses are very much A young gentleman of my acquaintance, who used that animal merely as the means of locomotion—"the means and not the end"—was once given a "mount" by the friend with whom he was staying to visit Reading races. On coming away he had taken the animal which was offered to him out of the crowded booth without investigation, and rode home on it. His host met him at the lodge-gate, and with the quick eye of a proprietor perceived there had been an exchange which might (or might not) be a robbery. "Why, that's not my horse, Ned." "Is it not?" replied the enthusiastic equestrian. "It looked extremely like him." I know another case, where matters turned out much worse. A good man of business, but one who was a very careless rider, Mr. A, was wont to come to town on horseback every day, and put his horse up at a certain livery-stable. Mr. B, a friend of his, used to do the like, and, on calling for his nag, one evening, had another brought out to him by the hostler. "That's not my horse," he said; "that's Mr. A's horse." "Then Mr. A must have taken your horse by mistake, sir." "If so," said B, with gravity, "he is a dead man." And so, indeed, it turned out. Poor A, riding home with loose rein and careless seat, upon, as he thought, his own quiet steed, was thrown and killed upon the spot by a buckjumper.

CAMEOS.

FIGURES engraved in low relief on different kinds of siliceous stones, shells, etc., having layers of divers colors, are called cameos. The art dates back to very remote antiquity, some of these ancient engravings upon stones forming valuable and interesting departments in both public and private collections of antiquities. To the general reader a descriptive and historical account of these exquisite antique gems of a photograph, painting, or penciling, and are

art would be of interest. But the interest of the jeweler, lover of art though he may be, centres in merchantable cameos; the seat of their principal production having, until late years, been in France and the south of Europe. Modern art has made many attempts to discover some suitable material for the purpose, more easily wrought, the hardness of the siliceous stones precluding the possibility of their coming into general use. The best and most common substitutes are the shells of molluscous animals. Several kinds of these afford the necessary variety of color, and at the same time are soft enough to be worked with ease, and yet sufficiently hard to resist any amount of wear. Early cameos were made from the wreath-shells (turbines), which have an opaque external coat overlaying an internal pearly one. Seba and Rumphius figure many specimens of these which their collections contained. They are now only to be met with in the cabinets of the curious.

The flesh-eating univalves (gasteropoda) are peculiar for having their shells formed of three layers of calcareous matter; each layer being composed of three perpendicular laminæ placed side by side, the central being placed at right angles to the inner and outer ones. This structure gives great strength to the shell, and furnishes the cameo-cutter with the means of giving a peculiar surface to his work, carefully designing his sketch, so that the direction of the laminæ of the central layer is longitudinal to the axis of the figure.

The shells mostly used by modern artists are "bull's-mouth," which has the inner lining of the shell red; from this cameos are formed having a sardonyx ground. The "black helmet," with a blackish interior layer, is used for onyx ground. The "horned helmet" has a yellow ground; the queen's-conch (Strombus gigas), a pink ground. Most of the pink cameos of any considerable size have the pink ground variable in color, from the fact that the color of the lining becomes paler, or fades out, as it proceeds back in the interior of the shell.

From Rome, which for many years was the centre of the shell-cameo trade, the art has spread over the civilized world. For several years past it has been a regular branch of the fine arts in the United States. Most of the larger cities support one or more of these artists, whose business is mostly confined to the cutting of portraits. The whole expense of cameos being the value of the artistic labor bestowed upon them, their production here as merchandise is impossible, owing to the high cost of such labor.

Those who desire a likeness less perishable than

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willing to pay for the skilled labor necessary to produce it, are the persons from whom our artists derive their support.

Such portraits can be executed in great beauty and perfection either in stone or shell; the latter being less expensive, from the fact of its being easily wrought by such steel tools as gravers, chisels, files, etc.

Stone cameos are almost wholly produced upon siliceous stones, which as a family contain nearly all the semi-valuable gems, such as amethyst, agate, onyx, opal, jasper, moss-agate, cat's-eye, sardonyx, etc. Musically speaking, all these latter are beautiful variations upon quartz as the theme.

Chalcedony is a mixture of crystallized and amorphous quartz, agates being composed of irregular layers of chalcedony of various colors. Ribbon-agate is formed of alternate and nearly parallel layers of chalcedony with jasper or quartz or amethyst. The most beautiful are obtained in Saxony and Liberia.

Fortification-agate is found in Scotland and on the Rhine. On cutting it across, and polishing it, the interior shows zigzag lines, bearing a slight resemblance to the plan of a modern fortification. Chalcedony variously colored, traversed with red veins of jasper, sometimes taking foliform ramifications, is called moss-agate. These siliceous stones are adapted to the purpose of the lapidary from their diversity of structure and color. For the cameo-cutter the onyx, in two or more colors superposed, is the favorite.

Steel tools in themselves are valueless in cutting these stones; corundum and diamond-dust alone have sufficient hardness to abrade them, and are always used for this purpose. The whole process from beginning to end is grinding. All the tools used are adjuncts to the simplest form of lathe; namely, a foot-wheel, lathe-head with a simple mandrel through it, with a small pulley on its centre. The whole lathe-head is protected by a sheet-iron cover, through which the nose of the mandrel projects. The purpose of this covering is to shield it from contact with the arm of the operator, which constantly rests upon it when in The mandrel is pierced with a female screw into which all the grinding-tools are fitted.

These tools, by which all the operations are performed, are nothing more than steel chucks about three inches long, screwed firmly into the nose of the mandrel, and the end turned into such shape as the particular service required of it demands.

This turning up of the chuck is invariably done by an ordinary graver; the rest, a separate and independent affair, being a short cast-iron column rising from a broad base or sole, which is merely set on the bench in such a position as Mme, Carette, whose memoirs of Court life at the

the work in hand requires. The thousands of angles, curves, convex, concave and plain surfaces, which, combined in millions of ways, go to make up the "human face divine," require hundreds of these little grinding-tools. The profile of the face intended to be transferred to stone is photographed, and from that the artist makes his drawing on the surface of an onyx or agate in two colors, one superposed upon the other, the upper layer of stone being roughground away down to the under one, so as to leave a mass in the centre projecting, or raised sufficiently to afford material for the head and face which it is to be formed into. The outline is then traced, and all the surperfluous portion ground away. The parts of the figure most in relief or most prominent are then traced, and worked into approximate forms.

These preliminary operations can be very well performed by subordinates, as no particular artistic skill is required. But from this part onward the artist must be a sculptor, and the tedious work progresses by grinding a little concave here, a little line there, a little dot in this place and a projection in that, by means of the variousshaped cutters revolving in the lathe; a little diamond-dust and oil being applied to their periphery with a bit of goose-quill. Constant consultation of the model photograph is necessary; for, if any prominent feature is erroneously ground away, it cannot, as in painting, be reproduced: once gone, it is gone forever. delicate operations are constantly under inspection through a lens; and when the whole, in its most minute particulars, is completed, it becoines a proper subject for even microscopic examination.

The American Jeweler, to which we are indebted for most of these details, adds: "In watching from day to day and week to week the slow growth of the stone into likeness, the hesitancy is, which most to admire—the skill, or the patience, of the artist. It seems incredible to what perfection of resemblance some minute specimens of this art arrive. Why should colossal statues of Minerva, Hercules or Cupid, receive more applause than exquisite miniatures of the same? If the world pours out its wealth, and shouts its loudest praises, to those who produce such works in marble, and with such gross tools as chisel and mallet, why is he not equally or more deserving of fame who does the same thing upon amethyst, and within the space of a lady's ring?"

BISMARCK'S LAST WALTZ.

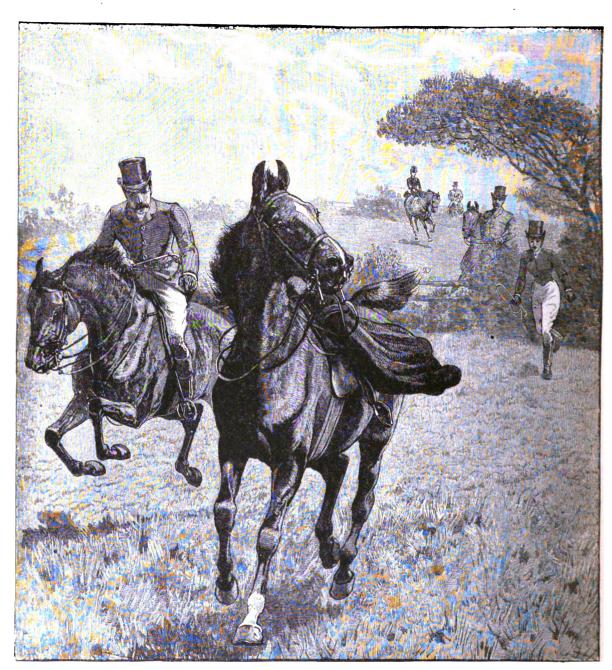
AT the time of the Paris Exhibition of 1867.

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Tuileries have lately been published, distinguished herself with Prince Bismarck.

"At a grand ball given at this time at the Tuileries, and during the cotillon which I myself led

"This little incident—so little in accordance with Count Bismarck's gravity, and with the part he was already playing in the affairs of the world, afforded much amusement to the sovereigns and off, the roguish thought entered my mind to offer I the others present, for they scarcely expected to



"PARTED"; OR, THE LADY AND HER SKIRT .-- A MISHAP IN THE HUNTING FIRLD.

to Count Bismarck, who was in a corner watching the dancing, a bunch of roses, which was the signal for a waltz. M. de Bismarck was at that moment the object of general attention. He accepted the bouquet, and, yielding to my invitation, danced a long waltz with me, making his way very cleverly through the crowd of other dancers.

see M. de Bismarck mixing with a crowd of youthful dancers.

"In escorting me back to my place, he took an artificial rosebud from the lapel of his coat, and, offering it to me, said: 'Be pleased, madame, to preserve this as a souvenir of the last waltz I shall ever dance, and which I shall never forget."



44 RHE FLUNG OUT HER STRONG BROWN ARM TOWARD HIM AS SHE SPOKE, AND OH, WE ALL SAW IN HIS FACE THAT SHE TOLD THE TRUTH!"

Vol. XXIX., No. 5-39.

THE NEW TENOR.

JUDGING by the noise we made, one might have supposed us a convocation of fiends, instead of a congregation of Christians, engaged, to the best of our several abilities, in a service of praise. We had quarreled with our choir and disbanded it, so all of us, from old Mr. Highlow, aged seventy-nine, to little Jack Horner, just turned five, felt at liberty to go at the music tooth and nail. How we growled and squeaked, and quavered and squealed! No choir should put us down-not if we knew ourselves! The minister - good young man, with a taste for Bach and Handel, and an ear trained by long years

of drill as a choir-boy—mopped his brow after the Glorias, quailed visibly at the Venite, and writhed as one in bodily torment at our "Rose of Sharon" To Deum; but what cared we for hypersensitiveness? What mattered a few extra notes thrown into the air, or a decided preponderance of falsetto, if the heart of the singer was attuned to praise?

So we thought for two or three Sundays, then symptoms of discontent were manifested. It is all very well to sing off pitch and out of tune yourself, but you cannot long tolerate your accomplices in hymn-wrecking. From criticising the choir, we lapsed into the most uncomplimentary candor concerning one another's vocalization, and in less than a month's time started neighborhood feuds that I am afraid will not die out this side of Judgment Day. Something had to be done, or the congregation of St. Cecilia's would have been rent into as many fragments as it had voices.

The Vestry did it. They arose as one man, and took fine promises and abject humility and servile flattery, and went and groveled before the members of the choir and entreated them, as they valued the hearing of the congregation, to come and deliver it out of the power of the amateur singer. After much hanging back, the choir, with the exception of the first tenor, came again and sang as of old.

Because of the tenor's contumacy, a card appeared in the papers, setting forth the fact that we wished some one of glorious voice, and modest ambitions in the matter of salary, to fill his place.

The call met with but one response, a tenor sweet to hear and fair to see. I was at the Senior Warden's house when he came. Oh, how handsome he was! Just like the hero of a grand opera, with his silky black hair and mustache, his melancholy, brilliant dark eyes, his sudden, flashing smile, his clear olive complexion, that paled and darkened in some mysterious way, but never flushed! He was presented to us all—Mrs. Fane, the Warden's wife, Alice, his daughter, and me

We asked him to sing, and with the grace of a courtier he complied.

I do not expect to hear sweeter words wedded to sweeter sounds in paradise! He struck a few rich chords, and began with that grand old hymn we hear so seldom now, "Quicunque Vult." It seemed to me that I had gone back ages, and was listening to the saints and martyrs in the Catacombs singing it as they sang it in those days of blood and pain when religion was a thing that could not be traded on! While our pulses were still thrilling with the noble words and tones, the music changed into a chant. Never could I forget it, if I lived till the stars grew old—"Ben-

edictus qui venit in nomine Domine." Scarcely did the strain die on the air when he sang to the same score these English words:

"Who is the angel that cometh?
Pain.

Let us arise and go forth to greet him.
Not in vain

Is the summons come for us to meet him;
He will stay
And darken our sun.
He will stay
A desolate night, a weary day.
Since in that shadow our work is done,
And in that shadow our crowns are won,
Let us say still, while his bitter chalice
Slowly into our hearts is poured,
Blessed is he that cometh
In the name of the Lord."

Ah! I thought it was a providence that sent him. I felt sure that he came in the name of the Lord, and and so did Alice—sweet Alice, the fairest flower in all our garden of girls. I used to think of the "Blessed Damozel" when she sit at the organ on Sundays, she was so fine and sweet.

As she listened with a deeper rose on the smooth oval of her cheek, an unaccustomed light in her gentle blue eyes, I wondered, even then, if those tranquil symphonies she and the rector used to play through the long evenings would not soon have in them a note of unrest.

Poor Mr. Herwick! dear, good man that he always was and always will be! His simple dignity and unostentatious merit made him seem handsome in the eyes of his parishioners, even though his pale, thin face was freckled, his brown locks scant, and his trim side-whiskers sandy. Dear soul, he was charmed with our new tenor (Victor Heath, he called himself), and used to stand by the organ, at week-day rehearsal, when Victor sang and Alice played, with the rapt expression of a saint. By and by a little trouble crept into his look, a faint shadow at first, but day by day I saw it deepen. Gradually the duets were discontinued; indeed, there was little time for them.

The new tenor's voice created quite a furrer; he was invited everywhere, and, although he was quite able to play his own accompaniments when he first came to us, in a little while it was an understood fact that he would not, or could not, sing unless Alice played. I think they loved each other from the first—he and Alice—and no wonder! They were so handsome, and such a contrast; she was so fair and small, he so dark and stately. Both were young, both worshiped the beautiful as it appeals to the ear and to the eve.

The Winter slipped away pleasantly enough to every one but Mr. Herwick. As for Alice, she grew more beautiful every day—love, you know.

is the great beautifier. She loved, and loving, trusted, and was happy. As for Victor Heath, some struggle was going on in his soul. One day he would be wildly gay—the next, melancholy as if he were almost resolved to be rid of life and its perplexities; but through all moods his devotion never wavered.

Easter was late that year, and Nature commemorated the Resurrection with flowers. The whole earth seemed abloom with them, white, blue, pink and golden. Violets, snow-drops, hepaticas, hyacinths, daffodils, great tulips splashed with red and gold, lifted their cups wherever they could get leave, and the air of the conservatories was faint with the incense of lilies and jasmine stars. In St. Cecilia's we heaped blossom upon blossom, until the Lord's sanctuary was adorned like a bride that waits a heavenly bridegroom. our music! I always love the triumphant Easter music; the joy that cometh after sorrow is so much greater than the joy that is mere gladness. I love it, and I listen always with joyful tears; but I never heard anthems so sweet or so jubilant as when Victor Heath led them. There was exultation in his voice, I could not think was born of Heaven. Involuntarily, I looked at Alice. Ah! my pretty, white dove had a great pink passionflower on her breast that I knew never grew in our greenhouses. Victor must have sent to the city for it. I sighed when I saw it, for I thought of Mr. Herwick.

I wish goodness counted for more than show in this world.

Alice ran into my house next day to tell me her great secret; as if, dear, innocent heart, there was any secret!

"Dear friend," she said, "I do not know how I can deserve such happiness. That a simple girl like me should inspire love in one so gifted, so wise as Victor, is almost too wonderful for belief. And yet," she made haste to add, while tears stood in her pretty eyes, "I cannot doubt it. Oh! if I could, I should die!"

"We none of us know what we can endure until we are tried," I said, laying my hand on her arm; "and, oh! my dear, forgive an old woman, because she loves you, for asking how do you know you will not be? What do you know of this handsome lad except that he is handsome?"

"I know that he is the best, the noblest of men!" cried Alice, shaking off my hand; "and if he were not, if he were anything base suspicion might suggest, I love him, love him, and would barter my happiness—ay, my life—to secure his."

"Oh! Alice, do not be angry. I never saw you so before. Forgive me if I have spoken amiss. Do not leave me. I meant no harm."

"I know you did not," relented Alice, half ashamed of her vehemence. "Forgive me. I

am not quite myself to-day, for papa has not been kind, and says we must wait a year to prove ourselves and each other. As if a year could change us!"

Well, so she forgave me, and forgot me, too, to all intents and purposes. She came to my home no more, and was only distantly kind when we met elsewhere. Victor did not imitate her. He sought me everywhere, and was determined I should be his friend, and I was, I really was. No one could help liking him, but when people reach my age they often like without trustingnot that they actually distrust, but the many disappointments of the past have taught them to hold trust in reserve till time or circumstance applies a test to pleasant speech and flattering manner. Mr. Herwick said in one of his sermons that suspicion is a vice of the age even more than avarice. Perhaps he was right, but I wish he had not said it, for it made Alice look at me with a proud little smile. I was hurt, but not enough to prevent my going home with her mother after service.

It was a beautiful evening in the last of May, and we loitered along the street, talking softly of the perfect Mays when we were girls and the world seemed so much younger. We passed Alice and Victor, but presently they overtook us, and we all went into the house together. Alice had given her lover a great red velvet rose, of the kind we used to call Hebron roses, and he wore it on his breast as proudly as another man might a star and ribbon from his sovereign. They sat down across the room from us, near a window, and spoke together in murmurs, so as not to disturb our gossip of the days that were no more. By and by a silence fell on us all, and the lovers turned their faces and looked out upon the night. Mrs. Fane and I glanced at them, and smiled as old women will at the tender follies of the young.

"It is not the starlight they see," I whispered, "A light that was never on land or sea' is shining for them."

Almost as I spoke, I saw a wild, fierce face pressed close against the pane for a second, and Victor fell back like a man wounded unto death. Before I could go to him, before Alice so much as stretched out her hand, the door was flung open, and a strange, disheveled woman came in, with a terrible cry.

"Aha! my Victor, I have found you!" she exclaimed, exultantly. "It has been a weary search, but success—success makes amends for all disappointments."

Victor Heath's eyes glazed like a dead man's, and he answered never a word.

"Who are you? Why do you come into my house like this?" quavered Mrs. Fane.

"Who am I?" mimicked the fury, biting her

livid lips and clutching at the bosom of her faded red gown; "and why do I come here? I am Victor Heath's wife, good madam, and I come here for my lawful husband. Look at him, and prove my words!"

She flung out her strong brown arm toward him as she spoke, and oh, we all saw in his face that she told the truth!

Alice had risen, but at that fierce, gypsylooking creature's words she sank down with a little moan, and hid her face.



POTTAWATOMIE TRADITIONS OF GEN. W. H. HARRISON.— THE STATUE OF GEN. W. H. HARRISON, AT CINCINNATI.— SEE PAGE 616.

"So he has been making love to you, has he?" jeered the creature. "Just so he did with me; but he tired of me, as he would of you, you white little fool!" she added, savagely. "But he is mine, remember that. Come away, Victor—with—your wife!"

"Never!" cried Victor, stung into life by her words, and stepping between her and Alice as she advanced. "You blighted my youth—you shall not drag down my manhood. Begone from the place—your presence contaminates!"

"No, I will not begone!" she shrieked. "You

are mine—mine! You cannot shake me off. I'll follow you to perdition, if need be!"

"I thought you went there alone, two years ago," he muttered, bitterly. "I heard so."

"No, no; I'll not go without you, my husband," she said, with a fiend's laugh. "So come, let us away together. We are no company for respectable Christians."

"God help me! that is true," he groaned.

He looked about him desperately as he spoke, and oh! I have never seen the anguish of death as

bitter as the anguish of despair that was on him when his glance fell on Alice.

She, poor, smitten dove, still had her face covered, and gave no sign.

"Come!" said the wife, "or I call the neighbors in to hear your pretty story and the story of your new love cowering yonder."

He turned to me, as if some vain plea for intercession trembled on his lips. I could not speak, but I motioned toward the door. He dropped his head, and groping unsteadily, like a blind man, went away from us, his wife following when she had snatched the red rose from his breast and trampled on its sweetness.

As the outer door shut with a clang, Alice rose up with her arms flung high above her head, and wailing but the one word, "Victor!" fell down upon the floor, so cold, so white, so rigid, I

thought surely the good God, in His infinite pity, had taken her home to heaven; but it was not to be. Life, with its wine all spilled, its rose-leaves dying, was still left to her.

All night we who loved her most sat by her, chafing her clinched hands, bathing her hot brow, calling her by every pet name dear to her childhood, striving by every means love could suggest to win her from that stony silence, that horrible quietude; but all in vain. Love was powerless, skill was powerless. In the early morning I went home, and there, at my door, was Victor Heath.

"Oh, how dare you!" I cried, and as I spoke my voice broke in a gust of sobs.

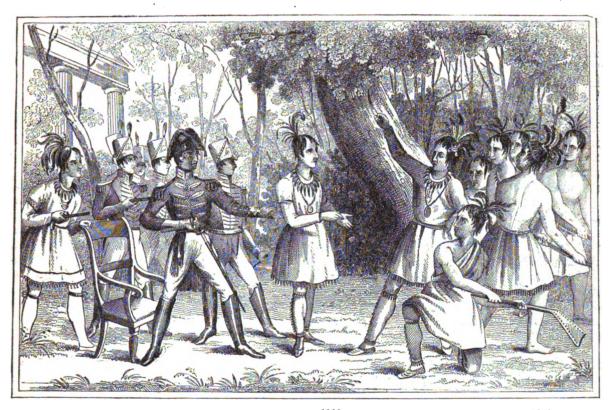
"Do not judge me till you hear my story," he entreated. "Let me go in with you. I will not keep you long."

I was moved with compassion, he looked so wan and old, so wretched with suffering. Therefore I took him into the house with me.

Sitting there, in the chill and heaviness of the dawn, he told me of his past.

He was a minister's son, reared in the quiet of a country parsonage, knowing little of, and caring not at all for, the world and its ways. On Sundays he sang in the choir; on week-days he studied for a tenor, he came to us. The rest I knew.

self he realized his mistake. And she—she soon tired of "the boy she had taken to raise," as their companions called him, and recognizing no law but her own caprice, turned to older men. After his first fury cooled, he determined to go his way and leave her to hers. Then her whim changed, and she determined to win him back. For half a dozen years she followed him, thwarted him—barred every door of success, quenched every hope of advancement in his profession. Finally, the persecution ceased, and he heard she was dead. In the meantime his health had suffered, and he left the stage to rest. Reading our advertisement for a tenor, he came to us. The rest I knew.



GEN. HARBISON AND TECUMSEH AT VINCENNES, AUGUST, 1810.—FROM A LITHOGRAPH PUBLISHED IN 1840.

and wrote with his father, and learned music of his mother. When he was seventeen he lost both parents, and, helpless as a little girl, was turned adrift on the world, to make or mar his fortune. How he had marred it, I saw. He went to the city, and, drifting from one vicissitude to another, sick at heart and wishing nothing so much of life as to be rid of it, finally joined an opera company, of little fame, as chorus-singer. The prima-donna, a handsome, dashing woman of almost twice his age, saw him, fancied him, married him with ccarcely any volition on his part. He had liked her well enough, was grateful for her kind words—the only ones he had heard since his mother died; but almost as soon as he had bound him-

Poor, poor boy! I took his hand in both of mine, and we sat a little time silent.

"I have given her all I have in the world," he continued, heavily, for his strength was spent—"all I thought dear Alice and I should enjoy together—that she may go away and leave my poor love in peace. As for me, I have promised her to begone, too—but not with her! not with her! And now a last favor. I ask it as the dying ask a boon. Help me to see Alice once more, that I may beg the sweet soul's forgiveness for the evil I have wrought her. Then I will go out of her life forever."

"She would not know you," I said, bitterly, my anger rising again.

At that he was in a dreadful way, and would have hurried to her home had I not restrained him. Finally, after a woful scene, I promised to intercede with the Fanes, and gain him, if possible, a last look at his loved and lost one.

I half repented of my promise, and in fear and trembling told my errand. At the first sound of his name a flush swept over her face, the tense nerves relaxed, and a passion of tears shook her like a storm. I weep now at the remembrance.

When she had no more tears to shed, she said:

"Tell him I cannot see him."

Her father approved; then she wept again, and her mood changed.

"He is not to blame!" she cried.

No one contradicted her; how could we bear to do it?

The day wore away somehow, and at even-tide I made ready to go home.

"You are going to him!" sobbed Alice. "Let me go with you, and see him once more and die."

How weak good women are!

Let my story hasten to its close. I brought him to her; we could not withstand her pleading. How they met and how they parted I may not say. When they had bidden farewell for all time, he went out into the darkness, and the sound of his retreating footsteps was lost in the drip, drip of the warm Spring rain falling from the eaves.

"I never like to hear the rain drip down like that," said Alice to her mother. "It sounds like the dropping of blood."

Mrs. Fane gave a weak little sob, and caught her daughter's hand. The same instant a terrible cry rang out on the night, and a voice that made us tremble shrieked: "Ah, villain, would you go back to her? Take this for your perfidy!"

There was a groan, a crash among the lilac borders, then all was still save the drip, drip, like the dropping of blood.

We ran out, wildly searching for what we feared to find. It was Alice that stumbled over it—clasped it in her arms—would not loosen her hold until her father dragged her away. It was no longer Victor. The assassin's dagger had speeded well.

We carried the poor clay in, and laid it down in the room where we had first heard our tenor sing:

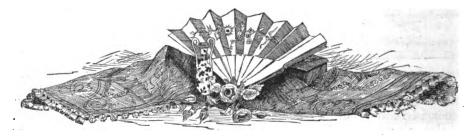
"Who is the angel that cometh?
Pain."

Pain was the angel that came, but I believe, as I believe in Heaven, that Victor saw another, there came such a smile on that beautiful dead face that night.

The prince of darkness hid his own, I think, for the murderess could never be traced.

And Alice? Alice seemed just slipping through the gates ajar for many a weary day, but youth held her back. No, she is not happy, but she is content to wait. Mr. Herwick is her best friend; he has taught her to live for others, and many rise up and call her blessed. I used to sigh and fret for her, and murmur that the Lord was not good to women when He let them live on after such experiences; but I have learned that some lives are to humanity a song, and some a sermon, and a blessed few, "purified as by fire," a benediction.

"She came from out the furnace flame
Of sorrow strong to help the weak,
And gifted with good words to speak
In times of grief or shame."



GINSENG.

BY J. C. WATKINS.

THE subject of this article is not, as some may imagine, a town or village in the Celestial Empire, for if there is a town or city in the land of "pigtails" bearing this name, the writer is in utter ignorance of its geography. Ginseng (Panax quinquefolium) is simply an ordinary-looking weed, the stock or stem of which grows about one foot high; is smooth, round, of a reddish-green color, divided at the top into three short branches,

with three to five leaves to each branch, and a flower-stem in the centre of the branches. The flower is small and white, followed by a large red berry.

The root of the plant (and it is of the root that we wish especially to speak) is soft, thick, whitish and bulbous, from one to three inches long, though sometimes much longer, with wrinkles running around it, and a few small fibres

attached. There are generally two or three roots to a stalk. It has a peculiar, pleasant, sweetish, slightly bitter and aromatic taste. It is found in most of the States, usually growing in rich, shady soils.

It possesses some valuable medicinal properties. The root is a mild tonic nervine, and somewhat stimulant and diuretic, and may be used in substance, decoction or tincture—most commonly used in bitters along with other articles. It is considered a valuable medicine for children, and has been recommended in asthma, palsy, and nervous affections generally.

So much for ginseng considered botanically and medicinally. It is, however, as an article of commerce that we propose further to consider it.

Ginseng-root, or, in the common vernacular, "sang," in its prepared state (dried or clarified), is exported from this country in large quantities. The principal market for it is China, where it usually brings a good price, as it is always in demand.

It may be interesting to the readers of the POPULAR MONTHLY to know how this commodity finds its way into the commerce of the country, and consequently becomes one of "our natural resources," and an element of considerable wealth.

The usual time for digging ginseng is during the early Summer and on till late in the Fall; the later in the season the better, as the roots are firmer, and do not shrink in weight so much by the drying process. That dug in the Spring and early Summer is soft, and not so large as that which is dug later. It generally takes four pounds of green "Spring dug" ginseng to make one pound when dry, while of the "Fall dug" it only loses about two-thirds; i.e., three pounds of "green" will weigh one pound when "dry."

The digging is done principally by persons who make a kind of business of it during the "sangin" season," and are called "sangers," or "sang-diggers." They "camp" in a good locality for their business, until they have dug about all the ginseng-roots in the vicinity of their camp, and for two or three miles around, when they pack up, and pitch camp in another place. Men, women and children go in gangs together, each armed with a "sang-hoe" and cotton haversack, or "poke," as they call it. in which to put the roots as they are "dug." They seem to enjoy this nomadic life hugely. During the Winter they engage in other employments, such as cutting wood, getting out saw-logs, working at public works, "digging" coal, etc.; but as soon as the ginseng season comes, most of them go out "a-sangin'."

The country merchants buy the ginseng from pint) with one hundred these sangers in its green or undried state, generally paying for it with merchandise, though texture remain unaltered.

some pay part in money. The usual price for the green roots is from 20 to 30 cents per pound, though sometimes it is worth more. It is dried by spreading it out in a dry place, or in a kind of kiln made for the purpose. Some merchants or buyers clarify it, which is done by steaming thoroughly and then drying it. Ordinary dry ginseng is worth in New York or Philadelphia from \$1.20 to \$1.40 per pound. The clarified is worth 20 cents per pound more, or from \$1.40 to \$1.60 per pound. A country merchant sometimes handles twelve or fifteen hundred pounds of dry ginseng in a single season. An expert "sang-digger" can make from \$2 to \$4 a day when the sang is at all plentiful.

Farmers and their boys frequently spend a week or two during the season in this employment, though they seldom go out of their immediate neighborhood for this purpose. In some parts of West Virginia ginseng grows in abundance, but is not now so plentiful as it was formerly. The ginseng from this State usually brings the outside prices on account of its superior size and quality.

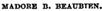
It is thought that it can be successfully cultivated, the same as any other plant raised in the field or garden. If this be the case, it will no doubt prove a valuable addition to the productions of the farm.

It might be proper to say before closing this article that the country merchants, or those who buy ginseng from those who dig it, usually ship it when dry to commission merchants in some of the large cities, generally New York or Philadelphia, who sell it for them to exporters.

The cost of marketing it, including freights, commissions and other charges, does not exceed eight or ten cents per pound. Figures are not generally considered interesting reading, or we might have gone to the trouble of ascertaining the number of pounds of ginseng-roots annually exported from this country, etc., etc.; but, presuming we have consumed too much space already, we will leave the little plant to flourish in its shady bower in the forest, unmolested.

THERE are many substances which have the property of rendering the fabrics to which they are applied incombustible, but they usually spoil them, either by changing the color or by stiffening them so much that they cannot be used. An easy and safe way of protecting curtains and mosquito-nets against fire is said to be by steeping them in a solution of phosphate of ammonia, obtained by mixing one-half a liter of water (one pint) with one hundred grammes (about three ounces) of phosphate. In this way the color and texture remain unaltered.







POTTAWATOMIE YOUTH.

POTTAWATOMIE TRADITIONS OF GEN. W. H. HARRISON.

By George E. Foster.

"THE old men of my people tell many traditions of the grandfather of the new Great Father at Washington."

The speaker was a bright Pottawatomic Indian, who had been educated in part in the mission schools of the Indian Territory, receiving a finishing touch at a Kansas academy, and then, true to his people, had returned to them, settling down on a farm at the Sacred Heart Mission, which is located near the centre of the Indian Territory. This mission, as its name indicates, is a Roman

Catholic one. Indeed, Catholicism, which the Indians call "the French religion," is the faith of the majority of the "Citizen Band" of Pottawatomies, and they trace their religious traditions back to the days of Marquette and Allouez. A mission on the St. Joseph River was long the preaching-point of the Black Gowns, but shortly after the French were dispossessed of their territory in America it was abandoned. In 1832attracted once more to Catholicism through contact with the Chippewa and Ottawa tribes, for whom Father Baraga, a missionary from Illyria, in Europe, had first prepared dictionaries, grammars, prayer-books and sacred songs

—the Pottawatomies sent to Detroit for priests, to bring them also books, and once more to teach them the faith that their forefathers had embraced. As a result, Father Stephen Badin was sent among them, who again started a church-building on the St. Joseph River. Eight years after, the spiritual welfare of the Western tribes was largely in the hands of the Jesuits; and through the appointment of Father de Smet, Father Hogan was made the spiritual adviser of the Pottawatomies, who translated the Prayer-

book into the Indian language. In 1842, J. F. Diel, a scholastic, was sent to teach the Indian children the rudiments of the English language while the tribe was at Sugar Creek, Kan., and while there he learned their language. subsequently pursued further studies in the St. Louis University, was ordained a priest, and became the Superior of St. Mary's Mission School in Kansas. In 1848, the Rev. Maurice Galliand, who had fled from his native Switzerland on account of the persecutions of the Jesuits by a people far more advanced in civilization than the Pottawatomies, came to and found a peaceful home among the Indians. He learned their lan-



A POTTAWATOMIE COWBOY.

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guage, and translated two books, and followed the Pottawatomies into the wilds of the Indian Territory, where he founded St. Mary's College and the Academy of the Sacred Heart.

When the Citizen Band arrived at their new home in the Territory in 1875, the ancient French religion was administered by Father Robat, who established a flourishing mission among them, and the Pottawatomies, who had always been noted for their liberality toward their superiors, again manifested the same by donating the section of land where was established the Mission of the Sacred Heart, near which the Pottawatomie youth spoke the words placed at the

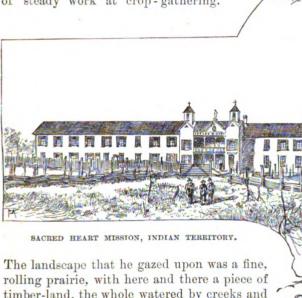
opening of this article.

The young Indian was leaning against the split-rail fence of his own

against the split-rail fence of his own farm, and resting after several hours of steady work at crop-gathering.

States, and when I drew the rein of my tired pony to converse with the youth, he eagerly asked me the election news. Nearly every English-speaking Indian in the Territory is, in a small way, a politician. The Cherokees had their three political parties; the Creeks had the same number; the Choctaws and the Chickasaws had hotly contested elections; and even up among the Osages, candidates were working up their programmes several months ahead. Moreover, each tribe was watching with eager eyes the movements of the two great parties in the States.

"My people," continued the young Pottawat-



The landscape that he gazed upon was a fine, rolling prairie, with here and there a piece of timber-land, the whole watered by creeks and springs. On an intermediate knoll, surrounded by a thick body of timber on the north and west, and well sheltered from Winter storms, stood the mission buildings, and not far beyond flowed the sluggish waters of the Canadian River.

The Indian youth, save for the tawny color of his skin, would hardly be recognized as such by a traveler unfamiliar with Indian Territory civilization. His face was a direct refutation of that oft-repeated insinuation that a member of his race must become dead in order to be good. He wore the dress of civilization, and although working in his field, had not forgotten to put on collar and tie. The triumphant gleam in his eye had in it nothing of the barbarian or savage; it was the result of a consciousness of duty well performed, as he looked out on the crops which were the fruits of his own labor.

It was on the close of election week in the

omic, "called General Harrison 'Msko-pkough' (red seal), on account of his official stamp being impressed in red sealing-wax. Hence his campaign pledge that he and his Government would forever live up to their agreements, which pledge oftentimes the Indians found brittle.

"Yes" continued the Pottawatomic "General

"Yes," continued the Pottawatomie, "General Harrison had great power conferred on him by the Government of the United States. Among other things, he was 'military white chief' of the North-west Territory, and transacted a good deal

of important business for his Government in the way of arbitrating peace and making treaties with the various tribes which inhabited that region."

"How do you keep the date of your traditions?" I asked.

"I will tell you," replied the young Pottawatomie, as he drew himself up on the topmost rail of the fence surrounding his farm. "Our old men, in relating any portion of their history, use such cumbersome expressions as, 'The days when our grandfathers fought the Keech-chi-mackman-nuk' (big knives). This would take a historian back to the days of General Harrison. Now, to arrive at a near or exact date, they say like this: 'When our great-grandfathers fought the white descendants of the Indian-exterminators and witch-destroyers side by side with the Saganash (Saxon) or British.' This would mean in the days of the American Revolution. Indian-exterminators' would mean the first arrivals of the Saxon race. The 'witch-destroyers' were their descendants, some years later."

"Is it not strange that the Pottawatomies can relate so many happenings of old times?"

"No, I do not think so. It was only last year that Gabriel Nan-wag-gzah died, at the age of one hundred and twenty-five years."

"Impossible!" I exclaimed, for a moment losing confidence in the accuracy of my young friend.

"There cannot be more than two years out of the way in the estimate of his age," was the reply. "There are some in my tribe living to-day who think that Gabriel was still more advanced in years, for they remember when they were children he had a grown-up family. Jin-jaw, Nan-waggzah's youngest son by his second wife, is now sixty-six. In the dawn of the Revolution, Gabriel was old enough, when going with the hunters, to carry a coon, and when a boy is able to do that he is said to be about twelve years of age. He was a married man when the chiefs of his tribe went to meet St. Clair, the first authorized commissioner sent out by the United States Government to effect a treaty of peace. He well remembered, and used often to tell of, the days when the Pottawatomies owned a portion of Ohio, all of Indiana, Illinois and Michigan, and much of the country bordering on Lake Michigan from Chicago to Green Bay. He remembered every treaty made by his tribe with the Government.

"No," continued the Pottawatomie, "it is not strange that so many historical facts are ingrafted into our traditions. Our Indians from a very early period had the French mixed up among them, who in those early days were thoroughly informed of the news of every form of oppression, tyranny and bigotry which was transpiring among Saxon colonies of that date. Our ancestors had

various other sources of information as to what was going on in the land near the sea-shore. Sometimes it would come from an authorized deputation of Indian chiefs and their followers, who in those days were sent out by the tribes of the East to come and ask the assistance of our tribe to go and help cripple the white serpent that was fast crawling out of the sea. The information would sometimes come from a fragment of an Indian tribe or refugee band who were greatly thinned out or exterminated, and would be adopted into our tribe and given a home. That is one reason why so many things have become ingrafted into our traditions. should also be remembered that time was of no value to our Indians. In those early days the Indian tribes were more sociable among themselves, consequently the greater part of our tribe was of a roving disposition. They had a name for every Indian tribe, of every river and of every mountainous country on the American Continent. Sometimes a fragment of our nation would go on a roving expedition to see the different countries of America, or to help some friendly nation carry on war against some hostile tribe. Forty years was a long absence, but all the disastrous wars that Indians have carried on against one another have been since the advent of the white race, who in their greediness in claiming a greater part of the continent have by various intrigues got the Indian tribes to aid them to fight against one another.

"'The days when our great-ancestors aided the French against the Saxon squatters' would be a period further back. 'The days when our ancestors were sailors' is another historical figure. 'The days when our great-great-ancestors were warned by their ancient prophets that there would be a white monster crawl out of the sea with a book under his arm which would expound the doctrine of the Great Spirit, who would, after a short dormancy, curl himself up and destroy them with fire and water'—this would extend back to a period of a thousand years before Columbus discovered America.

"The time when my people called General Harrison the 'Red Seal' was about 1809, when part of the Pottawatomies, Chippewas, Ottawas, Shawnees, and other tribes, notwithstanding the various treaties of peace and acknowledgments of allegiance made with and to the United States, began to talk of starting another war for their ex-Father, Great Britain. The Chippewas, Ottawas and Pottawatomies had previously made a treaty with the British Government for Walpole Island, on the Canada side of the great lakes. These three nations foresaw that the American people would strip them of every possession; that the remnant of their descendants in course of

time would become paupers, and therefore the -three nations reserved that island for the home--less of their people. While the matter of war was being discussed, the only action taken by the Indian tribes to accomplish that end was the formation of a great league. The secret conspiracy reached the ears of Red Seal (General Harrison), who had also been preparing to come among them with an army for more land. arrived at the council-grounds in the Fall of The Indians, in order to have the greatest alvantage if there should come a fight, selected the ground on which Red Seal and his followers might pitch camp. Here, a one-eyed, part Christian and part pagan prophet had for some time . been propagating superstitious ideas in the minds of the half-witted old men and the foolish youth of the tribes. Either for mischief or in fun some of the white settlers had been instructing the prophet regarding the total eclipse of the moon which was to occur on a certain night, and persuaded him to foretell it to the Indians; and this the wily prophet, anxious to increase his power ever the people, was not slow to do. He invited many Indians to come into camp at a certain hour and see the moon devoured; and the eclipse took place as the prophet had foretold. Although there was a long-standing adage among the Indian tribes setting forth that the Shawnees from time immemorial had been endeavoring to be prominent in matters of sorcery, prophecies and visions, but for all that the Great Manitou had never favored them in that line, these disciples of the prophet now agreed that the forecasting of the eclipse refuted everything that had ever been said against the Shawnee power of prophecy. Consequently it was easy for the prophet to make the Indians believe anything he said from this time.

"In the night, when General Harrison was camped among them, the prophet told the Indians that it was of no use to wait for the main forces and leaders; that the hour had already come to strike a blow. If they made an attack on General Harrison early on the following morning, the white man's bullet would be of no effect; his magazine would burn, and his powder would turn into ashes.

"The attack was made, according to the Shawnee prophet's direction. For half an hour the American troops were bewildered and in confusion, until they formed themselves into a line of It looked to the Indians at one time as if the white men were making a retreat. Thus they began to be positive of success; but when they were about to cut off their retreat, the Americans grew desperate, and fought furiously. The Indians, seeing that their prophet's word was of received a punishment such as they had never received before. The Pottawatomies said that 'the Great Father chastised them like children.' In previous battles, the white man on a retreat would pull out a plug of tobacco and hand it to the Indian to take a chew, in order to save his life; but the Indians said that at the battle of Tippecanoe they fought hard for a chew of tobacco, but never got any all that day. The Indian forces with distinguished leaders who were to have done the fighting did not come until the battle had been fought.

"In a council held about this time, Tecumseli gave General Harrison a sharp reproof. white general lost his temper and used violent language, whereupon Tecumseh arose with his stately dignity, and said: 'When great men get angry, it is time to put out the council-fire.' then drew his blanket about him and stalked out of the assembly."

"Who killed Tecumseh?"

"That is a question the whites still dispute about," said the voung Pottawatomie. like to make a discord in the sweet strains of American history; but at the battle of the Thames, Chobonaire, or Shobney, the Pottawatomie chief and warrior, was with Tecumseh when Tecumseh was killed. Shobney often insisted that Colonel Johnson did not kill Tecumseh in person, but as it was under his command, he (Colonel Johnson) had the right to claim the killing. Shobney said that he was near by when Tecumseh fell, and saw the white drummer-boy, a mere stripling, that shot him. The Indian school-boys, now gray-headed old men, who went to Colonel Johnson's school at Choctaw Academy, Kentucky, often say that Colonel Johnson in his conversations never claimed to have killed Tecumseh, but was always careful to say it was done under his command.

"Hog Moccasin was an old Pottawatomie war-The evening before the battle of Tippecance he was cleaning and scouring his gun. After he had it well greased and loaded, he smilingly turned to the young men and said: 'I tell you, when I point this gun at the white man tomorrow, it is going to make him cringe and tumble over.' In the morning, after the first volley of American musketry, Hog Moccasin was the first to tumble over wounded, with a ball through his breast. He was picked up, having done no serv-Yet the boys always had great fun afterward at his self-confidence and the result. Years after, the boys at Cary Mission would ask him to show them his old wound. He would say: 'Why do you want to see where I got shot for? I have a notion to kill you for such impudence. It was no fun to me the way I suffered with that wound.' no avail, began to give way in all quarters, and | Still, he was not backward about showing it. He

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would proudly unbutton his shirt-bosom and show his scar to the young sprouts.

"The Indians made up for their loss in this battle at Mackinaw, Malden, and at Detroit, where General Hull made a peaceable surrender; but when the American Government came into possession of the Territory, they made a treaty of peace with the Indians, who relinquished the greater part of their country.

"In the treaties and the payments after the second war, the Government Commissioners addressed the Indians like this: 'My children, we will no longer, as white people, use powder and lead to kill you off, but will use something simpler,

"Speaking of Chicago," my informant continued, "Madore B. Beaubein, a distinguished Pottawatomie, became identified with the early history of that city, where he kept a small trading house until his tribe moved to Council Bluffs. In 1828, when the Government had acquired the greatest portion of the Pottawatomie possessions by unfair treaties, and had no further object in keeping our people longer in ignorance, it sent Beaubein, Bourassa, Benjamin H. Bertrand, Luther Rice, and other Pottawatomies, who afterward became distinguished men, to a college in New York, that they might complete their education. Beaubein was the oldest of the Indians



GEN. HARBISON'S VICTORY AT TIPPECANOE, NOV. 7TH, 1811.— FROM A LITHOGRAPH PUBLISHED IN 1840.

and that is water.' The Indians did not understand the meaning of the commissioners or agents, but after a payment they would ask their Father for a treat, which they called a 'suck from their mamma.' Whoever was a representative of the Great Father would then roll out three or four barrels of whisky. At the last treaty and big payment in Chicago, thirty Indians were killed in a drunken spree in one night in fights among themselves, the result of Uncle Sam's fire-water. I don't know whether or not it was General Harrison who made the address I have just quoted, but if it was he, it would not be strange. It is said he knew the effects of hard cider.

among the New York college graduates, and he was the last one who died. He was a member of the Pottawatomie Business Committee until 1868, when it was dissolved on account of the nation having become citizens of the United States.

"An-nash-mah, or Abram Burnett, son of O-sha-zak-pee, a chief of a small band of Indians which in 1832 resided between the St. Joseph and Wabash Rivers, and whose mother was Komza-gwa, daughter of O-chee-pas, speaker for Tcpen-ibee, was in more senses than one the big Pottawatomie chief of the last generation. In his full growth he was nearly seven feet high, excessively stout in proportion. Toward his last days he was

troubled with choking respiration. He employed a surgeon to make an incision into his abdomen and take out all superfluous flesh found adhering to his sides, as advised by the best medical talent. The doctors, with the greatest skill and delicacy known to surgical science, relieved him of a large quantity of fat, and when their distinguished patient was in a fair way to recovery, he unfortunately contracted a cold in the healing parts. After weeks of suffering, and gradual loss of flesh, he died, weighing after death 499 pounds.

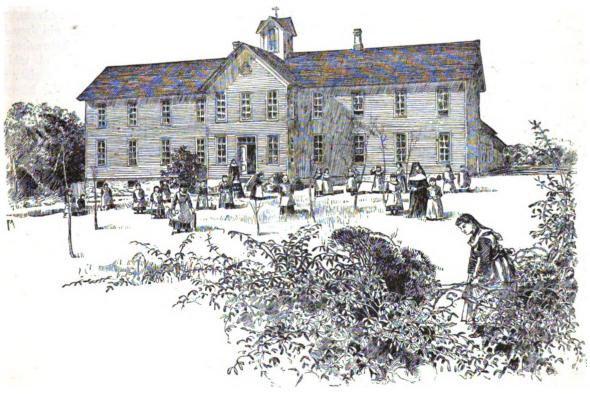
"But Abram Burnett was for many years one of the leading chiefs of the Pottawatomie nation. He was a statesman of more than ordinary ability. It is related, on good authority, that in the prime of his manhood,



POTTAWATOMIE MUSICIANS.

before he grew to his immense proportions, Burnett could take two goodsized men by the collars of their coats with each hand, and either make them dance or bump their heads togther with as much ease as a burly school-teacher could do the same with two little fractious pupils. Even in extreme old age the Pottawatomie Business Committee, organized in his day, and composed of the most enlightened and pugnacious men of the tribe, would sneak around when 'old Abe' got in a towering passion over some of their blunders in transacting the business of the tribe. They were afraid of the heavy goldheaded cane which he always carried.

"After the death of Luther Rice, J. N. Bourassa began his duties as interpreter for the



ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, KANSAS.

Government of the United States. He was well advanced among the educated men who understood the English and the Indian languages, and who were eager for that office. There were many jealous criticisers of his oral manipulation of both languages, and this led Colonel Bourassa to study up a peculiar system of interpreting which was both perfect and free from criticism. His graceful oratory, his dignified manners, and masterly style of interpreting for his people, led all Government officials in his time to assent that the Pottawatomie Indians were the best educated and most intelligent of any tribe in the West. He was fond of debating, proud of his Indian blood, and silenced many a white man who, defaming the good character of the Indian race, in many ways was reminded of the numerous weak points of the white people. Owing to his knowledge of military tactics, he was given the rank He composed a complete Indian grammar, with its translation into English, for the use of St. Mary's College. Over forty years of his life were spent in research, collecting data and facts, and writing his history of the North American Indians; but he died in 1877, before his history was ready for publication. He was opposed to the issues presented to his people, in 1861, in regard to sectionizing and becoming citizens of the United States. He eloquently warned them of the fact that they were not ready to assume the duties of citizenship, and of the poverty and misery which would shortly overtake them if they followed such a course, and which since the downfall of their nation they have found verified. When his predictions came true, his heart was always sad for his people. He saw how rudely they were treated by the whites, and the various ways they were imposed upon in being swindled out of their estates, moneys and property. As he had prophesied, they became like orphans thrown out to face the harsh rebuffs and the impositions of this cold, greedy world."

"Your people seem to be a broken nation," said I, preparing to remount my now rested pony.

"True," answered the Pottawatomie, as he jumped down from the fence and stood beside me. "The Mexican Pottawatomies are located by executive order north of North Fox River, on the Sac and Fox Agency, west of the Sacs and Foxes, and east of the Oklahoma country. There have been many parties and bands, on account of some dissatisfaction, split off from the main branch of the Pottawatomie nation. Ninety-five years ago a party of 500 left the nation forever, whom the Pottawatomies have never traced to any tribe. Whether they went back to the steppes of Siberia, where the traditional happy hunting-ground is located, or whether they went to South

America, is a question which must be settled in the spirit-world of the hereafter. The chiefs of these 500, in an international feast, were not treated to the luxurious dish of bear's feet. Such a treat was considered, when dished out to the chiefs and warriors, as the favor of the gods; and on account of some disgraceful acts committed by the young men of this party in a war, their chiefs were denied the luxury, and on that account left the nation. In 1838, ninety persons left the nation, and form part of the Kickapoo nation, in Kansas. In 1868, the Pottawatomies again divided off from their course of body politic and government. The Citizen Band, numbering 1,600, made a final settlement with the United States Government, reserving to themselves, by agreement, a home in the Indian Territory, while the Prairie Band, numbering 700, chose not to become citizens, but to retain their tribal relationship. They are living on part of the old Pottawatomie Reservation in Kansas, under the same customs as have ever existed among them.

"The Citizen's Band have adopted the ways of civilization, and are slowly improving in every branch of progress. Notwithstanding their great poverty of a few years' back, and the poor country in which they were placed and expected to make their homes and maintain their civilized methods of livelihood, they are by degrees crawling up toward prosperity. The lessons of poverty and misery have taught them the habit of accumulation. They have no schools of their own. but they appreciate the true motives of education. and in consequence are placing their children in Hampton, Haskell Institute, the Chillaceo schools, and many other schools supported and maintained by the Government out of appropriations for that purpose. You already know the history of the 'Sacred Heart Mission,'" he said, looking proudly to the building in the distance. "It is doing a good work. Since the demise of Father Robat, the Prefect Apostolic of the Territory has been Father Ignatius, while the subordinate, Father Thomas, is the Superior of 'Sacred Heart.' Their chapels, missions and schools are rapidly branching out through various parts of the Indian Territory."

I had now mounted my pony, and as I bade the young Pottawatomie good-by, he said: "There was an old axiom among the Algonquin nations, that the Ottawas were for councils; the Sacs, for warriors; and the Pottawatomies, for the chieftaincy; and it has been even so."

POET AND SHAH.

An English nobleman, desirous of pleasing the Shah, when that potentate visited England, gave an entertainment and requested that all his guests



should wear their orders and insignia. Among those invited was Robert Browning, who had no orders of any kind. The poet was in a quandary, but remembering that his degree from Oxford entitled him to wear a red gown and cap, he so adorned himself, and put in an appearance. As the Shah looked over the assemblage, bedecked with tiaras, medals, garters, and what not, his eye fell on Browning's gown, and he asked to be presented to the great man in red. When this was done, he inquired who the great person was. When told that Browning was a poet, the Shah replied: "Ah, indeed! I am glad to meet you, Mr. Browning, for I am a poet myself."

MY LADY'S FLOWER. By Lilian Amy Paul.

Bur a bit of brown sea-weed, tossed roughly aside By the storm-beaten waves as they fled, Yet so tenderly rescued, I have it to-night, While the hand that preserved it is dead.

And no flower that grows, and no gem that exists,
Is so fair or so priceless as this,
For my true lady's lips—ere forever they closed—
Breathed softly upon it a kiss.

And she wept, yes. she wept, as she laid it away,
The pale little flower of the sea;
And a soft prayer welled up from her innocent heart,
And the tear and the prayer were for me.

Oh, ere long I shall rest by my true lady's side;
Lay no land-flowers then on my bier,
But this bit of brown sea-weed place next to my heart,
That my lady may know it was dear.

BROWNING ON FAITH AND IMMORTALITY.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Nonconformist sends it a letter from a lady who, believing herself to be dying, thanked Mr. Browning for the spiritual aid she had derived from his poems, and expressed her satisfaction that so highly gifted a man of genius should hold to the great truths of religion and to a belief in immortality. In the course of Mr. Browning's reply, he said: "All the help I can offer, in my poor degree, is the assurance that I see ever more reason to hold by the same hopeand that by no means in ignorance of what has been advanced to the contrary; and for your sake I would wish it to be true that I had so much of 'genius' as to permit the testimony of an especially privileged insight to come in aid of the ordinary argument. For I know I myself have been aware of the communication of something more subtle than a ratiocinative process, when the convictions of 'genius' have thrilled my soul to its depths, as |

when Napoleon, shutting up the New Testament, said of Christ, 'Do you know that I am an understander of men? Well, He was no man.'"

THOUGHT AND BREATHING.

Some interesting extracts from the Sanskrit Yoga-sûtras which treat very fully of the prânâ-yâma, or the expulsion and retention of breath, as a means of steadying the mind, are contributed to Nature by F. Max Müller.

A Yogi has first of all to assume certain postures which help him to fix his mind on certain objects. He cannot concentrate his mind while walking or running. He ought to assume a firm and pleasant position, one requiring little effort. To judge, however, from the description given of some of these postures, they would seem to us anything but pleasant.

When a Yogi has accustomed himself to his posture, he begins to regulate his breath—that is, he draws in the breath through one nostril, retains it for some time in the chest, and then emits it through the other nostril. The details of this process are given in the first chapter of the Yoga-sûtras, sûtra 37. Here the commentator states that the expulsion means the throwing out of the air from the lungs in a fixed quantity through a special effort. Retention is the restraint or stoppage of the motion of breath for a certain limited time. That stoppage is effected by two acts—by filling the lungs with external air, and by retaining therein the inhaled air. Thus the threefold prânâyâma, including the three acts of expiration, inspiration and retention of breath, fixes the thinking principle to one point of concentration. All the functions of the organs being preceded by that of the breaththere being always a correlation between breath and mind in their respective functions - the breath, when overcome by stopping all the functions of the organs, effects the concentration of the thinking principle to one object.

Rájendralal Mitra, to whom we owe a very valuable edition of the text and translation of the Yoga-sûtras, adds the following remarks: "All other Yogic and Tantric works regard the three acts of expiration, inspiration and retention performed in specific order to constitute prânâyâma. The order, however, is not always the same. . . . The mode of reckoning the time to be devoted to each act is regulated in one of two ways: (1) by so many repetitions of the syllable om, or the mystic mantra (formula) of the performer, or the specific mystic syllables (vija) of that mantra; (2) by turning the thumb and the index-finger of the left hand round the left knee a given number of times. The time devoted to inspiration is the shortest and to retention the longest.

A Vaishnava, in his ordinary daily prayer, will repeat the Vija-mantra once while expiring, 7 times while inspiring, and 20 times while retaining. A Sakta repeats the mantra 16 times while inspiring, 64 times while retaining, and 32 times while expiring. These periods are frequently modified."

The usual mode of performing the pranayama is, after assuming the posture prescribed, to place the ring-finger of the right hand on the left nos-

trunk of a tree; therefore the wind should be stopped. As long as the breath remains in the body it is called living. Death is the exit of that breath, therefore it should be stopped."

Some of the minor works on Yoga expatiate on the sanitary and therapeutic advantages of practicing prânâyâma regularly at stated times. In America some spiritualistic doctors prescribe the same practice for curing diseases.

In India prânâyâma is only a means toward a



AFTER THE BALL.

Lady de Primrose—" What do you think of the new duchess?" Mrs. Normanby—" Oh, she's a perfect phonograph!" Lady de Primrose—" I don't understand. What do you mean?" Mrs. Normanby—" Well, you see, she speaks without thinking."

tril, pressing it so as to close it, and to expire with the right, then to press the right nostril with the thumb, and to inspire through the left nostril, and then to close the two nostrils with the ring-finger and the thumb, and to stop all breathing. The order is reversed in the next operation, and in the third act the first form is required. The Hathadîpikâ says: "By the motion of the breath, the thinking principle moves; when that motion is stopped, it becomes motionless, and the Yogi becomes firm as the

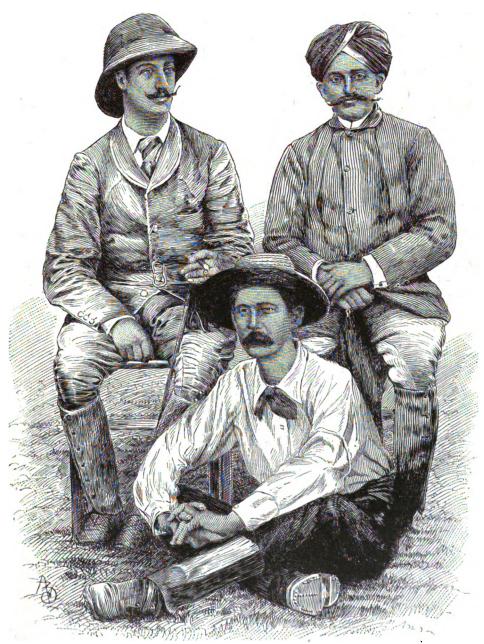
higher object—namely, the abstraction of the organs from their natural functions. It is a preliminary to Yoga, which consists in dhāranā. steadfastness, dhyāna, contemplation, and samādhi, meditation, or almost a cataleptic trance. These three are supposed to impart powers or siddhis which seem to us incredible, but which nevertheless are attested by the ancient Yogis in a very bond-fide spirit, and deserve examination, if only as instances of human credulity. I say nothing of modern impostures.



A PRINCE ELEPHANT-CATCHING.

BY A. MERVYN SMITH.

IT was decided by the British Government, last | shooting in the tropical forests of the Orient, Fall, that Prince Albert Victor of Wales, the eld- where game of all kinds—the mammoth elephant, est son of the Prince of Wales and heir presum- the huge rhinoceros the fierce lion, the savage



PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR OF WALES.

SANDERSON, THE FAMOUS ELEPHANT-CATCHER.

THE RAJAH OF MYSORE.

tive of the British Crown, should visit India, the great dependency of England. It was settled that the visit should be an unofficial one, and that the prince should be allowed an opportunity of seeing all parts of India, and do a little hunting and during that time it was expected that the prince Vol. XXIX., No. 5-40.

tiger, leopards, bears, wolves, alligators, boas, deer of all kinds, and game birds innumerableis found in abundance. The tour was to last five months (November, 1889, to March, 1890), and

would have traveled over 8,000 miles in India, and visited fifty-three of its largest cities. The prince landed in Bombay (the largest sea-port in India, with a population of three-quarters of a million) on the 9th November; he then went on to Poona, the capital of the Mahratta country; from thence to the Nizam's dominions, where he did some leopard-hunting—i. e., hunting deer with the aid of trained leopards, which run down the deer as stag-hounds do. From the Nizam's dominions he went to Mysore, the country of the ferocious Tipu, that Mohammedan King of Mysore who gave the English much trouble toward the end of the last century. He was killed in battle with the English, and his country made over to a Hindoo prince in alliance with the English. Mysore is a native State, having a Prince, or Rajah, of its own, but under British control. It has an area of 27,000 square miles, and a population of 5,000,000. Its revenue is \$6,000,000, of which \$1,000,000 is paid to the British Government as tribute. Mysore is a table-land of about 3,000 feet above the sea-level, with here and there ranges of hills from 5,000 to 6,000 feet high. The hilly tracts are covered with dense forests made up of trees of immense growth, with an undergrowth of tall grass and brush-wood. the forest tracts roam herds of elephants feeding on the luxuriant grasses and young wood, and occasionally making inroads into the nearest hamlets and feeding on the growing corn and sugarcane, of which they are particularly fond. Unless kept in check, they become more and more daring, their ravages extending for many miles round their forest homes, and what with the amount they eat and the amount trampled under foot, husbandry becomes impossible, so that in the interests of agriculture the elephants have either to be shot or trapped. As when tamed these brutes are very valuable as beasts of burden and for timber-hauling purpose, trapping is generally resorted to; it is only rarely that one is shot, and only those that show a disposition to attack man are thus disposed of.

The trapping operation is conducted on a gigantic scale, and requires months of careful labor and the employment of several hundred hands; but a successful capture is very remunerative, as from 100 to 200 of the great brutes are secured at one time; and these, when partially tamed, fetch from \$1,000 to \$2,000 each. Sport of this kind is not common even in India, the only country in the world where it is carried on, so that the catching of herds of wild elephants is rarely witnessed; and it was rightly deemed a sight worthy of the royal visitor.

The Rajah of Mysore invited Prince Albert Victor to visit his territories and witness the catching of several herds of wild elephants. This

invitation was accepted, and our first illustration shows the three most prominent personages of the hunting party at camp in the Mysore forest. The prince is attired in a light shooting-suit of tweeds. with a pith hat as a protection from the heat of the tropical sun. He is over the average height, of slender build, with shoulders well set up, large, prominent blue eyes and light hair. He speaks little, and is of retiring habits. He is particularly fond of shooting, preferring the shotgun and fowling to big game. He is a keen sportsman, and can endure much fatigue in search of game. He is fond of smoking, and seldom without cigarette or cigar in hand.

The Rajah of Mysore is a native sovereign, tributary to the British. He is a Hindoo of the orthodox kind, and has never left India. He has been educated by English gentlemen, and a British officer was his guardian until he ascended the throne in 1881. He is about the same age as the prince (twenty-six years), of broader build, but not so tall, by several inches. He speaks English with a slight stammer, and has the manners of an English gentleman.

Sanderson, the great elephant-catcher and hunter, is the son of a Wesleyan missionary for many years domiciled in Mysore. Young Sanderson showed no liking for his father's profession, and so joined the Mysore service as an engineer in the irrigation department; so fond was he of hunting wild beasts, and so thoroughly did he understand the habits of the denizens of the forests, that when the Government of Mysore decided on inaugurating extensive operations for the capture of elephants, which were doing much damage to cultivation, Sanderson was appointed to superintend the trapping. Before Sanderson's time, elephants were caught in Mysore by means of pitfalls, in which a single animal was trapped at a time; he introduced and improved the keddah system—to be presently described—by which means whole herds were secured at a time. successful did he prove, and so remunerative was the trapping, that the Government of India applied for his services at Dacca, near Calcutta, where elephants were numerous. On a certain occasion at the Garo Hills he secured no less than 600 wild elephants at one time—the biggest take the world has known. Sanderson is a thin, wirv man of the Natty Bumppo style, and like Leatherstocking, he is an unerring shot, and many are the raging elephants and ferocious tigers he has brought down with a single shot when within a yard or two of the muzzle of his rifle. His book, "Thirteen Years among the Wild Beasts of India," gives a good description of Indian sport. Unlike Cooper's hero, Sanderson cares not for deer-collops or tender morsels of bison; he is a strict vegetarian and of abstemious habits. In the

forests, where the bulk of his life is spent, he may be seen, coatless and hatless, giving instructions to his numerous attendants—trackers, beaters, mahouts (elephant-riders), shikarees (native hunters), woodmen, etc.—to each in his own language or dialect, and with such fluency and intimate acquaintance with their manners that he wins their hearts at once, and can do more with the wild races found in the elephant habitat than any other man; hence his success as an elephant-catcher, the wild men telling him where and when they saw herds of elephants and conducting him to the feeding-grounds of the great brutes through trackless forests.

The party also included Sir Edward Bradford, specially deputed to accompany Prince Albert Victor on his Indian tour; Sir Oliver St. John, a distinguished British officer of the Royal Engineer Corps; Captain Halford, Tenth Hussars, equerry to the prince; Major McIntyre, British officer commanding the Rajah's troops; and Dr. Jones, in medical charge of the prince during his tour. There were also present at the sport various members of the Mysore Government, visitors and others.

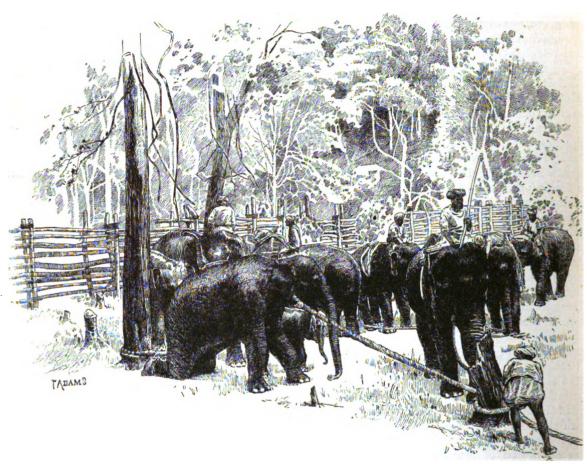
The scene of another illustration, showing elephants in the securing stockade, is near where a herd of thirty-seven wild elephants was found feeding in the dense forests of the Belligherry Rungans, a range of hills 5,000 feet high, and fifty miles south-east of Mysore city, the capital of the Rajah. The luxuriant undergrowth, the abundance of water, and its remoteness from the dwellings of human beings, make this valley a favorite feeding-ground of the elephants, which are compelled to leave the higher valleys of this range, on the breaking out of the monsoon or periodical With the first showers in May, innumerable leeches spring into life, in the upper valleys, and no animal, not even the pachydermatous elephant, can withstand these blood-suckers-the pest of Indian hill ranges. The rains last till the end of November, when the dry season begins. With the rains, the leeches also disappear, and at the same time the hot sun dries up the fodder in the low valleys, and green food on which the elephant lives can only be had in the upper valleys, to which these animals betake themselves. It is well known that in Mysore elephant herds are found in the low-lying forests from May to No-. vember, and in the upper reaches during the other five months of the year.

The keddah, or elephant-catching, operations are always conducted from May to November. The herd in question numbered two enormous females, six tuskers of medium size, seven young calves, or baby elephants, and twenty-two others, male and female, of various sizes. Sholigas (the wild aborigines of these hills) are carefully con-

cealed, watching the herd, and its whereabout is communicated from day to day to Mr. Sanderson.

At about half a mile further up the valley, and in the direction in which the elephants are moving, is the keddah, or elephant-trap. The steep hills on each side here converge to a narrow pass. along which the elephants must move to get to the neighboring valley. The keddah may be described as three patches of forest inclosed by a trench eight feet deep and six wide. Such trench, easily crossed by any other animal, is an impassable barrier to the mighty monarch of the forest. These inclosures adjoin one another, and are connected by narrow entrances which can be strongly secured by a stile-like arrangement of posts, as soon as the elephants pass through. In addition to the trench, a palisading of poles is run up outside the trench, and well screened with bamboo-twigs, behind which the beaters conceal themselves till required. The first inclosure. known as the keddah, is about 150 acres in extent, and is well clothed with forest, the growth of underwood being stimulated by an occasional plowing, and by planting grasses and cereals that elephants are fond of. Opening on to this is the securing stockade, where the elephants are tied to great trees after being secured. This inclosure is one acre in extent, and is bare of undergrowth, the large trees alone being allowed to The impounding stockade is a half-acre in extent, and comes next to the securing stockade; the entrance to it is by a flap-door hinged upward, and opened by means of a great hawser drawn through a block in the tops of the large trees which form the door-posts of this leviathan

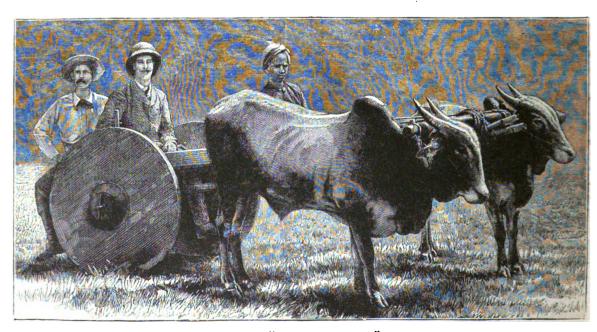
Another illustration shows the prince and the Rajah within the inclosure among the elephants. Of course there was considerable danger in entering the stockade on foot, for at any time a wild brute might have broken through the ring of tame elephants and charged the prince, when it would be difficult for a man on foot to get out of the way; and once within reach, a single kick from the ponderous feet would kill any man, and the lifeless body would be kneaded out of all recognition under the pillar-like legs of the great Beside the prince, near a large tree, a circle of tame elephants is hemming in some seventeen wild ones, turned in from the impounding stockade. The great female has overset one of the tame elephants, broken through the ring and made in the direction of the prince. It is a moment of intense excitement. Would she charge the prince? Were we to witness a catastrophe which would outdo in horror the sad end of the Prince Imperial of France? The prince did not move a muscle; when the brute, in her mad career, came within a few yards of where he



CAPTURED ELEPHANTS TIED TO TREES IN THE "SECURING STOCKADE." FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. C. BROWN.

was standing, Sanderson coolly threw up his arms with a "Hush!" and she swerved from her course and made off to the left.

It was with considerable difficulty that she was secured; her great size made her more than a match for any of the female elephants engaged

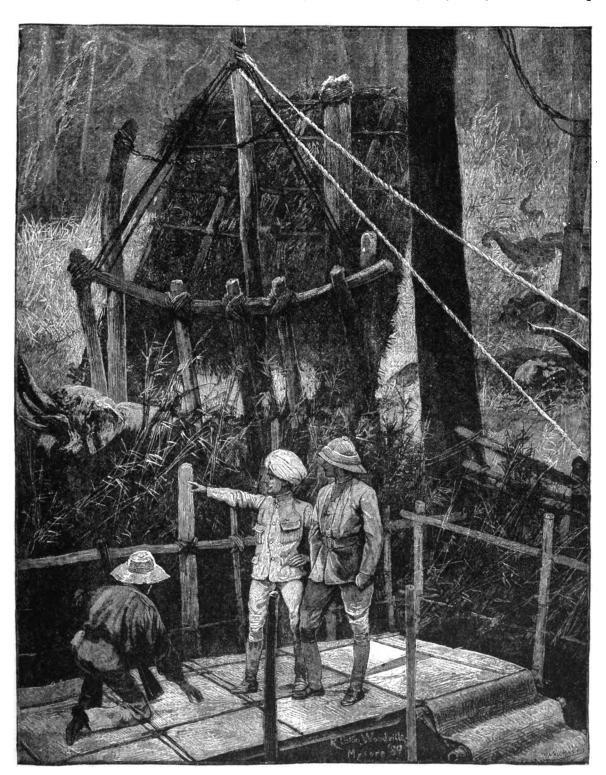


PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR WITH SANDERSON, "THE ELEPHANT EING," IN A JUNGLE-CART, AT MYSORE.

securing the wild ones, so that the great fighting | elephant of the Rajah, called "Jung Bahadur," was brought in to bully her. Wild elephants will

But let us hasten to the detailed narrative of a characteristic day's sport at the keddah.

We are at Billigherry Rungan Peak, a camp



PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR, THE RAJAH, AND SANDERSON, AT THE KEDDAH.

not attack the men on the backs of the tame elephants; let them once alight, and if seen by a wild one, it would be death to be caught.

specially prepared for the prince and those of his suite, on a peak within a mile of, and 600 feet above, the keddahs. We are here said to be above

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the line of malaria, which makes the deep valleys so deadly. It was arranged that the prince should have chota hazaree at "Yelesaraga" (large camp) and we hurried off to the keddahs to witness the securing of the wild elephants already driven into the stockades. The inclosures, as already described, consist of three pieces of intrenched ground. The first, known as the keddah, is 150 acres in extent, and consists of well-wooded country, with plentiful fodder and water. Into this inclosure the herd was driven on the 9th of November, and secured, awaiting the prince's arrival. Beyond this are the two other inclosures, one behind the other. The gates between the keddah and securing stockade and the latter and impounding stockade being open, the drive is made of the elephants, who rush into the second inclosure, and then, seeing the apparent forest beyond, make for it, and conceal themselves in the tall bamboo. It was here that the herd had been previously driven, and to-day's work was to drive them into the securing stockade and tie them individually to the trees.

In this operation, twelve tame elephants, called koomkees, well trained to this work, and specially selected by Mr. Sanderson, had been purchased by the Mysore Government. Well-trained mahouts and noosers were also brought down from Dacca. Each "koomkee" had a mahout on its neck, armed with a long bamboo lance, with which to keep off the wild elephants, should they charge; and on two or three of the koomkees were placed noosers, whose business it is to hobble the hind legs of the wild elephants.

At a little after three, Mr. Sanderson arrived, wearing flannel shirt and trousers—no coat, the want of coat meaning business. He had a fowling-piece in his hand, of which hereafter. quarter to four, and no prince, and thirty-four elephants to secure. The elephants, I said, were secured in the impounding stockade. The order was now given to lift the gate separating it from the tying-up stockade, and for the beaters to place themselves on the sides farthest from the gate, Mr. Sanderson himself taking up a position on a As soon as it was platform next to the gate. opened and the beaters began to clap their hands, the herd approached the gate; and finding it open, the elephants, headed by two small tuskers, began filing through. When six had crossed the gate, the order to "let go hawser" was given, and down swung the heavy door, right in the face of the seventh elephant, Mr. Sanderson at the same time firing blank ammunition to frighten the herd from the gate. I can best describe what followed by a few pen-and-ink sketches of scenes in the securing yard.

Eleven of the koomkees, or decoy elephants, are females in their prime, and these were set to

surround the leader of the six elephants now in the yard, a young tusker, some twenty years old. This was the largest tusker in the herd, with fairly long tusks, one of which had met with an injury and hung lower than the other. It was amusing and instructive to see how the artful females decoyed the simple youth to the vicinity of a large tree, where they surrounded him and kept him quiet with elephantine blandishments, while the noosers slipped the hobbles round his hind legs, and then made him fast to the tree. Their work done, they set off to try their powers on another subject, and their poor dupe made frantic efforts to follow them, but all in vain—the stout hawser held.

The next to be noosed was a well-grown female. with a young calf, about a month old, by her side. She would have nothing to say to the koomkees. and it was with the greatest difficulty that she was surrounded and noosed, but no amount of persuasion could induce her to go near a tree, so that a large hawser had to be fastened to the hobbles, and a koomkee, taking the far end of the hawser in her mouth, and twisting her trunk round the rope, gave it a turn or two about the stump of a neighboring tree, while several others fairly pushed the hobbled mother toward the tree, the little calf roaring most piteously all the After considerable trouble this female was brought sufficiently near the tree to be firmly secured by her hind legs, and as soon as the koomkees left her, her struggles to free herself were truly marvelous. At one moment she was almost perpendicular, standing fairly on her hind legs, then down she was on her fore feet, kicking up her hind legs to free them from the rope. She would lie on the ground and roll from side to side, stretch her trunk on the ground, and grasp anything near, at the same time pulling with tremendous strength on the hawser. If her calf left her side for a moment she became furious, taking up earth with her trunk and flinging it at all around. Her exertions lasted over an hour, and it was piteous to see the attempts she made to stay the screaming of her calf. Her exertions had exhausted her, but nature has, it seems, provided the elephant with a means of refreshing itself. In the upper part of the stomach of these creatures is a cellular cavity, capable of holding from three to five gallons of water, and from this they can at any time take up a quantity with their trunks and blow it over themselves in fine This was what the female did when she grew too exhausted to continue her efforts to free herself.

The prince arrived at twenty minutes to five, and it was arranged to allow a few more elephants from the impounding stockade into the securing stockade; for this purpose the beaters were sent

to frighten the herd and start it in the direction of the gate. But it was found that there were not sufficient coolies on the hawser to lift the ponderous door, so Mr. Sanderson proceeded to impress all the British officers present to assist in hauling at the rope. It was amusing to see some ten of these-colonels, majors, captains-hauling with a will among the coolies. The prince turned round, with a smile watching the novel way in which his personal staff was engaged, but the peremptory Sanderson would not let them off, but kept on exclaiming: "A little more, gentlemen! the door must go up." "There it goes! Now then, a strong pull!" and so on. When the gate was up, the elephants rushed in, and the signal to drop was given when seventeen had passed. Again, the blank cartridge was fired to frighten off the remainder.

Accompanied by Mr. Sanderson, the prince now ventures to enter the securing yard amongst the raging beasts. Many were afraid of an accident, but Mr. Sanderson said there was no dan-The prince took up a position near a large tree, from which the whole scene was visible. Again the heaving-in process was tried, but was for some time ineffectual, as a gigantic female led the wild ones and foiled all attempts to surround her. The gate was repeatedly charged by them, so that for fear of its being broken a huge koomkee was sent to guard it; but the wild ones formed up in line, one behind another, and trumpeted defiance. A very young tusker led the line, behind him came a larger tusker, then the great female, and after her several others.

When all attention was directed to this formation for battle the great female suddenly swung round and charged in the direction of the prince, as already recounted.

The big female had given so much trouble, and charged so frequently, that it was seen that nothing could be done until she was first secured, so all the female koomkees were directed to surround her. These she pushed aside, like so many ninepins, so the great "Jung Bahadur," the Maharajah's huge fighting elephant, was sent to tackle her.

She avoided the Jung several times, but at last turned on even this undaunted champion, the head of the koomkees, and especially purchased for his fighting powers. The Jung came at her with projecting tusks, and she rushed to the encounter, her trunk getting jammed in between his tusks. His immense strength told on her wearied form, and she was pushed on her haunches, and the other koomkees surrounded her; and the famous noosers Gumme and Fraggle, Jemadars, managed to hobble her, after much trouble. It took a good hour to capture her, and with this the day's sport ended.

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.

A GEOLOGICAL PARODY.

ALL the world's a stage. And all the men and beasties merely players; They have their exits and their entrances. And in former ages played they many parts, Their acts being seven ages. First Eozoon, Lapped in the bosom of primeval seas. And then the happy Trilobite, with "compound eyes," And "swimming feet," that crept in mud now turned To school-boy's slate! And then the Fishes, "Ganoids" with bony scales, and "placoids" like to sharks, In old red sandstone lakes. Then Amphibians, Found in the coal and Jersey sandstone rocks. Strange fellows they, not bearded like the pard; Some thought them like to toads, more like the newts, "Seeking the bubble reputation" Of foot-prints on the sand. Then Deinosaurs, In fair round belly, with food well lined, Their eyes severe, erect on great hind legs, The lords of Mesozoic times. And so they played their part. The sixth age shifts Into the Bird, a diver, six feet high-Hesperornis it is called, with teeth in jaws, Large skull and reptile-like affinities, And yet a Bird! And his big wingless form

HENRY N. HUTCHINSON.

BRASS-HAMMERING AND REPOUSSÉ-WORK.

With teeth, with eyes, with taste, with-everything.

Was known to haunt the shores of all cretaceous seas:

Many fishes did he eat! Last scene of all

That ends this strange, eventful history

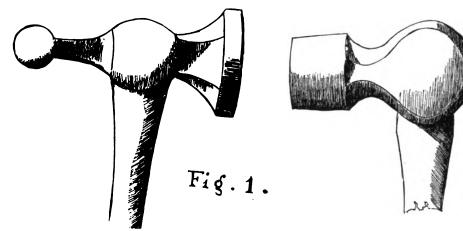
Is Man—his early childhood's mere oblivion—

By J. W. VAN Oost.

Or all the books I have read on repoussé-work, I have never found one that is explicit enough for the amateur. It seems to me that they are written only on theory, or with very little practical knowledge, and moreover they never begin at the foundation. There is not one amateur in a hundred who knows how to hammer up a shape, or even how to lay one out. This article is not intended to show how work is done on a pine board, or flat sheet of lead, which only consists of hammering the groundwork of the design and raising the figures in formless lumps by expansion. That is not repoussé-work, for by such a method no correct modeling, or beauty of form can be obtained. Those who have adopted it, a would strongly advise to give it up, if they hope ever to produce anything artistic.

Before touching on the designs given herewith, the pupil may ask, To what use can this work be put? The following is a list of shapes which will be of the most service, and make up into the most useful articles of every - day life: Sugar - bowls, fruit-bowls, salt-cellars, pin-bowls, candelabras, candlesticks, tea - trays, teapot - stands, crumbtrays, ash - trays, menu - holders, finger - plates, handkerchief-boxes, brush-backs, mirror-backs,

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HAMMER FOR REPOUSSÉ-WORK.

fire-screens, box-corners, bookmounts, letter-racks, and other innumerable articles, which are in great demand at fancy fairs

and bazaars.

As it is best to go to work in the least expensive way, first select the necessary tools, and a block of wood to be fastened on a table, or to stand on the floor -which is better-this block being 5 or 6 inches across the top. Hollow out about half the circumference to the depth of an inch, leaving no sharp edges; make it perfectly smooth. Procure a pair of tinsmith's shears, a 6-inch half-round rough file and smooth file, and a half-pound ball-end hammer. Keep this latter tool perfectly clean and bright at all times, and when

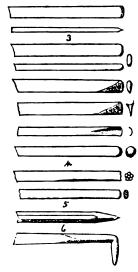


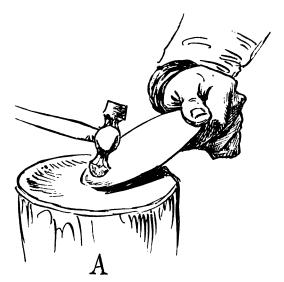
FIG. 3. TBACEB, FRONT AND SIDE VIEWS. FIG. 4. BAISING-TOOLS. FIG. 5. MAT-TING-TOOLS. FIG. 6. CENTRE PUNCH. FIG. 7. HOOK-BURNISHER.

BALL-HEAD, OR BAISING-HAMMER.

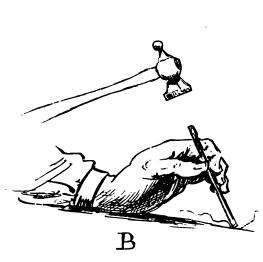
not in use, grease it with a little oil.

Fig. 2.

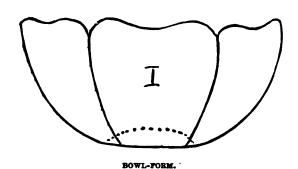
First, I will explain the hammering of a bowl, which in various sizes can be used for saltcellars, sugar-bowls, or, on a large scale and shallow, for fruit-bowls and card-receptacles, instead of the flat tray now in use. We will now proceed to lay out a small bowl-shape, say a salt-cellar. Take a piece of 20-gauge sheetbrass, or 18-gauge copper, and mark a centre. This is done by means of a centre punch, a tool much like a large French nail, and which will answer our purpose very well. Strike this tool with the hammer upon your metal to mark the place to put your compasses in. Now scribe a circle of 11 inches radius, cut





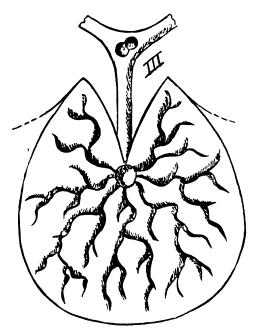


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out with your shears, and file all sharp edges, which are otherwise liable to cut into the fingers.

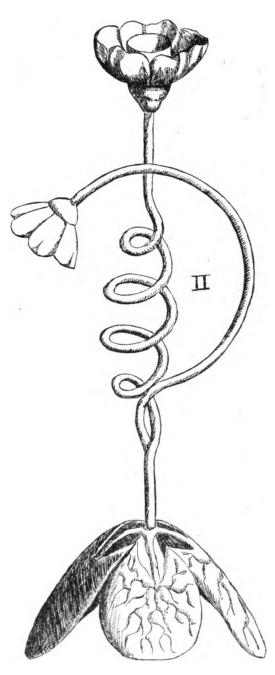
Now to form the bowl. Take the round disk of copper or brass, and hold it, between the thumb and two first fingers of the left hand, on the angle of the hollow of the block, and strike deliberately with the ball-end of the hammer round the outside of the metal, yet not striking the edge. Repeat this several times. Should the metal buckle round the edges, hammer them down. Never allow the irregularities to stay, as they are sometimes very hard to remove. Now go in a little further and continue the hammering, joining the strokes with the last beating, and so on, until you get within a half-inch of the centre. Gently tap this down. By this time the metal will have become very hard, therefore it must be softened. This is done by annealing. Place the shape in the fire, and let it remain there till it is a cherryred; then remove it by means of pliers or tongs, and put it aside to cool. When cold, repeat the hammering, as before described. Should it get too hard before you have formed the shape



DETAIL OF LEAF FOR FOUNDATION.

required, repeat the annealing as many times as necessary. Don't try to make these bowls too smooth, as the little rough hammer-marks add to their beauty.

Now, supposing the shape is worked up, we next make the foundation for it to stand upon. This



CANDELABRUM DESIGN, COMPLETE.

is done by scribing a circle on the inside of the bowl, say § of an inch radius. Now place the bowl on the block, and go round the circle with a tracing-tool (this is like an ordinary chisel, but without the cutting edges); tap it very gently, and go round it two or three times. Now place

the bowl upside down on the table or bench, and knock the bottom in. Should the sides give way, knock the bottom back again, and repeat with the tracing-tool; then try again. This being done, we will fill the bowl with melted lead or pitch. Lead is much the best for small bowls, as it is cleaner; but for large bowls pitch must be used, which is a composition of common resin, plaster of Paris and oil, lard, or common fat. To make the composition, take 7 pounds common pitch-resin, 5 quarts dry plaster of Paris, 2½ pounds of grease. Melt the pitch in an iron kettle, and add the plaster of Paris, being careful that it does not boil over, as it will take fire. Watch it all the time, and as soon as it begins to rise take it off the fire, add the grease (this amount of grease is for cold weather; in warm weather it will not require so much-you will, therefore, make up the deficiency by adding more plaster of Paris), and stir well with a stick or ladle.

Now fill the bowl with the composition, and leave to cool. When cold, divide the bowl in 5 or 7 spaces (Fig. 1), which will form the leaves. Do not get the spaces too accurate, as it spoils the effect. It is now necessary that you should have a leather ring, a wad of straw, or a sand-bag, to place the work upon to hammer it. means you hold the work in position and deaden the sound. A sand-bag is made about 10 inches square, of stout linen or sail-cloth, strongly sewn around the edges, leaving an inch at one corner to put the sand in. A round ring should be sewn in the centre of the bag, a little larger than a silver dollar, before putting in the sand. When the bag or cushion is filled, this ring makes it concave, so that a bowl, when being hammered, fits the hole. Another bag should be made without this ring, which you will find of great service. Now, with the ball-end of the hammer, hammer these lines into the composition about 1-16 of an inch in depth and 1 of an inch in width. Do not strike too hard, but go over it several times. Next take the tracing-tool and make a line up the centre; this is the parting of the leaves. Melt out the composition, and pour it back into the kettle, to be used again. Burn off all that remains, and while hot submerge in cold water. Now cut or file away a little between the leaves, as shown in Fig. 1. A pair of round-nose pliers is a very useful thing to have, especially at this stage. such a tool you can shape the edges of the leaves, which gives the bowl a more distinguished appearance.

We now rub the bowl around the edges and all projecting parts with fine emery cloth, which not only takes off all roughness, but adds very much to the finish. This bowl, from the continued firing, has all sorts of colors, but not distinctly

developed. To develop these beautiful markings, we require some aqua fortis, which can be procured of any wholesale druggist for 60 cents per quart. In using this chemical be very careful not to get it on the clothes or hands. Make a weak solution of aqua fortis and water, and keep in a wooden bucket with a lid to it. Heat the article and submerge it in this solution, which is termed "pickle." Take out, wash well with clean cold water, and place on the stove to dry; or, better still, dry in fine sawdust (not resinous). Ashwood sawdust is generally used. This should be kept in a pan beside the stove in order to keep it dry.

The article is all ready now to be lacquered. Lacquer is a varnish composed of shellac and spirits of wine. The proportions are 2 ounces of shellac to 1 quart of spirits of wine. prepared by simple and repeated agitation. should then be left to clear itself, and separated from the thicker portions and all impurities by decantation. If this is to be a very light-colored lacquer, the light should be excluded, as it darkens on exposure to light. Likewise the color can also be modified by the kind of lac emplored. As you may frequently want differently colored lacquer, it is best to put the solution up in several bottles, and a lacquer of any kind can be produced at any time by using a pigment to give the desired shade.

To lacquer the article, place it on the stove and heat it to about 112° Fahrenheit. Take a wide camel's-hair brush and go over it rapidly, then place on the stove again; this gives it a glossy appearance not often attained in amateur work.

Another very pretty and easily constructed ornament on the above-mentioned form is a candelabrum (Fig. 2). The foundation, which takes the form of three lily-leaves, is a bowl hammered from the flat metal, as before described, the radius being 2½ inches, which is hammered to the depth of 2 inches, and if proper care be taken, will not exceed 4 inches across the bottom when finished. Mark off this bowl into 3 equal parts for the stems of leaves, making it full in the centre to receive the two stems, one for the flower and the other for the bud. Fill with composition, and draw on the leaves (Fig. 3); go over these with the tracing-tool, and when finished cut away the spare metal with a sharp chisel, melt out the pitch and make the hole to receive the stems, and finish all but lacquering. The candle-head or nozzle, 11 inches radius, is precisely the same as the salt-cellar, except that the bottom is bumped out, instead of in, by means of a ½-inch bumping-tool; therefore the tracingline will be on the outside, and this is done after the required depth is obtained, consequently it must again be filled with pitch, after which a hole

is made in the centre of this, and the wire, $\frac{1}{5}$ of an inch thick, is soldered in.

Soldering is done by means of a copper bit which is thoroughly heated to melt the solder. The parts to be soldered are well cleaned, and damped with spirits of salts, which should be killed before using by adding zinc in small quantities till ebullition ceases. When it has ceased, the spirits are termed killed. This killing should be done in the open air, as the fumes are very disagreeable. Zinc solder is a composition consisting of equal parts of tin and lead. It can be bought at any tinsmith's or hardware dealer's. Solder the bud on another piece. Twist up the spiral stem by means of the round-nose pliers, bend the stem with the bud, and solder together. Procure a piece of thin 3-inch brass tube, and saw off ½ an inch. File a little chamfer on the inside at one end to receive the candle. This chamfer is to allow the candle to be slipped in Solder on the Solder to the nozzle. foundation. Clean off all surplus solder, and lac-This can also be made as a candelabrum, with three nozzles and two buds, the longest in the centre, and the two buds intertwined. For this form it is necessary to increase the size of the foundation 1½ inches to balance the weight.

Dipping, burnishing, bronzing and lacquering are of the greatest importance, as they give the finishing touches to the work, and add much to its value.

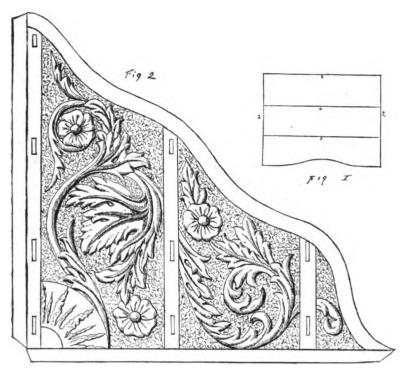
I will now explain the art of dipping: Procure a stone crock of the size best adapted to your work. This is for the aqua fortis, and must have a lid to it, as the fumes are very disagreeable. Also get two wooden buckets, one for the pickle, which you make by continued dipping, the other for clean water, which should be often changed. Take the article you wish to dip, and secure it by a copper wire or a pair of brass tongs, submerge in the aqua fortis extract, rapidly wash off in bucket number one, rinse in the clean water of bucket number two, and then dry in sawdust. Should there be any marks or stains, scour with fine sand and dip again. It is always best to put annealed work in pickle for an hour before dip-This merely cleanses it of all dirt.

Burnishing is done by means of a very bright tool, of hardened and tempered steel. There are numerous shapes adapted for different kinds of work. A hook - burnisher (see tools), is of the greatest use, and will cover almost every kind of work, such as burnishing the inside of a bowl, the bottom, and all little nooks and corners. It may be useful to describe how this tool is made. Take about 6 inches of § of an inch square steel, put it in the fire and heat to a red heat (not white, or you will burn the steel, and then it is of very little use; but should you accidentally do

so, make that end to go into the handle). while this end is red-hot, strike it with a hammer upon some hard surface, first on one side, then on the other, until you have drawn the end down quite thin and square. Repeat the heating often, as it is very liable to split when cold. Drive this end in a handle, and repeat the hammering on the other end, but make this round. Should you not succeed, you can file it so, making it bright and smooth, and polishing it well with emery Now place in the fire again, and turn about 3 of an inch to an angle of 45°, by putting it between a pair of pliers or in a vise. Polish again, and take out all marks and scratches, as these will cut the metal. Place about 2 inches of this tool in the fire and heat it as before; submerge a little beyond the hook in cold water. This is termed hardening. Now watch the polished part of the burnisher, and you will see a straw-and-blue color rapidly run toward the point. As soon as the straw color is within a quarter of an inch of the end, plunge in the water again, and the tool is tempered. Polish with fine emery powder on a piece of buff leather, and the tool is ready for use. Should the student not care to make his own tools, he can procure them at any jeweler's supply-store.

We will now burnish the bottom of a bowl. Take a basin of cold water, and in this pur a little cream of tartar; this is to wet your work and keep it from tarnishing till you are ready to lacquer. The work must be held fast, or secured in some way; most things can be held in the vise, but a bowl cannot; the best way is to bore two holes in the bench about as far apart as the size of the bowl. Through these holes pass a thin rope, having it sufficiently long to reach your feet; fix the ends so that they almost reach the floor. Pass the loop of the rope over the bowl, and hold down with your foot, much in the same manner as a shoe-maker holds the last on his knees. Now take the burnisher and rub, pressing hard upon the part that is to be burnished until you have attained sufficient polish. Then remove and place in the water until required for lacquering.

There is some work which looks very handsome dead-dipped and relieved; that is, dipped
continually in aqua fortis and washed in the
pickle, and back again to the aqua fortis, till the
work has a frosted appearance, which is termed
dead-dipped. Relieving means burnishing all the
highest parts, such as the edges of a leaf or flower
of a design. Another very pretty coloring is a
red bronze. This is acquired by binding the article to be bronzed with iron wire, and placing in
pickle until it is a bright-red color. This can be
made numerous other colors by heating different
parts by means of a blowpipe and jet of gas. An



DESIGN FOR A PAPER OR LETTER BACK. — FIGS. 1 AND 2, FOUNDATION AND LEFT SIDE-PIECE.

ordinary mouth blowpipe is sufficient for the small work, but for large work and brazing purposes a hand-blowpipe and foot-bellows must be used.

Now that the student has had some practice with the tools, and understands the nature of the metal, and what can be done with a flat piece of brass, let us see what repoussé-work really is. The simplest literal definition of the work is pushing the metal in on one side and pushing out again on the other side—raising in relief—in fact, modeling the metal. We give for flat embossing a design for a paper-rack, which the pupil will understand must be kept quite flat, so it is evident the metal must be solidly backed up while working by some plastic material which will give at just the right spot, and at the same time possess a cohesive quality, which will make the metal and itself one solid mass. For this purpose we take the composition of pitch already described, and place some in a shallow box, say 2 inches deep, and of sufficient size to receive the design. The metal must now be attached to the cement. This is done by warming the metal, and likewise the cement, and pressing the design upon the latter by weight or otherwise, until a uniform contact is obtained all over the metal.

The hammer (Fig. 1) should be light and steel-faced, with a slender vet strong handle. The tracing-tool (Fig. 3) is held at a slight angle, the point leading the way in which it is being pushed, and should be gently and rapidly tapped, as shown in Sketch B. Next are the raisingtools (Fig. 4). These are used after the metal has been turned face downward on the cement, and are hammered into the back of the design to produce on the face the modeled forms in re-Turn the metal over lief.

again and correct all irregularities, and mat the background in with the matting-tools (Fig. 5), of which there are numerous forms in the market. The metal used should always be large enough to allow of a margin.

The construction of the paper-rack is as follows: Fig. 1 is the foundation size, 8x11½ inches. Fig. 2 is the left side-piece. The extension strips are turned to an angle, one passing round the back and the other under the foundation, which is soldered to secure it. Figs. 3, 4 and 5 are the partitions, which have little extended strips that pass through slots in the sides and foundation only. Allow a trifle over the thickness of the metal for the sides, which are slightly riveted, and then tacked with solder. The strips that come through the foundation are bent up and soldered. The inside edges of the parts of the feet are chamfered, the ends turned and soldered

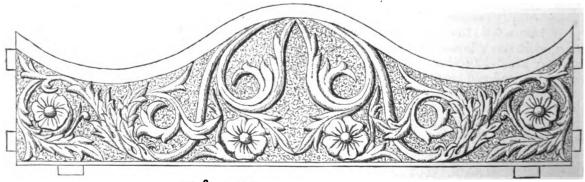


FIG. 3.—PARTITION, SHOWING EXTENSION STRIPS.

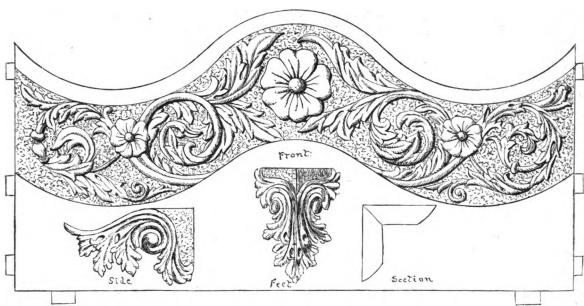


FIG. 4. - FRONT, SIDE AND FEET.

together to the corners of the foundation. Allow § of an inch more to Fig. 5, and angle it to pass under the bottom the same as the sides.

GEOGRAPHICAL NEWS.

By George C. Hurlbut, Secretary of the American Geographical Society.

The first place belongs to a woman, the Countess de Sédières, the daughter of the Colombian Consul-general in Paris. This lady was one of ten persons who set out from Quito, on the 10th December last, to make the ascent of Pichincha, the great mountain about eleven miles to the W. N. W. of that city. Pichincha is a hundred feet higher than Mont Blanc, and though perhaps less difficult to climb than the Swiss monarch of mountains, is still formidable enough to make demands on both energy and courage. The road from Quito led down into the Valley of Lluoa, where the night was to be spent; but the musquitoes were troublesome, and by three o'clock in the morning all were awake and ready for the start. At that hour the air was fresh and even cold, and the stars glit-

tered in the heavens. The sunrise came like a flood of gold on the peaks, while the mists lay below like silver lakes. As the travelers climbed higher the horizon widened; they found themselves surrounded, under the pure blue sky, by the white masses of the glaciers, of which they counted fifteen, and beyond these the great summits of Cotopaxi and Antisana and Callambe and Chimborazo. looking down on the lesser heights. Before noon they reached the edge of the crater, an abyss of 1,500 feet in depth, divided by long ridges of rock rising like walls, and inclosing here and there plains of crystallized snow. Mme. de Sédières is the only woman who has reached the summit of Pichincha.

Colonel Mark S. Bell, R.E., has just made public the record of a remarkable journey, performed by him in 1887, through the Chinese Empire from Peking to Kashgar. Colonel Bell followed the great Central Asian traderoute, very rarely traveled by a European, and he disguised himself in Chinese costume "to save being mobbed." The road is rather a beaten track than a highway, but could easily be made serviceable for an increased trade; and Colonel Bell thinks the Peking Government will be forced, by the increasing political difficulties

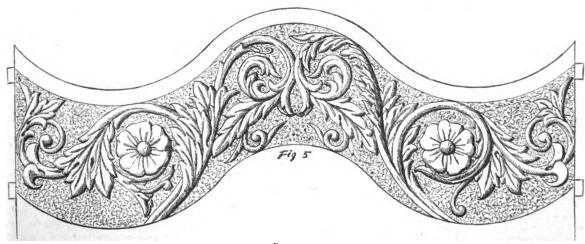


FIG. 5.— PARTITION.

of its relations with Russia, to take any active measures for improving its communications with its western provinces. On sections of the route there was an appearance of poverty in the country traversed, but the general impression is that of a region abounding in resources, and a population generally industrious, though badly governed. The mandarins appeared to be slothful and without sense of responsibility. The hold of China on her western provinces seems to be feeble, and Colonel Bell considers that under present conditions Kashgaria could not be defended against Russia. It lies beyond the Gobi Desert, and the chief points regarding the route connecting it with China are these: The great length of this one-cart communication—(1) Peking to the Wei Valley, 770 miles; (2) Wei Valley to Hami, 1,322 miles; (3) Hami to Iti, 800 miles; (4) Hami to Kashgar, 1,347 miles; i.e., 3,439 miles from Peking to Kashgar, and 2,892 miles from Peking to Kulja. Mongolia, Colonel Bell thinks, is also at the mercy of Russia; but he finds that the Chinese have not wholly lost the secret of governing. All the Indians he met with in Kashgaria praised the Chinese rule, and had settled permanently in the country, preferring it to India. Part of Colonel Bell's journey lay through countries explored by Prjevalsky, of whom he speaks generally with high appreciation; but he thinks him unjust to the Abbé Huc. "Prjevalsky," he says, "has too hastily thrown discredit on the works of this talented Jesuit, to the pertinency of whose remarks and to the accuracy of whose observations, whenever and wherever I have been able to test them, I desire to pay tribute."

THE most striking event in African travel is the crossing of the continent from the western to the eastern coast by Captain Trivier, the first Frenchman to accomplish the feat. This is the twelfth performance of the kind. Captain Trivier's predecessors having been: Silva Porto (Portuguese), Livingstone, Cameron and Stanley (Englishmen — the last having twice made the journey); Serpa Pinto (Portuguese), Capello and Ivens (Portuguese), Wissmann (German, twice), Lenz (Austrian), and Gleerup (Swede). Captain Trivier's is the shortest trip ever made across Africa, and one of the most modestly equipped. He was accompanied by two Senegalese, left the Congo River toward the end of December, 1888, and arrived at Quillimane on the 6th of December, 1889, without having fired a shot, except at game, or injured a single native on the way. He was the guest of Tippoo Tip, who treated him with great hospitality, and also of one of Tippoo Tip's sons, who is established at Kasongo. His observations will throw light, it is hoped, on the movements of the Mahdists toward the region of the great lakes, since the overthrow and retreat of Emin Pasha.

THE annexation of the Sultanate of Opia by the Italians practically terminates the partition of Eastern Africa among the European powers. The region embraced in this annexation is situated on the coast, and reaches to the south the port of Kismayu, one of those ceded to the English by the Sultan of Zanzibar. On the other side of Kismayu begins the new German annexation, the extension of the Vitu colony. The port on this part of the coast hitherto known as Port Durnford has been named Hohenzollern Hafen. So far as the occupation of coasts and territories is concerned, the work of civilizing the Africans goes on with success; but it is to be expected that occasions of conflict, like that which is still unsettled between England and Portugal, will arise between the colonizing powers. Notwithstanding the great number of explorers actually engaged in the interior of Africa, it is still extremely difficult to obtain certain intelligence of events within a comparatively short distance of the sea, or the

great water-ways of the continent. There is great doubt concerning the fate of Dr. Peters. The last report affirms that he is alive and well, and pursuing his researches in the region of Mount Kenia, which is just under the Equator, and on the limit of the territory annexed by Great Britain through agreement with Germany two years ago. Statistics just published show that the German commerce with Zanzibar for 1888 amounted to 22 per cent. of the exports from Zanzibar and 27 per cent. of the imports. The total commerce of the port amounted to 27,000,000 marks, of which India had 10,800,000, and England 7,300,000. The German products imported are cotton goods, arms, cheap glassware and pottery, imitation pearls, and the like. The most valuable exports are ivory and spices.

LITERARY MEMORANDA.

THE editor of The Writer, the Boston magazine for literary workers, has undertaken to compile a "Directory of American Writers, Editors and Publishers," which will be published at the earliest possible day. It has been thought best to include in the first edition only the names of writers who have had a contribution printed in some one of the leading magazines or weekly periodicals during the last five years, or who have had a book published within the last ten years. Writers who are included in either of these classes are requested to send at once to the editor of The Writer, P. O. Box 1905, Boston. Mass., the following items of information: (1) Name of writer: (2) Present residence; (3) Permanent business address; (4) Literary specialty; (5) Titles of principal articles or books printed, and dates of publication. The editor of the directory requests, in addition, that writers will send on a separate sheet, not for publication in the directory. autobiographical particulars, including date of birth, place of birth, parents' names, date of marriage, name of husband or wife, successive places of residence, title and date of first work printed, list of later works, and other such matter as would be suitable for publication in a "Biographical Dictionary of American Authors," now in course of preparation.

It is not reassuring to discover, at the outset, that Mr. Albert Ross — or possibly his publisher—has named a series of works from his prolific pen "The Albatrons Series." Such a pun would go far toward justifying the crime committed by Coleridge's Ancient Mariner. The latest "Albatross" novel is entitled "Speaking of Ellen." Ellen is a mill-girl. She rules over thousands of millhands, with the autocracy of a czar, and addresses her friends both in public and in private in high-falutin English, which often is bad English and bad grammar. Of course, as she leads a socialistic crowd, which, among other things, despises rank as well as riches, her socialistic serfs combine to call her the "Marchioness of Riverfall." She is not in the least like Dick Swiveller's marchioness, or like any other that we have heard of. She says, grandly, "I must prepare a manifesto," and "There is no person in Riverfall who would dare to question either my acts or my purposes." She speaks "with a set gaze like a seeress," and kisses her lover, one of the bloated capitalists, "in the most unrestrained manner." The Manchester (England) mill-hand says to Ellen, "In '93 you would have held up your hands in horror at the sweetest sight of all ages, the stream of aristocratic blood that flowed in the Place Louis Quinze," and much more in the same style. By a liberal use of dynamite, by shooting one heroine, driving another mad, and restoring a third to sight, the author keeps the reader's interest alive until the finis.



THE first anniversary of the Johnstown flood of May 31st, 1889, is at hand. So unprecedented and appalling a catastrophe naturally brought down a secondary deluge of newspaper and other literature, giving necessarily hurried, irresponsible, distorted and incomplete accounts of what had taken place, how it was supposed to have occurred, and what destruction it wrought. From this mass of sensational writing, it was the imperative task of the sober historian to extract the materials for a logical, connected and symmetrical narrative of the great flood, vivified by personal research on its scene, and by stories from the survivors' own lips. This task has been undertaken and performed by Editor J. J. McLaurin, of the Harrisburg (Pa.) Telegram. The result is "The Story of Johnstown," a handsome book of nearly four hundred quarto pages, with a hundred or more illustrations, which is of thrilling present interest, and must be of inestimable value to the future student and historian. A prefatory note from the Rev. Dr. Paxton, of New York, appears among the documents given, together with letters of indorsement and approval from Governor Beaver, General Hastings, and Members of the Relief Committee. Mr. McLaurin introduces his story of the flood with a chapter or two on the early settlement of Cambria County, the career of Father Gallitzin, the foundation of Johnstown, and its prosperous growth, the Cambria Iron Works, etc. The building of the South Fork Dam, the origin of the calamity of last year, is described in detail; then comes "The March of the Destroyer"—the mighty flood. Chapters like that on "The Wreck of the Day Express" are more thrilling than Jules Verne's fiction. "Hurricane, avalanche and deluge seemed to have concentrated their malignant energies for the utter extinction of Johnstown, which the waters reached at 4:07. An hour had been spent traversing the fourteen miles of contracted valley from the lam to the spot where the greatest ill was to be wrought. The velocity varied. Less rapid at first, its pace was tremendous at East Conemaugh and Woodvale. Thence the torrent had a straight course and traveled with increased speed. Whistles shrieked a brief intimation that something was wrong. People looked up the valley, saw a black mass rushing toward them and tried to run upstairs. The water entered the houses and mounted the stairs almost as fast as the inmates did. Railroad-men, who saw the wave from the tops of the cars and from the hills, say that the vast cargo of trees, houses, earth and wreckage carried with it caused a short halt several times on the way from South Fork. Coming to a place where the channel narrowed suddenly, the mass of timbers and trees would crowd and jam and slacken up. Behind, the waters would back until the pressure forced out the mountainous blockade with an invincible push. Foreman Kelly, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, reported one of these stoppages above Conemaugh. The water was driven back and the spray rose fifty feet. The surface of the moving dam surged and boiled for a moment. Then the mass let go and tore down the valley, ravaging East Conemaugh and Franklin and exterminating Woodvale. It struck Johnstown squarely in the centre, crossed the heart of the town, plunged over Stony Creek, and ransacked the South Side before its impetus was again checked. Spectators on Prospect Hill fancied the middle of the stupendous wave was ten or fifteen feet higher than the outer edges. This series of checks is the only explanation that accounts for the time occupied in the passage from the dam. The speed greatly exceeded fourteen miles an hour when the wave was not impeded by unusual obstructions. Had there been no holding up, the distance would have been covered in thirty minutes, although the force could have been hardly more destructive. The rolling, grind-

ing movement hurled logs and other objects far above the average elevation of the surface, as if the wave were endowed with life. Ahead of it a phenomenal wind was noticed, which actually shoved houses from their foundations before the water touched them. In some degree at least this clears up what puzzled some of the eye-witnesses. They could not understand why no water appeared in front of the moving mass. The front was a squirming aggregation of trees, rocks, buildings, timbers, cars, earth, grass and everything picked up on the route, with a lake pushing behind it until the valley widened at Woodvale. There the water blended with the load it had collected, and the whole mass, without regard to the ordinary channel of the river, poured down upon the unsuspecting inhabitants of a half-dozen populous towns." Miraculous individual adventures and escapes are related by the dozen, in most cases in the survivors' own language. The descriptions of the scenes in and about the desolated city after the waters had subsided, the organization of relief for the homeless thousands, the identification and burial of the dead, the golden stream of charity that poured in upon the stricken community, the contrasted pathos and humor of the incidents attendant upon Johnstown's rise from the ruins—all these are graphic and full. A complete list of the identified victims is appended to the book. The illustrations are mostly process reproductions of photographs, including many portraits, and striking views of the wreckage taken immediately after the subsidence of the flood. There are also sketches and pendrawings by some of our best illustrators, such as De Grimm, Coultaus, Hencke, Burr and others. "The Story of Johnstown" will be a successful book on its merits; but the philanthropical sentiment of many readers will probably be flattered by the publisher's announcement that it is "sold under the auspices of the Harrisburg Telegram for the benefit of printers, orphan children and aged people who suffered by the flood."

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

FICTION.

Unsatisfied. "Minerva Series," No. 23. 222 pp. Paper, 50c. Minerva Publishing Co., New York.

SPEAKING OF ELLEN. By Albert Ross. "The Albatross Novels." 345 pp. Paper, 50c. G. W. Dillingham, New York.

ROANORE OF ROANORE HALL. By Malcolm Bell. 232 pp. Illuminated paper, 50c. Belford Co., New York.

A LITTLE RADICAL. By Jeannette H. Walworth. "Belford American Novel Series," No. 9. 235 pp. Paper, 50c. Belford Co., New York.

POETRY.

Pozzs. By Edward Octavus Flagg, D.D. 161 pp. Cloth. Thomas Whittaker, New York.

FANCIES. By Ardennes Jones-Foster. Charles T. Dillingham, New York.

HISTORY.

THE STORY OF JOHNSTOWN. By J. J. McLaurin. 400 pp. Illustrated. Morocco, \$3.75; cloth, \$2.25. James M. Place, Harrisburg, Pa.

BIOGRAPHY AND RELIGION.

FAMOUS WOMEN OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. By Morton Bryan Wharton, D.D. 340 pp. Illustrated. Cloth, \$1.50. E. B. Treat, New York.

Tubs With Bottoms and Tubs Without. Being a Rambling Letter from a Cooper's Apprentice to a Swedenborgian Clergyman. 345 pp. Cloth \$1.00. Printed for the Author. For sale at 20 Cooper Union, New York.



VOLKERA NICOLAI KNOBERT.— ENGRAVED BY BAUDE FROM REMBRANDT'S PAINTING, NOW IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK.

Vol. XXIX.—No. 6.

JUNE, 1890.

\$3.00 PMB.

FREDERIC ARTHUR BRIDGMAN.

BY MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER.

THIRTY years ago there was scarcely an Ameri- | Our art was then to a great degree an isolated—a can painter who could be judged without insist- | provincial—development with somewhat arbitrary ent emphasis upon the fact of his nationality. standards of its own. We were proud of our



ALMÉE (DANCING-GIRL) AND ARNAUTE (ARAB OFFICER) OF CAIRO. (Fac-simile of an original pen-and-ink sketch by F. A. Bridgman.)

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painters, and of what we considered their success, especially in landscape work; yet in estimating their ability we appealed to little except American competition and American approval. But of late years our art has fallen into line with that of other countries. It is now an integral part of the world's art, and must be judged by the same tests that we apply to the products of European brushes. Our painters now believe in the necessity for thorough training, and realize that it must, as yet, be obtained abroad. Mingling as students with the cosmopolitan throngs of Parisian ateliers, they make their maiden appearance as artists on the cosmopolitan walls of the Salon and the Royal Academy, and many of them remain permanently in Europe, painting the same things and in the same mood as their native-born rivals, and depending for success upon the suffrages of the same public. Even when they return to America, even when they become most characteristically American in feeling and in choice of subject-matter, foreign standards are still in their mind, and they would scorn to win approval by such tests as satisfied the ambition of their predecessors.

Mr. Bridgman may well stand as typical of this newer development of American art. He was among the first of our painters to study abroad, and there is none who now makes his home abroad who is more widely known or more thoroughly identified with the artistic life of Paris. Moreover, his work shows with exceptional clearness the effect of cosmopolitan influence. could be less experimental, less provincial. one could have produced it who was self-taught or who lacked a power which comes only through. wide acquaintance with the work of others—the power to judge one's own gifts correctly and to turn one's hand to the work which fits it best. As an artist he is not very individual in mood or in workmanship, but he is extremely well trained, well informed, scholarly and accomplished. He knows exactly what he wants to do, and he knows how to do it. There is none of that "wild Western flavor" about it which characterized some of the tentative art of our past. It shows at a glance that it is founded on centuries of tradition, that its creator travels in the footsteps of generations of trained and competent predecessors. Yet it is not a copy of the art of other men. It is simply the excellent work of a man who has studied in the best modern school, and who paints on such lines and with such a manner as might be developed by a modern artist in any possible land. There is some contemporary American work of which this could not be said. Some of our younger painters are distinctively American, although in a different sense from their forerun-

the themes they paint and in the mood in which they paint them. But in so far as this is true they may be said to typify the future rather than the present. Some day, when our artists can be trained at home, and when our public is so well educated that it will fully appreciate native products without waiting for foreign indorsement, all our art may be thus distinctively American, and a cosmopolite like Mr. Bridgman may seem an exception. But just now it is the cosmopolite who is typical, the thorough-paced American who is exceptional. And no one, I repeat, is more typical than Mr. Bridgman, alike in the way he has trained his powers and in the way he exercises them. Of course, we long for the time I have predicted. Of course, our art will never completely deserve the name until it is national as well as accomplished; until, while able to compete in the world's mart, it will supply an article that no foreign competitor can supply. when Greek artists trod in a semi-Egyptian, semi-Asiatic path, not when Italian artists fed upon Byzantine precedents, not when Dutch painters tried to paint like Italians or when Frenchmen painted in a pseudo-classic mood, did the true genius of the nation reveal itself, was its true work done, or its true place in the estimation of posterity achieved. When the Greek became typically Greek and the Italian typically Italian, when the Dutchman painted the life of Holland from the stand-point of local taste, and when the Frenchman discovered how to paint his own landscapes in his own way, then the art of the nation was born and its true powers unfolded. But, in the interim, those years of study which bore fruit in imitative effort were not wasted. No art has ever developed in isolation. Each artistic era has stood upon a former one, and been nourished by soil which other nations had prepared. must be with us. Therefore we may rejoice in our abandonment of provincial standards and independent efforts, in our new impulse to study where the best teaching can be had and to paint as the best living painters do; and while waiting for a generation which shall be thoroughly accomplished and at the same time thoroughly national, we should be glad of one which is so largely cosmopolitan. It is a happy thing-a proof of progress and a prophecy of still greater progress — that it now seems natural that an American should paint so well as Mr. Bridgman. Thirty years ago he would have been a striking exception; to-day he is merely a conspicuous

There is some contemporary American work of which this could not be said. Some of our younger painters are distinctively American, although in a different sense from their forerunners of thirty years ago. They are American in himself that at five he resolved to become an art-

ist, and on such testimony one is more than willing to accept so interesting a fact. If I remember rightly, it was he who told me that when, as a child, he could not get paper and colors, he would compose little actual landscapes on the ground with pebbles for rocks and twigs for trees. To our ears this sounds like a very infantile attempt at art; but the Japanese, using little living plants instead of twigs, thus produce tiny landscapes, representative of large ones, in a most interesting and truly artistic fashion.

At sixteen, young Bridgman entered the employ of the American Bank-note Company, in New York, and learned to engrave on steel, chiefly heads and vignettes. At this labor—which doubtless had good effect in training eye and hand—he continued two years, going in 1866 to study in Paris. Between this date and 1871 he spent much time under Gérôme at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, and still more time in Brittany with Robert Wylie, a promising American painter, who died young, and one of whose pictures may be seen at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. During the Franco-Prussian War and the Commune, Mr. Bridgman remained in Brittany. These were the years of hard work that perfected the accomplished instrument he now possesses. If there were space in such a notice as this, I might quote, on the authority of his fellow-students, many anecdotes of his extraordinary perseverance, his unwearied application—of the indomitable resolve to paint, and to do nothing but paint, which won the especial notice of his teachers and the halfresentful envy of less phenomenal companions. If his work now looks as though it had been "easily done," it is simply because he took a long time and infinite pains to learn how to do it.

The Summer of 1872 Mr. Bridgman spent in the Pyrenees, and the succeeding Winter in Algiers. The next Summer saw the Pyrenees again, with a subsequent migration to Cairo, and a Winter on the Nile, more than three months being spent on a dahabeah, which carried the artist as far south as the second cataract. Knowing the diligence of his student years, one might well believe, even if there were not a multitude of clever studies to prove it, that traveling did not mean idleness to Mr. Bridgman, and did not mean the mere imbibing of new ideas of form and color. No less than the years spent at the Beaux Arts, or with the student colony in Brittany, these years of wandering meant steady work and progress. Mr. Bridgman has of late passed most of his time in Paris, which he has adopted as his permanent home; but Summers have been spent in the north of France, and Winters in Algiers, and short flights to other countries are indicated by a number of his minor studies. has been a steady contributor to the Paris Salon from as early a time as 1868. His first decided success was won, in 1870, by the "Circus in the Provinces." In 1877 he obtained a medal. The Universal Exhibition of 1878 brought him a gold medal and the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, while at the one which was held last Summer he received another medal.

Nine years ago the New York public was enabled to make a very thorough study of Mr. Bridgman's work, and to understand the grounds upon which his Parisian reputation rested. After sending home occasional pictures from year to year, since the clever though immature "Circus" first spoke his name, Mr. Bridgman opened, in the month of February, 1881, at an art-gallery on Twenty-third Street, a special exhibition which was the most noteworthy that had yet been held by a young American artist for the display of his own creations. Enough important pictures had been gathered, largely through the kind co-operation of New York owners, to seem fairly representative even in the painter's own eyes, although a huge book of photographs bore witness to the number and variety of those which he had left across the sea. Moreover, to the delight of all who could appreciate "art in undress" -- who were interested in the processes of painting and in an artist's method of study and way of collecting materials — the elaborate canvases were supplemented by about three hundred studies in oil of many kinds and many degrees of completeness.

In spite of the incontestable excellences of the large pictures in this collection, it may be confessed at the outset that the studies and sketches were the most delightful works. They revealed an entirely new side of Mr. Bridgman's talent. Even critics who had most carefully studied all the pictures he had previously sent us, and who felt quite sure that they had thus formed a just estimate of his ability, were forced by the first glance at the studies to reconsider the whole matter and remake their estimate. I shall return to them in a moment, speaking first of the most famous pictures as those usually estcemed the most "important."

Among these were a number that are probably familiar to my readers, like the early "Circus," the "Funeral of a Mummy," the "Pastime of an Assyrian King," the "Allah, Achbar!" the "Arab Women Weaving," the "Tents of the Nomads, Biskra," and the "Women Drawing Water from the Nile."* A wood-cut of the "Women Drawing Water" is among our present illustrations.

All of these, I need hardly say, were excellent

^{*} Another picture of this class is the "Procession of the Bull Apis," now owned by the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, which was once exhibited in New York, though not with the collection of 1881.



WAITING FOR THE CAID.

pictures in their way. But it was, I think, a way that did not excite enthusiasm in the observer, or reveal any strong individuality on the part of the painter. Well conceived, well arranged, beautifully drawn, agreeably colored and interesting in their subjects, we were inclined to quarrel with ourselves that we were not more vividly impressed by them—that, in spite of all admiration for the artist's learning and skill, we felt him a little too deliberate, too cool and careful and self-contained. There were no definite faults of commission, but faults of omission made themselves felt. We

longed for a little more freedom, vigor, breadth, spontaneity and personality—a little more of the painter, specifically so-called, to leaven the calm accomplishment of the skilled craftsman and the learned antiquary. These canvases, naturally, were not all on a level in all points. In composition as in color, I think the "Assyrian King" and the "Women Weaving" were the weakest. although the woman and child to the left

of the latter picture were beautifully rendered. The "Funeral" was admirably composed, and no less delightful for its quiet color. The large figure called "Allah, Achbar!"—a Mohammedan at prayer—was a remarkable piece of painting, the lighting being as well managed as the rendering of textures. No large work of Mr. Bridgman's that I since have seen—certainly no interior—is better than this. Yet, the "Tents at Biskra" was perhaps more charming, surpassing all the others in atmospheric truth and beauty. Looking away from these large Salon pictures,

TRACKING ON THE NILE

one saw certain smaller works of a wholly different kind and quality. Prominent among them were some genre pictures of Oriental subjects, which I may characterize most distinctly, perhaps, by saying that they suggested comparisons with Mr. Bridgman's master, Gérôme-comparisons that were by no means always to the American's disadvantage. The admirable drawing, the

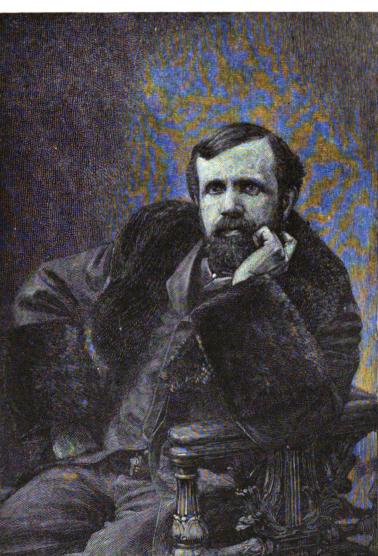
clever rendering of certain textures, the bits of brilliant color. fine in themselves, but not harmonized with the hand of a mastercolorist, the delicate but hard elaboration of the touch, the ivory-like look of the flesh - all these elements of Gérôme's art were very often present. But in other examples the color was finer than Gérôme's is apt to be, the handling broader. the technical sentiment, if I may use the phrase, more painter - like. And when Mr. Bridgman had gone outof-doors he had usually done better

still. A conspicuous proof of this appeared in some of the gay court-yard scenes with white walls and massive doors, splendid horses and brilliant retainers. Here the light and freshness and color were sometimes quite delightful.

Where Mr. Bridgman seemed weaker than Gérôme was upon the side of dramatic expressiveness and force. Gérôme is always dramatic, though sometimes a bit theatrical therewith. He is a master of facial expression, and his figures

are almost always animated by palpable intentions and distinct emotions. Mr. Bridgman's figures were life-like and natural, but not always living and individual. For example, he did not catch the vivid, half-fascinating, half-repulsive physiognomy of the East as it has been caught by his master, and by Fortuny and Fromentin—to mention only the most familiar names.

> dainty Oriental beauties, especially. struck one rather as clever imitations of the real thing than as transcripts from reality. Now, I am well aware that a picture need by no means be an actual record of things actually seen and studied, and then and there recorded; but it should instantly impress us as though it had been. Many of the most perfect landscapes in the world have been painted in the studio —doubtless by far the greatest number of them. But they do not look as though they



FREDERIC ARTHUR BRIDGMAN.

had been.

They have no appearance of things planned and carefully thought out from various sketches and memories. When a picture does look thus it leaves us cold—and such, I think, was the case with some of Mr. Bridgman's, in spite of their invariable cleverness and their frequent beauty.

Mr. Bridgman can hardly be called a colorist of the highest rank—an artist able to create a splendid, personal scheme of color and to use it with masterly success. But this exhibition of

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1881 showed that he had made steady progress toward coloristic excellence. In the "Circus" there were very crude passages. Next in date came a number of interiors of rather blackish This blackness had entirely disappeared, however, from the more recent works, and in some of them the color was very charming, while in others it was very bold and effective without being so truly good. In the quiet, delicate scale of the "Funeral" and the "Tents of the Nomads" every one must have taken pleasure. In the "Waiting for the Caïd" (one of the brilliant court - yard scenes), and the "Conversation, Cairo Bazaar," there was more depth and brilliancy. But at times Mr. Bridgman had attempted tasks which might have puzzled Fortuny, and had attempted them not as a bold improvvisatore, but in the most studied and elab-Under the brightest light he orate of ways. had given the most intense colors in the greatest variety, shunning no difficult juxtapositions, and neither lowering nor diluting the tone. Bits of such vivid, tile-like coloring Gérôme uses on occasion, and not with the best success; but Mr. Bridgman had used them still more ambitiously. Pinks and yellows, brightest blues and greens, salmon tints and those which are scarlet, with a hint of yellow, were mingled like mosaics in the many small figures and the profuse decorations of the harem scenes. Even where the general effect was inharmonious, however, some bits of color were often delightful when considered in themselves rather than with reference to their com-But to say this is not to speak of a bined effect. master-colorist.

Yet, here and there on the crowded walls were pictures of still other kinds, which showed the artist's talent in a more favorable light. Picking them out one by one, there was an ever-fresh surprise at his breadth of sympathy and wide range in expression. First I may name a lovely "After Sunset, Coast of Normandy," deep and glowing in tone, fine in its simple lines of sea and shore, and admirable in quality. Here was no overstudious elaboration, no overplacid self-possession. charming, too, was a "Study Head" with auburn hair, and a "Nude Study," both here reproduced, charming in color and in textures. Again, there was a portrait head of Mr. Bridgman's little daughter which was broadly handled and clever in character, though not so rich in color. It was directly opposed in treatment to the smooth finish of many of the Oriental heads. Then there was a delightful "Barn-yard in Normandy," simple in the extreme except in its wonderfully wellmet problems of shifting light. A little canvas called "The Mishap," showing an old-fashioned red traveling-coach tipping into a ditch, was done in a way that was paralleled in no other canvas. It was very daintily handled, the touches of white in the lights giving it somewhat the air of a bit of last-century work. Was this from the same brush, one could not help exclaiming, which had painted the anxiously finished sultanas and dancing-girls and, again, the deep and palpitating "After Sunset"? It is impossible here even to name all the pictures that asked for individual notice. I must be content to mention some attractive sketches for decorative panels (one of them is included in these illustrations), and then pass to a hasty consideration of the studies which filled out the list.

These, as I have said, were the most delightful things of all. Here were in abundance the very qualities we had sometimes missed from the pict-Here were vivid impressions of actual things most vividly recorded. Here was feeling for tone, for harmony in color, for contrast of light and dark, and for atmospheric facts. were breadth and rapidity of touch, and strong, impressive effects. Here was a frank enthusiasm that showed the artist had been "taken off his feet" while he painted, and that took us off our feet as we looked. These studies were evidently the outcome of artistic sensitiveness and a delight in painting for painting's sake. They had not been undertaken with a mere student's view to self-improvement, or a mere scientific desire to tabulate facts, or a merely conscientious wish to collect material for future use. They had been born of a painter's desire to express for his own delight the thing he saw—to fix forever the fleeting aspect that had charmed him. everything among these delightful memorandalandscapes in profusion, both African and European, architectural motives from many countries, and animals of many sorts—lions and camels, goats and kittens and donkeys, and the most enchanting horses. There were portraits of civilized babies with their nurses, and of uncivilized babies huddled in forlorn little groups. There were study heads in abundance, and, in a word, all paintable things, from the records of long-mummied Egyptian life to a dashing "impressionistic "sketch of the "Gare St. Lazare," with a locomotive wreathed in smoke. Who could say in presence of this last that steam and its belongings are not artistically valuable? And who, that Mr. Bridgman was a cold or an unspontaneous painter? Nothing could have been fresher and franker than many of the Egyptian sketches, as, for instance, the one with sailors "tracking" a boat, and nothing could have been more sensitively felt or more briskly rendered than some sketchy interiors of Eastern cafés and bazaars. Nor would it be easy to say too much for the horses which showed so clearly Mr. Bridgman's great skill as a draughtsman. Here at all events

he left Fromentin behind. Such real, true and individual horses not many men have painted; and they revealed the whole race, from the Russian aristocrat with his black and lustrous coat, and the Arab thoroughbred quivering with nervous fire, to the most persecuted, most ragged, sullen, weak or ferocious of their humble brethren in Egypt or in Normandy. How long one lingered in the room where these sketches hung, wondering more and more at the raciness, dash, freshness and vigor of the painter whom, a moment before, we had called too cold, too cautious and—to speak quite plainly—too artificial.

Why, it was often asked, had not Mr. Bridgman painted his larger pictures more in the manner of his studies? Why did not they likewise show the free and assured touch and the incisive effects that are the delight of artists and connoisseurs, proving that a man has been born to paint, and not merely learned to produce clever pictures? Why had he sacrificed so large a proportion of the painter-like qualities he evidently possessed in the lesser interest of complicated subject-matter and "high finish"? The first and most obvious answer to such questions was that the public best likes very carefully studied works, and, in Mr. Bridgman's case, had always shown a preference for his most showy and elaborate pieces of Oriental genre and antiquarian reconstruction. But back of this there had been, I am sure, other and worthier reasons. If elaboration can be combined with breadth and with freshness, if color can be very brilliant and varied, and yet be kept harmonious and true, the triumph is greater than where the problem has been simpler. It is easiest to achieve success when the color-scale is subdued, and when details are not much insisted upon. Undoubtedly it had been Mr. Bridgman's wish to keep the qualities we admired in his studies while adding to them those of scholarly composition and complete detail. If he had not achieved his aim - why, how many do in this world? And there were many signs that year by year he was drawing nearer to it.

During the past nine years many works by Mr. Bridgman have been shown by our dealers and at our annual exhibitions. They have been chiefly genre pictures of Oriental subjects, and, to tell the truth, they did not convince us, on the whole, that the artist was still progressing in his art. In fact, some of them were so "showy" in color and so insufficient in the rendering of textures that they excited the fear that he was falling into superficial ways of feeling and careless modes of execution. That overelaboration to which we had once objected seemed giving way to a neglect for essential facts that was much more regrettable. But art, we all know, is a business as well as a pursuit. Seldom is a man so situated in the world | Oriental figures, however, one found the same

and so strong of will that he can entirely resist the perpetual temptation to paint things that are good enough to please the public instead of good enough to do himself full justice. The showiest and shallowest of these pictures were those which the public liked best. But we cherished the hope that, in addition to them, Mr. Bridgman might be doing other things of greater value.

Now he has come back to us with another gallery full of pictures and studies. Four hundred of his works were exhibited in New York in April, and then taken to Chicago. In some ways the collection was less interesting than its predecessor. It contained none of those large historical subjects which, however much the amateur might prefer less ambitious examples, were those that had made his reputation in Europe and showed his most ambitious effort. And, of course, the same delighted surprise did not mingle with the admiration the sketches and studies excited which had whetted appreciation when they were first displayed. This is not to say that the collection lacked either variety, interest or charm. Like the former one, it was a striking revelation of industry, versatility and skill; and from a purely technical point of view the large pictures were, I think, an improvement on the past. Most of them were Algerian subjects, but there were proportionately more outdoor scenes than before, and, I may repeat, Mr. Bridgman is apt to do his best outdoors. As a rule they were more broadly handled than in former years, less overladen with details, better in tone, more painter-like in every The most interesting, perhaps, were those where white in many contrasting tones had formed the key-note of the color-scheme. Whites and palest tones of color, now in full sunlight, now under artificial light, and again in a more subdued illumination, had evidently attracted this artist with peculiar force, as, indeed, they do all artists who work in the Orient. Especially notable were a number of cemetery scenes, where women in costumes of various whitish tones were grouped upon and among the plastered tombs.

None of these new pictures, however, was more important than the "Negro Fête, Blidah," which, when compared with the small study that had evidently been painted from life, showed a remarkable gain in the power to preserve the vigor and freshness of a sketch while elaborating it into a complete picture. Neither in color, in treatment nor in dramatic effect was there any lack of spontaneity in this picture. It showed, moreover, a very distinct improvement in interpreting facial expression. Here each head was vividly alive and individual, and the peculiar character of negro physiognomy had been clearly given. In some of the large portrait-like pictures of single

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STUDY HEAD.

academic quality, the same lack of convincing reality, that had been charged against certain works in the previous exhibition; yet even in this class there were exceptions. A greater novelty was a group of portraits of Europeans, men and women, which were strong and clever, though somewhat lacking in individuality (as regards the artist himself, not his sitters) and in charm. Again, there were delightful landscapes, chief among them, perhaps, being the "Arab Women Strolling on the Sea-shore," with its luminous sunset sky. And the multitudinous studies were as delightful as they had been nine years ago. Some of them were, in fact, the very ones that we had then seen; but others were new, and their variety was as great as ever. Again one felt that the horses were the very best things of all, yet here and there was something just as good of another sort—like a delightfully colored little picture of parrots and a still-life study with Venetian glasses. It is impossible, of course, here to pick out all the

good things in so large a collection, or to explain in just what consisted the excellence of each one that is mentioned. Accurate drawing—a rarer power than the average observer thinks-could always be seen, and very often delightful color and a true realization of strong outdoor effects of light; frank and brisk handling, too, and, much more often than in days gone by, a vivid rendering of character. only trouble was that so many bits of brilliant workmanship could not hang together without disturbing the eye. Confusion resulted from the close contact of things which would have looked far better in isolation, and often a truly delightful study was overlooked, I fancy, through the fact that something bigger and louder hung beside it. But this difficulty the serious observer could easily overcome. The only thing that one really deplored was the presence of a large triptych called the "Pirate of Love," which, while undeniably clever, was too disagreeable in motive to seem in place among pictures which, whether European or Oriental in motive, were, with this one exception, thoroughly refined in feeling as well as clever in execution.

I trust it will not be counted an ungracious act if I have carefully noted what seem to me



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the weaker points in Mr. Bridgman's work. There is a time in an artist's life when the thing he has a right to ask for is encouragement. While he is still a struggling learner it is for his best interest, and the public's, too, that his strong qualities should be dwelt upon and his deficiencies hopefully overlooked. But when a man has achieved his place among painters, and has won honor in the great modern centre of art, it is an offense to him to test his products by a low standard. In the presence of so true a talent as Mr. Bridgman's it would be disrespectful to be afraid of uttering what seems to the writer the exact truth. Only thus can one show that a real interest has been felt in his work, and only thus can one gain the right to praise it. It has seemed to me that by noting the deficiencies I feel in Mr. Bridgman's pictures I could best prepare the way for saying that, in spite of them all, he is a very able, skillful and earnest painter, always interesting and often most delightful. His industry and steady endeavor may serve as a model for all young Americans, while the well-deserved honors which | Art Review.

he has won may help to encourage and inspire them.

There is another word of explanation due. It is rarely a good kind of criticism which compares one painter with another, and tries to show which has done the best, and why. Each painter who deserves discussion at all should be analyzed on his own merits. By these he must stand or fall; and it is usually through laziness only, or a misconception of his task, that a critic tries to explain them by references to the merits of others, instead of by actual description and analysis. But I was tempted to bracket Mr. Bridgman's name with Gérôme's because Gérôme's work is so exceptionally familiar to American eyes. I need hardly say again that it is only in some of his very varied efforts that there is any likeness between Mr. Bridgman's work and his master's, and that these are not the ones which show him at his best.

Norm.—It is proper to say that this article is largely based on one which I wrote in 1881 for the American Art Review.

M. G. V. R.



DECORATION FOR AN MOLIAN HARP, BY F. A. BRIDGMAN.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS OF PATTI.

By J. W. W.

I know that it is a terribly impolite thing to ask, or tell, a lady's age, under any circumstances, and I once received a serious lesson from an elegant woman, who cut me, as she told a friend, because I had known her too long, and knew her real age. To this there seems one reservation, and that is where a man or woman is prominently before the public: then their age becomes common property, and, if they misrepresent it, they must expect to find somebody who has lived as long as they, and has a memory.

Somewhere late in the forties I was practicing my then profession of a draughtsman in New York, and became acquainted with Maurice Strakosch, who married Adelina Patti's eldest sister, Amelia, and Maurice was a frequent visitor at my office, or studio, on the corner of Ann and Nassau Streets. One day he came in, leading by the hand a girl of twelve, as represented by him, whom he introduced as his sister-in-law,

Adelina, and whose portrait, which she had never before had taken, he now wanted engraved for advertising purposes, as he was about to bring her before the public for the first time, and was especially desirous that the counterfeit presentment, while keeping the resemblance, should improve on the original as much as possible. Whether the same rule has been carried out in all cases with the lady since, I cannot say, but I do know that she was not a beauty then, and did not promise to be. She was tall of her age, perhaps as tall as she is now, and ungainly. Her face was long and sallow, and with no feature about it but a pair of fine eyes; yet there was still something attractive about the girl, and her manner was pleasant. She seemed entirely subservient to Strakosch, and he spoke very freely of her and before her, saying that he intended to make her the greatest prima donna that the world had ever seen; that he knew she was not handsome, but

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time would correct that; and cited the case of Persiana, who was once, they said, the greatest singer and the ugliest woman in Europe.

The portrait was finished satisfactorily, and a few weeks after I saw Adelina make her début at Tripler Hall, afterward burned, and replaced with the Winter Garden Theatre, where she accompanied herself on the piano, and made a success enough for a recall, and then brought the house in a hearty laugh by getting up from the piano and clapping her hands as heartily as any of her audience.

"THEREBY HANGS A TAIL."

BY ANDREW WILSON.

Among the questions which modern science appears to be busily engaged in asking its votaries to answer at the present time is one of singularly interesting nature concerned with the inheritance of artificially produced conditions and Dr. Weismann has raised a whole mutilations. storm of criticism and comment on account of his bold statement that such injuries are never, by any chance, transmitted from parent to offspring, either in man or in lower animals. emphatic is he on this point that he will not hear of any one suggesting even the possibility of such an occurrence. There has long been a popular belief, of course, that the injuries or accidents of a parent (and especially of a mother) are liable to be reproduced in the children, and many marvelous stories are to be met with in support of this view in the folk-lore and records of every coun-But stories related by the people are one thing, while exact verified scientific recitals belong to quite another category. What satisfies the popular mind—incompetent to judge of the relative merits of testimony—and what alone, on the other hand, can impress the scientist as worthy to be ranked and regarded as a fact, are two different matters. Hence, because some condition or appearance is seen in an animal, strongly suggesting the handing down from its parents of some acquired injury or defect, the popular understanding is given to accept the explanation of inheritance as the only and correct road out of the difficulty. Not an old woman in any part of the country exists who cannot tell one of many cases (both in human and in animal experience) in which an accident to the parent has been followed by the reproduction of the injury in the offspring. Indeed, the explanation is so terribly simple, that the very ease with which it is made and offered suggests a close examination of the so called proofs.

Against the theory of the people, if we may so term it, that the injuries of the parent may be, and often are, transmitted to the progeny, a vast

body of facts may be offered by way of contrary argument. Thus Professor Weismann has experimental evidence to produce in the first instance; and although we must, like Oliver Twist, "ask for more," before the question can be regarded as having been decided on this point alone, yet the experience in question is instructive enough in its way. Dr. Weismann, wishing to test the theory he has been criticising, imitated in practice the well-known nursery rhyme, and snipped off the tails from a number of white mice. These creatures, as every one knows, are singularly prolific. and, as they breed rapidly, they presented favorable subjects for testing the reliability of the idea that the parental mutilation would be transmitted to the progeny. Family after family of mice was produced, and as regularly were the members "docked" in the matter of their tails. If the popular notion was to be regarded as correct, a race of tailless white mice should have been produced; for Dr. Weismann's labors extended over fifteen months, in the course of which five generations of mice had been born, including no less than 901 young. Now, all the mice continued to be born, in the most aggravating manner, with the long tails proper to the race. Not a tail was absent, and certainly not a tail was seen to be even shortened. It might, however, be somewhat rash, I admit, to conclude from the above experiment that it is absolutely impossible to produce in the young animal the malformations of the parent. We must bear in mind that Nature presents to us a very complex series of conditions in the way of life and its laws; and it may well be that in our experiments we are not always able to imitate perfectly and exactly the conditions under which the handing down of parental injuries may alone be possible. I do not for a moment question Dr. Weismann's success with the white mice and their tails: I only suggest that it is possible we do not know as yet the precise conditions under which injuries and mutilations can be transmitted—if they can be made to appear in the offspring at all. It may be that the experiment has not been long enough conducted, or that the period of "docking" the tails was not that which favored the transmission of the mutilation; or it may be that in one race of animals it is difficult or impossible to effect an experiment such as in another species can be more or less readily brought about. These are all mere suggestions only; but they will certainly occur to the mind of the impartial observer, and are summed up in the inquiry, whether in our experiments we have hitherto hit upon the precise conditions under which injuries and mutilations can easily, or indeed alone, be handed on.

Dr. Weismann tells us another very interesting story of the history of a Manx, or tailless, cat.



FREDERIC ARTHUR BRIDGMAN. -- NUDE STUDY. -- SEE PAGE 641.

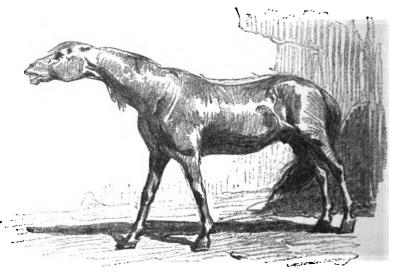
Once upon a time I possessed a very fine specimen of a Manx cat, which rejoiced in the name of "Tailly." He was born when I was a very small boy, and died at the age of seventeen or eighteen years. His mother was an old favorite of ours, which had been procured as a kitten from a traveling showman. As the showman was French, he dubbed the kitten "Ecossais" (on account of his sojourn in Scotland, I presume); and as "Cossy" the mother-cat was accordingly known. 'Cossy possessed a remarkably long tail, and there were certainly no Manx cats whatever in our neighborhood; yet there appeared in a litter of 'Cossy's kittens (on one occasion only) a tailless cat, which was saved from a watery grave by the want of a caudal appendage (upon slight things our fate may hang), and which grew up into my feline friend Tailly. All the Manx characters were faithfully reproduced in this cat. He had the relatively longer hind legs of the true breed,

and so marked was this peculiarity that persons on seeing Tailly run for the first time used to remark on the likeness of his gait to that of a hare. If any one asks me how I account for a Manx cat appearing among the progeny of my tailed 'Cossy, I should be inclined to sav that it was a case of "reversion," and was due to some old strain of Manx blood cropping out in the mother or father. Just as the egg of a domesticated pigeon will occasionally hatch out into a "rock," because that wild pigeon was the progenitor of our bred races, so in Tailly's father or mother the Manx ancestry was liable to appear. This, however, is an illustration of a natural law of inheritance, and not one of transmission of an artificially produced docking of the tail. Now, to Dr. Weismann was sent a kitten with a shortened tail, which had formed one of a naturally tailed family born at Waldkirch. in my cat's case, the father of the family

could not easily be identified, and the mother, like 'Cossy, possessed a tail of perfectly normal length. Yet, after much research, it was discovered that a Manx male cat had actually resided at Waldkirch, and was doubtless the parent of tailless kittens which had now and then appeared in the litters produced at that place. The case was not one of inherited mutilation, but of direct transmission of natural characters; and this, of course, is a widely different thing from the supposition that a cat which had lost its tail by an accident had handed on its lopped character to its descendants.

WHY BOOKS FAIL.

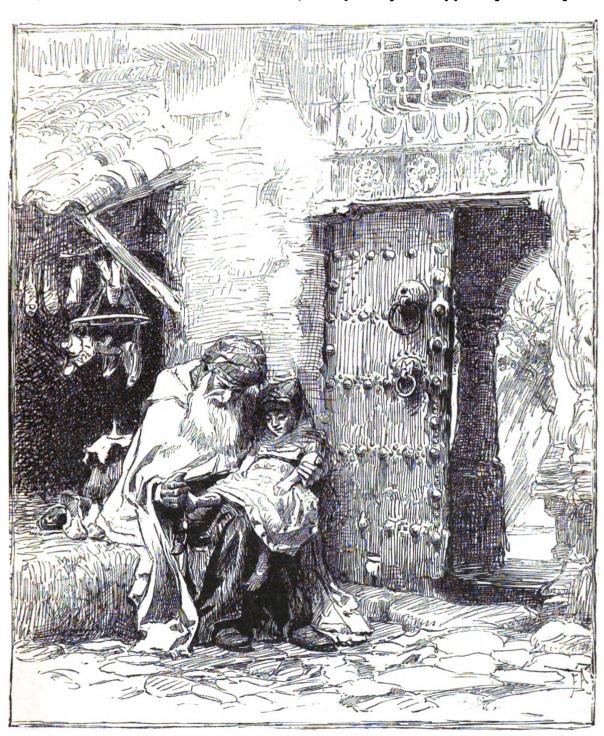
THE reason why so many books fail is because the people who wrote them have nothing original to say, or what they say is said badly. Another reason is that few of those who can write know



STUDY OF HORSE.

anything. They have no invention. They do not see with their own eyes, but with other people's eyes. They write books about other people's books, and have little of their own to tell us.

When an author has composed a work, he necessarily takes an interest in it. Every writer of books, says Shelley, likes to breech his bantlings. He may have spent many years upon it, and prob-



THE SLIPPER-MERCHANT.

Chamfort gives another idea of authorship: "What makes the success of many works is the affinity between the mediocrity of the author's ideas and the mediocrity of the ideas of the public."

ably forms an excessive estimate of its value. He is under the impression that most readers of books will desire to possess it. Lackington, the bookseller, tells the story of a gentleman who, not

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being able to find a purchaser for his manuscript, resolved to publish it at his own expense. The publisher desired to know how many copies should be printed. The gentleman began to compute how many families there were in Great Britain, and assured the publisher that every family would at least purchase one copy. He was of the opinion that at the lowest 60,000 copies only might be printed of the first edition. The publisher prevailed upon him, much to his disgust, to print only 1,250 instead of 60,000. The result was that only 100 copies were sold, not even enough to pay for the advertisements, and the author departed railing at the stupidity of publisher, book-seller and public.

Book-writing is quite as much a speculation on the one hand as book-selling is on the other. Only a small number of the books published pay their expenses, and very few of them reach a second edition. "Every year," says De Quincey, "buries its own literature." When an author writes for money he goes to the publisher and endeavors to sell him the manuscript for as much as he can get. He may get too little or he may get too much. The publisher takes the risk, and incurs the expense of printing, binding and advertising. If the book sells, and the author thinks he has got too little, he proclaims that he has been outwitted or defrauded. But if the book does not sell, it never enters the author's head to refund the copy-money, or return the amount of loss to the publisher. Both have run the risks of the speculation, and both must be content to abide the issue.

A GERMAN dramatic author tells a good story of an improvised monologue to which he had to listen not long ago, on the occasion of the first production of a new comedy. The hero had finished a tolerably long piece of solitary declamation, and at that precise moment a medical man ought to have emerged from the wings. But he did not emerge. "Ah, here comes the doctor," began the hero afresh, in order to fill up the time, and he anxiously stared in the direction of the prompt side of the stage; "but how slowly he walks. One would imagine that there was no need for hurry. Now he has positively stopped to talk to a lady. What can he have to say to her? At last he is once more on his way. Nonow he has stopped to talk to a man. Why, the doctor knows every one. Here he comes again. Thank Heaven!" At that moment the doctor entered, but from the "opposite prompt" side. For an instant the hero was a little taken aback, but with admirable coolness he recovered himself, and, greeting his visitor, asked: "How did you get round the corner so quickly, doctor?"

BABY'S KISS.

BY THE EARL OF ROSSLYN.

'Trs bed-time; say your hymn, and bid "Good-night; God bless mamma, papa, and dear ones all."
Your half-shut eyes beneath your eyelids fall,
Another minute you will shut them quite.
Yes, I will carry you, put out the light,
And tuck you up, although you are so tall!
What will you give me, sleepy one, and call
My wages, if I settle you all right?
I laid her golden curls upon my arm,
I drew her little feet within my hand;
Her rosy palms were joined in trustful bliss,
Her heart next mine beat gently, soft and warm.
She nestled to me, and by love's command
Paid me my precious wages—"Baby's Kiss."

NEUCHATEL.

NEUCHATEL possesses neither the magnificent quays of Geneva nor the glorious scenery of which Lausanne is justly proud. Its lake is of an azure less intense than that of Leman, which, moreover, it cannot pretend to equal in the picturesque elegance of its banks; nevertheless the more modest attractions of Neuchatel, its more extensive, almost unbounded panorama, the charms of its situation and the antiquities it boasts, have often successfully challenged the admiration of tourists, who have recorded their impressions in page after page of glowing description.

Many of the edifices adorning the town recall the patriotism of its sons; its colleges, its library, its museums, its benevolent institutions bear loud testimony to the intellectual and philanthropical activity of its inhabitants. In the environs the visitor will find a number of charming walks, while the curiosities to be seen here, and the many interesting features the town presents, render Neuchâtel of more importance than might be supposed from the number of its inhabitants—some sixteen thousand souls.

Situated at the base of the mountain of Chanmont, one of the loftiest peaks of the Jura range, the town extends along the banks of the lake, on land reclaimed from the water at a great expense of time, trouble and money.

To the traveler arriving from Lausanne or from France through the Val-de-Travers, Neuchâtel presents a somewhat remarkable appearance. On a lofty hill rising above the ancient bed of the Seyon stand its feudal castle, its collegiate church, its convent and its terraces. At a greater distance is a second hill, the Tertre, covered with more modern structures. Between these two eminences lies the town itself, rising in tiers around their base, and extending along the shores of Lake Neuchâtel.

Every town has its own characteristic tint, de-

pending upon the materials used in its construction. The neocomian, a kind of sandstone, with its bright-yellow hue, has excited the surprise of many a tourist. Alexander Dumas the Elder has put the matter very concisely by saying that the town has "the appearance of an immense toy carved out of butter."

The streets, with few exceptions, are spacious and well-kept. The Faubourg du Lac and the Faubourg de l'Hôpital contain a large number of elegant and sumptuous mansions, which are closed during the Summer in the absence of their owners at their country-seats. This explains the dullness prevailing in these quarters of the town at the time when visitors generally honor it with their presence.

The lake, which washes the lower part of the town and reflects the edifices, lends Neuchâtel a peculiar charm. Unfortunately the rectification of the waters of the Jura has considerably diminished the importance of its port.

Jean Jacques Rousseau, who had once devoted pages of eulogy to the people of Neuchatel, was extremely severe against them at a later period. We are inclined to believe that neither his commendations nor his censures should be unreservedly accepted, but that the truth lies somewhere between the two. Under a certain coldness of demeanor the inhabitants of the town conceal a sociability which no one will deny to them, a high degree of culture, a fine artistic taste, and proverbial rectitude.

Neuchatel has never possessed any special industry. Its inhabitants, who as a rule prefer quiet and silence to the feverish activity of business and commerce, have never endeavored to establish factories of any kind there. It is difficult, however, to arrest the course of modern progress; the watch-making industry, descending from the heights of the Jura, has introduced a little life into certain quarters of the town once considered exclusively "aristocratic." Other new industries are also in a prosperous condition, notably the manufacture of telegraphic and electric apparatus, and of straw hats.

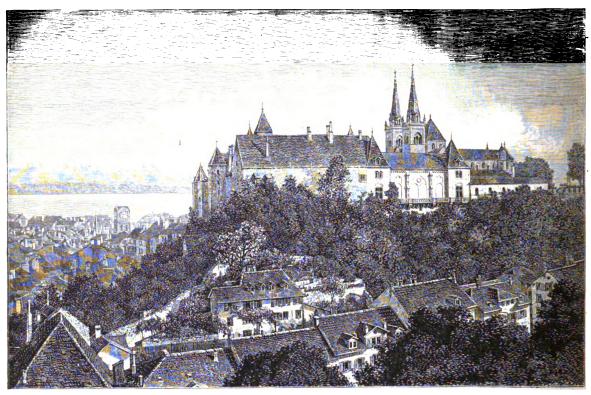
Situated as the town is under the 47th degree of latitude, at an elevation of 1,426 feet above the level of the sea, the climate is extremely mild. The heat of Summer is tempered by the lake and by the pine forest of Chaumont. The air of the town is pure and salubrious; epidemics are of very rare occurrence. The public baths in the lake, so useful from a sanitary point of view, are much frequented during the Summer months. In Winter the water of the lake cools but slowly, and it is not frozen over more than about twice in a century. This phenomenon last occurred during the very severe Winter of 1879-1880.

posed his alliance and his will upon Prussia, who was forced to cede Neuchatel with the duchies of Cleves and Berg, receiving Hanover in compensation (February 28th, 1806). The Emperor having occupied the country with a body of 7,000 men, under the command of General Oudinot, retained his new principality only long enough to establish his rights, which being accomplished, he then bestowed it upon Marshal Berthier (March 30th, 1806). The fortune of war had compelled the King of Prussia to cede Neuchâtel to Napoleon; the fortune of war regained him the principality.

On September 12th, 1814, the cantons of Valais, Neuchatel and Geneva were reunited to Switzerland by a decree of the Diet. remained nevertheless under the sovereignty of the King of Prussia. This peculiar situation resulted in an insurrection which broke out in September, 1831. On March 1st, 1848, the mountaineers occupied the town and castle of Neuchâtel, and proclaimed the republic. On September 3d. 1856, an attempt was made to overthrow the republican government, but this resulting in failure, a congress of the powers assembled at Paris, and concluded, on May 26th, 1857, a treaty which definitely established the situation of Neuchâtel as a Swiss canton.

Neuchâtel is the birth-place of the Chancellor de Montmollin (1628-1703), a statesman and the author of "Mémoires"; of Jonas Boyve (1654-1739), to whom we owe the "Annales du Comité de Neuchâtel et de Valangin"; of Jean Jacques l'Allemand (1650-1753), founder of the Orphan Asylum; of Jean Frédéric Osterwald (1683-1747), author of a translation of the Bible; of Jean Rodolphe Osterwald (1687-1756), author of the "Nourriture de l'âme." We may mention furthur David de Purry (1709-1786), a great benefactor to Neuchâtel; Jacques Louis de Pourtalès (1722-1814), founder of the hospital which bears his name; Jean Elie Bertrand (1737-1779), one of the founders of the Typographical Society; General A. C. de Perregaux (1791-1837), and Paul Louis Auguste Coulon (1777-1855), who founded the Savings Bank and the Society of the Natural Sciences of Neuchâtel.

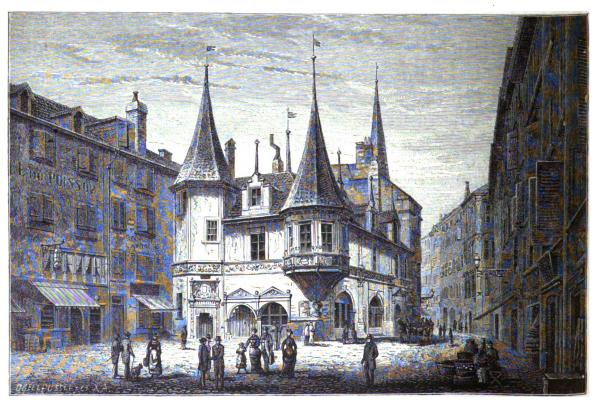
The Place du Marché is open on the lake-side, and partly occupied at the opposite end by the elegant market-building known as Les Halles, with its projecting turret, which gives the place quite a picturesque aspect. This edifice, erected in the year 1570 by Governor Bonstetten, formerly contained on the ground-floor the State granaries, and in the first-story the store-house of French cloth fabrics. The main gate-way is an arch with archivolt supported in part by the impost and against the caryatides, which, occupy-After the battle of Austerlitz, Napoleon im- ing brackets on each side, support an entablature



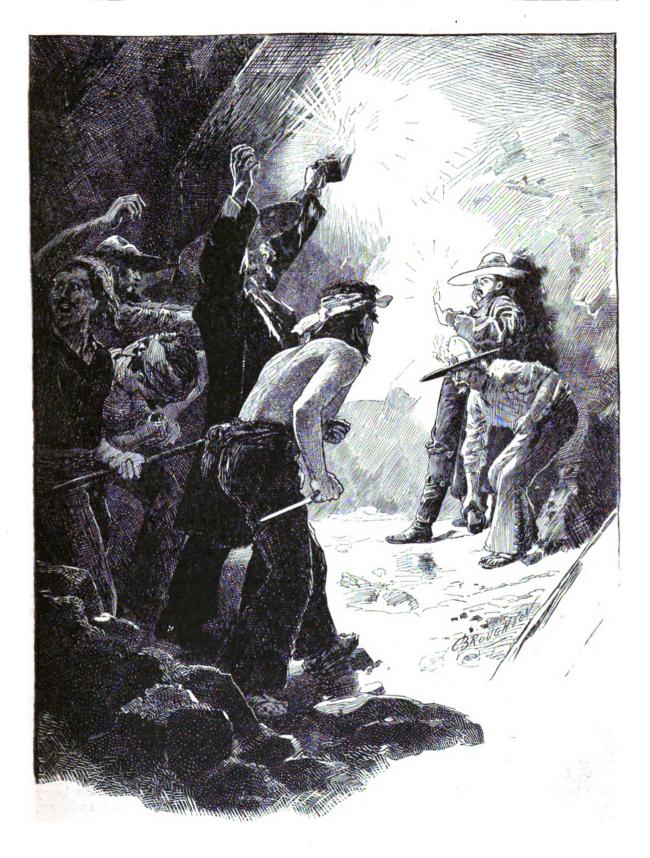
THE CHATEAU OF NEUCHATEL

sign, but less rich in details and not arched, gives | cupation of a club.

bearing the arms of the House of Orléans-Longue- | access to the staircase of the tower on the Place ville. Another gate-way, almost identical in de- du Marché. The building is at present in the oc-



THE MARKET-PLACE AND HALL.



A MEXICAN MARTYR. ~ "DAWES HELD UP HIS LANTEBN SO THAT ITS LIGHT FLOODED THAT PART OF THE CHAMBER WHELL WE STOOD."— SER NEXT PAGE.

Vol. XXIX., No. 6-42.

LOVE-HYMN.

BY ORELIA KEY BELL.

Seine, shine, O sun! your ample urn With all its golden beams o'erturn, Till turret-top and tree-top burn With amber glory. Sing, sing, O birds! with quavering trill The palpitating ether fill, Till every quivering leaflet thrill With my glad story. Yes, turn your merriest roundelay, For oh! my love will come to-day.

Blow, blow, ye winds! the tidings swell First o'er the sea, then thro' the dell, And so my happy secret tell To shells and flowers. Play, play, ye fountains! send on high Your diamonds till they dent the sky, And then rebound resiliently In fragrant showers. Yes, dash on high your diamond spray,

For oh! my love will come to-day.

Bloom, bloom, ye flowers! my secret dear Kiss from the breezes, then lay bare Your hearts till all the conscious air Is softly laden.

Skip, skip, ye brooklets! skip and dance, Over your pebbles glint and glance. To see you ne'er again may chance So happy a maiden.

Yes, o'er your pebbles glint and play, For oh! my love will come to-day.

And ye, O Guardian Seraphim. Who thro' the mystic ether swim, Rejoice! for even to the brim My cup is full. Thro' heaven's expansive latitude Swell anthems of her gratitude Who soon will taste beatitude Ineffable.

That saints who pity mortals may Smile down when comes my love to-day.

A MEXICAN MARTYR.

BY BRANDT KNOX.

WHEN I first, reluctantly, assumed the superintendency of the Sierra Madre Mining Company's mine in North-western Mexico, I felt that it would prove a difficult and unpleasant position to fill. In this I was by no means disappointed, and, indeed, had not been in control a month before learning that in my ignorance I had underestimated the burdens which confronted me. At every step in advance, every advocating of new methods of work, I was opposed by bigotry and prejudice; but the insubordinate character of the men under me was the worst feature, and even threatened danger to both life and property. We were isolated, a community by ourselves, with no legal protection whatever, and fear alone could hold in check the brutal impulses of the Mexican workmen. I do not feel that I was unduly harsh in my treatment of them—I simply held them under discipline with an iron hand; but I was soon aware that by a large number, at least, I was most cordially hated. My life was threatened, and many occasions constantly arose to test my nerve to its utmost. The leader among the insubordinate miners I was not long in picking out—an assistant foreman on the night-shift named Raul Cervez. I determined to be rid of him at the earliest possible moment, but though I watched him very closely, it was some time before I had in my possession sufficient facts to warrant his dis-Things continued to grow worse every day, so one morning I called Cervez into my office and told him of circumstance after circumstance which had come to my knowledge reflecting upon | my risk up here to-night than in the level."

him. He met these charges first with earnest denial, then in sullen silence, and when discharged from our service looked at me in such a way that my hand fell upon the loaded revolver carried in my belt. He may have seen and understood the motion, for he simply bent his head, murmured, "The senor will be sorry for this," and left the room as if burning with revenge.

The threat, if such it was, troubled me but very little, although I had been repeatedly told of the passionate and revengeful temperament of the man. Weeks passed on without my seeing Cervez, though I was aware that he had not left the settlement, and in the press of other matters I had nearly forgotten him, when my memory was awakened by a peculiar happening.

Late one night, I and our night-foreman-an Englishman by the name of Dawes—were comparing plans in the shaft-house.

It was a very dark and stormy night without, and the wind whistled about the spur of the mountain, and made the building we were in rock like a ship at sea. It was the only noise, save now and then the heavy puffing of our donkeyengine as it drew its load up the shaft.

"If this rain continues till morning," I observed, glancing up from my work as the heavy gust dashed water in sheets against the window, "it may make trouble below."

My companion looked up with a scowl.

"Lucky them fellers down there don't kno' it's stormin' so-they'll work easier. I'd rather run

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"Why, Dawes," I said, in some surprise at his tone, "you were at the dam this morning; is it weakened anv?"

"Oh, I guess it'll hold," was the rather careless answer; "but I think it needs strengthening; one pile is broken, and the dirt is pretty loose at the north end."

"Why didn't you make that report before?"

"How did I know"—sullenly—"that it was goin' to storm like this so early in the season? Hullo! what's that?"

It was a knock at the door, and with the instinct of caution coming from our surroundings our hands dropped upon our weapons. The knock was repeated, not loudly, but still audible above the storm.

"Come in!" I exclaimed, wondering who my midnight visitor could possibly be.

The door swung slowly open, letting a great black stream of water pour half across the floor. The gust of wind nearly extinguished our lamp ere it could be hastily closed again. There facing us, with wet, dripping, muddy garments, her countenance hidden beneath the enveloping folds of a coarse shawl, stood a woman. It was as forlorn a figure, expressive of misery and despair, as I ever looked upon. I knew-felt, rather-that her eyes were fastened upon me, though I could see nothing of her face. I stepped forward.

"You are very wet," I said; "will you not come closer to the fire?"

She made no movement.

"You are very kind," she answered, in a rich voice, and speaking a very pure English, but with a slight Spanish accent; "I do not mind the rain. Are you Superintendent Foster?"

"I am John Foster, superintendent of this mine," I said, wonderingly; "what can I do for you, for surely no common errand would bring a woman out on such a night as this?"

"No common errand has; but I must see you alone. I wish you would send that man from the room."

Dawes sprang to his feet with an oath, and struck the table heavily.

"I know you now, my lady," he cried, hotly; "and I understand your game. You'll not get rid of me so easily as that."

"Then I shall go myself," was the dignified answer. "I shall certainly never say what I came to say, with you to listen to it. You have already brought to us enough of misery."

I glanced from one to the other—the hardfeatured, brutal-looking man, his face inflamed by excitement, and that miserable, wet figure, wrapped in the ragged shawl, yet speaking like a queen. My sympathies were aroused, and my heart enlisted with the woman.

Dawes," I said, decidedly, "and let me hear her story. It's hardly likely to hurt you, I think."

He hesitated, as if almost ready to disobey my command; then thought better of it, and turned slowly away. As he passed me he whispered, quickly:

"She is the worst girl in the settlement, and is sure to be here with some lie."

Something about the tone in which he spoke these words, instead of prejudicing me against my mysterious visitor, brought back the old distrust and dislike which I first felt regarding Dawes. As the door closed upon his burly figure, I turned eagerly toward the girl. She came forward now, sank wearily upon a chair, and held out her hands to the grateful blaze of my cedarfire. Something about her appearance of suffering and misery touched me to the bottom of my

"I hope you will trust me fully," I said. "May I ask your name?"

She dropped the old shawl upon her shoulders, and turned toward me a face so fair and young that I was startled. It was a pale face, with marks of sorrow drawn upon it—a face lit up by wonderful black eyes, and shaded by a wealth of dark hair; a face that strangely interested me, and changed my sympathy in a moment to respect and confidence.

"I am Isidora Cervez," she said, simply; then her eyes fell; "I came to beg you to give my father work again, for we are starving."

This fair-faced, pure-spoken girl the daughter of old Cervez? It seemed hardly possible, but the knowledge brought with it distrust.

"I suppose you know why he was discharged," I answered, rather coldly. "Did he send you here to-night?"

Her black eyes flashed angrily up into mine.

"He would have died before he would have let me come; I ran here in the storm after he was We have had nothing to eat to-day."

"Nothing to eat!" I exclaimed, starting up hastily. "Then let me give you what I have-

"No, no," she cried, rising also; "I could not touch a mouthful now. Only tell me that father can have work again—it is all I ask."

"But"—doubtfully, yet not willing to look at her —"he was discharged for cause."

"What cause?" There were tears on her long lashes as she spoke. "I can tell you; he was discharged on the word of Dawes. Isn't it true?"

I remembered how much it did depend on reports brought to me by Dawes, and answered:

"Well, yes, partly, at least."

"Not partly, but altogether. I know and can tell you why - Dawes wanted me, and I hated him. He swore I should yield, or be starved into "You had better go into the engine-room, it. I laughed at him; he threatened, and my

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father drove him from the house. Before God, senor, that is true—it is not a crime to protect one's daughter from a villain, even in your country; yet you punish my father for doing only that."

Her clear voice, ringing with its indignant words, fell lower, tears sprang into her eyes, and her hands clasped as she leaned eagerly forward.

"Senor, look at me; would I lie—would I come here and beg, even though I starved, if I didn't know I was right and my father an honorable man? I ask you to give him a chance to

prove his loyalty, that is all."

Moved by an irresistible impulse, I sprang forward and took her hand.

"He shall have the trial," I said, gravely, "if I have to make a place for him."

"Will he be under Dawes?" "No; cer-

tainly not."

I shall never forget the look of gratitude that glowed in those dark Southern eyes, or the gleam of happiness that came like sunshine on her face.

But this is not so much my story, and I must hurry it on to its tragic ending. I found

Cervez something to do the next morning, when, trembling but pleased, he presented himself for work. Dawes objected, and said many harsh things, but I taught him that I was master, and he finally slunk out like a whipped cur. For safety I stationed the old Mexican as an assistant-fireman in the engine-room, where neither Dawes nor any of his special friends could come in contact with him. The dark eyes and pale face of the daughter had wonderfully interested me in the old man.

Father and daughter, as I soon learned, lived, as best they might, in a little, old, tumble-down

shanty, close by the trail. I helped them to fit it up a bit more comfortably, and as the weeks passed by I used often to drop in there evenings just to cheer her up a bit. For her position in life, she was remarkably well informed, and intelligent beyond her years. I scarcely needed to learn—as I afterward did—that the time had been when her surroundings were much more pleasant and congenial. But I heard no word of complaint ever fall from her lips. She made the lonely old place very pleasant in so many simple ways; and, indeed, they seemed quite happy to-



"HAND IN HAND, THROUGH THE GOLDEN GLOW OF THE SUNSHINE, WE WALKED TOGETHER UP THE BOCKY PATH."

flush of health came back on her cheeks, and the light of hope and comfort brightened her eyes again. Often, as I passed up the road to my work in the early dawn -perplexed by a thousand cares and responsibilities-I used to stop before the cabin and listen, while, all unconscious of any one outside, Isidora sang some old Spanish love-song, her clear, sweet voice floating up the grim mountain and across the rocks, like the notes of a lost bird, and filling the hours of the day with melody.

gether, as the

Meanwhile things were growing worse at the mine as the months rolled along. I admit that some things were wrong. We were away from all railroad communication, and supplies were hard to get and poor in quality. The owners disliked to spend money, and the suggestions of improvement which I frequently offered were more often refused than accepted. But the workmen made mountains out of what were really only mole-hills, laid all of their troubles upon me, and inspired by certain reckless leaders—among whom I felt sure Dawes might be safely counted—were by the close of April in a state bordering very closely



THE LIFE OF A LONGSHOREMAN.—THE LONG ISLAND SHOREMAN'S HOME—HAULING UP THE SKIPF.— SEE PAGE 663.

upon open rebellion. Indeed, for weeks I had felt the pleasurable sensation of being compelled to stand over a powder-magazine, liable to be exploded at any moment.

Such was the state of affairs when, one evening, I pushed up the rocky path toward the mine, and turning the edge of the pines, saw Isidora Cervez standing in the door-way of her poor little home, shading her eyes with her hands and watching her father's round-shouldered figure toiling slowly upward in the after-glow.

As I came up, unnoticed, I spoke to her, and marked the light of welcome and surprise that sprang into her clear eyes as she held out her hand to me.

"Oh, señor," she said, looking into my face as if to read every thought, "I have been hoping to see you all day. I heard some of Dawes's gang talking at the store this morning, Not much, to be sure, but enough to frighten me. They spoke very bitter about you, senor. Do you know-is there danger? I asked father, and he only laughed at me, but I know you will tell me."

It was hard for me even to attempt to lie to her, but could I fully trust her with the truth as yet?

"There is some dissatisfaction among the men," I answered, steadily, "but it will all pass over, I hope, as it has often before."

She read my face while listening to my words. "You do not think so," she cried, warmly; "you are in danger—you and my father!"

I struck my heel impatiently into the earth, and drew a long breath.

"Child," I said, with a tenderness new to me, "I am not satisfied, but I am certain there is no serious feeling against your father."

"If they hate you, they hate him," she interrupted, hastily. "I know Dawes has never forgiven "-then her voice sank lower-"poor father," she murmured, as if to herself, "and all I can do is to pray for him."

I bent closer that I might hear the words.

"And shall forget all others in danger?" I asked, longingly. "It makes men stronger to know that some one remembers them at home."

She looked up, almost timidly, into my roughened face, with her tear-dimmed eyes, then placed both her little hands in mine.

"I have always remembered you since that night," she said.

Following the impulse of the moment, I bent down and pressed my lips upon the cheek now flushed with red. What I saw in the black eyes is hard to tell, but I turned away happier-without well knowing why—than I had been in many

"Cervez," I asked, as I reached the shafthouse, "how is the mine to-night?"

"Rather wet, señor," said the old man, looking at me strangely; then, lowering his voice almost to a whisper: "I wouldn't go down to-night, for the men had a meeting this morning, and are going to 'strike' some time on this 'shift.'"

"As soon as that?" in astonishment. "Well, all the more reason for my going down. Perhaps I can stop the trouble. Bring me my oil-skins

and the revolver in my desk."

I stepped within the cage alone and gave the signal to the engineer, but before it started Cervez sprang in beside me.

"I thought I told you not to go!" I exclaimed,

almost angrily.

"Yes, señor," humbly; "but I must go-Isidora would never forgive me if I let you go alone to-night," and somehow that name brought with it a balm of forgiveness. She alone was in my thoughts just then, but I remember still the last grand scene as we sank slowly into the shaft. The sun was just going down behind the mountains, and the distant snow-crowned peaks stood out like cathedral-spires against the rosy sky, while across the valley a bridge of golden wire seemed suspended in the air; and then we dropped away into the dark, damp depths below.

We found no one but a boy on duty at the bottom, and moved on up the tunnel to where the men were supposed to be at work, and I remarked, almost with wonder, how closely Cervez pressed to my side, and how nervously he glanced about him as if more fearful with every step. We came upon the flickering lamps at last, and found a party engaged in putting into position new

props for the support of the roof.

The first man to meet us was Dawes himself, looking like a giant, with his oil-clothes shining in that ghastly, flickering light. As he saw my face he laughed aloud, then cried out:

"Boys, come here—both birds in the trap at the same time! Here's Foster and Cervez!"

It was like a signal, for the men dropped their tools and came running toward us. Instinctively I backed against the side of the tunnel and drew my revolver from its sheath. I noticed Cervez stoop and pick up something, and remembered that he was unarmed.

Dawes held up his lantern so that its light flooded that part of the chamber where we stood.

"Now we've got 'em-what next?" the scoundrel yelled, looking about on the faces of his companions.

A dozen knives flashed, and a Spanish cry, whose meaning I well knew, resounded on every

"Good!" responded the leader, hoarsely; "you fellows do what you please with Foster, only give me the old man; I've got a score to settle with him."

"Dawes," I said, desperately, "what does this mean? What have I ever done wrong to you?"

"You have done enough," was the sneering reply; "and I'll see to that black-eyed girl after this. Come on, boys!"

He sprang forward, and the others followed, their swarthy faces crazed with hate. I lifted my revolver.

"Never mind that!" yelled Dawes, as the others crouched back before its polished tube; "every cartridge has been drawn."

I pulled the trigger; nothing followed but the dull click of the hammer. In desperation I grasped it to use as a club, when Cervez hurled something forward—a bit of rock, I suppose that struck Dawes fairly in the forehead, and he staggered backward, falling to the floor like a dead man. The howl of rage with which the Mexicans greeted this had scarcely died away, when a deep, low, rumbling sound echoed through the tunnel, followed by a shock that compelled me to grasp a piece of rock to keep from falling. Again and again it was repeated; the sides of the tunnel seemed to open and shut; the massive wooden props bent, cracked, broke, and we could hear great crashes as thousands of tons of rock dashed down into the tunnel. The great beam above Dawes's prostrate body bent almost double, and cracked like a rifle with the immense weight pressing upon it. I started back with white face and trembling limbs. As I did so Cervez leaped forward, pressed his way beneath that beam on hands and knees, and grasped his enemy by the

"C'ervez!" I shouted. "Are you crazy, man? Come, run for your life!"

He glanced back; his face was ghastly in the light of his hat-lamp.

"We can't leave him here!" he cried; but before I could answer, with a mighty crash of rending timber the mass fell, hurling me backward against the wall, breaking my lamp and leaving the mine in dense blackness. I remember little more of that awful night—perhaps the solitude and danger made me crazy. Every moment was full of horror, as I groped my way over the fallen rocks to the foot of the shaft and waited; for I knew not which would come first—death or morning.

Almost the first I knew clearly was up in the shaft-house. It must have been late in the afternoon by the sun. A cloth was bound about my temples and my left arm was hanging in a sling, while a crowd of Mexicans, men and women, were gathered about me. On the opposite side was a larger crowd, and something seemed to tell me that the dead were lying there.

"Isidora?" I asked, for that was my first thought. "Where is she? is she here?"

Those gathered about me drew back silently, and I could see her slender figure kneeling beside a shrouded body in the corner. For her own sake I felt that she must be taken away from there while some one did all that could be done for the poor battered body. Feeling wonderfully weak and dizzy, I staggered over toward her.

"Isidora," I whispered, taking her cold hand in mine, "you cannot help him any more. Shall we not go home?"

She looked up at me, her face like death, but without a tear in her dark eyes.

"Oh, it seems, senor, as if I could not leave him," she said, piteously. "Is it right I should?"

"Yes, my girl, I think so; and you must trust me now, Isidora."

"I always do."

I led her out of that sad place and down the hill. Once only she stopped, and looked back wistfully.

"Oh, father!" she cried, aloud, "you were all I had in the world—I have no home now."

The sad cry touched me too deeply for silence. "Isidora," I said, tenderly, "don't say that—you are not alone, child; I love you, and my home is yours."

She looked up into my face, bending over her. "You were always good to him, señor," she answered, simply, "and I love you."

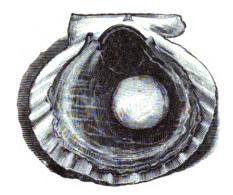
And hand in hand, through the golden glow of the sunshine, we walked together up the rocky path and into the little house where Raul Cervez, laborer and martyr, could never enter more.

THE LIFE OF A LONGSHORE-MAN.

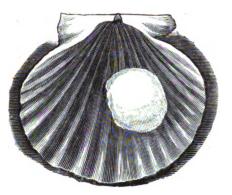
BY E. IRVING RACKETT.

I no not mean the longshoreman of our seaboard cities. He, too, is correctly named, for he gets his livelihood along shore; but it is along a shore lined with shipping, where all is bustle and The shore along which my longshoreman obtains a subsistence is, for the most part, rockbound and deserted. He cares nothing for merchandise which is to be floated upon the surface of the great deep, but he is greatly interested in some of the denizens who sport in the depths thereof, or who live near its shores. He has not yet, and perhaps never will, become a fisherman. To attain to this dignity requires a larger investment of money than he can command. His rowboat and "traps" comprise his outfit; and he is at once captain, mate, cook and all hands.

In the Winter, when bays and inlets are frozen over (for be it known that my longshoreman lives on Long Island), there are but two things he can do. If the ice is sufficiently thick to support the

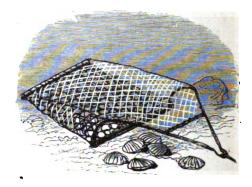


SCALLOP BEFORE CUTTING.



SCALLOP AFTER CUTTING.

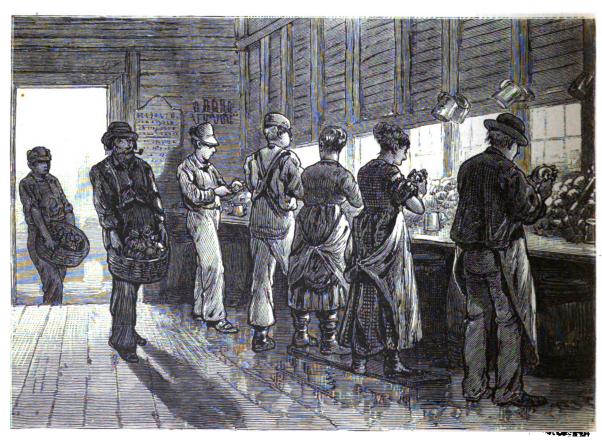
weight of a man, he will "go celing." For this purpose a hole is cut in the ice, and then, with a spear of six or more prongs having barbs at the ends, he pierces the mud where the cold weather compels to settle for their winter-quarters the long, round, black and slimy eels, which the un-



SCALLOP-NET.

initiated might very easily take to be a near relative of the objectionable black-snake of the forest.

It is by no means at every thrust of the spear that an eel is caught, but it is vigorously worked up and down in the muddy bottom, and when one is forced between the prongs the skillful eeler feels it at the instant, and, with a quick motion,



INTERIOR OF A SCALLOP-SHANTY-CUTTING SCALLOPS FOR THE MARKEY.



SORTING THE CATCH.



FISHING FOR SHEEP'S-HEAD.

he is brought to the surface before an opportunity is given the eel to wriggle out of the clasp of the prongs by which he is temporarily held. After a hole has been thoroughly "jabbed"—which, being interpreted, means "searched"—another opening is made, and so the work proceeds. The writer has, however, known one accustomed to the business to eel in the same hole, after it has been abandoned by an amateur, and to take a larger number from it than was obtained in the first instance.

After the eels have been caught they must next be prepared for market, for none would think of purchasing them in the uncouth and slimy state in which they are taken from their native ele-They are so slippery with the slime adhering to them that it is almost impossible to hold them in the hand. It is this characteristic which makes the phrase "He is as slippery as an eel" a forcible one, when applied to a man whom it is difficult to hold to his contracts. In order to remove this coating, the eels are placed in a tub or barrel containing ashes or similar material. In this, by their wriggling and rubbing against each other, which is sometimes accelerated by stirring them up with a pole, they soon relieve themselves of this oleaginous covering. They are next sorted into classes known as "round" and "split" eels, according to their size—the former intended for the frying-pan and the latter for the gridiron. It is while they are in the half-dormant state of their winter-quarters that these fish. are fattest and much more palatable, and hence the most eagerly sought by connoisseurs.

The other Winter pursuit of the longshoreman is "clamming." For some reason, which I have never been able to discover, clamming is considered a very ignoble employment. So general is this idea among those living at the sea-side, that one can make no greater redection upon a man's

business capacity than to sav, "He'd better dig clams for a living." I am now speaking of soft-shell the variety of clams. The habitat of this bivalve is generally on the beach between high and low water marks, where he is found buried in the sand or gravel to the depth of from

four to twelve inches. Owing to this fact, a person can "dig" only a few hours each day, while the water has receded and left the "flats" bare.

This mollusk discloses his immediate whereabouts by little holes in the sand, which reach from the surface to the place of his abode, and through which he has the power of ejecting water some distance above ground. Although, as I have said, the period for work each day is very limited; yet the labor of removing the sand, by means of a short-handled hoe or a tined fork, with the body in a bent or stooping posture, is very exhausting, and, as it is frequently blowing "great guns" from the "nor'-west," and biting cold, it is anything but agreeable pastime. The clam is also more desirable as an article of food in Winter, and though, like the oyster, he may be esten the year round, the demand is greater in cold weather.

When the ice does not interfere, there are two other occupations which the longshoreman may engage in during the Winter months. These are "fyke-fishing" and "scalloping." A "fyke" is an ingenious contrivance of net-work, which is sunk to the bottom of the water by weights, and moored at each end to stakes, or small anchors, and is designed to catch soles, a name given on account of their resemblance to the sole of a foot, and generally known as flat-fish, the best variety of which is called the turbot.

The frame-work of the fyke consists of a series of concentric hoops, each having a funnel of network and decreasing in circumference, until the smallest, which, with its accompanying funnel, confines the fish, who have progressed from series to series, beyond possibility of escape. Scalloping, or scolloping (which is the almost universal pronunciation), is pursued by means cf a dredge, or what is called in the vernacular a "drudge." This is very like that used for catching oysters,

and, to use the quaint description of Carew, "is a thick, strong net fastened to three spills of iron and drawn at the boat's stern, gathering whatsoever it meeteth lying in the bottom of the water."

Unlike the oyster, the scallop will not endure shipment, owing to the brittleness of its shell, and must therefore be opened before being sent to market. Also, unlike the oyster, the greater portion of the fleshy part of this mollusk is rejected, the muscle (usually called the "ear") which adheres to the shell being the only part eaten. In some cases the catcher is so enterprising that he employs "openers," who become very skillful at the work, and attain to as remarkable a degree of proficiency as do their brothers who open oysters. Around the shop where this work is accomplished soon accumulate a large number of scallop-shells, which may be ground into a fertilizer or strewn upon oyster-beds, and there furnish food upon which that bivalve flourishes when small, and hasten its mature development.

As the Spring opens, "hook-and-line" fishing demands the attention of our longshoreman. This is so exciting that during the Summer season it is also engaged in for pleasure as well as profit, and many "boarders" avail themselves of the knowledge of our hero, who will take them "a-fishing" for a valuable consideration. At the extreme east end of Long Island the cod-fish are first taken, and, though usually not very numerous, I once knew a person who caught them in such numbers that he made quite a business of drying them for the local market. From the 10th to the 20th of May, according to the earliness of the season, sea-bass "strike on," and from that time

to the approach of cold weather again the season may be as busy a one as the ambition and strength of the fisher choose to make it.

In addition to sea-bass, black-fish or tautog (spelled also tautaug) and porgies (called also paugies, pogies and scuppaugs) comprise the chief varieties which "bite at the hook," though occasionally a person may be found trolling, or "heaving and hauling," for blue-fish.

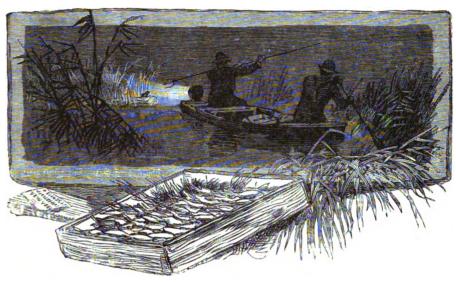
Certain ledges or sunken rocks are the feeding-places of these fish, and the ranges of certain objects situated on the shore, together with their bearing, furnish means for locating these grounds. To the novice this is a mysterious operation and a person is obliged to visit

the ground several times, and to have the ranges pointed out, before he is able to find the place without assistance.

The "bait" used varies somewhat in accordance with the kind of fish one expects to catch. The best bait for sea-bass is "menhaden" and squid. This last is a variety of cuttle-fish having the ability to discolor the water that he may more easily escape from a pursuer. The porgy prefers the soft-shell clam, and the black-fish likes both clams and "fiddlers." The fiddler is quite a curiosity to one who sees it for the first time. It is the popular name of a small crab living on the salt meadows, where it burrows in the sand or mud. It is from one-quarter to an inch in length. and is usually caught by running a sharp-pointed stick by the side of his hole and prying him out. Sometimes, however, when the tide is out, large numbers come out of their burrows to sun themselves, and, gathering in herds, they make it possible to scoop them up by the handfuls, in which event much time is saved in securing the desired supply for bait. In this hook-and-line fishing one generally goes alone in a row-boat. The weather is so treacherous that there is great risk in leaving a row-boat at anchor during the night, and so it must be hauled up and down quite a long stretch of steep, gravelly beach each day. This is a work of no little labor, and some resort to the device of a capstan to assist them. I once knew, though, of a husband and wife forming a partnership for this purpose, and it is worthy of mention that she was the more successful in hooking the finny tribe, though she could hardly perfrom her part in the more difficult matters of



A TOUGH STORY
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SPEARING FROGS AND EELS.

tiful than sea-bass. Indeed, the former are often caught, and sometimes weighing six or eight pounds, where the tops of the rocks are entirely "out of water." It not unfrequently happens that in this shallow water one can secure more and larger fish by standing on the beach at the water's edge and "throwing off" to the rocks than he can in a boat, the reason being that the

black-fish more plen-

rowing and hauling up the "killick." This last-mentioned article, usually pronounced "kellick," is simply a stone used as an anchor. The reason why a stone is preferred to the common anchor is that the latter is likely to obtain such a firm hold of the rocks on the bottom with its flukes, that it can only be removed with difficulty, if at all.

Hook - and - line fishing, on what is known as the "off-shore ground," in from six to twelve fathoms of water, can only be followed, in most places, at or near the turn in the tides, at which time the current is less swift and will allow the fisherman to "tend bottom "—that is, to keep the lead or sinker at the bottom of the water. When the tide becomes so strong as to necessitate the use of a sinker heavier than two pounds, it is generally deemed advisable to "haul in kellick" and row toward the shore, where the rocks about which the fish feed may be readily seen beneath the boat.

Here one expects to find



LOBSTER-TRAPS.

large fish, especially, are likely to be frightened at the appearance of the boat in this shallow water. The sport of pulling in large fish, or perhaps one on each hook, struggling to free themselves and at times jumping entirely out of water, and at last landing them cafely on the shore, can hardly be appreciated by any save the one holding the line.

I have mentioned sea-bass, black-fish, porgies and blue-fish as varieties which "bite at the hook." There are other kinds of fish, too, as my longshoreman often learns with sorrow, which thus foolishly bite. This leads me to say that fishing along shore, besides being followed for a livelihood and as a pleasant pastime, is also attended with frequent surprises and even disappointments, some of them being of the most aggravating kind. For example: You leave home with bright prospacts of a "good eatch," wind moderate, sea smooth, tides suitable, and the sun slightly obscured, only to be obliged to row home two or three miles, "in the teeth of a gray sou'-wester," with "nary a fish," and possessed of the wellknown "fisherman's luck."

At another time you reach the fishing-ground and throw your most temptingly baited hooks into the briny deep, soon to learn that, though fish seem plenty, they are disposed "to bite" cautiously or indifferently, as though not willing to risk being caught for the sake of a dainty morsel when they are not really hungry. In this case no words of yours will be necessary, as the well-nigh empty basket shows more eloquently than words the result of your excursion-"almost skunked, but not quite."

Another experience may be something like this: No sooner do hooks reach the bottom than fish begin to bite, and soon one is hooked.

Then you begin to pull, and the more you pull the larger you think your prize. Provided you have a strong line and a stout



hook, you at length have your fish "in sight." But such a fish! In anticipation, it was a large, luscious, "blue-nosed" sea-bass. In very truth, it is an "evil" fish of the variety known to my longshoreman as a skate. It is not indeed of the species tinker, some of which weigh two hundred pounds, but nevertheless it measures two feet and a half from "flap to flap," and nearly four feet from the tip of its tail to the nose. Such a monster as this must be gotten rid of as soon as possible, and is therefore cut loose from the hook with a stout knife, which previous experiences have taught one to have in readiness for this and similar emergencies.

Thus is the fact most vividly impressed upon you that, though a fish is always a fish, it may easily prove to be not of the most desirable kind. It may be a sea-bass, a black-fish, a porgy, a bluefish, a cod-fish, or, peradventure, a sheep's-head, either of which affords a present enjoyment in the catching and a prospective enjoyment in anticipation of the time when it shall garnish the dining-table. But alas! it may also prove to be a skate, a sea-robin, a tobacco-box, a swell-fish or a dog-fish, either of which has no charms for him who is fishing for gain or for pleasure. The best place for these varieties is universally admitted to be at the bottom of the sea, and the next best in the farmer's compost-heap.

It is generally claimed that the quantity of fish taken depends upon skill, and the claim appears to be substantiated from the fact that your novice may be in the same boat with your expert, and the former insist that he doesn't "feel a bite," while the latter brings up one or more fish at almost every cast of the line. Nevertheless, as much depends upon the "gear" one uses as upon the skill displayed. The lead or sinker must be only heavy enough to overcome the force of the tide in its descent to the bottom. Hooks should be of a certain size, adapted to the nature of the fish, and must also be attached to the line at the proper distance from the sinker. If they are too near, the fish may be frightened away from the bait, while if too remote, they are not so likely to be hooked. The line must also be of a proper size, composed of the right material, and also properly constructed, being twisted neither too much nor too little. With such a gear a good catch may be guaranteed, provided that the fish will bite, which is a very important proviso; for, with never so much skill and experience, they cannot be compelled to do this.

Lobstering and crabbing are also followed by our active longshoreman, though the former is too laborious to be engaged in for sport. The lobster and his trap, or "lobster-pot," are too well known for description here, and it need only be said that, without neglecting his daily fishing,

one may "tend" fifteen or twenty of these "pots." Crabs are caught either by a "scoop-net" or they are speared. What is known as the soft-shell variety is only the crab when he is out of his last year's house or shell. In some sections crabs are caught and kept in pens in the water until they arrive at this stage of their existence, when they are marketed.

During the Summer, eels are caught in a very different manner from that resorted to in the Winter. They may be entrapped in a way similar to that in which lobsters are taken, or they may be speared in the night-time by what is known as "fire-lighting." This is quite picturesque. A large pine-knot or lantern is made to burn in the bow of a flat-bottomed boat, while it is being gently pushed along the bank or shore under which the eel hides. It is supposed by some that the eels come out from their hiding-places attracted by the light, and that while rising toward it they are intercepted by the expert spearsman. But this is not the case. The only object in carrying the light is to enable the eeler to see the fish as he lies partly hidden in the mud, when he must catch him instantly, before he darts away from its glare. There is only one other pursuit for a longshoreman to follow, and that is catching the quahaug, or quahog, or quauhog (for it is spelled in all three ways). He is more generally known, however, as the hard-shell or round clam. in contradistinction from his soft-shell or long clam brother, about which I have already written. These clams lie mostly in shallow water, near the surface of the underlying mud. They are taken by means of clam-tongs, which are worked from a boat; or they may be taken by a process known as "treading." This is accomplished by simply wading in the water and, by a continual stepping in the soft bottom, discovering their whereabouts by feeling them with the foot and then reaching This method is usually for them with the hand. resorted to only when a few clams are desired; and it is a quaint picture to see men and boys, with legs and arms bare, "treading out" this bivalve.

It will thus appear that the life of a longshoreman is a varied and busy one, and though there are not "millions in it," still, it furnishes a fairly good living for its energetic prosecutor. It will also be seen that these different pursuits, or at least many of them, offer a healthy sport to the pleasure-seeker, and present an "outing" of which many are glad to avail themselves.

IMPRESSIONS OF STOCKHOLM.

WHEN I arrived in Stockholm toward the end of May, Summer had already set in. I found a clear canopy of pale blue, days nineteen hours long, and a noon temperature of 70° in the shade.

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This order of things, however, I found on inquiry had not been very long established, for if in Sweden the long Winter seldom lingers into May, it at any rate makes things very unpleasant throughout the preceding month. Five weeks before I had arrived, the ice mantle was still stretched over the length and breadth of the land, for the Spring is very short, indeed, in these northern countries. The thaw comes, the warm breath of the "wind from the western sea" quickly demoralizes the snow, the ice-breakers are sent forth, which charge channels through the softened ice, and quickly open the navigation of the creeks and flords. In the country the change goes forward with the bewildering rapidity of a transformation scene. The anemones and crocuses have been growing under the snow, the hazel, the alder and the maple burst into leaf, the flowers of the forest and the field "awake from the dreams of their wintry rest," the Summer migrants return from the warm south, and the lark from his place sings out "tableau."

I arrived in Stockholm during the few darkor, rather, twilight—hours of the night, and thus had my first real view of the place from the windows of the hotel in the small hours of the morning after my arrival. The town is wonderfully situated on a group of islands, scattered round the narrow outlet of the Mälar Lake, and extending a mile or so into the Saltsjö on the east. From the circumstance of its being surrounded and intersected by water-ways, it is often called "The Venice of the North," though if any close comparison were instituted between the two cities the contrasts would far outrun the parallels.

The first impression that Stockholm makes is very favorable; it seemed to me, indeed, a place of sweetness and of light, and as fine a city withal of its inches as it had ever been my privilege to look upon. It was very early when I first looked out on the still slumbering city, and it seemed strange to note the hush and silence of the night still settled on the streets, though the sun had already climbed quite high, and the water and the white pavements were bright with the glitter of a blue-and-gold day. My window faced toward the south, and the morning sun threw a golden bridge over the sparkling waters of the Saltsjö up to the white shining wharfs of the Staden Island. On the left the view ranged to the southern portion of the town, the Södermalm, which rises in terraces to a height of two hundred feet above the level of the surrounding water. Westward lay the palace, a huge sombre pile standing sentinel over the sleeping city, its frowning darkness relieved by a few points of light caught by its windows from the morning sun. Above and beyond rose the graceful iron spire of the Riddarholm Church, cutting black and clear into the pale blue | al fresco entertainment spring up in the squares

sky, and to the right, in the middle distance, appeared the narrow outlet of the Mälar, its waters rushing and swirling from the higher level of the lake below the heavy masonry of the Norrbro, a granite bridge which springs its gray arch from the northern point of the Staden Island, linking the old quarter with the new. It had certainly a very beautiful aspect, this old northern town, in the still hours of the early Summer morning.

As I was to stay in the place for some time, it behoved me to begin looking about for quarters where I might be more comfortable than in a Not that the hotel was in any way objectionable as hotels go. "The Grand" of Stockholm is a most imposing edifice, which, at the time of my arrival, had about three people in it, for the Summer was still young, and the glorious company of the "personally conducted" had not yet begun their annual incursion. But hotels are at best unsatisfactory abiding-places, haunted, the world over, by a spirit of unrest, and endurable but for a short season. On the other hand, private rooms certainly have their inconveniences when one is totally ignorant of the language of the country. I had been assured that almost every Swede knew some other language besides his own, and that in any case Swedish itself was absurdly easy, but I cannot say that I found there was much truth in either of these comfortable doctrines.

After diligent search I succeeded in finding very comfortable apartments, where the landlady believed herself to understand a little English. In this matter she was self-deceived, but she proved to be a most worthy and estimable old lady, though somewhat too highly gifted with conversational powers. She was specially given to exercising these during the time I devoted to luncheon, when she would invade my room under pretext of inquiring whether the meal met with my approbation. Having satisfied herself on this point, she would establish herself in an arm-chair and discuss the topics of the day, never the least disconcerted by the fact that I did not understand what she was saying, or suspecting that I might consider her in the way. Fortunately, she was such an attentive old person that she generally succeeded in providing me with what I wanted before I had to ask for it, which, of course, was just what I had great difficulty in doing.

One of the first things that strikes one in the aspect of the streets and squares is the number of people who seem possessed of ample leisure. During the Summer months the Swedes live very much in the open air, probably to compensate themselves for the months passed in hot, stoveheated rooms during the dark and dreary months of Winter. About the end of May many forms of

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and open spaces of the town, and especially in the Djurgarden, a beautiful public park situated on an island lying to the north-east of the Norrmalm, the modern quarter of Stockholm. Thither the Stockholmers repair in their hundreds toward the close of the afternoon, and sit about drinking their famous national beverage, "Swedish punch," spending the hour with becoming mirth.

This same Swedish punch is a very important factor in the daily life of the Swedes. It is an immensely popular drink, prepared from rum or arrack with lemon-juice and sugar; a very sweet concoction, and to any one but a native of the country a very poisonous one, for there is a headache in a wine-glass of it. Of this a Swede will drink large quantities every night with unfailing regularity. He seems very methodical in his drinking, and, like Artemus Ward, never allows business to interfere with it. On the other hand, he is seldom seen actually intoxicated, and it is quite rare that he is unable to progress homeward without assistance, and, generally speaking, in a line which lies pretty evenly between its extreme points. It is to be supposed that these people are blessed with exceptional constitutions, for Stockholm has the lowest death-rate of any capital in Europe, and the inhabitants for the most part certainly look quite offensively and aggressively healthy. It only shows how unequally apportioned are nature's gifts. But the men of this most favored nation live shut up in hot, stoveheated rooms in Winter, never seem to take any exercise to speak of in Summer, and manage to

account for large quantities of a most deleterious liquor every night of their lives amidst much junketing and jollity. Yet they live on till their dying day in despite of the envious.

It is averred, however, that there is much less drinking than there used to be. Baedecker, whose excellent guide-books are reputed to deal unfailingly in the veracities, states that fifty years ago the consumption of raw spirits in Norway—the sister land-amounted to twenty-eight quarts per head of the entire population. As it may reasonably be supposed that the women and children were comparatively moderate in their potations, the quantity that must have fallen to the share of each adult man cannot have been much less than sixty quarts a year. This, it must be remembered, would only be the portion of the average man, a mere contemptible mediocrity; to attempt to realize the amount of raw spirit that must have been absorbed annually by a man at all inclined to be bibulous above his fellows is enough to make the brain reel.

Since those days things have changed considerably for the better; the men who have the conduct of affairs in Sweden and Norway seem to deal with evils and abuses of all kinds in a very practical spirit, and within the last twenty years a series of permissive bills and statutes regulating the liquor trade have been brought in with excellent effects in reducing both drunkenness and crime.

* A quetation from Rabelais-the "bull," intentional.



THE LIFE OF A LONGSHOREMAN. -- BAKING CLAMB. -- SEE PAGE 663.



"IT HAD DIRECTED ITS COURSE TOWARD THE BED WHEREON LAY LITTLE HARRY!"

MY FELLOW-LODGER.

BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

When I arrived in Paris last July the first news that greeted me was the tidings of the sudden death of my old friend, the famous naturalist, or, rather, entomologist, Dr. Roger Savine. I never met with a man more profoundly versed in any one subject than he was in the construction and peculiarities of insects. His knowledge, too, was practical, and not theoretical. I believe he is the only person ever known to have succeeded in rear-Vol. XXIX., No. 6—43

ing in captivity the gigantic blue butterfly of the Brazils, the largest and most beautiful of all known butterflies. His researches into the nature and properties of the poison of the dreaded *tsetse* fly of South Africa had recently resulted in a discovery of an antidote to its effects. Had he lived to promulgate this discovery, it would have proved of vast benefit to settlers and travelers in that remote region.

The doctor's rooms at Versailles (he had taken up his abode in that sleepy, quiet old town, in order to find leisure and tranquillity for the prosecution of his favorite studies) were a veritable museum of natural history. Cases of carefully preserved butterflies, beetles, wasps, dragonflies, etc., clothed the walls, while a series of tables in the centre of his sitting-room was set out with littles wicker cages, containing his live specimens, some of which were exceedingly rare and curious. I was very fond of the dear old man, and used

always to call to see him whenever chance or caprice led me to visit Versailles.

I had not been more than a week in Paris when the weather suddenly became very warm, and my youngest child, little Harry, the only one that I had brought to Europe with me, fell ill, not with any serious malady, it is true, but he was weak and feverish, and seemed pining for fresh air and green trees and turf, and for open spaces where he might play. Business of an important nature would detain me in the city, or in its immediate vicinity, for some weeks. I decided, therefore, upon establishing myself in one of the suburban towns that so pleasantly encircle Paris, so that my boy might have the benefit of pure air and plenty of exercise, while I could come in and out of the city readily and rapidly whenever I felt inclined. So, knowing Versailles as well as I did, I determined on going thither to look for lodgings, in the hope that I might find as pleasant apartments as those formerly occupied by my lamented old friend. These comprised three spacious rooms on the ground-floor, with a kitchen at the back. The drawing-room, dining-room and bed-chamber fronted on a large garden, filled at that season of the year with a perfect blaze of geraniums and verbenas. A flight of marble steps led from the first-named room to the garden. The old house, like most of those in the best quarter of Versailles, had been an aristocratic residence during the days of the royal splendor of the city, the culminating days of the glory of Louis XIV. All the way down on the train I continued to think about the bright, airy rooms and the beautiful garden, and to picture to myself how pleasant it would be could I only find just such a place in which to install my boy and my nurse-maid and myself during the remainder of the Summer and the first weeks of Autumn. And on arriving at the station I started at once for Dr. Savine's former home.

I found the pleasant and familiar rooms much changed from what they were when I had last visited them. All the doctor's collections had been bequeathed by him to the Jardin des Plantes, and the walls looked very bare, deprived of their cases of rare butterflies and glistening But, on the other hand, the rooms had been put in complete order; the drawing-room had been freshly paneled in white and gold, and all its fine old tarnished carvings had been regilt, and the bedroom and dining-room had been repapered and painted, and they all looked as clean and cheerful as possible. And, what was best of all, they were to let, and I could enter into poscession at once, if I liked to take them. All of Dr. Savine's furniture had been claimed and taken away by his heirs, but the owner of the house had fitted the apartments up anew with

good strong things, if a trifle worn and shabby. And old Albertine, Dr. Savine's cook and house-keeper for some thirty years past, was at hand, and was only too glad to come back to her old familiar home to take charge of me as she used to do of her good old master.

So it was settled, and just as I was about to take my leave, a sudden thought struck me.

"The weather may turn cold," I said to the woman in charge who had been showing me over the premises. "Are there any means of thoroughly heating the rooms?"

"Oh, yes, madame," she answered, "there is a large porcelain stove in the dining-room, and a grate in the drawing-room, while, as to the bedroom, our landlord bought Dr. Savine's own stove that he had set up there. See, there is a hole in the wall all ready for the stove-pipe; and the whole thing can be put up in fifteen minutes whenever madame chooses."

I had not before noticed the round, black hole, high up in the wall, and not a foot below the cornice. As I looked up at it I was conscious of a singular optical delusion. A long black object like a thick quill seemed to protrude from the hole, forming a line on the pale background of the gray-and-silver paper. I thought at first it was a crack in the plaster, but on taking a second glance it was no longer to be seen, and I came to the conclusion that my eyes had deceived me.

A few days later saw us established at Versailles. We were very comfortable, the weather was superb, and my boy gained health and strength rapidly in the invigorating air and under the influence of the wholesome open-air life that he led, sometimes exchanging the confined limits of the garden for the wide paths and greensward of the grand old park. We took daily drives to enjoy the lovely views for which the environs of Versailles are famous, and went on excursions to St. Germain, and Chatou, and Maisons-Lafitte, and all the other points of interest within easy And Paris was always near at hand with its store of amusement and distractions, whenever a cool day rendered it feasible to go there, or when I was obliged to do so by the claims of business.

But one day, just after our return from a visit of twenty-four hours to Paris, my nurse-maid surprised me by coming into my room in a great state of excitement with a dead bird, in which I recognized Albertine's pretty pet paroquet, in her hand.

"Oh, madame!" said Marie, with her eyes very wide open, "do just look here!"

"Why, poor little Coco!" I remarked taking the bird from her. "What can have killed him? I am so sorry for Albertine, for I know how fond she was of him."

"That is it—what did kill him? Madame,"



continued the girl, coming close to me and sinking her voice to a whisper, "they say that Dr. Savine's ghost, or something worse—a vampire haunts these rooms."

"Nonsense, Marie! There are no such things. How can you imagine such absurdities, just because a poor little paroquet has chanced to die suddenly, and not in these rooms, after all."

"Yes-Albertine had shut Coco up in madame's bedroom last evening, for we had gone to Paris to stay all night, and she had just gotten a new cat, and she was afraid that it might attack the bird. And he was as well as possible at dinner-time, and sat on her shoulder, and talked and ate cherries. And early this morning she found him dead. She has been crying all day about it. Will not madame please to notice how strangely the poor bird looks?"

Up to that moment I had carelessly held the paroquet without paying any particular attention to it, but I then examined it carefully. And certainly there was something very singular in its The feathers of the neck and breast had been smeared with some sticky, viscous fluid, and under the ruffled plumage of the throat were visible two minute punctures, each encircled with a

"It looks as though the bird had been bitten by a snake," I said, returning the dead paroquet to Marie.

"And how could a snake get in here, even if there were snakes at Versailles, madame, which there are not? Then there is poor Jacques Lapierre, who was one of the workmen that helped to paper the bedroom. He put his hand in the stove-pipe hole to steady himself on the ladder, and just pricked his finger with a splinter or a nail inside the hole, and died in twenty-four There is a curse here, madame, and Dr. hours. Savine-

"Now, Marie, really you must not worry me any more with such silly tales. Doubtless the man was a dissipated fellow, and his blood was in an impure state, and so any little injury sufficed Take poor little Coco away, and tell to kill him. Albertine how sorry I am for her loss."

Marie took her departure, only half satisfied, and I dismissed the subject altogether from my It was recalled a few days later in a very unpleasant fashion.

One of the members of my household, and by no means the least important one, at least in his own estimation, was a very beautiful little Italian greyhound, a delicate, high-bred creature, snowwhite and silky-coated, my little Harry's special pet and darling. Blanco was our constant companion on most of our expeditions, but having to pay a visit one day to a lady residing at St. Gerfeared them, fancying that every dog she met was in a chronic state of hydrophobia, we decided to leave our pretty pet at home. So Blanco was installed on my bed with a saucer of milk at hand, and many injunctions from Harry to be a good dog and not to fret after us, and we took our departure. My friend insisted on our staying to dine with her, so it was late in the evening before we returned.

"We must take Blanco out for a little run. Marie," I remarked to the nurse. "He must have grown very tired of being shut up alone."

So, on arriving at the house, I went straight to the bedroom, and called the dog. But instead of the usual leap from the bed and outburst of joyous barking wherewith Dlanco had been wont to greet our return, there was a total silence.

"Blanco! Blanco!" called little Harry. There was no response. "Oh, mamma!" exclaimed the child, beginning to cry, "some one has gotten into the house and has stolen him!"

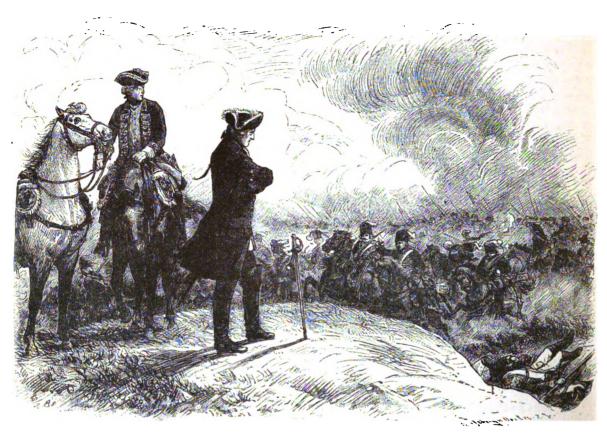
"Perhaps he is only fast asleep, Harry," I said. "Let us go in and look for him."

I lighted a candle and entered the room. first thing that I saw was Blanco, stretched out full length upon the bed. The poor little fellow was dead, and had evidently died some hours before, as the body was quite stiff and cold.

"There now, madame," said Marie, reproachfully, as she led Harry away to try to distract his attention from the loss of his pet and to still his wailings. "I told you so. First the bird-then the dog-and I hope it will not be one of us next -perhaps the child!" And away she went with a murmured finale to her speech, in which the words, "vampire," and "Dr. Savine," were alone audible.

I stood beside my poor dead dog, smoothing regretfully the slender, graceful head and silken ears, and shedding, it must be confessed, some furtive tears over the gentle little animal that had been my companion and my boy's playmate through many a tedious day. At last I took him in my arms to carry him away and to give directions for having him buried in the garden. His poor pretty head fell back pendulous and helpless, and on the throat, under the short, white, silky hair, were visible two discolored punctures upon the delicate skin, just such marks as those I had observed upon the same place on the dead paroquet. I am not superstitious, and I had no belief in the ghastly legend of vampires, and their propensities for sucking at midnight the life blood of living creatures. But despite my skepticism on such subjects, it must be confessed that a cold chill quivered through my blood as I recognized for the second time those unmistakable and mysterious traces of the work of some unmain, who greatly disliked dogs, and, indeed, known and deadly agency. I resolved to quit

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FREDERICK THE GREAT, KING OF PRUSSIA. - FREDERICK AT KUNERSDORF. - SEE PAGE 678.

Versailles—to take my boy away from a spot where such strange incidents could occur. The words of Marie rang in my ears: "First the bird—then the dog—it will be one of us next—perhaps the child!"

But with the morning and its bright atmosphere came calmer second thoughts. After all, it would be foolish, I reflected, for me to leave my comfortable quarters, which were so very convenient and suited me exactly, merely because two pet creatures had died there suddenly, and the servants talked absurdly as servants are apt to do.

Blanco was decently interred at the foot of the finest rose-bush in the garden, and the details of the funeral so interested Harry as to half console him for the death of his favorite. A visit to one of the toy-shops of Versailles, and the purchase of a very extraordinary horse with goggle eyes and a blacking-brush mane, completed the work of consolation. Marie ceased to sigh and shake her head whenever Coco or Blanco were mentioned, and matters settled down once more into their customary course. Only a lurking anxiety caused me to keep Harry continually within sight, and I especially avoided leaving him alone in my bedroom.

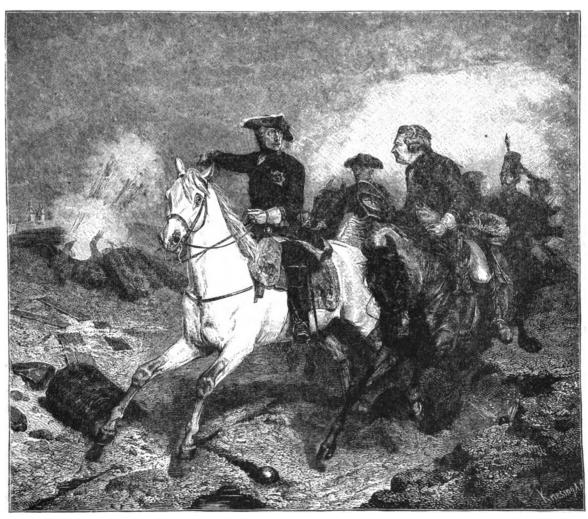
Late one sultry afternoon in August Harry returned home with Marie, very tired and sleepy,

after a long game of romps in the park. He could hardly keep awake to take his supper, so, after he had finished eating. I laid him on my bed, and sent Marie to get her own dinner. did not undress the child, but, throwing a light shawl over him, I left him to his slumbers whilst I seated myself near the window to enjoy the balmy beauty of the night. The moon was at the full, and its rays struck directly on the wall opposite the window, leaving the bed and its little occupant in shadow; and I too, in my rockingchair, pushed back into one corner, was partially in obscurity. I was gazing idly at the moonlit wall, lost in thought, and possibly nearly asleep. when my attention was attracted by a movement at the lower edge of the stove-pipe hole. The long black streak I had previously noticed there against the background of the pale-tinted paper was once more visible; but now there were two of them. I rubbed my eyes, thinking I might be But no, there they were—two black quill-like things protruding from the hole. As I gazed, something moved in the obscurity within. and there slowly emerged into the moonlight the body and the other legs of a gigantic spider. It was of enormous size, the swollen abdomen fully as large as a small orange, while the legs were as thick as my little finger near the body,

tapering to the end like a porcupine's quills. It was black, and was covered with short coarse hair, so that its aspect was unspeakably hideous. Even at the distance where I sat I could observe the sharp, curved poison-fangs and the protruding eyes of the horrible insect. Down it came, moving slowly, and as if with precaution, along the wall. I sat gazing in speechless terror, absorbed, and as if fascinated by the dreadful aspect of the creature. But suddenly it changed its course, swerving sideways instead of descending in a direct line, and my blood ran cold as I realized the goal for which it was making. It had directed its course toward the bed whereon lay little Harry!

I sprang to my feet, uttering a frenzied scream as I did so. The spider, alarmed by the sound and by my sudden movement, turned around, ran up the wall with surprising swiftness, and in an instant had vanished in his lair. And I, snatching the boy from the bed, hurried from the room to seek a sleeping-apartment far from that in which my fearful fellow-lodger was ensconced.

The next morning I called all the servants into consultation, and after informing them of what I had seen, I tried to concoct some means of getting rid of the spider. But all my projects were baffled by the terror inspired by my story. Neither Albertine, nor Marie, nor even stout old Mathieu, the gardener, would so much as climb up to peep into the hole to see if the hideous creature were still there. At last, in my dilemma, a bright thought struck me. I would send a message requesting aid to Dr. Savine's friend, Prof. Vitrolle, who was one of the directors of the Jardin des Plantes, and who was almost as learned in entomology and as enthusiastic about that science as the doctor himself had been. I knew that the attraction of a new and extraordinary specimen would lure the learned professor even farther than to Versailles. So, scribbling off a few lines in haste, I sent Mathieu at once in search of the professor. And sure enough, he came by the return-train, a plump, bright-eyed little old man, alert and gay, and reminding me a good deal of



FREDERICK BEFORE SCHWEIDNITZ.

remarked, rubbing his hands. "That is well. It would have been a great loss to science—a great. loss! Now, let us see how we are to get at him." He had come provided with a large, light net mounted on a hoop fixed to a pole-such a one, in fact, as is used for the capture of butterflies, only of larger dimensions. In this he inclosed a live sparrow, and cautiously reared the net up by the pole till the hoop encircled the hole.

"The creature must, from its restlessness, be suffering from hunger," he remarked, whilst making his preparations; "and if, as I think, it is a specimen of the huge bird-catching spiders of South America, the bird will prove an irresistible bait."

And sure enough, in a few moments the spider, attracted by the fluttering of the hapless spar-

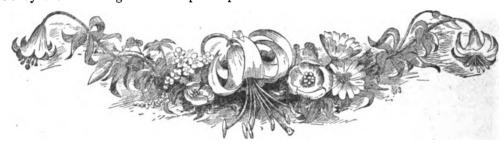
the late M. Thiers, both in physique and in row, issued from his hole, dropped into the net, and was instantly and dexterously secured by "So you did not kill the spider, madame!" he Professor Vitrolle, who carried him off in triumph. I believe that he lived for some months at the Jardin des Plantes, and was a great attraction to the visitors.

> A few weeks later, I received from the professor the following extract from the diary of Dr. Savine, whose papers, as well as his collections, had been bequeathed by him to the directors:

> > " May 6th.

"Received to-day from my South American correspondent a new and rare insect. It is a living specimen of a hitherto unknown variety of the gigantic Mygale, or Birdcatching Spider of the Amazons. This new species is black, is even larger than the brown Mygale, and its bite, my correspondent writes me, is extremely venomous."

And to think that I had shared my room for weeks with that horrible creature! I shudder whenever I think of it!



FREDERICK THE GREAT, KING OF PRUSSIA.

IV .- THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR. CAMPAIGNS OF 1759, 1760, 1761, 1762.

BY A. H. GUERNSEY.

THE campaign of 1759 opened ominously for Frederick. Instead of assailing the Empress-Queen in her own dominions, as heretofore, he had from the outset to defend his own territories against the combined attacks of the Austrians and the Russians. The Austrians, under Daun, began to move upon him from the south, menacing not only Silesia and Saxony, but the Marks of Brandenburg, while the Russians were pouring in from the north-west. The most that Frederick could do was to hinder their advance by falling upon their magazines and provision-trains. In this he was so far successful that he kept Daun nearly stationary. It was otherwise in the north. Russians, passing across Poland, swarmed into Pomerania, ravaging as they went. Frederick ordered Wedell, who was in command there, to "fall upon the enemy, and beat him wherever he could find him." Wedell obeyed this order with more boldness than success. On July 23d he suffered a severe defeat at Kray, near the border of Neumark, losing 8,000 men. The Russians pressed on until they reached Frankfort-on-the-Oder, only fifty miles from Berlin, and were in daily expectation of being joined by Laudohn,

with his Austrian cavalry. Hoping to prevent this junction, Frederick hurried toward Frankfort, and on August 12th came upon the Russians strongly posted at Kunersdorf, close by Frankfort. The Prussians numbered 48,000; the Russians, more than 80,000. Frederick directed his attack upon one wing and the centre of the enemv. After a severe fight on that sultry August day the Russian wing was broken in pieces, and their centre apparently on the point of giving way. A half-victory was won, but only a complete victory would be of avail. Frederick brought into action his entire force, even the cavalry and the last reserves. He was himself in the hottest of the fight; two horses were shot under him; he was struck on the breast by a spent ball, which was turned aside by a golden snuff-box in his pocket. Just then Laudohn's fresh cavalry came up, and the half-victory was turned into a complete rout. At the close of the action Frederick stood on a little eminence watching the onrush of Laudohn's squadrons. He had dismounted from his horse, which was held by an equerry; saving for that attendant he was wholly alone. A cavalry captain caught sight of the King, rode up

with a handful of hussars, and half forced him from his perilous position.

Frederick complains that in this action his troops did not fight well: this is abundantly disproved by the loss which they suffered and in-The Prussian loss was fully 18,000; that of the enemy, some 3,000 less. But the battle was a rout as complete as was ever known on a stricken field. When night came Frederick could not bring together more than 3,000 men. Had the enemy followed up their great victory, it is hardly possible that the war should not have been brought to a speedy close. But they did nothing; and the reason is apparently to be looked for in the utter want of concord between the Russian and the Austrian generals, who fell to quarreling about one thing and another. This gave Frederick a few days' breathing-time, and to him days were worth as much as weeks to most commanders. From one quarter and another he got together men enough to form a respectable army, with which he posted himself in the Fürstenwalde, a wooded region midway between Frankfort-onthe-Oder and Berlin.

Frederick's own letters give, perhaps, the best account of the next two months after the defeat at-Kunersdorf. To Finkelstein he writes late in the evening of August 12th: "I attacked the enemy this morning about eleven. We beat him back to the Jews' Cemetery near Frankfort. All my troops came into action, and have done wonders. I assembled them three times; at length I was myself nearly taken prisoner, and we had to quit the field. My coat is riddled with bullets; two horses were killed under me. My misfortune is that I am still alive. Our loss is very considerable. Of an army of 48,000 men, I have at this moment while I write not more than 3,000 together, and am no longer master of my forces. You in Berlin will do well to look out for your own safety. great calamity, and I will not survive it. consequences of this battle will be worse than the battle itself. I have no resources more; and, to tell the truth, I hold all for lost. I will not survive the destruction of my country. Farewell forever." Four days later he writes to D'Argens: "We have been unfortunate, but not by my fault. The victory was ours, and would have been a complete one, when our infantry lost patience, and at the wrong moment abandoned the field of battle. The Russian infantry is almost destroyed. Of my own wrecks, all that I have been able to assemble are 32,000 men. With these I am pushing to throw myself across the enemy's road, and either perish or save the capital. For the event I cannot answer. If I had more lives than one I would sacrifice them all to my country; but if this stroke fail, I think my score is even with her. There are limits to everything. I

endure my misfortune; my courage is not abated by it; but I am fully resolved after this effort—if it fail-to make an outlet for myself, and no longer be the plaything of any chance." On August 22d he writes, also to D'Argens: "Daun is marching on Luben (in Silesia) and Berlin. This obliges me again to attack the Russians between here and Frankfort. It is the sole hope that remains to me of not being cut off from Berlin on the one side or the other. I will give the troops some brandy; but I promise myself nothing of success; a happy chance alone can help us. I will go to reconnoitre the enemy to-morrow. Next day, if there is anything that can be done, we will do it. But if the enemy still holds on to the Wine-hills of Frankfort, I shall never dare to attack him."

For three weeks more there was the same gloomy outlook. Frederick advises D'Argens to quit Berlin; and on September 15th, he writes to him: "The torment of Tantalus, the pains of Prometheus, the doom of Sisyphus, were nothing like what I have suffered for the last ten days. Death is sweet in comparison with such a life." But this agony was near its end. The Russians. giving up their project of marching from Frankfort to Berlin over Frederick's army, undertook to move around it. On September 24th Frederick writes to D'Argens: "I think Berlin is now in safety. The barbarians are in the Lausitz. keep by the side of them, between them and Berlin, so that there is nothing to fear for the capi-The imminency of the danger is past, but there will be many bad moments to get through before we reach the end of the campaign. My martyrdom will last two months yet; then the snows and the ice will end it."

But if Berlin were safe for the present, Silesia and Saxony came into sore peril. The Austrians poured into Saxony, took Leipsic, Torgau, Wittenberg, and finally Dresden itself. Frederick hurried thither, and laid siege to Dresden, near which Daun lay encamped with a large force. Frederick hoped to frighten him off by a bold demonstration. He sent General Fink, with 14,000 men, into the hilly region south of Dres-Daun moved upon Fink with threefold numbers, surrounded him at Maxen, and forced him to surrender on November 21st. The Austrians were jubilant over this "Maxen Finchcatching," as they styled it. punning upon the name of the unlucky general. With this serious disaster closed the campaign of 1759.

The campaign of 1760 opened with prospects darker than ever. Russians and Austrians poured into Silesia, where there soon were 90,000 Austrians and Imperialists, under Daun and Laudohn, besides 70,000 Russians, who formed a separate army, acting wholly independently of

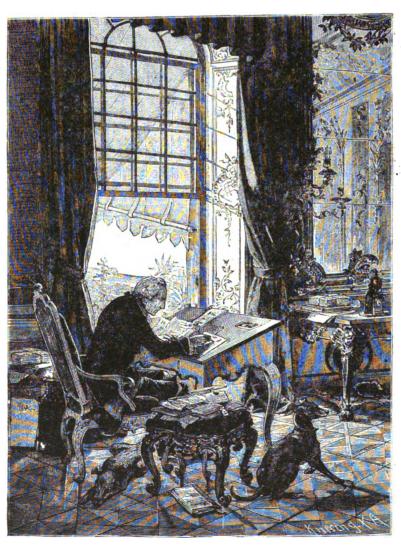
the others. Frederick went thither with only 30,000 men, with whom he marched and countermarched between the armies of Daun and Laudohn, sometimes so close that a quarter of an hour might precipitate a general engagement with one or the other. At length, on August 15th, he found an opportunity to strike Laudohn at Lieg-This action, though hardly to be ranked as nitz. a great battle, served the immediate purpose of inducing the enemy to leave Silesia, and try their fortunes in other quarters. Daun headed for Saxony, while the Russians broke into the Marks of Brandenburg, and a strong raiding party even reached Berlin. The Prussian capital was forced to pay a heavy contribution, and to open its gates to the Russians, upon the stipulation that the Cossacks should not pass the walls. The city was, however, fired in several places, and the royal Schloss was pillaged. A detachment of the raiders went to Potsdam, where the Schloss was ran-

sacked, and Frederick's villa of Sanssouci laid in ruins. What with contributions formally levied and irregular pillage, the raiders inflicted a loss of 100,000,000 thalers, besides wantonly destroying property to a fully equal amount.

Of more significance was it that Daun, with the main body of the Austrian troops, 65,000 strong, had taken up a position at Torgau, forty-five miles north-west of Dresden, and seventy miles south-west of Berlin. The position, strong by nature, was so well fortified by art as to seem unassailable, except by a much superior force. Frederick, who had hurried thither, had but 44,000 men, yet with these he resolved to make an attack.

The attack was made on November 3d. Frederick's plan at Torgau was wholly different from that of any other of his battles. He divided his army into two corps, the larger one to be led by himself, the other by Ziethen. These were to

attack simultaneously-Frederick to fall upon the Austrian centre, Ziethen upon their left flank; but owing to difficulties of the ground, Ziethen was not in time. Frederick opened the battle at noon. men marched straight up to the Austrian batteries, never recoiling from the murderous fire which was poured upon them; but they were unable to carry the batteries. Frederick himself was struck senseless from his horse by a spent ball; but soon recovering his senses, he went on giving fresh orders. When the sun sank nothing decisive had been achieved on either side; Prussians and Austrians were alike worn out, and incapable of further fighting. All at once in the gathering gloom the sound of firing was heard, distant at first, but momentarily growing nearer. It was from Ziethen's comparatively fresh troops who, after five hours of marching, had struck the left wing of the enemy, broken it in pieces, and hurled it back in fragments upon the exhausted centre.

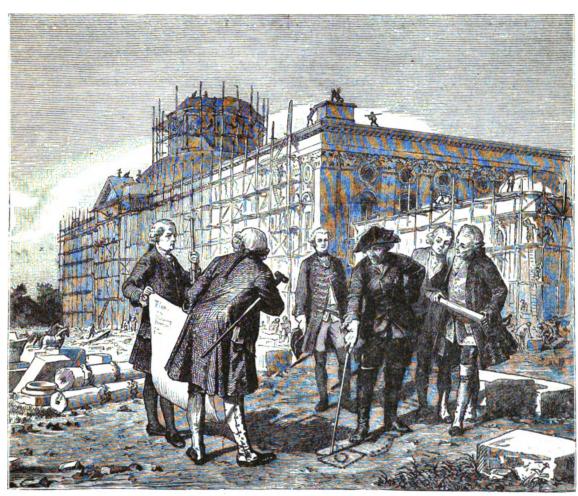


"THE OLD FRITZ" AT WORK.

Some of Frederick's own exhausted troops were inspired with new life, and the contest was renewed in the darkness, lit up here and there by the flames of a burning hamlet. The Austrians continued the fight for hours, until at last Daun gave it up and retreated toward Dresden.

The battle of Torgau was perhaps the most stoutly fought of any during the whole Seven Years' War. The loss on both sides was not less than 25,000; that of the Austrians being somewhat the larger. For the Prussians defeat was

victories at Liegnitz and Torgau, after the defeat at Kunersdorf—had been upon the whole a successful one for Frederick; but it seemed hardly possible that Prussia could sustain another campaign. The war had practically assumed the shape of a contest between Austria and Russia on the one side, and Prussia alone on the other. France and England, as far as this contest was concerned, neutralized each other; they were fighting a separate war on their own account. Austria and Russia had lost more men than Prus-



BUILDING THE NEW PALACE OF SANSSOUCI.

only prevented by the bravery and endurance with which the corps of Frederick fought during the five hours when they battled unaided by Ziethen. Victory—and for Frederick anything short of victory was equivalent to defeat—was secured only by the opportune arrival of Ziethen. Frederick and Ziethen met on the battle-field the morning after the fight. The King alighted from his horse, advanced to Ziethen, and threw his arms around his neck. He was too deeply moved to be able to speak his thanks in words.

The campaign of 1760—closed as it was by the

sia; but they had an almost unlimited population from which to levy fresh recruits, while the population of Prussia had been drawn upon to its utmost capacity.

In the campaign of 1761 Silesia was the point to which the allies directed their first efforts. Here were 130,000 Austrians and Russians, now united into a single army. To confront these Frederick could not muster more than 55,000, which he concentrated at Bundlewitz, not far from the fortress of Schweidnitz, and there awaited the movements of the enemy. But so

strong were his intrenchments, and so unceasing his watchfulness, that the enemy ventured nothing serious for some months. The Austrian and the Russian generals, according to their wont, began to quarrel among themselves, and the combined army finally broke up, the Russians going off entirely. Still there remained enough to do serious harm to Frederick if they dared to make the attempt; and Laudohn did dare it. Suddenly on October 1st he made his appearance before Schweidnitz, and succeeded in taking the fortress by storm.

Simultaneously with this disaster came evil tidings from the other extremity of the kingdom. The Russians had for three years been ravaging almost at will in Pomerania, and the small force which Frederick could spare was altogether too weak to curb their inroads. But the people of the province took up arms for themselves. They established a provincial militia, they converted trading-vessels into an armed flotilla, and were able for a time to hold their own against the The principal seat of these operamarauders. tions was the fortified port of Kolberg, which had been several times ineffectually assailed. the Autumn of 1761 Kolberg was again beleaguered. It was scantily provisioned, but the defense was stoutly maintained by Colonel Heyde, its commander, until the last ration of bread had been served out, when the town capitulated on December 16th. Thus at the close of 1761 Prussia was in imminent peril from every side. From Dresden the Austrians dominated over Saxony, from Schweidnitz they threatened all Silesia; from Kolberg the Russians imperiled Pomerania and Neumark; and from all these quarters there was nothing to bar the way to Brandenburg and Berlin itself.

The campaign of 1762 opened more forbodingly even than that of the preceding year had closed. The last two years had wrought upon Frederick the work of twenty. He had been weakened by fevers and tormented by frequent rheumatic attacks. His teeth decayed and his hair fell out. His face was furrowed by deep wrinkles. At forty-eight he was already in appearance "the Old Fritz," of later years. His mind had undergone a change as marked as that of his body. He grew irritable and morose. The efficiency of his army had come to be impaired. The old veterans were rapidly dying out, and the new recruits—as the King's brother, Prince Heinrich, said, with something of truth-consisted of "cripples, children and vagabonds." The means for carrying on the war had grown more and more scanty and precarious. Some provinces were in the hands of the enemy; some had been ruined by the war. The remaining provinces could not supply gold and silver enough to meet indispen-

sable requirements, even though the current coin was greatly debased at the mint.

Such was the aspect in Prussia as it would have presented itself to an onlooker at the beginning of 1762. But if one could have looked deeper he would have seen some more hopeful things. Universal as was the distress, there was no discontent among any class of the people. "Willingly," says Stillfried-Alcantara, "did the burgher give his last thaler to the royal tax-collector; joyfully the peasant sent his growing-up son to that fearful war in which his elder brothers had perished." The people of every rank and station held on unshakenly to their confidence in their King. They felt what the English ambassador had said at the darkest period of the gloomy year 1759: "King Frederick still lives; and so long as he lives he will continue to work wonders." Quite significant of this general feeling is the fact that the preachers all over the country were wont to preach against suicide, as though they feared that Frederick might some day be led to carry out his expressed determination to take his own life. "These discourses," says Alcántara, "came to the knowledge of the King, and produced their intended effect: the resolve to meet every calamity with unshaken endurance."

Early in 1762 came a blow which it seemed must prove fatal to Frederick. George II. of England had died late in 1760, and his successor. George III., had fallen wholly under the influence of John Stuart, Earle of Bute, who now succeeded Pitt as head of the Cabinet. policy was in every respect the reverse of that of his predecessor. The alliance between England and Prussia was the work of Pitt; to him was owing the subsidy granted by Parliament to Fred-That subsidy was withdrawn from the estimates for 1762. With this withdrawal ceased a source of supply without which it seemed impossible for Frederick to carry on the war for another campaign. With the retirement of Pitt from power Frederick lost his only hope of any foreign aid against Austria and Russia; for France had virtually withdrawn from the alliance, having her hands more than full in trying to cope with England.

But almost simultaneously with this untoward event came another, which changed the whole aspect of things. The Czarina Elizabeth of Russia died suddenly in January, 1762, and was succeeded by her nephew, Peter III., Duke of Holstein, a German rather than a Russian. He was in his thirty-fourth year, and had been brought up almost without any training. His only serious occupation as he grew up was to drill a Holstein regiment, as nearly as he knew after the manner of Frederick, of whom he was an ardent admirer. His personal habits were at once puerile

and gross. At the funeral of Elizabeth, says the Princess Dashkoff, "he was seen whispering and laughing with the ladies-in-waiting, turning the priests into ridicule, picking quarrels with the officers, and even with the sentinels, about the way their cravats were folded, the length of their curls, or the cut of their uniforms." Not long after, the French ambassador, De Breteuil, writes: "The life led by the Emperor is shameful. He smokes and drinks beer for hours together, and only ceases from these amusements at five or six in the morning, when he is dead drunk." He was, indeed, married to that woman whom history knows as Catharine II. But, adds De Breteuil, "He has redoubled his attentions to Mlle. Voronzoff. One must allow that it is a strange taste. She has no wit; and as to her face, it is impossible to imagine anything uglier. She looks in every way like a servant at a low inn."

Immediately after the accession of Peter to the crown, Frederick sent his congratulations through the English ambassador. These were so favorably received that Count Golz was sent as ambassador to endeavor to negotiate a peace. He found the Czar wearing the portrait of Frederick set in a ring upon his finger, and the black eagle of Prussia upon his breast. Golz was empowered to cede East-Preussen to the Czar, if necessarv. So far from accepting this, Peter gave back to his "old friend" all the conquests which had been made from him. An offensive and defensive treaty was speedily formed. The Czar sent 15,000 men to fight for Frederick against Austria. received the nominal command of a Prussian regiment, and was accustomed to wear its uniform. The conclusion of this treaty was celebrated by a grand banquet at the Russian capital in honor of Frederick. "Let us drink," cried the tipsy Czar, "to the health of the King, my master. He has done me the honor to confide to me one of his regiments; I hope he will not dismiss me. may be assured that if he should order it, I would make war against hell itself, with all my Empire."

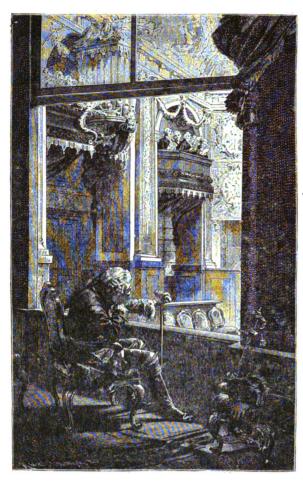
Peter had not reigned six months when a conspiracy was formed against him, at the head of which was Catharine, whom he wished to divorce so that he might marry the Voronzoff. He was arrested at his country-seat on July 10th, and was "After which," says Cathforced to abdicate. arine, "I sent the deposed Emperor, under the charge of Alexis Orloff, accompanied by four officers and a detachment of gentle and reasonable men, to a place named Ropcha, fifteen miles from Peterhof—a secluded spot, but very pleasant." Here Peter died four days afterward. The official notification sent to the foreign ambassadors reads thus: "The Imperial Minister of Russia thinks it his duty to inform the foreign Ministers that the

late Emperor, having been taken ill with a violent colic, to which he was subject, died yesterday." But according to the generally credited report, the "violent colic" was nothing else than a fatal throttling by the hands of Alexis Orloff, the brother of Gregory—the latter being not the first, and far from the last, of Catharine's numerous paramours.

Catharine II: had a strong prejudice against Frederick. In one of her earliest manifestoes she spoke of him as "a disturber of the public peace, the perfidious enemy of Russia;" but she had no wish to aid Austria in the war against The more these powers mutually weakened each other, the better able would she be to carry out her designs against Turkey. She lost no time in entering into a new treaty with Frederick, engaging to remain neutral in the war between Prussia and Austria. This involved the withdrawal of the Russian troops which Peter had sent to the support of Frederick, and who were now with him in Silesia. Just about the same time a treaty was concluded between France and England, by which both of them were to stand neutral in the Austro-Prussian war. The league against Frederick was thus dissolved, and Prussia and Austria were left to fight out their quarrel by themselves.

Frederick was now enabled to take up the offensive in Silesia. The immediate thing to be attempted was to capture the fortress of Schweidnitz. Dann had taken up a position on the neighboring heights of Burkersdorf, from which he must be dislodged. An order came from Catharine that the Russians, under Tchernicheff, should detach themselves from the Prussian army. This order came just as Frederick was about to attack Daun; but he persuaded the Russian commander to postpone its execution for three days, and in the meanwhile to occupy, though with grounded arms, a position which it was important that the Austrians should suppose to be held in On July 21st he attacked Daun. steep slopes of Burkersdorf were surmounted, the Austrian intrenchments carried, and Daun made a precipitate retreat through the mountain passes between Silesia and Bohemia. Frederick now laid close siege to Schweidnitz. The fortress was strongly garrisoned and stoutly defended. Mines were dug, and counter-mines were opposed to them for weeks. At length, on October 8th, a mine exploded, throwing down a considerable portion of the walls, when the fortress surren-After the expulsion of Daun and the capture of Schweidnitz there was no shadow of Austrian power in Silesia.

Saxony, however, was still held by a strong Imperialist force. On October 29th this was defeated by Prince Heinrich, the brother of Frederick, at



LISTENING TO THE TE DEUM, IN THE CHAPEL AT CHARLOTTENBURG.

Freyberg, a few leagues south of Dresden; and after suffering heavy loss they retreated toward Bohemia. This was the last battle of the Seven Years' War, though for several weeks Middle and South Germany were harassed and overawed by small bodies of Prussian hussars. The petty principalities, bishoprics and free towns between the Thuringian forests and the Danube not unwillingly ceased from further contest with the victors.

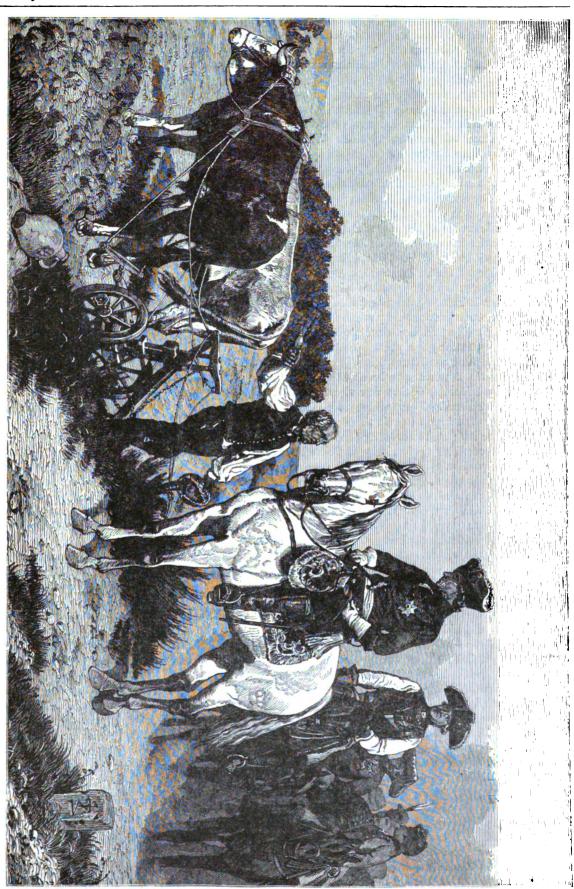
The Empress-Queen was now forced to the conviction that she could not alone accomplish what she had not been able to effect when aided by France and Russia. Affairs had not in other respects gone well for her. Want of money had compelled her to disband 20,000 of her troops. Not only had her allies fallen away from her, but fresh foes were menacing her. The Ottoman Sultan had assumed a threatening tone, and 100,000 Turks were said to be mustering upon the eastern frontiers of Hungary.

The proposals for peace came from Frederick. He had wished for peace all along; but only for a peace which should secure for him the undisturbed possession of what he held at the beginning of the war. Less than this he would not accept; more than this he could not probably get, even if he should demand it. The negotiations were carried on at the Castle of Hubertsburg in Saxony. They occupied but a short time. Maria Theresa for a moment hoped that she might be able to get back a little of what had been wrested from her—were it not more than the Countship of Glatz, the last and smallest of these acquisi-Frederick would not listen to this. He would forego his quasi-conquest of Saxony, which should go back to its hereditary Elector, as a Prince of the German Empire; or, rather, to his son, for Augustus III. was as good as dead, and there was no fear that this son would be elected by the Poles as their King.

The Peace of Hubertsburg was formally signed on February 15th, 1763. Frederick soon set out upon his leisurely return to his capital, which he had not seen for more than six years, although he had several times been for weeks within a few miles of it. "I am coming back," he wrote to D'Argens, "to a city of which I shall know only the walls, where I shall meet none of my old acquaintances, where innumerable toils await me, and where I shall before long lay my old bones in a quiet resting-place where war and tribulation and malice will never disturb me more." The King reached Berlin late in the evening of the 30th of March, 1763. He drove through the capital city with Prince Fer-

dinand of Brunswick by his side. Berlin was ablaze with illuminations; the thronged streets resounded with benedictions and acclamations; but these jubilations fell harshly upon his ear. He withdrew as soon as he could, and took a bystreet to the royal Schloss. Not long afterward he directed that Graun's Te Deum should be performed in the Schloss-chapel at Charlottenburg. He was alone in the chapel for hours before he gave the signal for the performance to begin. Then he sat down, sole auditor, and while the voices of the choir rang through the chapel, he sat motionless and in tears, his head bowed upon his hands.

The Seven Years' War was over: a war in which Frederick had fought eleven pitched battles, except in a single case against great odds—never less than three to two, and oftener two to one. In eight of these battles he had been victorious, and in the three where he was defeated he had extricated himself in a manner which enhanced rather than diminished his military renown. He had won an unquestioned place among



FREDERICK AND THE PEASANT. - SEE PAGE 686.

the great commanders, not only of his own times, but of all time. He had raised his little kingdom—in area and population hardly equal to that of the State of New York—to a rank among the Great Powers of Europe.

The entire reign of Frederick lasted forty-six years, having commenced in 1740, and closing with his death in 1786, at the age of seventy-The close of the Seven Years' War divides his reign into two nearly equal parts. last half presents little of striking interest. The most important event is the first partition of Poland in 1772, by which Prussia, Austria and Russia seized upon such parts of that decaying kingdom as were desirable at the moment. Frederick more than Catharine of Russia or Joseph of Austria is responsible for this act of spoliation. his ambassador at St. Petersburg he wrote: "I shall not enter upon the portion that Russia marks out for herself. I have expressly left all that blank in order that she may settle it according to her interests and her own good pleasure. When the negotiations for peace have advanced to a certain stage of consistency, it will no longer depend upon the Austrians to break them off, if we (Prussia and Russia) declare our views unanimously as to Poland. I guarantee to the Russians all that may happen to suit them; they will do as much for me; and supposing that the Austrians should consider their share of Poland too paltry in comparison with ours, and it were desirable to satisfy them, one would only have to offer them that strip of the Venetian dominions which cuts them off from Trieste in order to keep them quiet; even if they should turn nasty, I will answer for it with my head that our union with Russia, once clearly established, will bring them over to all that we desire." As it happened, to Austria was assigned a much larger share of Poland than was at first contemplated, and there was then no necessity for robbing Venetia. sia took from Poland 42,000 square miles, with a population of 2,500,000; Austria took 27,000 square miles, with 1,500,000; Prussia took 13,000 square miles, with 600,000: comprising in all about one-third of Poland. With the second and complete partition, made in 1793, Frederick had nothing to do; he was dead before it was even thought of. Frederick's share consisted of what had been known as West-Preussen, which lay directly between the Province of East-Preussen and the remainder of his kingdom, completely isolating them from each other.

It cannot be denied that it was a great gain to West-Preussen to belong to Prussia instead of to Poland. Frederick says truly that when he took possession of it "the country was a bit of anarchy, about as well cultivated as Canada." It was worse, for it was not a new country, but an old one,

which had been ruined by its former masters. The villages were heaps of ruins and rubbish; the country houses were miserable hovels of wood and clay: there was no trace of a middle class between the serfs and the "nobles"; and even among the so-called nobles there were but a few in comfortable circumstances, and these few were all that gave the miserable population even the semblance of an organized community. With the annexation to Prussia the land passed into hands capable of producing civilization out of barbarism. As far as that portion of the kingdom which was seized by Prussia is concerned, this partition of Poland has wrought little but good, although its seizure by Frederick was an unquestioned act of robbery; just as his seizure of Silesia was unblushing robbery. He seized both districts just because he wanted them, and could get them. Granting to Frederick all that can be said in his favor, he was, as we have already said, "rightand-wrong-blind," from first to last.

The last half of Frederick's reign was devoted to administering the internal affairs of his kingdom. In three or four years the traces of the ravages of the Seven Years' War had disappeared. He labored to the last as diligently as in his younger years. He reviewed his troops as carefully as ever; he built a new and stately Sanssouci near the site of the one destroyed in 1761; he made frequent visits to all parts of his dominions; his figure on foot was a familiar one in the streets of his capital. But his real throne was at his writing-table at Sanssouci. His rule was indeed a despotic one, in the strictest sense of the word. He interfered more and more with things which it were better to have let alone; but the general aim of his efforts was to advance the material prosperity of his kingdom. Public order was strictly maintained; property was secure; justice was dealt alike to high and low; torture was abolished; toleration was assured to Catholics, Protestants of all sects, and Infidels, though hardly to Jews. Agriculture was fostered, bogs were drained; improved breeds of horses, cattle and sheep were introduced, and new manufactures were established. Frederick's temper grew better under prosperity, and there are innumerable anecdotes evincing his prevalent good - humor. When he died, after a year or more of illness, during which he suffered almost continually from rheumatism and dropsy, there were few Prussians who did not mourn the loss of Der alte Fritz.

FREDERICK AND THE PEASANT.

ONCE upon a time Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, surnamed "Old Fritz," took a ride, and espied an old farmer plowing his acre by the way-side, cheerfully singing his melody.

- "You must be well off, old man," said the King. "Does this acre belong to you, on which you so industriously labor?"
- "No. sir," replied the farmer, who knew not it was the King. "I am not so rich as that; I plow for wages."
 - "How much do you get a day?"
 - "Eight groschen" (twenty cents).
- "This is not much," said the King. "Can you get along with this?"
- "Get along?—yes," said the farmer; "and have something left."
 - "How is that?" asked the King.
- "Well, if I must tell you," said the farmer, smiling, "two groschen are for myself and wife; with two I pay my old debts; two I lend away; and two I give away for the Lord's sake."
- "This is a mystery which I cannot solve," said the King.
- "Then I will solve it for you," said the farmer. I have two old parents at home, who kept me when I was weak and needed help; and now that they are weak and need help, I keep them. This is my debt, toward which I pay two groschen a day. The next two groschen, which I lend away, I spend for my children, that they may receive Christian instruction. This will come handy to me and my wife when we get old. With the two last groschen I maintain two sisters, whom I could not be compelled to keep. This is what I give for the Lord's sake."

The King, apparently well pleased with the answer, said: "Bravely spoken, old man. Now I will also give you something to guess. Have you ever seen me before?"

- "Never," said the farmer.
- "In less than five minutes you shall see me fifty times, and carry in your pocket fifty of my likenesses," said the King.
- "This is a mystery which I cannot unravel," said the farmer.
- "Then I will solve it for you," said the King. Thrusting his hand into his pocket, and counting him into his hand fifty brand-new gold pieces stamped with his royal likeness, he said to the astonished farmer, who knew not what was coming: "The coin is genuine; for it also comes from our Lord, and I am His paymaster. I bid you adieu."

AN AMUSING EXPERIENCE.

MR. HENRY RUSSELL, the well-known composer of "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," was walking through Ipswich, England, a short time ago, when he saw the following announcement placarded upon the entrance of the Town-hall: "Lecture on the Late Henry Russell." Much interested, he walked in, took a seat, and quietly

listened as the eloquent lecturer, whom he had never seen before in his life, proceeded after this fashion: "I can scarcely describe my feelings as I stood by that open grave, and watched the coffin that contained all that was mortal of my dear old friend lowered into the yawning gulf beneath. Ere it was quite lost to sight, I dropped my humble tribute, a simple wreath, the last testimony of my affection for the composer of 'Woodman, Spare that Tree!' and of many other songs we know and love so well." At this point Mr. Russell, convulsed with laughter, darted from the hall, leaving behind him an irate lecturer and a scandalized audience.

THE SONG OF THE ICY SEA.

[The song of the icy sea is a very peculiar one, and can scarcely be described so as to convey any clear idea of its nature. It is not loud, yet it can be heard to a great distance—it is neither a surge nor a swash, but a kind of slow, crashing, groaning, shricking sound, in which sharp, silvery tinklings mingle with the low, thunderous undertone of a rushing tempest. It impresses one with the idea of nearness and distance at the same time, and also with that of immense forces in conflict. When this confused fantasis is heard from afar through the stillness of an Arctic night the effect is strangly weird and almost solemn—as if it were the distant hum of an active, living world breaking across the boundaries of silence, solitude and death.]

What surging sounds are these that break the frozen Arctic night?

With strangely weird and solemn tones, and silvery tinklings light,

Now soft, now loud, now nearer rolls the ringing music clear;

An ocean chorus chanting from the haunts of Death and Fear.

The Demons of the Tempest wake with wild and wicked shricks,

Whirling aloft their howling blasts among the ice-crowned peaks.

Short intervals of silence come; then on the whistling breeze

Again the thunderous undertone swells from the icy seas;

A grand fantasia played below, and on the mad winds hurled,

Whose thrilling notes resound throughout this white and snow-clad world.

The glittering icebergs, grouped apart, like giant spirits tower,

Proud sentinels of mighty forms, and mystic, magic power;

The pale moon shimmering o'er them streams, and tips their points with gold,

Yet underneath her glances bright their crystal hearts are

Across the gleaming fields of ice no living thing is seen— The boundaries of silence lie beyond the icebergs' sheen. Hark! now, the sullen swashing of the deep imprisoned

The sharp and grinding clinkings rising from the ocean caves;

Piercing the awesome stillness of the starlit Polar night Like murmurs of a living world hidden from mortal sight, The music of the icy sea no jeweled hand applauds, Unto the listening heavens alone are struck those won-

drous chords,



Unless unhappy spirits dwell beneath the rifted ice, Whose lost and wretched souls are soothed by Melody's

Or, are these everlasting sounds the echo of their sighs?
Their prayers and tears and hopeless wails their useless sacrifice?

Up in the frigid air there float soft chimes of silver bells,

Into the brooding midnight the low-toned organ swells, And songs of hopeless love and pain, of terror and despair,

Are chanted thro' the circling years by voices rich and rare.

Perhaps they sing a requiem for those brave men who died

Striving to benefit mankind, whose scattered graves liwide.

Who forward pressed, through unknown wilds, to regions vast and dim,

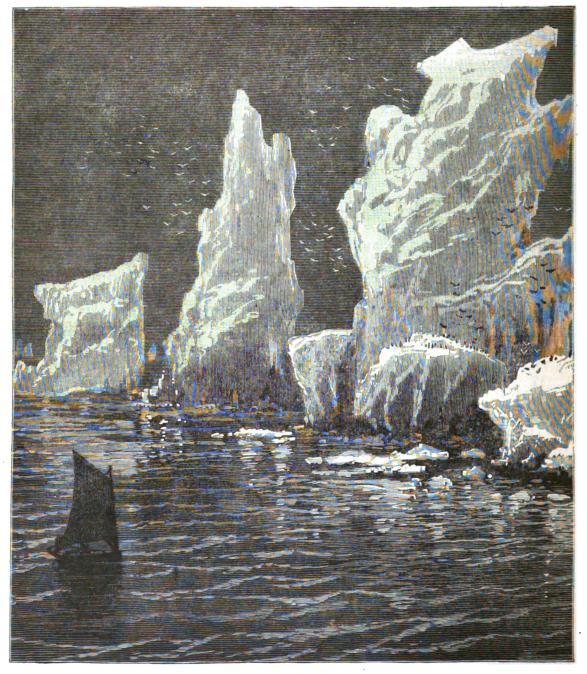
And now the seas forever sing for them a funeral hymn; Perhaps this symphony in tears, whose sad refrain forever Is caught up by the Arctic winds, and ceases never, never, Is Nature's everlasting dirge, until, with power divine, God smiles upon the deadened earth, gives His almighty sign—

New life springs up within her, the spectres melt away.

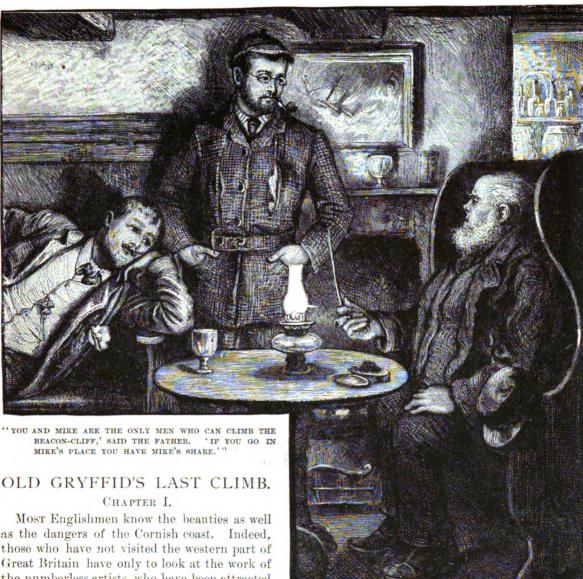
And the morning stars together sing the sun-god's mighty sway.

ALLAN BERNARD.

Fredericksburg, January 15th, 1890.



THE SONG OF THE ICY SEA.



as the dangers of the Cornish coast. Indeed, those who have not visited the western part of Great Britain have only to look at the work of the numberless artists, who have been attracted to the Lizard and its neighborhood, to be immediately convinced that the cliffs of Cornwall are quite as perilous as tourists and geographers

have asserted them to be. But in former years the cruelty of man used to augment the austerity of Nature, and the sailor's perplexities were too often multiplied by the abominable contrivances of the landsmen, who lived as much upon wreckage as they did on contraband.

People of all time and all nations are only good or bad by comparison, since in this life perfection is not attainable. Thus there is an average standard of merit which a community tacitly constitutes the criterion of its social state, and the commonwealth of the locality has to be tested by it.

Penforvey had its standard rather low down, which was convenient when it had to be applied to the morals and means of living of nine-tenths of its inhabitants.

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It is said that in those days the vicar of the church and the minister of the little chapel never thought of attempting a collection on Sunday unless there had been at least one wreck a week or two before.

Now let us hear how lovers used to talk at Penforvey.

"I tell you, Jaen, I am wasting my life here. My father, as well as Mike, says I am bound to keep with them, but my share isn't enough for myself, let alone giving me a chance of taking a wife."

"The stormy season is coming on," answered the girl addressed as Jaen; "maybe there'll be more wrecks this Autumn."

"What if there are?" asked the man. "When Mike gets four times my lot, what chances have I

of putting anything away?"

"William," answered Jaen, looking him steadfastly in the face, "I should not like you to do what Michael often does. It is right enough to get what we can when a ship goes to pieces, but if I thought you ever lit the beacon" (this was, of course, the false beacon which tempted the poor sailors on the cruel rocks), "I would take an oath this night not to marry you, although the Queen herself ordered me to."

"You know I never go near the cliff," answered William, with a look of self-admiration. He felt that this sacrifice of his worldly advantage on the altar of duty put him, morally, above Jaen's cousin, Mike.

"It is a hard life for us, Will," sighed the girl.
"I am thinking that if people lived away from the shore they'd have to do something different from us, to bring in money. It must be easier work—easier for the conscience, at any rate—than leading ships on to the rocks."

Then she walked on to her uncle's cottage, having given her lover a nod in token of tem-

porary parting.

At Penforvey, people were meeting each other every hour of the day, and thus very seldom said "How d'ye do?" or "Good-by."

William strolled along slowly, thinking of Jaen's words. Whether they were spoken with such intention or not, the young girl's counsels had a way of impressing themselves upon her lover's mind, so to speak—of taking root and growing in his thoughts until their final proportions became of far greater magnitude than the original suggestion seemed to intend.

"Why shouldn't he go away from a place where there was a certain temptation to do wrong?"

William Gryffid had been bred to the life of waiting for the flotsam and jetsam of the storm. "Helping yourself" was not a crime to him, so that you had no hand in wrecking the vessel which went to pieces on the rocks; but some way Jaen's words began to grow so quickly that they incommoded his conscience.

"Do you notice how the wind blows, lad?" asked old Gryffid, as his son entered the cottage. "There is an Indiaman out at sea."

"I didn't take note of it," answered William.

"But I did," said the other, "and you'll have a chance this time, boy. Mike has this minute hurt his foot; he'll not be able to climb the beacon to-night."

Mike was seated on a sea-chest, which was a convenient seat, only you could not very well move it from its place. William did not answer, "I am thinking that if people lived away they'd have to do something different." They were

Jaen's words, and old Gryffid's aspirations were not in accord with them.

"You and Mike are the only men who can climb the beacon-cliff," said the father. "If you go in Mike's place you have Mike's share."

At this point Mike silently withdrew.

"I want no man's share," said the son.

"What do vou mean?"

"That I never have climbed the Petrel except in frolic, and I never will," said Will.

The Petrel was the name given to the fragment of rock upon which the beacon was lighted in dark or stormy weather. It might have been so called from some resemblance it had once borne, or the shore-people might have named it after the bird associated with storms, from its usefulness to them in rough seasons.

"Who has been putting such thoughts into your head?" asked the father, angrily, and looking as if he were very likely to try and knock them out

again.

"It is just this," said his son; "picking up what the waves throw us is right enough; it is as much our property as anybody's"—that was the Penforvey standard of honesty—"but luring people on to the rocks with false lights and deceiving beacons is only murder."

"Do you know, William Gryffid, that when I was your age my father ordered me to light the beacon many a bad night, and I was too obedient

a son to refuse to do it?"

"I suppose you saw no harm in it," said the young fellow. "I do! That lying beacon will never be lighted by me. More than that, father, from this night I'll take no part in the salvage which comes from wrecks which are of landsmen's making."

"You won't, eh? Then get thee out of the cottage, and look sharp at it, for if you are here in two minutes' time, I'll help you away with the boat-hook." The old man's eyes gleamed with passion, and he could hardly restrain himself from visiting his son's rebellion with the punishment which he considered his undutiful offspring deserved.

William quite believed his father, and did not wait for him to keep his word. As the young man left the cottage, he met his mother.

"Good-by, mother," he said, with a defiance of his father that checked the expression of regret which he would otherwise have shown.

"Why, William, my lad, where are you going?" she inquired.

"Away from the village," he answered. "Father has turned me out of the cottage."

Then he kissed her with more tenderness than the tone of his voice had suggested, and strode off before she had time to ask him further question, had she so minded. She might not have done so, for her husband was standing by his garden-gate, and old Gryffid only allowed one opinion to be expressed by his people, and he provided that for them.

CHAPTER II. ·

WILLIAM GRYFFID walked quickly to the cottage where Jaen lived with her bedridden uncle, who was reputed to have saved a fortune when things were better—that is to say, better from a Penforvey point of view. At any rate, Jesse Holbeck-or Ollerbik, as his Welsh forefathers had spelt their name—lived on without having to beg help from any one, although he gave his niece, Jaen, little enough to provide for herself and him. People who live in towns, however, have little idea how limited are the money transactions of agricultural villages; and a generation ago cash was even scarcer than it is now. With garden, poultry-yard, pig-sty, and a boat to fish from, Penforvey folk might have contrived to live pretty well, and keep their hands off flotsam and jetsam too.

"What is wrong, Will, dear?" asked Jaen, as she looked her lover in the face.

"I am off, Jaen," he answered; "I and father had a row bout the beacon, which Mike can't light to-night; and he told me to get out, and I have."

"What will you do, dear?" she inquired. She felt almost guilty in having used her influence to step him from following a calling that had been quite good enough for Penforvey people for generations and generations.

"Well, Jaen," he answered, "you know what I said just now; our lives are wasting themselves in Penforvey whilst we are waiting for me to be rich enough to marry you."

"My life isn't all waste, dear, while I am near enough to hear you say you love me," answered the girl, whilst her eyes looked into his to confirm the tenderness of her words. "But what will you do? for I know you are not likely to let matters take their chance."

"I start for Plymouth to-night, and maybe I shall reach there in two days, and get a ship bound for America, and can work my way over."

"And when you arrive there?" she asked.

"Well, I suppose there is something to do in those parts," answered Will, without having a very precise idea where those parts were, and certainly not having the least notion what occupation there was there for man or woman.

"Yes, it is the best thing to do," said Juen, with a sigh. "You are young and strong, and maybe there is something to work at out there, better than looking for what unfortunate people have lost here."

Certainly Jaen Holbeck gave the mildest de-

scription of employment at Penforvey that it admitted of.

"And you won't forget me, because I am away from you?" pleaded the young fellow, whose throat began to get as full as his heart.

"I shall never leave off loving you, Will," she answered, "if you stay away until my hair is as white as Uncle Jesse's, and I'll give my hand to no other man, whether you come back to claim it or no."

Young Gryffid claimed her liand there and then, and kissed it with a heartiness that would have delighted the loving girl if his enthusiasm had not been, alas! associated with their separation.

"No, Jaen," he said, "it is not justice to let you sacrifice yourself for a life-time on account of a man who may never be worth having. Perhaps when I get out there—get out there"—there meant anywhere to Will—"I mayn't find work to do more profitable than I've had here. But, mind you, lass, I'll never light the beacon, and from this day I'll not have a hand in the work when the false signals are fired. Yet, I may never do better, and I'll not come back to wreck what's worth more to me than all the ships on the ocean; I mean your dear life."

"My life would be a wreck without you, Will," sighed Jaen.

"Yes, but not the same kind of wreck," he said. "Wait for me five years, and maybe I shall see a friend now and then who may be coming over here, and may tell you what news there is of me."

"And after five years, Will?" she asked.

"I shall hold you no more to your promise," he answered. "Now I must go, darling, for I ought to be on the road; and besides, if I met mother, she might persuade me to turn back home."

Then he put his strong, big arms around her, and drew her close to him with an emotion that was as trying to her as it was to himself.

"Till five years!" he cried, as he tore himself from her and hurried away.

"For five hundred, if we could live so long!" she sobbed; but he was already out of the cottage, and was running from the only people he cared for in the world.

Then Jaen Holbeck sat down on the settle by the window, and cried away to her heart's content. But during her tears there came the satisfaction that her love for him had triumphed, not only over the habits and example of the villagers, but she had come out victorious against her attachment to Will. She honestly thought there was no harm in living upon wrecked people's goods, but she knew the way that wrecks often occurred, and she was very thankful that, at the



WOMAN AND CHILD, GREENLAND.

sacrifice of her life's happiness and that of her lover's, at any rate for many years, she had induced him to leave a place and a calling where there were such temptations.

Meantime, William Gryffid went on his road, wretched at first, but always resolute. He had the sanguineness of youth, as well as the popular belief in the opportunities of unknown places. Besides, some of his findings, when American vessels had come to grief upon the cruel rocks of Penforvey, had given him a very exalted opinion of the wealth of people on the other side of the Atlantic.

He had only to wait a day or two at Plymouth for a berth. A skipper who had lost the greater part of his crew, through having driven them to desert by his severity on board ship, was too anxious to man his schooner and take her back to Chesapeake Bay, to be critical as to the antecedents of his sailors, and thus was glad of such a lusty young fellow as Will, who had to

look over his captain's bad name for the sake of his own convenience. A skipper with an indifferent character, and a sailor without papers, seemed made for each other. At any rate, they came together then to their mutual advantage.

CHAPTER III.

Five years have to pass as much as five seconds have to do, or five centuries; and those who share the flight of time and drop not by the way often look back in wonder that so long an interval has elapsed and has wrought so little change.

Jaen was waiting on patiently for her lover, from whom she had had no tidings. Poor Will could not write, more than his mother or father could; and, had he been able to send her a letter and had done so, she would have had to take it to the elergyman or the minister to be enlightened as to its contents.

But she had a sort of silent endurance, and, holding her tongue about her love, she was waiting for her sweetheart's return, according to his promise. Over five years had gone: the bright presage of Spring had ripened into its fulfillment, or had fled, its word unredeemed, and November was getting near its gloomy end.

Jaen was busy knitting away the coarse socks,



WOMEN WEARERS OF MEN'S CLOTHES.—LONDON FIREWOMEN. SEE PAGE 696,

which she bartered or sold to the villagers, when if you upbraid me for persuading him not to a shadow fell upon the wool in her lap. She looked up from her work, and her eyes rested on her lover's mother.

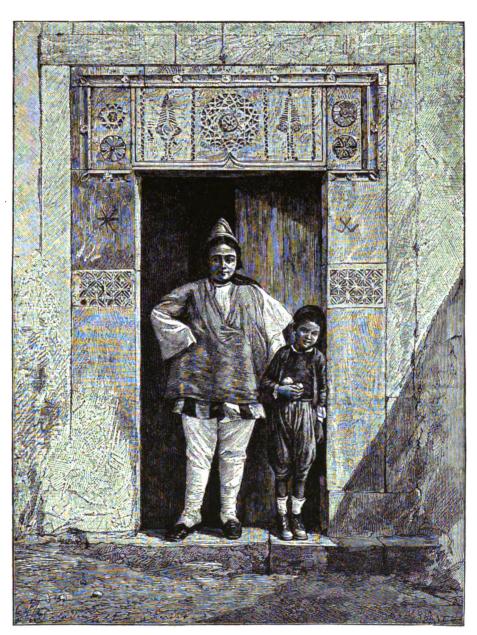
"Working, eh!" said the old woman. "Does it make you forget?"

"What have I to forget, mother?" she asked.

do----"

"What your cousin Mike did, until he broke his ankle and couldn't climb any more," sneered Mrs. Gryffid. "To plant the beacon and light

"If you are angry because my words prevented



MOORISH WOMAN, ALGIERS.

"Don't mother me!" exclaimed the other. "You've sent your lover away, never to return; you've ruined your own life and his; and you have robbed me and father of our only boy. Curse you!"

"I am sorry that he does not come back to you, as a consolation and help," said Jaen; "but | could walk; my father killed himself through

his doing as Mike used to," said Jaen, "you must be so. If I never saw Will again, I wouldn't regret having held him back from taking Mike's place. Not that I think he'd have done it if I had said never a word."

"His father climbed the Petrel before Will



falling from it." The old woman spoke as if they were family records of which she ought to be proud. "Why should my son be grander than his father or mine? But it is wasting words talking about my poor lost boy, Heaven forgive him! As for you, his life is at your door, and I'll hate you for it to my dying day."

"I hope he is still living, and that neither I nor a hard father is accountable for his death," said Jaen. "But if it means he is to come back to Penforvey and resume his old occupation, then I hope that he may rather go to his grave."

"Ah, you may well talk of his grave," said the mother, while her eyes flashed with anger and the desire for revenge; "you have sent him there; whether by land or sea, your hand has pushed him out of this life."

Then she turned round and went out of Holbeck's cottage, followed by the regretful eyes of Jaen, who was too much used to these reproaches, of almost daily occurrence, to be provoked by them. Meanwhile Mrs. Gryffid walked back home, and began getting her husband's dinner ready.

The old man entered and sat down moodily to his meal. Things were going from bad to worse with the old couple, and it did not seem very clear to Gryffid how they were to be improved.

After a time her husband's glance was turned from his plate to his wife.

"You're not eating, Ruth," he said. Then he remarked that his own plate contained all the food upon the table. "Where is your dinner, Ruth?" he asked.

"I can do without for a day," she answered. "There'll be money coming from the town tomorrow for the potatoes."

Gryffid pushed his plate from him.

"I'll not eat alone," he said. "If you must starve, I'll starve too."

"It isn't starving for me," she replied; "I don't want to eat, indeed."

She put her hand upon his shoulder with a loving tenderness that from its long disuse seemed to him almost a surprise.

Gryffid kissed his old wife, and went out of the cottage that had offered but one meal between them.

Time had been working its changes, although outwardly they were scarcely perceptible. The young men of Penforvey, while they were still willing to gather from the storm the harvest of other men's sowing, would no longer trouble their conscience by following in their fathers' footsteps.

The beacon had ceased to be lighted, or, indeed, to be prepared. Men had left Penforvey from actual necessity. It was perhaps a fact that seamanship and pilotage had advanced; it was certainly true that the system of wrecking had declined, that the staple of the village had no longer

its value. Old Gryffid walked resolutely on until he came to the Petrel. The last time the treacherous light had been shown upon the rock the man who had climbed to his cruel task had fallen as he had descended afterward, and, as people said, would never be the man he had been.

Gryffid walked away to a shed which sheltered two or three fishing-boats in which he and some village associates were interested.

"What are you going to do, old man?" asked a friend as aged as himself. "You're not thinking of fishing, with a storm as sure as death!"

"No, Jim," he answered. "But I am going to get the beacon ready for to-night. I've been a fool to think I couldn't climb the Petrel, and I am going to show myself that I can."

Jim looked and laughed. He had no doubt but that old Gryffid would make two or three attempts and then abandon his task. He was wrong. Bit by bit, step by step, holding on first with one hand, then the other, at last both, the old man persevered until he stood on the crest of the wicked, cruel Petrel, and with the rope, which was fastened at one end to his wrist and at the other to the bucket which contained the pitched flax which was to blaze that night, he drew up to its place the last false light that was to lure wretched sailors to their death against the rocks of Penforvey.

CHAPTER IV.

"SHALL we reach Plymouth to-morrow, lad?"

The speaker was a handsome, broad-chested, sun-tanned fellow of some thirty years old. His question was addressed to the mate of a schooner making the best of her way—at any rate, making the best way she could—home from the other side of the Atlantic.

"Who knows?" answered the other. "There's a storm coming up, and it is more than likely that the skipper will cast anchor until things are smooth again."

The first speaker sighed.

"Well, I dare say I am a bit impatient, but I've been waiting a good long time, and I am beginning to ask myself if it may not prove too late."

"Been waiting while you made the money?" asked the mate; "and now coming back for the lass to help you spend it?"

"That's it," was the reply. "I asked her to wait five years for me, and it is nearer six. But I could not get back until I could find a man to take care of the plantation, so, you see, she may have thought that I wasn't true to her; or, more likely, she has settled in her mind — God bless her!—that I am dead and gone."

"You might have written to say you wasn't," suggested his companion.

"Some folks can't write and some can't read,



you know," answered the other, and he turned away as if the indifference of his interlocutor only served to augment his own impatience.

William Gryffid had the sort of presentiment which comes to many of us when we are near the attainment of some long-desired object. Hope deferred may make the heart sick, but a greater faintness comes to it at the moment when its aspirations seem near their fulfillment.

From being journeyman to another, he had grown to become his own master, and, with the rich bounty of a virgin soil, his plantation yielded him harvests a hundred-fold more than he could expect. Grain, cotton, tobacco, all came as he worked for it. Thus, in the half-dozen years of his absence he had become a well-to-do man, and he had a fair expectation of seeing himself, in due time, a wealthy one; but still there crept into his thoughts the doubt that his happiness was not so sure as he had been considering it.

He had saved the clothes he had on when he left home to wear them upon his return, and he had promised himself the amusement, as he saw his prosperity growing, of keeping his success a secret until the delay in announcing it should make it a surprise.

Jaen Holbeck had given up work. Old Jesse Holbeck had grown weaker in the last six years. As regarded his mind, it could not have been more feeble than it was. So Jaen lived upon her old love, and found her solace in making the best of things. As she looked through the little casement-windows of her room she noticed that much of the sea-fog had lifted, and was being carried along by the wind-tempest that was ensuing. was a portent of that part of the coast, too frequent of occurrence, at the time of year, for its meaning to be misunderstood. With her one thought—that Willie might be at any time returning to her -- came her fear that the ship bringing him home might be caught in the very storm that was then imminent. She drew her shawl over her head and went out to watch the angry waves, which were beginning to lash themselves into the raging foam which gives them, in the darkness of the night, the aspect of some monster gnashing its teeth at some unseen enemy.

Be it mentioned that all the grown-up populace of Penforvey were soon spectators of a sea whose dangers were appreciated by them.

"It will be a bad night," she said, as a woman walked past her, speaking for the sake of hearing a woman's voice in reply.

"We've been waiting long enough for a wreck, I think, Jaen Holbeck, and needn't pretend to be so concerned about it."

The woman who answered her was the person who had reviled her a few hours before.

"But if Willie should be nearing his home tonight?" Then she walked away from the wrathful old woman.

Two hours passed, and nothing was seen but angry waves rising as if to defy the dark, sullen clouds. There was a lull in the storm for a second, and in that interval came the sound of a distant cannon. At last an ill-fated vessel was nearing the cruel coast—the crueler people!

Round toward the west the beach was easy of access from the shore, and here women congregated as of yore. There was a cry at this moment —was it in protest or approval?—as people saw a man's form upon the Petrel. A minute more, and the flax blazed up to heaven, showing below the greedy faces that were waiting, and casting upon the uneven surface of the Petrel the shadow of Ruth's desperate husband, who had waded through the shallow water and climbed once more the pillar of death.

Hour succeeded hour. The booming of the minute-gun was heard no more, but yet no flot-sam and jetsam rewarded the patient cruelty of the Penforvey villagers.

At last a black object came within sight of the women watching by the west. How they struggled for it! But while the strong women dragged each other away, old Ruth snatched it from the wave and hastily bore it home, for she felt a wallet in the pocket.

Nothing more came from the sea during the night. That time Neptune had tribute from the land instead of paying it.

No one thought of Gryffid, who had strained his strength to climb the cliff, and had lighted the beacon for the last time. The old man had attempted to descend, but the broken rock was slippery with the water and sea-weed, whilst his force had fled with the accomplishment of his purpose, and he had fallen from the altar where he had offered human sacrifices to Baal, and had been carried away out to the sea which was the home of shipwreck and of death.

In his cottage that night his old wife knelt upon the floor, where she had sunk to scrutinize the value of her "find."

The opened pocket-book contained a lock of Jaen's hair, but that passed without recognition. Not so an old silver brooch the mother had given to Willie years before, and which now came back to her.

There she knelt the night through, taking no heed of anything. No one took heed of her. In the morning, when people went to the cottage, they found her dead, and thus Jaen heard what seemed a confirmation of her oft-repeated forebodings (experienced for the last time on the previous night) that her lover would be wrecked as he returned home.

This was to be the end of her waiting, she thought. It was almost so, but not in the sense in which she imagined it. Scarcely a week had elapsed since the night of the storm when she found herself in the arms of the lover whom she believed to be dead.

"Oh, Willie!" she exclaimed, "I thought you were drowned. Your coat with your pocketbook---"

"Was washed out of the cabin through a window smashed by the waves. The schooner would have been wrecked upon the old rock, but I recognized the beacon, and warned the skipper from it. And now, Jaen, I have come to

and then William Gryffid and his wife sailed for Chesapeake Bay. The wealthy descendants of the happy couple do not suspect that their ancestors were wreckers, nor did Willie ever hear of his father's last ascent of the Petrel.

An Oriental poet might find a congenial theme in the illumination for the first time by the electric light of the famous Taj - Mahal in Agra. The Taj-Mahal, as all who know anything of Indian history are aware,

is the splendid sepulchre of white marble, adorned with the choicest of mosaics, which was erected at a cost of nearly \$5,000,000 by the Emperor Shah Jehan for his beloved wife Noor Jehan, also called "Light of the Empire." It stands on a vast quadrangular inclosure, and forms a square building of great beauty. One light of immense power placed in the great bulbous centre dome, and four lesser lights on the surrounding minarets, gave a brilliant appearance to the whole structure, and cast a soft radiance far and wide over the crescent-shaped city. Here is an effect which even Madame de Stael's famous figure of "frozen music" would fall short of describing.

WOMEN WEARERS OF MEN'S CLOTHES.

WHEN exactly women and men exchanged clothing does not appear on the pages of history; but it is somewhat curious that while in the East the fair sex wear trousers, and men long robes, in the West the custom is reversedmen wear the loose trousers or close-fitting pantaloons, and women the loose robes, often expanded by sundry and various contrivances to an inconvenient and dangerous extent. Habits and ideas have become fixed, and the assumption by the

> female sex of the garments now usually worn by the other excites reprobation and condemnation. It is a shocking disregard of modesty in the eyes of most people, and is even prohibited by

law in many places, so that a policeman will see unmoved a streetbrawl or noisy drunkard, but will arrest a girl who, in sport, has attired herself in her brother's clothes. Yet women are pleading for reform in matter of dress, admitting their own to be cumbersome, unhealthy and inconvenient. For the multitudes of women who work all day near fires and hot stoves in kitchens. or are employed in factories, the long. fluttering skirts



EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF JEANNE D'ARC, PARIS.

are a constant source of danger, and shortened as are the skirts of young girls, they do not always escape with life from the bonfires kindled by their brothers. Necessity sometimes compels women to adopt almost completely the same garb as the men. Kalmuck women, save in the ornate and complex arrangement of the hair, when riding or engaged in field work, dress exactly like the men. The Jewish women of Tunis and Algiers wear a dress which is a kind of medium, but dispenses entirely with the long skirts. The Alpine women, accustomed and compelled to climb and descend, often with heavy burdens, wear habitually loose trousers, for skirts would be a constant peril. In the mountain parts of South America, women in riding adopt male attire, as they now do generally among us, though the fearfully dangerous skirt is retained. The English women who work in the mines are similarly attired. In India there are tribes like the Kulus whose attire is of this description. In more civilized lands and circles there are cases where no vulgar desire for notoriety has been a motive. Rosa Bonheur had to go to fairs to make studies

ing below the calf, and a Zouave jacket over a loose shirt, of the Garibaldi fashion, in gray cashmere. The fashion of her woman's raiment seldom changes. Her hair is cropped, but not to the skull. This tidy, decent dress accords with the rustic, sunburnt face of Rosa—a face that tells of constant mental tension, keen, searching perception, hardness of head, and straightforward simplicity. Sarah Bernhardt's mannish garments in her studio are a part of her play-acting and self-



SABAH BERNHABDT AS "JEANNE D'ARC."

for her cattle, and to wander afield unaccompanied. Hence her choice of the French laborer's blue smock, cap and trousers. They protected by keeping her sex out of the sight and mind of the rough men with whom she fell in, saved her from being draggled, and relieved her of the wearisome task of trundling up skirts when she had to carry painting implements. I never beheld the gifted woman in a male peasant's suit, but have seen her in a plain skirt, fall-

advertising. It may be that she is aware she never looked so charming as years ago in the part of an Italian boy—a vagrant musician. The simplicity of masculine clothes—made in black velvet, and, on the whole, effeminate—must be a pleasant change after the clinging draperies, with the weighty trains and box-plaitings, which make her rustle like a snake in fallen Autumn leaves when she advances on the stage. I never knew an elderly lady, however "emancipated," who

wore masculine attire. In general, those who don it know that it becomes them, and are of an age to make conquests.

There have been occasions in which it was not only convenient but decent for women to wear men's clothes. The great ones that occur to me were Joan of Arc; Grisel Cochrane, when, pistol in hand, she intercepted a king's messenger on a Scotch moor, who was taking to Edinburgh a warrant to execute her father; the Duchess Mazarin (Hortense Mancini) in her attempts to escape from the tyranny of a half-demented husband; her sister Olympia, Constabless of Colonna (in a similar case); the Chevalier, or, rather, the Chevalière d'Eon; George Sand and Mme. Dieulafoy. Save the two Mancini sisters, all those women cast aside the garb of their sex because it was, circumstanced as they were, a hindrance to higher life. And the two nieces of Cardinal Mazarin, if they had not disguised themselves as French gentlemen, Paduan students, Neapolitan fisher-boys, would have been relegated to convents in nowise differing from prisons. The rough adventures through which they passed, and the hardships to which they exposed themselves, renewed their youth, and kept them lovely far beyond middle age. They toiled in a felucca as sailors from Naples to Marseilles, faced storms, hung out all sail to escape from Algerian pirates, and were so browned by sun, sea-air and work, that the officers of the Roman Inquisition who boarded the craft to capture them did not know them, although they took them down to the hold. The Duchess Mazarin rode from Plymouth to London dressed as a man. She and Nell Gwynn, as Florimel in "The Maiden Queen," brought men's clothes into fashion at the Court of Whitehall. But in the seventeenth century masculine clothing was as sumptuous and ornate as that of the fine ladies. George Sand dressed in paletot and trousers for cheapness' sake. She had to be, when she ran away from her husband, her own laundress, and soon got sick of washing, clearstarching and ironing the white cotton and muslin petticoats then obligatory on bourgeoise women. The paletot also opened to her the pit of the Français, to which part of that theatre she could alone afford to go. It is reserved by the State for men supposed to be students. The artistic nutriment and stimulant George there found had an effect on her literary work. Her mother and aunt, both vivandières in the Italian army of Bonaparte, used in childhood to go dressed as boys on bird-catching expeditions with their father. He was by trade a bird-fancier.

Joan of Arc was the greatest of all the women who dressed in men's clothing. She never thought of dressing as a man until persuaded that she had man's work to do. It was easier in the rough and roadless fourteenth century to amble from Lorraine to Touraine in a masculine garb, and more decent, inasmuch as all her companions were men-at-arms. In prison she clung to her military habiliments, because they were a sort o protection from the brutality of her warders. Let us hear what she said about them in her cross-examination at Rouen, in which her truth, good sense and simplicity confounded her persecutors.

"Why did you wear men's clothes, Joan?" "Going with soldiers, I was moved to dress like them." "But why go with soldiers?" "To do the work for which I was born." "If you were a modest girl you must have shrunk from riding about with men?" "I journeyed with rude men, I know; but I was sure that God who sent me would journey with me too." "You fancy yourself in a state of grace, when you are clearly in a state of damnation." "Why in a state of damnation?" "Because you are in men's clothing. Listen to what God says by the mouth of Moses in Deuteronomy: 'A woman shall not wear the garments of a man, neither a man the garments of a woman. To do so is an abomination in the sight of God.' A Holy Council also says: 'If a woman puts away the clothing of her sex to wear men's raiment she is accursed." "I always thought clothes a small matter in the sight of God." "Not so; you defile yourself." "But how can the habit soil the soul?" "Was it at the Sire de Baudricourt's bidding that you put on men's clothes?" "At nobody's bidding but my own." "For what reason?" "It was natural, the saints having told me to do men's work, that I should wear men's clothes." "Did God order you?" "I never had an order straight from God, but I knew I did His will, and expected of Him help and encouragement." "Did you communicate dressed as a man?" "Yes; but I first laid down my arms." "Do you ever mean to lay aside your present garb?" "It's not in my power to say," "You ought in this blessed season to resume woman's attire." "Well, give it me and let me free." "No; you must stay in prison." "If I'm to stay in the hands of soldiers I'd rather remain as I am." "But if by so doing you disqualify yourself from hearing Mass?" "Our Lord can enable me to hear it, whether you will or not." "Joan, hearken to me-Easter draws nigh: unless you change your raiment you will be forbidden to approach the Holy Table." "What! on the glorious day of hallelujahs am I to be shut out from the communion of the faithful? Well, I yield, if you give me a long robe-one that will touch the ground." "Then you won't dress again as a man." "Wanting to please God, and to be admitted to the Holy Table, I shall not henceforth wear men's clothes." "Joan, you're in the way of perdition, and must

end badly." "I beseech you, my lords of the Church, to give me at my death a woman's chemise." "What sort of one?" "Any sort, if it's long enough to cover my feet." "Once for all, do you admit yourself defiled?" "I'd rather be martyred at once than revoke our Lord's command made to me by the saints. He gave me men's work to do, and so He purified the clothes I had to wear."

The Princess Marie d'Orléans, in her statue of Joan of Arc, rather toned down into a sort of Figlia del Reggimento costume the armor and surcoat about which the Casuists who tried Joan The true copy of what she made so much ado. wore is in the equestrian statue of the Place des Pyramides, Rue de Rivoli. Nor could Joan have been the girl of soft, pensive visage which the Princess Marie's Versailles statue makes her out. Old documents brought to light since Louis Philippe's accomplished daughter worked as an artist, under Ary Scheffer and Baron Marochetti, show that Joan was tall, finely built, very dark, of a rustic countenance full of life and purpose. and soft of speech, and choice and appropriate in her diction. She was very particular about the quality and make of her cavalier habiliments, and the sword which she ever kept sheathed was of great beauty. To be certain not to use it, she was her own standard-bearer. Acting on a revelation of St. Catherine, she had disinterred it at the foot of the high altar in a church dedicated to that saint. Soul-beauty must have beamed out splendidly through Joan's dark eyes and rustic The common people thought when they looked upon her that angels and other good spirits fluttered as butterflies around her head, and made it seem invested in a glorious halo.

Mme. Dieulatoy has mind, beauty, charm and piquancy. I fancy she looks better in her dapper suit than she could in the raiment she has discarded. Not that she attempts to bring out the rounded hips and full gorge of her sex, her paletot being loose and long. One sees the tiny woman in the feet and ankles, the hands and wrists, the pretty throat and the small ears. light-brown hair is cut as close as the scissors can go. She has a large square forehead, blue eyes shot with hazel, and a fresh complexion. crow's feet and lines proclaim the thirty-six years to which she owns. What are peculiarly charming in her are her smile, her diction, and her pretty way of showing volition strong as steel. She is beautifully neat, and her cuffs, collars and cravats are irreproachable. Nothing could be more Frenchwomanly than the thoroughness with which she carries out the fiction of an incognita which is no disguise. It is delightful to see the little woman, hat in hand, talking to a lady. Ι could not say to her, "Couvrez vous, madame, je

vous en prie," and it was impossible to treat her as a monsieur. She was presented to the Shah. at Teheran, in the suit. He at first objected, but got over his feeling when it was explained by her husband that she could never have got through her work at Shushan dressed as a woman. There is no alloy of "brass" in this enterprising resurrectionist of old Asiatic palaces fallen into the earth-mound state. Her spirit is an irrepressible one. General Sir Robert Murdoch Smith, who knew her when she was engaged in her Persian mission, and saw her at her work, says that no difficulty, no fever, no discouragement weakened her brave heart or daunted her. Mme. Dieulafov was brought up with Puritan severity, and was never at a dancing party until she was married. Her first assumption of the pantaloons was when she was a bride, and to follow her husband through the campaign of the war. After having enjoyed wearing clothes that did not hamper movement, she could never bear again the pressure of stays and the clinging of draggled skirts. Her home is full of pleasant riches, commodious and handsome, each room being quite a subject for a picture. But it has lost zest since she was in Persia, and she pines for the unconventional life, intense interests and absorbing work which she led at Shushan.

PHARAOH'S CATS.

THE sale of the cargo of mummified cats in Liverpool appears to have been productive of a good deal of merriment; but the prices realized by these curious relics of animal life in Egypt some time before the exodus of the Israelites were sufficient to show that this eminently speculative consignment has proved entirely successful. In such a case there could be no possible data for even an approximate valuation, save perhaps with the undistinguishable mass of fragments which were disposed of at about £3 13s. 9d. per ton to be ground down into manure. It was the single cats' heads that furnished the chief element of uncertainty; but the practical test of the public auction-room speedily showed that mummified cats' heads of the period of the Pharaohs rule in English markets from 1s. 3d. to 5s., though it was hinted in the auctioneer's rostrum that some curious specimens, though secured at these prices, would probably be sold again to museums for £3 or £4. It was the first cat's head that went for the feeble fifteen pence, probably because the curiosity-mongers had not warmed to their work. This was stated to have formed a portion of "a beautiful Tom." Another, declared to be "a perfect study of a sweet face," was knocked down for 3s. 3d. The hindquarters of a cat with two hind feet attached

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were more briskly competed for amidst cries of "Handle that cat gently!" from two gentlemen described as "evidently scientists." Possibly the "scientists" represented Professor Conway, who has written a paper about the mummified cats, and will now probably have a better opportunity of determining what light they throw upon Egyptian history and the evolution of the most familiar of all our domestic animals.

FRENCH-ENGLISH.

Voltaire was fond of asserting that he was the first Frenchman who made England and English literature known to France. Unless one insists on absolutely literal accuracy—and when an author is speaking of his own merits it is vain to expect this—Voltaire's boast may very well be allowed to pass. The famous Frenchman had spent nearly three years of the prime of his life in England; he had formed friendships with all the prominent Englishmen of the day, Bolingbroke. Pope and Swift among them; he had studied the English language and English literature with indefatigable attention; he had actually published in London a still not uninteresting little book written in the English language; and in a series

of brightly composed letters he had revealed to his own fellow-countrymen the new English world which he had thus discovered for himself. extraordinary number of the most distinguished Frenchmen of the eighteenth century followed Voltaire in visiting England, and as one of the smaller results of this closer intimacy between the two countries, a very considerable number of English words began to find their way into the French vocabulary. This number was largely increased after the battle of Waterloo, when French aristocrats and other émigrés who had passed their years of exile in England returned to France, and took back English words with them. The introduction into France of something which had at least the show of constitutional government made a further opening for such English words as bill, budget, pamphlet, meeting, jury, verdict. The English railway movement contributed to the French language the words coke, rail, wagon, tender, ballast, express, tunnel. Sport, too, supplied a very considerable number. Sometimes the English origin of the word was very thinly concealed by a slight disguise, so that we are all familiar with "bouledogue," for bull-dog, "redingote" for riding-coat. and "boulingrin" for bowling-green. French

writers of the present day carry this process very far indeed. One can hardly take up a modern French novel without lighting on such words as "spleenétique," "flairtage," "lynchage," "snobisme," "blackboulage," "clownique"; while the number of such infinitives as "shopper," "yachter," "toaster," "interviewer," is simply endless. But the way in which the modern French writer rushes into a bold and profuse employment of English words without any French disguise at all -and, of course, usually in a ludicrously incorrect way—is really not very far removed from a mild form of literary mania.

"Inglis is spike hier." So runs, or used to run, in some hostelry in the Pas de Calais, a friendly greeting intended for the delight and information of the wandering English-



WOMEN WEARERS OF MEN'S CLOTHES. - JEWESSES OF TUNIS. - SEE PAGE 696.

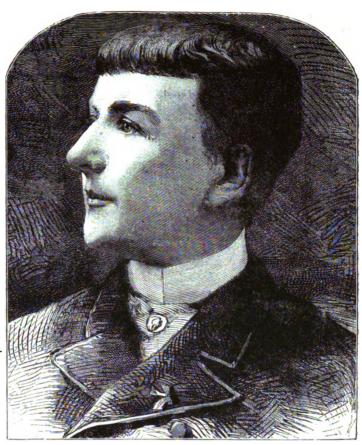
man. Really, on the title-page of nine out of ten of French novels of the day the author should give his English readers a similarly honest warning, by telling them that "Inglis is write hier." us see the "Inglis" as the Frenchman writes it for us.

He is generally very great, indeed, in all matters connected with sport. Among the commonest of all common words in French books nowadays are "sport," "jockey," "groom"; and we are all familiar with "le boxe," if "sportique" and "turfistes" are not of quite such frequent occur-The French novelist knows all about the doings of the English "sportman" and "sportwoman," and when the English national game comes in his way he can tell you that among "le criketers" the two most important characters are the "batman" and the "bowlman." He is charmed when he contemplates a young "mees," a young English "sportwoman," playing at "lawn-tenni," or, as he sometimes calls it, "un lawn-tennis." To the Englishman, on the other hand, what can

be more delightful than to behold a whole company of cheerful Frenchmen and Frenchwomen abandoning themselves to the irresistible fascinations of a "rallye-paper"? M. Georges Ohnet, he of the "Maître de Forges," and of the numberless editions, revels in "rallye-papers." Hardened garrison-officers, equestrian ladies, dukes on their mail-coaches, young men in their "bogheys," and the inevitable huntsman with his horn and hunting-knife and "knicker - bockers"—"knickerboots" they sometimes are—follow up this sport with intense enthusiasm, and celebrate its conclusion by a "gigantesque lunch."

The "rallye-paper" is the French version of the sport which is dear to English school-boys as a paper-chase! French readers refuse to be wearied with descriptions of the noble game, till in the current French novel the "rallye-paper" is as great a nuisance as in the average English novel is the mad bull-which, if you only knew, is really an exceedingly tame and gentle animal, full of nothing but a pleasant playfulness—from which it is always the hero's duty to rescue the heroine.

In a story which very lately appeared in the Revue des Deux Mondes one of the characters is a Scotch baronet who invites some French friends serve the French writer's performances when the



MME. DIEULAFOY.

to his moors to shoot "grouses." In another we are informed that a French gentleman proposed to organize "des steeple" in the neighborhood of his country house. "Steeple" is of course the French-English for "steeple-chases." Doubtless the races in all these "steeple" were won by what another well-known French novelist, M. Henry Rabusson, oddly enough, calls "hucks de pur sang." A thoroughbred hack!

With English sport on water the Frenchman is equally familiar. He knows all about the English "rowigmen": all about the English "milord's" yacht, with its comfortable "births" and its crew of eight or ten vigorous "jacks tar" - descendants of the men who in the old days manned our "woodens bulwarks"; all about our "crui-sing," the "squifs" in which we row and the "warfs" at which we land. The French writer who knows England so well as the man of letters who chooses to call himself M. Philippe Daryl actually speaks about "the crew which gained the prize at the great regatta between Oxford and Cambridge." Surely M. Daryl might know that all this is what his French compatriots indifferently call "hum bog" or "humbugh."

Let us pass from the world of sport, and ob-

English world of letters is his theme. We read of such authors as Dean "Swifft" and Charles 'Kinsley," such characters as "Peckniff," such English literary masterpieces as the "Vicaire of Wackefield" and the "Bidge of Sighs." It is delightful to hear our Frenchman talking complacently of Mr. William Morris's poem, "The Earthen Paradise." Of course he can speak fluently of Darwin and the "struggle for liffe." M. Daudet, in his latest novel, "L'Immortel," has wonderfully good times with this famous Ambitious men, anxious to push their way to the front in the world, are by M. Daudet denominated "strugforlifeurs." After this, it seems tame to be reminded by another French novelist that among the "go head" people of the United States, where the women are in large excess of the men, the "strugforlife" assumes the form of a "struggle for vedding." (In the Mormon section, to be sure, this struggle is in abevance, for here we are in the region of "spiritual's husband "and "spiritual's wifes.") Returning to literature, it is refreshing to learn that Sir Walter Scott wrote a novel entitled "The Hearth of Midlotian." A no less personage than a French count, who in 1887 published a volume under the style of "L'Écosse jadis et aujourd'hui," has a chapter on Scott in which, among other oddities. we read of "Dande Dinmont" and find the following pleasant quotations:

> —"And far beneath Old Melros rose, and fair Tweed ran: Like some tall rock with lichens gray Seen'd dimly nuge, the dark abbey.

"The corbells were cared grotesque and grim;
And the pillars, with cluster'd shafts to trim;
With base and with capital flourish's around."

The same enthusiast is also on familiar terms with the Ettrick Shepherd. Can he not quote from Hogg?

"The noble clan Stuart, the bravest of ale."

The native country of Scott and Hogg, the land of "Salisbury Craigs," the "Tolboath" Prison, and the "Banatym" Club, the country whose native "Hi-ghlanders" wear the "kelt" and eat "very yood herreng," fares badly at the hands of the distinguished Mme. Adam. Skobeleff once spent an evening with the two famous war correspondents, Forbes and MacGahan, singing songs for their amusement in French, German, Russian and Italian. Remembering the nationality of one of his guests, he concluded with something Scotch, and this, as Mme. Adam tells us in her pamphlet on Skobeleff, was "Aug Lang Sygne."

The Revue des Deux Mondes very recently contained a critical estimate of Mr. Lecky's histor-

ical writings. What, according to the French critic, are the titles of Mr. Lecky's books? "The Leaders of the Irish Opinion," "History of the Rise and Influence of the Rationalism," and "History of the European Morals." Just imagine a prominent English writer criticising, say in the Nineteenth Century, the works of one of the most distinguished contemporary men of letters in France, and yet absolutely ignorant of the use of the French definite article! Another English title-page has also recently gone wrong. Le Siècle, referring to the late Richard Jefferies. and informing us in passing that he was born in "the Weltshire," places among his works one which it speaks of as Le Patron de Jeu chez-lui. To turn the Gamekeeper at Home into the Gaming-house Keeper at Home is hard on an author.

A French dramatic critic recently burst out with enthusiasm: "Who does not know 'The Midnight' of Shakespeare?" This was the "Midsummer-night's Dream" of the divine William's.

EXPLORING THE HOLY LAND.

THE recent quarterly statement of the Palestine Exploration Fund, although it does not record any extraordinary discovery, yet describes much interesting work that is in progress. Two cisterns have been found near the Damascus Gate of Jerusalem, the smaller of which would contain about 3,000 skins of water. "It is entirely hewn in the rock, and before it was made into a cistern was rock-cut Jewish tombs. In the rock ceiling is a square 13 feet by 13 feet, very nicely worked, with a cornice round it exactly as in the tombs of the Kings." By the excavations made on the eastern brow of Zion, it has been found that there were in ancient times caves and dwellings excavated in the rock, which in later times were converted into cisterns. Herr Schick describes a church which has been discovered in the village of Silwan, which has been hewn in the rock, and which contains a Greek inscription in which the name of the Prophet Isaiah is mentioned. Herr Schick thinks it probable that Isaiah's tomb may be under this chapel, and hopes by further digging to find an entrance to the cave, which is under the rocky court, and is at present full of earth. and to discover rock-cut tombs. He thinks that the rock-cut chambers of the church were Jewish tombs before the Christian era, and that afterward they were converted into chapels by the Christians.

A ROMANCE OF TENNYSON'S.

What will be the sensations of Lord Tennyson when he learns that a Nottingham clergyman has unearthed a little romance of his early days, we

cannot surmise. He certainly showed his indignation at the sale of his autograph poems, a little time ago, and maybe not less annoyed at being confronted by a short poem, addressed to a young lady named Bradshaw, which certainly has a Tennysonian ring about it. Here is the poem:

"Because she bore the iron name
Of him who doomed his King to die,
I deemed her one of harsher frame,
And looks that awe the passer-by;
But found a maiden, tender, shy,
With fair blue eyes and passing sweet,
And longed to kiss her hands, and lie
A thousand Summers at her feet."

This clergyman, whose name is the Rev. Charles Yeld, also tells a story, said to have been derived from the Bradshaw family, of a pretty speech made by the young poet to the same young lady. One day, while Mr. Tennyson was out driving with Miss Bradshaw, her mother, and three other ladies, some one asked the time. On this Tennyson took out his watch. Whereupon Miss Bradshaw leaned over a little, and her worshiper exclaimed, "Don't!" "Why, am I not to look?" asked the young lady, to which Tennyson replied, "No; it would stop to look at you."

BULWER AND THALBERG.

This gay little incident is related by Frau Amalia Ernst in the Parisian Voltaire: "Thalberg, the great piano virtuoso, who was just making a concert tour in England, wrote to my husband, while we were at Bath in Bulwer's company, that he would make use of the next spare Sunday to have a chat with us again, and that it would please him very much at this opportunity to be introduced to Sir Lytton, whose talent he My husband hurried to admired exceedingly. communicate this good news to Bulwer, but his astonishment was great when he found the novelist was ignorant of the existence of Thalberg. He earnestly asked who this Thalberg was, and Ernst, who was always a joker, assured him that Thalberg was one of the most celebrated jugglers on the Continent. 'Then let him come quickly!' called out Bulwer, who possessed a great liking for magicians.

"The unsuspecting Thalberg was introduced to the statesman and poet at the table. Bulwer invited him to sit beside himself, and greeted him with friendly words. The dinner began with an 'Irish broth,' a kind of national soup, in which mutton chops were swimming. Doubtless Thalberg had never seen an 'Irish broth,' for he turned to Ernst with these words: 'Just see his absent-mindedness; Sir Lytton does not notice that some one let cutlets fall into the soup.

Do call his attention to it! But Ernst only answered with a shake of his head, and Thalberg said to Bulwer: 'My lord, do you see these cutlets?' He could speak no further, for Bulwer interrupted him with a sly smile: 'I know what you want to say, sir; you simply want to juggle with them. Just try it; I have my eyes open. I am not so easily made believe.'

"In fact, during the whole dinner Bulwer was anxiously watching to hinder the jugglery about which the unsuspecting Thalberg had not the faintest idea. For the roast he handed the salt to Bulwer, who decliningly said: 'Do not give yourself useless trouble, my good fellow. You want to reach me the salt, which most likely has turned into sugar in your hand, and the pepper most likely has become ground stone. Besides, I have seen that done in Paris. Eat your dinner quietly, and let me eat, too.'

"Thalberg finally tried to turn the conversation to more serious subjects, but he did not get any further than a lengthy report from Bulwer of Bosco's magic tricks. After the dessert we could scarcely suppress laughter when Sir Lytton grasped Thalberg's arms and examined inquisitively the broad sleeves of his dress-coat. Thalberg called to my husband, in German: 'To the mischief!—does our host think I have pocketed the silver spoons?'

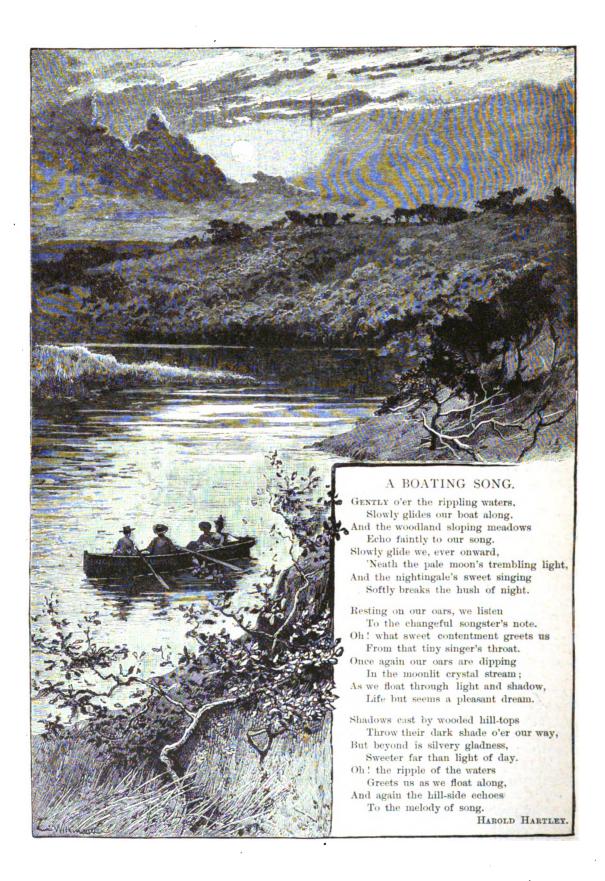
"After dinner we retired to the brilliantly lighted parlor. Thalberg and Lytton walked up and down with long steps. Suddenly the latter let his handkerchief fall. The virtuoso stooped and wanted to return it, but Bulwer pushed Thalberg's hand back, and continued his promenade in the salon.

"Thalberg came to me with the handkerchief, saying: 'Friend, Sir Lytton dropped his handkerchief, and I picked it up; but he does not understand it is his, and will not accept it. What shall I do with it?"

"Speak more loudly to him. You know he is a little deaf,' I answered.

"Thalberg approached Bulwer and screamed into his cars: 'Sir Edward, it is your handkerchief.' But Bulwer, who did not like notice to be taken of his deafness, said, roughly: 'Do not bother me; I will not touch the handkerchief; I know there is a rabbit in it.'

"Thalberg stood still, his mouth open in astonishment. He must have taken Bulwer to be crazy. Even later, when the virtuoso coaxed the most rapturous melodies from the piano, Bulwer took it as a performance of jugglery, and separated from Thalberg without learning the truth. As Thalberg did not see him again, Bulwer never learned that it was for him alone that Thalberg appeared as a juggler who accidentally could play the piano also."





HERON'S WIFE.

BY ETTA W. PIERCE.

CHAPTER XXVI .- (CONTINUED).

HERON and Vivian were now mounting a hill, fringed by close thickets. It was too dark to discern anything clearly, and neither of the friends could have told from what quarter the sound proceeded; but simultaneous with Heron's last word, a startling crack! crack!—whiz! broke the peaceful silence. One bullet grazed the speaker's cheek—another pierced the crown of Vivian's hat. Both men stopped short in the road.

"Some drunken striker, probably," said Vivian. Heron did not answer. A small white object was gleaming in the dust of the road, almost under his horse's feet. He leaped down, and picked it up.

"By Jove! a lady's handkerchief!" he announced, feeling it carefully over; then he drew off his glove, and wiped something wet from his cheek.

"If the aim of our friend had been a trifle better, Vivian, or the darkness less baffling——"

"The wife you wedded at noon might be a widow to-night," added Vivian, very gravely.

Heron drew a heavy breath.

"And an easy way, too, out of all my difficulties," he muttered. "That bullet, rightly directed, would have cut a Gordian knot."

They rode on up the hill to Heroncroft, and dismounted at the stable-door.

"What a day!" exclaimed Keron. "I feel as though I had lived a century since morning."

By the light of the stable-lantern he examined the handkerchief which he had found on the hill. It was a square of finest fabric, with a border of black, and the letter S delicately embroidered in one corner.

"Bravo!" said Heron; "we are getting on! I will send this pretty mouchoir to Mrs. Steele tomorrow, with my compliments. I wonder if she understands the use of a revolver—she is certainly a woman of nerve. Don't look so grave, Vivian—you must not be surprised now at anything which happens at Black River. Come, it is ten by the clock, dear boy, and we have not yet

dined." They entered the house. Mrs. Blake met them in the hall.

"All your wife's belongings have been sent over from Wolfsden, sir," she said to Heron; "Martin brought them."

"Good!" he answered. "I hope you have tried to make Mrs. Heron comfortable."

"I've given her the best guest-chamber, sir, and put the whole house, and everything in it, at her command. She asked me to leave her to herself—she doesn't wish to see any one tonight."

He nodded, and sat down with Vivian to the long-delayed dinner. Both were thoroughly fatigued. They talked but little, and in low voices. Above-stairs, Judge Ferrers was lying in the awful silence and dignity of death, and Hazel, the bride of a few hours, was there also, nursing doubtless, her bitterness and despair. House of marriage — house of death! Very sombre and lonely it seemed.

After the meal, Vivian went away to write letters, and Heron stepped out into the hall, and on to a deep fire-place, where pine-wood was laid. He lighted the dry logs, and with a weary sightfell into a chair before the red, leaping blaze.

By this time his message had reached Sir Griffin. Heron smiled grimly, as he stared down at the roaring fire. He was miserable enough, Heaven knew, but he instinctively felt that his own condition was bliss indeed compared with the state of mind in which the baronet must now find himself. If he did not blow his brains out at once, it would be because he knew enough of the height and depth of Hazel's love to count upon her prompt forgiveness. And just then the moody watcher heard a sudden, soft rustle and looking quickly up, he saw Hazel herself moving toward him down the shallow oak stair.

She descended slowly—she seemed a little bewildered with the new, strange place in which she found herself. Her exquisite face was very pale—the dusky hair, full of auburn lights,

waved back from it in lustrous disorder. Heron started to his feet, holding his very breath.

At the movement, the pale bride paused, and with one hand on the railing of the stair, gazed down into the old-fashioned hall, at the chair by the fire and that solitary man, who stood staring up at her in helpless fascination.

"Is Jael found?" she asked, in a distant but

studiously composed voice.

"No," answered Heron.

"Have you news of her?"

"No "- unsteadily.

"Poor Jael!"—in a thoughtful tone. "She tried hard to be friendly with me, but I was always afraid of her. Mr. Heron, I fear you have taken great trouble to establish my innocence. I ought to thank you—of course, I do thank you," rather wearily.

He had expected nothing half as kind. Her lovely, colorless face was like a star, bending to him from the abyss of night. He started toward her.

"Hazel!" he cried, vehemently, "I want no thanks—to serve you is reward enough; but show me a little—a very little mercy! We are in no end of a fix. Stop a moment, and let us reason together."

Heron's voice betrayed the passion that raged within him. Hazel shrank in sudden fear and aversion.

"Don't touch me, Francis Heron!" she shuddered, putting out her hands to repel his advance. "Don't come a step nearer! I cannot talk—I cannot reason—at least, not now. The sight of you sickens—yes, kills me!"

She turned, and was gone in an instant up the stair. Heron, staggering, as if he had received a blow, went back to his solitary chair, and looked again into the mocking, leaping fire.

CHAPTER XXVII.

HAZEL.

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

Three days later, the family tomb of the Ferrers, on a slope at Mount Auburn, opened to receive a new tenant; and the old judge was laid in its gloom and silence with all the pomp befitting his name and fame.

Graham Vivian was there, solemnly conducting the last rites. Francis Heron and his wife were there, chief mourners at the burial—both preserving a strict propriety of demeanor, an admirable calmness of look and manner. In the crowd of people who had gathered to pay their last tribute to the departed, nearly every one by this time knew something of Hazel's story; and many were the curious glances cast at the granddaughter whom Judge Ferrers had acknowledged only

on his death-bed, and then solely through the influence of Francis Heron.

The ceremony over, Heron took his wife's passive hand.

"Come," he whispered, and assisted her into the carriage. Under the stately Cambridge elms they went back to the city and the Commonwealth Avenue house. During the ride, husband and wife sat like graven images in opposite corners of the vehicle. Speech there was none. The two seemed to have absolutely nothing to say to each other—they had had nothing to say for the last three dismal days.

It was twilight when they reached the great house, over the wealth and splendor of which Hazel was now undisputed mistress. In a drawing-room, sumptuous with fine-grained rose-wood and draperies of gold brocade, Graham Vivian came to take formal leave of Heron's young wife.

From a massive chair of gilded wood-work, like a throne, she arose to meet him. Some wax-lights, in a tall candelabrum of wrought silver, shed a soft lustre on her girlish, black-draped figure. All about her were rich, subdued colors—carving, mirrors, gleams of costly metals, cabinets enriched with panels of cathedral glass, webs from Oriental looms. And in the midst of her new luxury, Hazel stood,

"An alabaster woman, with fixed brows,"

and held out her small hand to Vivian.

"You return to Black River by the next train?" she said, as she looked wistfully into his friendly face.

"Yes," he answered.

"It is now three days since Jael disappeared, and, as yet, nothing has been heard of her."

"I still believe that she is hiding somewhere in Black River."

"Then, sooner or later, she will appeal to you for help, Mr. Vivian. She must regard you as her best friend, for you were the first person to teach her right and wrong. Oh, I hope," with a little nervous contraction of her smooth brows. "that no bodily harm has come to the poor girl!"

. By the look on his face she saw that she had but expressed his own anxiety.

"Jael has played the part of a heroine," he answered; "and it is possible that the Blackbird: may attempt to visit vengeance upon her. For that very reason I am anxious to remain within reach, should she need my help."

Hazel nodded thoughtfully.

"I feel sure that Jael did not do me evil of her own will," she said; "but at the instigation, perhaps the direct command, of some other party. When she is found, Mr. Vivian, assure her of my full free pardon, and, if you like, send her to me

for safety. I not only forgive her-I will gladly | passive hands that gleamed pearl-like against the take her into my service. Surely her foes could not reach her here?"

"No," answered Vivian. "You are very kind, and Jael will be sure to receive your offer gratefully. Could we but find her, we might win her full confidence, and so induce her to name the parties who have used her as a tool. You—that is-" rather awkwardly, for he felt that he was treading dangerous ground—"You will not return to Black River, Mrs. Heron-I mean, for the present?"

"No," she answered; "but don't forget to keep me informed of all that concerns poor Jael ?"

"I will not forget," he replied, and pressed her hand warmly, and departed to take the evening train for Black River.

Then, from a far end of the room, where he had been quietly waiting, Francis Heron advanced, and stood before his wife.

"I, too, must say good-by," he began. "For three days you have endured my presence—I will now relieve you of it, Hazel. Of course, I understand that you mean to make your future home here; but pardon me-alone?-will you live alone?"

"Why not?" she answered, dryly.

"For one thing, you are very young. It is hardly customary for a girl in her teens to remain without a companion. Have you no female relative, no family connection, who would take you in charge?"

She looked at him defiantly.

"I do not care to be taken in charge by anybody, Mr. Heron. Of course, I have no relatives-you forget that I am the last of the Ferrers race, and about my father's people I know nothing. However, the prospect does not daunt me. It is likely that the friends of Judge Ferrers will in time find me out."

"No doubt of it!" he replied, bitterly. "With your beauty and wealth, you will never lack for friends! I don't wish to appear meddlesome, but I must say again that to live entirely alone with hired servants seems hardly the proper thing for you—at your age, you will be sure to find it no end of a bore."

Her voice grew hard and cold.

"Solitude is better than the society of people that one dislikes, is it not?"

"Undoubtedly! I understand your gibe, Hazel-you have escaped from my house, and the rest does not matter."

She set her lips in mutinous silence. The waxlights shone down on her small head,

"Buoyant, like a bell-flower on its bed,"

and over her black, slender figure, and the lovely,

folds of her mourning-gown. In all the future stretching dismally before him, would Francis Heron be able to blot the picture that she made from his memory? Fain was he to cry:

-" O whitest Galatea, can it be That thou shouldst spurn me off who love thee so?"

What he did say was this:

"When I urged marriage upon you, Hazel, I knew you cared absolutely nothing for me; but, just Heaven! how could I foresee that your indifference would at once take the form of positive hate? Being grossly ignorant of a woman's nature, I was foolish enough to fancy that Sir Griffin Hopewood's worthlessness—his cowardly desertion of you-would give the death-blow to your lovewean you forever from all thought of him."

Still she made no answer. He waited a moment, then went on, in a choked voice:

"You have entered upon a rich inheritance, but you lack one thing, Hazel-your freedomand lacking that, it is possible—no, probable that all these other possessions may become as apples of Sodom to you. If I could by any fair means restore your liberty, break your fetters, God is my witness, I would do so without a thought of myself!"

"Oh, would you?" she queried, faintly.

"Can you doubt it?"

"But there is no way."

"True. Happy or wretched, in the eyes of the law we must remain one while we live."

She glanced around the splendid drawingroom.

"At least, I have some recompense for my bonds, Mr. Heron," she faltered, "and you have none for yours. This seems very unfair, and it troubles me to think of it. I want to offer—yes. to urge upon you one-half of the Ferrers fortune-my grandfather on his death-bed declared that you were not rich. Let there be a fair division of his wealth, and you shall accept as your right an equal portion of everything. This proposition, coming from my lips, does not sound particularly generous"—and she tried to smile—"for you remember that Judge Ferrers was wild to make you his sole heir."

A bright spark leaped into Heron's gray eyes. "Is it possible you think I would touch a dollar of your inheritance?" he answered, scornfully. "If I were starving, I would not!"

Her fair head drooped in a mortified way.

"That is hardly kind!" she replied.

He set his teeth.

"You talk of kindness—you? Well, I do not mean to be discourteous—I simply decline your proposal, Mrs. Heron-with thanks. It is my misfortune that, in trying to serve you, I have

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done you more harm than good. But take courage! I mean to dispose of Heroncroft and the mills immediately, and leave the country with Graham Vivian. You shall have no future occasion to tell me to my face that my presence 'sickens' you. Great Heaven! how flattering to a man's amour propre! I have heard the words ringing in my ears for three days!"

"Did I say that?" murmured Hazel. "It was

rather rude of me."

"Plain, unvarnished truth often seems rude," he replied, in a softer tone. "Like a surgeon's knife, it must hurt before it can cure. You see that your plans and my own are such as to make any future meeting between us highly improbable. Black River, doubtless, will seem to you always like a nightmare dream; but it is, happily, a dream now over and done with forever."

"I shall never remember Black River as a nightmare," she protested, sadly. "I was very happy there. I do not think," with a sigh, "that I can ever be so happy again. Moreover, is not Sergia still at Wolfsden? Her presence would endear any place to me. I miss her sorely—with all my heart I long to see her again, if only for one moment."

Tears gathered in her eyes. She clasped her white hands nervously, unconsciously together. Then, like a child who is anxious to soothe and appease, she turned to Heron and said:

"Let us not quarrel. I am tired of reproaches—under the circumstances they seem worse than useless. What we have done cannot be undone. Shall we not part friends?"

The dark blood mounted to his forchead.

"Friends!" he echoed, in passionate despair; "never! It must be more or nothing! Better your hate, Hazel, than such a miserable, lukewarm thing as friendship. You need not draw away," with a short, mirthless laugh. "I have no thought of making love to you again. I still retain a little self-respect."

She assumed an air of cold dignity.

"Since you refuse my friendship, Mr. Heron, we must, indeed, be as nothing—"

The sentence ended abruptly, for a footman appeared at that moment under the *portière*, and presented a card to the new mistress of the house.

"The gentleman insists upon seeing madam at once," he said.

She glanced at the name and crest on the card, started—grew absolutely colorless.

Heron moved promptly toward the door.

"Let me bid you good-night—" he began; but she arrested him with a gesture.

"Stay!" she said, and then to her servant: "Show the visitor in."

Immediately the portière was again pushed aside, and Sir Griffin Hopewood entered.

He advanced a few steps into the room, then paused irresolutely. Once more Hazel was face to face with her lost lover.

It was a frightful moment. The baronet's ashy pallor—his humble, hesitating air—betokened his deep abasement. He did not seem to see Heron—his eyes were fixed only on the slender figure by the tall chair.

"Hazel!" he cried out, passionately. "Speak to me!"

"How did you find me here?" Those were her first words.

"By means of a paragraph in an evening newspaper, which stated that the heiress and granddaughter of Judge Ferrers—aw—had come from Black River to reside at this house."

Her face was as white as his own. She did not seem inclined to help him with words. He waited a little, then stumbled on:

"My hotel is only a few streets away. When I discovered you were so near—aw—I could not bear this sort of thing longer—by my soul, I could not, Hazel!"

She put one hand on the chair, as if for support.

"I am sorry," she said, and the voice was quite unlike Hazel's.

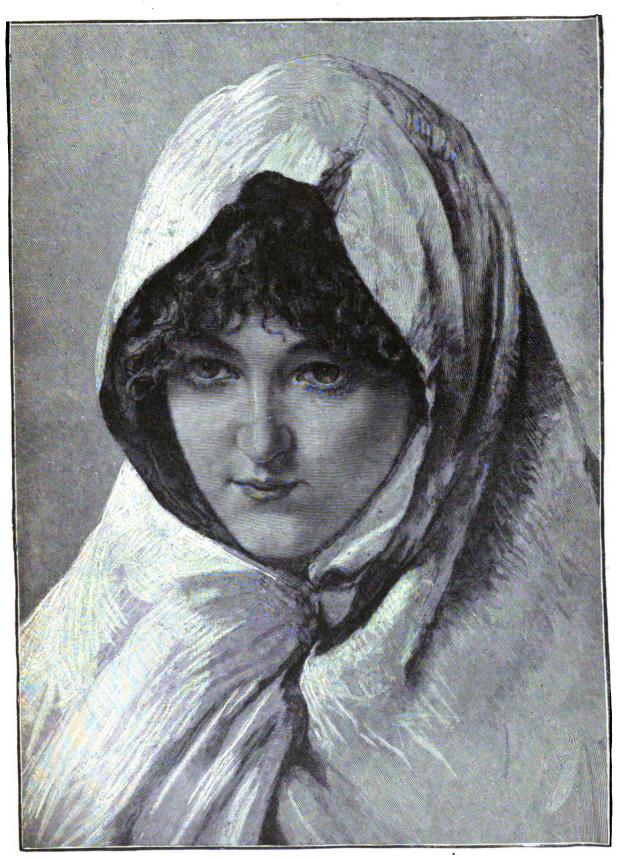
"Sorry that I have found you?" cried the baronet, with the blood rising to his blonde temples. "Don't say that! Ask why I haven't sought you out before. God knows I dared not return to Black River, after my shocking mistake—only a brazen image would have had the face for that. So there was nothing to do but stay on at the hotel where Heron's telegram found me—aw—and wait in agonies of remorse for news from Wolfsden. All in vain, too—nobody has taken the trouble to write me a line; I call it deuced shabby of Rivers! Who was the—aw—thief?"

With tolerable composure, she answered:

"A servant of the house. Let me say at once, Sir Griffin, that I excuse you from all apologies. Considering the evidence, it was not strange that you should believe me guilty."

"It's awfully good of you to say that," he murmured; and, as though gathering courage, he moved a step nearer her chair. Humble as his bearing was, his ardent eyes betokened the lover, eager to plead his own cause, and confident of final victory. For the first time he nodded to Heron—looked at him in a sort of resentful amazement, as if to ask, "What are you doing here?" Then he burst out: "I was a dolt—a blind idiot, Hazel!—— But—it is impossible to talk to you in the presence of a third party. Give Mr. Heron permission to withdraw—he must know that I have many things to say, which are not for his ears."

"Pardon," she answered; "Mr. Heron must



MARIANA. -- FROM THE PAINTING BY PROFESSOR GELLI, OF FLORENCE.

remain. You can say nothing that he may not hear."

Sir Griffin stared at her blankly. She stood up in that magnificent room, not the arch, sweet Hazel that he had known only three days before at Wolfsden, but a marble woman, in a gown of lustreless silk and blackest crape, with something in her pale, perfect face that was altogether new and strange to him. Fascinated, yet with a vague chill at his heart, Sir Griffin realized uneasily that everything was now changed between them—that all the conditions and circumstances of the girl's life were changed. She was no longer poor or unknown; and with fortune and station she had suddenly assumed a dignityan air of hauteur and reserve that alarmed and amazed him.

"Oh, I understand!" he fumed. "You wish to humiliate me in the presence of a witness. Well; I accept the punishment—I deserve it! I am ready to sue for your forgiveness before all the world. Love! love! See! I am at your feet—I care not who looks or listens! Here I am, and I will never rise till you grant me pardon, and lift me again to the level of your heart."

Before she could make a motion to restrain him, he had flung himself on his knees before her, and buried his face in her mourning-dress.

"Oh, stop!" panted Hazel. "Sir Griffin, is it possible you do not know that I am now the wife of Francis Heron?"

She snatched her gown from the abject suppliant lover, and turned to her silent, frowning bridegroom.

"Did you not tell him?" she cried, with passionate reproach.

"No." replied Heron, sullenly; "I did not consider it any affair of Sir Griffin Hopewood's."

Amazed, horrified, the baronet had leaped to

Amazed, horrified, the baronet had leaped to his feet.

"The wife of Heron!" he echoed. "Oh, cruel, wretched girl!"

She pressed one hand unconsciously to her heart.

"Is it for you to call me cruel?" she said, as if goaded to some sort of defense. "You never loved me, Sir Griffin. My beauty may have dazzled you for a time, but that was all. It was easy, very easy for you to believe me guilty—to leave me alone in the midst of enemies—to write that unspeakably dreadful letter of farewell." She shuddered, as if at the opening of a wound. "This man"—making a reluctant gesture toward Heron—"befriended me when I had no friends; he took it upon himself to prove my innocence, in spite of all the evidence against me!"

"In short," sneered Sir Griffin, "Mr. Heron knew how to seize opportunities!"

He looked keenly from one to the other of the

two. Never did bride and groom wear such joyless, tell-tale faces. The baronet smiled bitterly.

"To be off with the old love and on with the new in three days—aw—is that quite possible, Hazel?"

"A singular question for you to ask?" she replied —" you, whose love died in a moment—as you assured me in your farewell letter."

A swift change swept his handsome, angry face. His breath grew thick and short.

"Love does not die in a moment, nor yet in three days!" he said, hoarsely. "What have you done? Perjured yourself—married this Heron, in a fit of disappointment, or pique, or some other damnable folly. And you care nothing for him—you love mo; you know, also, that I love you—however I may have wronged and insulted you."

She made no attempt to refute his charge. Without, in the street, wheels were rumbling, lights shining brightly. Night had fallen on the great city. Within, the candles, under roseate satin shades, poured soft radiance down on the unfortunate trio—on the pale bride, and the tragic faces of the husband and the lover. Sir Griffin went on, wildly:

"We are quits now, Hazel—I wrung your heart, and in return you have broken mine! Oh, poor darling, we were very happy, were we not? And I meant to have made you happy in all the years to come. But now you are lost to me forever. I must give you up to this churl, this interloper—"

"That will do!" interrupted Francis Heron. "Spare her further torture, Sir Griffin—you are neither civil nor generous."

The lover turned and stared scornfully at the husband.

"Aw—I offer you my congratulations, Mr. Heron," he sneered. "Victory, don't you know, is sometimes more disastrous than defeat. Hazel is mine this very moment—not yours—nerer yours! By some cursed chance you have got possession of her body, but her soul remains in my keeping. But for you she would have forgiven me at once. You have separated her forever from the man she loves—thrust your insignificant self into my place; and "— waxing furious—"she will hate—yes, loathe you for it to the end of her days!"

"Have you anything more to say?" demanded Heron, in an ominous voice.

For answer Sir Griffin extended his hand to Hazel. Mechanically she put out her own to meet it.

As the two palms clasped, he uttered a cry, and caught her suddenly in his arms—strained her slender black figure to his breast—pressed his lips once to hers.

"For the last time!" he said, then released | her, and rushed to the door. She watched him go. To this sad and miserable end her Summer idyl had come! The portière swung into place.

"Hazel!" cried Heron, starting toward his wife; but before he could reach her, she swayed and went down to the floor of the drawing-room.

Half an hour later, when Heron's wife opened her eves once more on the world and its miseries. che found herself lying on a deep sofa, with frightened servants ministering unto her. She started up and looked around. The splendor of the great room mocked her on every side; the ghost of her cruel old grandfather, who had forced upon her a loveless marriage as the price of her birthright, seemed glowering from all the shadowy corners.

"Where-where-" she began, but could say no more.

"Both gentlemen are gone, ma'am," ventured one of the maids, soothingly.

"Mr. Heron-

"He called us to your help, ma'am—then took his hat, and left the house."

Hazel cowered down amongst the silken pillows of the sofa, and hid her face. What solace or joy could the Ferrers fortune bring to her now? Verily she had paid a Shylock's price for it! Sir Griffin's frantic arms seemed inclosing her still; his last kiss burned her lips—in her ear rung his heart-breaking farewell.

"Oh!" she whispered to herself, "I wish that I was lying beside my grandfather, in the tomb of the Ferrers, with no to-morrow before me, for it is better to forget than to remember—to be dead than alive."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SERGIA.

-" What dreams! Ye holy gods, what dreams!"

In a dim, cool chamber at Wolfsden, Sergia Pole, carefully secluded from all knowledge of the outer world-unconscious of the events transpiring just beyond the four walls of her roomwas making fair progress toward recovery.

A few days of fever; then the ugly knifewound in her shoulder, received in that strange assault on the terrace, ceased to throb and burn like a live coal; strength succeeded weakness; Sergia began to mend.

A physician from Black River—a discreet and silent man—came and went daily; Miss Carbury was installed as nurse, and Pitt Rivers watched by the side of his ward with a tenderness and devotion passing that of woman. When Sergia asked for others that she knew and loved, Miss Carbury assured her that the doctor had forbidden

orders its door was locked against the rest of the household.

As the girl grew stronger, her complaints became louder.

"Where is Hazel? I want Hazel!" she said. "Why does she not come to me? She must know that I am ill. And what have you done with Jael? The house seems very still. I lie and listen, but I can hear no one moving anywhere."

"We have been obliged to dismiss Jael," answered Miss Carbury, with some confusion, "because of her close connection with the Black-And Hazel has left us—her grandfather sent for her—she has gone to live in his city You will hear the story by and by. Mrs. Van Wert and the professor, too, are gone—such a flitting! Wolfsden is now deserted. But all the better for you, my dear-no disturbing things are left in the house, and vou have only to think of getting well as soon as possible."

On the day following Judge Ferrers's burial Francis Heron presented himself at the door of Wolfsden, and asked to see his cousin. Miss Carbury met him, and gently but firmly denied the

request.

"It is impossible for Sergia to receive callers, even relatives, Mr. Heron, till she has recovered her strength," she said. "I am sure I told you this same thing a few days ago. Pray come again -a week-a month hence."

"A month hence!" he echoed. "How kind of you! I see that Colonel Rivers has instructed you to deny me admittance to his house, Miss Carbury."

And like Naaman the Syrian, Heron turned and went away in a rage.

Pitt Rivers laughed when he heard of his neighbor's discomfiture.

"Keep him off, by all means, Miss Carbury," he cried. "I have repeatedly told you that we must maintain strict silence on the subject of Sergia's wound — not for worlds would I have Heron know it. Fortunately, our physician is not above a bribe; I have sealed his lips, and I rely on you for the rest. The good name of Wolfsden has suffered enough already. I cannot afford to make public any more of our mishaps. Heron is my enemy. He will never forgive me the unlucky affair of the robbery. I must forbid further intercourse betwixt him and Sergia—her mind shall not be poisoned against me by that man. Keep Hazel Ferrers's marriage from her ears, and everything else that has occurred at Heroncroft."

"Trust me, colonel," answered Miss Carbury, bristling with importance. "Francis shall not see his cousin without your permission. I dare say all excitement in the sick-chamber, and by his | he is your enemy. When one comes to think of

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it, he has behaved uncivilly to us all. What names he called you to your face! And you—ah! you showed him the forebearance of an archangel! I do not consider that he has any right to intrude at Wolfsden. Are you not the guardian chosen by Sergia's father? As such, it is your duty to take complete charge of the dear girl."

The colonel was in high spirits—his fine, brown

eyes sparkled.

"Wonderful woman!" he cried, tenderly pressing her delicate old hand. "You please me so much that I feel impelled to admit you into my full confidence. We cannot stay much longer in this infernal danger-pit—that is—I mean—Wolfsden. Imperative business calls me to London and Paris. I must take Sergia with me. Of course, you will go also. We will winter in Italy and Egypt. You have never been abroad, neither has my ward. I will make an Eden for her-for "ou—on the other side of the world. It is time for me to retire from active life. I am sick of risks and perils"-smiling. "I long for love and security. All my plans are laid; but," putting a finger on his bearded lip, "this is a great secret-you are not to speak of it, even to Sergia -at least-not yet."

"Oh, I will be as mute as a fish!" murmured Miss Carbury, in ecstasy. "How delightful of you! It will be far easier to go abroad than to entertain at home this coming Winter. Dear! dear! such a letter as I received to-day from Mrs. Van Wert! She left Wolfsden, you know, because she was secretly troubled about her diamonds, for she more than half believed Francis Heron's story from the start. So she hurried with her jewels to a lapidary, and what do you think?"

"The man, if he knew anything, assured her that Heron had lied."

"Oh, dear, no! He said the gems were indeed paste — bracelets, necklace, girdle, everything; and now she vows to move heaven and earth to discover the thief. Is it possible, colonel, that Jael could have changed the diamonds?"

He laughed, as if greatly amused.

"Ridiculous! Jael was never clever enough for such a delicate job. Mrs. Van Wert wrote me in the same absurd vein. I answered her that the theft must have been accomplished previous to her Wolfsden visit, and advised her to look to the parties who had her jewels in keeping before she became my guest."

"En passant, colonel, do you hear anything of

that poor, dreadful Jael?"

"Not a word," he answered, shortly, and there the conversation ended.

Days of convalescence came. Every morning woman hope to hold her own against such a Pitt Rivers entered his ward's chamber, with lovely rival? For a moment Mrs. Steele leaned

arms full of magnificent exotics, the spoil of his greenhouses. He fitted an Æolian harp in a window opening on the Chestnut Walk, but its mournful music soon flooded Sergia's eyes with tears, and the colonel said:

"I will have no part in a thing which make:

you weep."

So he carried it away, and brought a marvelous flute of gold and cbony, upon which he played soft, tender airs, with the skill of a master. Sometimes, to beguile the tedium of the hours, he talked to her of the far lands he had seen—of society in Paris salons and at heavy London dinners, forcing her to laugh at the keenness of his wit, and wonder at his knowledge of men. Sometimes he sang French and German love-songs, in that wonderful, highly cultivated tenor voice which she had always admired; or he read to her rare books from his library. In a score of ways he tried to amuse and divert his ward.

"My dear Sergia," said Miss Carbury, with conviction, "your guardian thinks only of you—lives only for you."

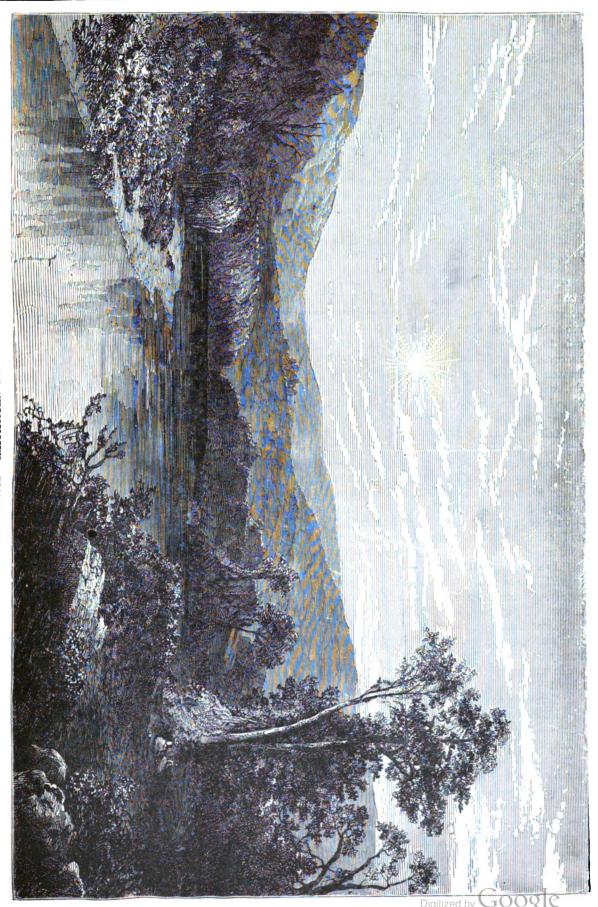
And through all her sensitive being Sergia felt the truth of the words—felt Rivers's love and care surrounding her on all sides, like an atmosphere. The girl's illness and isolation were the man's opportunity, and being very keen and clever, he was not slow to see and improve it.

One day, Miss Carbury, intent upon some errand below-stairs, crept softly out of the sick-room, leaving Sergia fast asleep. The chamber was carefully darkened—soft perfumes and utter silence pervaded it. On a table near the bed stood a silver bowl full of exquisite yellow roses, which Colonel Rivers had just sent up from the greenhouses in the garden.

Presently the unguarded door opened softly. Mrs. Steele crossed the carpet with stealthy step. For once her jingling keys were laid aside. Noiselessly she approached the white couch where Sergia was lying, with all her fair plaits of hair scattered on the pillow, and the dense, dark lashes clinging close to her pale cheek.

The housekeeper's glance fell first on the roses in the bowl. An unspeakable fury swept her long, narrow face. Like lightning, she dashed the flowers to the floor, and set her foot upon them. Then she turned to the bed, and with the breath suspended on her lips, looked down on the sleeper.

Illness had wasted Sergia but little. Her full, snowy contours, her thick, lustrous lengths of hair, indicated her rich vitality. She was beautiful and young—an heiress, too, and well-born—a match for the best. How could an older, plainer woman hope to hold her own against such a lovely rival? For a moment Mrs. Steele leaned



A REMINISCENCE OF THE ANDROSCOGGINS.— FROM THE PAINTING BY SHATTUCE.

helplessly against the foot of the bed; then a mad desperation flamed in her yellow eyes. She seized a square, down pillow—a great, soft, smothering thing, harmless to look at, but full of deadly possibilities - and made as if to dash it upon the unconscious, upturned face. In the very act, a hand grasped her own roughly-Pitt Rivers jerked her back from the bed.

"How dare you "Caught!" he whispered. enter this room, after all that I have said to

"I came to see how your ward was getting on," she whispered back, sullenly. "That simpleton Carbury locks the door against me-me, who ought to be sovereign in this house!"

He looked at the trampled roses, at the big pillow, and waved her still farther from the bed.

Sergia slept on undisturbed.

"Miss Carbury does well." The words were hardly above his breath, but the look that accompanied them made Mrs. Steele tremble. see that I must send you away, Maisie. It is not safe to keep you longer with me. I am going to marry Miss Pole—as sure as there is a God in heaven, nothing that you can do, or attempt to do, will turn me from my purpose! Yes, the time has come for me to be forever quit of you!"

Her face was a white blank. It was as if the Wolfsden housekeeper had heard her death-sen-

tence pronounced.

"Quit of me forever!" she repeated, clinching her hands convulsively. "You cannot mean that. If you send me from you I shall die! I will bear everything—I will not attempt to interfere again -only let me stay near. I know that I am faded and old, and she is beautiful and young; but you might remember all the years—"

"I remember nothing!" he interrupted. "The ingratitude of man is proverbial. I love my ward madly. I would sacrifice you, and all the rest of the world, to make her my wife. If you attempt to harm her again—if you venture to raise so much as a finger against her—I will show you no

mercy!"

He was goading her beyond endurance. She

glared at him like a cat.

"You tell me to my face that you love her?" she hissed -- "that you will marry her, in spite of me-in spite-

He took her by the shoulders.

"No hysterics, Maisie. You must submit to the inevitable—you will submit, for I know how to manage you. Go now!" and he pushed her unceremoniously toward the door. " Miss Carbury will be here in a moment."

Shortly after the pillow episode, Sergia was standing at her window, one sunny noon, looking

And Mrs. Steele went, without another word.

Colonel Rivers appeared in the door. She smiled, and beckoned him in.

"I want to talk with you, guardy," she said. With boyish eagerness the colonel flew to her side.

"Speak, princess, and your slave will listen,"

he answered, gayly.

"Let us sit down here together," and she appropriated a chair by the window, and pointed him to another near her. Never had he seen her look more levely. A robe of silvery wool was girded about her full figure. Her fair hair swept her hips in loose braids, curling into large rings at the tips. The shadows under her violet eyes -her unusual pallor—gave to her beauty a new, pathetic charm.

"I want to talk of the night of the ball, guardy," she gravely explained —"to tell you that I know quite well who the person was that stabbed me on the terrace. I distinctly saw her face, as she burst out of the vines. When I came to my senses, you declared that some Blackbird was my assailant. I did not contradict you, because I was sure you made the statement simply to pacify me; but now I say, the person who tried to kill me that night was your housekeeper; Mrs. Steele."

He looked greatly disconcerted.

"I am sorry you have discovered the truth, Sergia, for it involves me in painful explanations, which I had hoped to evade. Mrs. Steele was beside herself that night with—yes, I must confess it-jealousy. The woman has lately conceived for me a strange, ridiculous passion."

Sergia started. "Oh, guardy!"

"Now you understand everything-do you not, dear child?" he queried, gently - "particularly the secrecy and silence which I have tried to preserve throughout the affair? Yes, Mrs. Steele was playing eavesdropper behind the vines; she heard me declare my love for you; the rest you know. Perhaps you wonder why I have not sought to punish her—to expel her from Wolfsden. Ah, Sergia, is she not my fellow-sufferer, and as such, can I refuse to pity her? I, too, have loved in vain, and my own misery makes me indulgent to others. Besides, the poor creature implored forgiveness on her knees, and begged to remain here long enough to show her penitence. She acknowledged that it was my heart at which she struck, not yours. She meant you no harm. Autumn is at hand—we must soon leave Wolfsden. I do not care to engage a new housekeeper, so I consented to let her remain for the rest of our stay. I feel convinced that she will do no further violence to any one."

Sergia looked at him so earnestly that he grew thoughtfully down into the fading garden, when embarrassed.



"I know what you think," he said. "A jealous woman is never to be trusted.

"' Hell hath no fury like'

her. Well, speak the word, and Mrs. Steele shall leave my house this very hour!"

"No, no, guardy!" she answered, gravely—"don't drive her away. If you can forgive her, I must not hesitate to do likewise. But what madness for her to love you, and attempt your murder! I am glad—glad that I could take the blow, and so, perhaps, save your life!"

The tears glistened in her eyes. He looked at her with almost wolfish longing.

"Yes, you took the blow!" he cried. "Your tender white flesh interposed betwixt me and the knife. Merciful Heaven! If I loved you before, how can I do otherwise than adore you now?"

She colored faintly.

" Don't, guardy!" she said, in visible distress.
"I must. Sergia!—I cannot keep silent. I

"I must, Sergia!—I cannot keep silent. I know well that

"'To be loved makes not to love again;'

but examine your heart once more. Now that it has stood betwixt me and death, does it not warm to me a little—a very little? Can you save my life—multiply my love an hundred-fold—and yet leave me without hope? Who loves you as I do? To whom are you so precious—so indispensable? Try to understand something of what I suffer."

She sighed heavily.

"It is true that nobody cares for me as you do, guardy. You are the best of friends, the kindest of guardians; it breaks my heart to give you pain."

"Then reconsider the answer which you made me on the night of the ball, Sergia!"

"Since you wish it," she faltered, "I will, at least, think again of all you have said — of all your goodness and generosity. More I cannot promise now."

A sudden glow overspread his handsome, bearded face.

"Here, at last, is a crumb of comfort—the ghost of a hope! Well, I put my fate in these white hands—deal with me as kindly as you can, Sergia."

She looked troubled, confused.

"Let us talk of something else, guardy," she implored. "Tell me about Hazel Ferrers—tell me everything. I cannot understand her desertion of us. Has she written no letters—sent no message since she went away?"

A full week before, Pitt Rivers had burned certain letters addressed to his ward—one bearing a city post-mark, another in the bold handwriting of Graham Vivian; but with brazen calmness he answered:

"No, dear child, we have received no letters, no message. Hazel, I fear, has forsaken us. Her grandfather is dead, and she has entered into possession of his fortune. She needs you no longer! Indeed, she seems to have repudiated all her old friends since that stroke of good luck. The engagement with Sir Griffin is off—the two quarreled—and the baronet has returned to England, doubtless a sadder and wiser man. From good authority I hear that your fickle friend is already consoled for his loss."

Sergia's eyes opened wide in amazement and horror.

"Oh, I cannot believe it, guardy—there must be some mistake! Hazel desert me, because she has inherited a fortune? Absurd! impossible!"

"Dear child, we are often deceived in those we love best. Ask Miss Carbury—now that you are strong enough to hear it, she will tell you the whole story."

Sergia leaned back in her chair, as though overwhelmed. For a few moments she was very still. Then she said, in a shaken voice:

"I want to be alone for a little while—I want to think alone. Go away, please, and leave me to myself, guardy."

He arose reluctantly.

"I will go as far as the library," he answered.
"I have some foreign newspapers to read there.
Don't take this matter to heart, Sergia, for it is the way of the world."

Then he went out, and left her to the solitude she craved.

Hazel, her own familiar friend-her more than sister-gone, without a word of farewell; gone, and no letters, no tidings received from her! Instinctively Sergia felt that the half was not toldthat important things were being concealed, both by Miss Carbury and Colonel Rivers. She started up from her chair, and walked across the chamber. A sudden determination nerved her to effort, the excitement of the moment gave her strength. She must act quickly, or Miss Carbury would appear, and spoil everything. She put on a wool wrap, and stepped cautiously out into the cor-The house, empty now of guests, was very still. Unchallenged, the girl descended the stair. case, glided by the door of the library, where the colonel was, doubtless, absorbed in his foreign newspapers; gained the garden, and, under cover of the shrubbery, set her face toward the pine wood and Heroncroft.

Any one meeting Sergia in the green gloom of the former place might have thought her a wanderer from the nearest grave-yard—so white and ghostly was her look. She was going to the old brick house in the hollow, to find Francis Heron. He would tell her all that she desired to know about Hazel—about others, in whom she was

interested. Rivers and Miss Carbury might evade her questions, but Francis was always truthful to the verge of bluntness. Since the night of the ball nobody had mentioned the name of Graham Vivian to Sergia. By this time he was probably on the sea, sailing away to Africa. Her heart throbbed with a sudden sharp, miserable pain. She would never see him more, and what must he think of her? Oh, to live over again that one hour on the river! But it is not given to weak, perverse mortals to so rectify the mistakes of life. Spoken words come not back, nor lost opportuni-We are forced to abide by our blunders and follies. Sergia leaned wearily against the little boundary gate. By this time her limbs were growing weak.

"I loved him all the time!" she murmured to the warm noon light, and the wind that kissed her white cheek; "I love him now—I shall love him always; and while he lives, he will think of me only as a shallow, despicable flirt, who led him on to make love, for the sole purpose of mocking and deriding him."

With a lagging step she entered the grounds of Heroncroft. No living thing was in sight. She toiled on toward the house. As usual, the pigeons were cooing on the steep roof, and the sunshine streamed hot and golden over the green lawns and the tidy garden-walks. Sergia stepped into the porch, and was just extending a hand to the bell, when she heard a murmur of voices near—very near—in fact, from the open casement of Heron's library, where Jael had revealed Joe Bagley's plan to rob the strong-box. Sergia, hidden behind the vines, started, listened — trembled; then she parted the tendrils of rose and woodoine with one hand, and peered fearfully through.

Had illness turned her brain?—could she believe her own senses? In the open square of window, in the broad light of noon, stood a man and woman, their arms around each other, the head of the latter on her companion's bosom, her soft, tearful eyes uplifted fondly to his own.

Stiff and cold with horror, Sergia gazed. The solid earth seemed slipping from under her feet. she could not cry out, she could not move. The man bent and kissed the exquisite face against his breast.

"Darling!" Sergia distinctly heard him say— "gift from God—sent to me at the darkest hour of my life! henceforth we will live for each other!"

The first person to discover Sergia's absence was Miss Carbury. She went up to the girl's chamber, and found the door standing wide open—her charge had vanished.

In great consternation, she started to descend the stair and alarm the colonel; but before she

could take a dozen steps, she was seized from behind and held fast.

"Make no outcry!" said the voice of Mrs. Steele in her ear. "Miss Pole is in the garden—I saw her go down—no harm will come to her there."

For once Miss Carbury was not obtuse.

"If you saw her, Mrs. Steele, why did you not call Colonel Rivers? You know he will be furious. More than likely she has gone on to Heroncroft—— Oh! oh! Release my dress—you must be mad!"

Mrs. Steele pressed a hand roughly over the other's mouth.

"Yes, she has gone to Heroncroft," she whispered, exultantly. "By this time the mischief is done! You shall not call Colonel Rivers. His plans are wrecked. Hush! Every moment that I can hold you here makes assurance doubly sure. Idiot! your eyes are as blind as a bat's. You listen to him, and believe all that he says. He twists you round his finger like a thread."

She tried to push Miss Carbury back up the stair. There was a smart struggle; then the elder woman freed her mouth from the other's hand, and gave vent to a sharp scream.

"Colonel Rivers! run for Sergia. She has gone to Heroncroft. And oh, help! Mrs. Steele is quite demented—she is actually trying to strangle me!"

Pitt Rivers rushed out of his library. The scrimmage on the staircase did not move him in the least. He heard only the words—"Sergia has gone to Heroncroft!" With a smothered malediction, he tore out of the house.

As he dashed down the garden-walks toward the pine-wood, for once his bold heart failed him—a suffocating fear choked his breath.

"Heroncroft!" he muttered. Oh, cursed disaster! All is lost!"

Where now was the wonderful luck which had attended the man through years of daring adventure? Was his star to suffer eclipse at last?—the tide of his singularly long and brilliant fortune to turn all in a moment? Unquestionably, his passion for Sergia Pole had become supreme—tremendous—the ruling power of his life, for all his fears at this crisis assumed but one form.

"I have lost her—lost her!" he kept repeating, as he dashed under the pines to the boundary wall.

Ah, no! His luck had not deserted him—the tide of fortune was still setting strong and full in his favor. There, at the little gate, stood Sergia, fumbling feebly, blindly at its fastenings. In unspeakable relief and joy, he rushed and snatched her in his arms—drew her into his own grounds.



THE TRUMPETER. - FROM THE PAINTING BY W. DIEZ.

"You have given me a terrible fright, child!" he cried. "In God's name, what has befallen you? Where have you been—what heard? You look crushed—heart-broken!"

Great shuddering breaths shook her from head to foot.

"I am both!" she gasped. "I have been to Heroncroft—I have seen—— But, no! I cannot tell you what I have seen—I can never tell any one—it is too dreadful!"

She clung to him, as to a last hope.

"Don't ask me any questions!" she sobbed.
"The world is upside down—everything in it is false and unreal but you. Hold me, or I shall fall."

He held her like a vise—her heart beat painfully against his own. He had thought her lost to him forever, and lo! she was in his arms, and he saw that her perilous visit to Heroncroft had not driven her from him, but straight against his breast.

"In all the world," she said, "you are the only person who now cares for me, guardy! You must never speak of this morning—I will never speak of it. But"—desperately—"if you wish to marry me, here is my hand. I am yours, I give you my word, and I will not recall it—do with me as you will!"

(To be continued.)

A MYSTERIOUS AND DREADED SAURIAN.

By John A. Spring.

THE Gila Monster (Heloderma horridum), which lives in the valleys and sandy plains of Arizona and Sonora, is called by the natives (Mexicans) "Escupion" (Spitter), from the Spanish verb escupir, to spit. It has at all times given rise to many improbable stories, and excited considerable curiosity, so it may not be amiss to take a closer look at the mysterious object in the light of recently developed facts, and an experience of many years spent in the regions of this animal's habitat. The lizard-for such it evidently is—varies in length from fifteen to thirty inches, and has a heavy, rounded body, which touches the ground when the animal creeps along, unless enraged, when it assumes a more erect position and moves quicker. Its coloring is like that of a rattlesnake, black figuring on yellow, the entire body being apparently scaly, though in reality the whole skin is composed of small particles closely joined together like an embroiderywork of beads. It is the only one of the lizard family that is extremely venomous.

My personal experience with the saurian, which covers a period of over twenty-two years, may be

condensed into the following facts: In 1867, while in the employ of the United States Quarter-master Department, I was stationed at Fort Wallin, Arizona Territory (since abandoned), on the Upper San Pedro River, and having considerable leisure time, I occupied myself frequently in collecting tarantulas, centipedes, snakes, campamochas, etc., and studying their habits.

One day during the Summer our mail-rider from Tucson reported to me that he had met on his home trip-in fact, that very same morningwith a most horrible animal, at sight of which his horse shied precipitately, almost unseating him. He quieted the horse, which, although trembling in every limb, came to a stand. Before the rider had time to pull his pistol and take aim, the animal disappeared among the rocks which line both sides of the road at that place. He described the animal as about four feet long, and not unlike a young cayman, or crocodile. (The rider was a native of Louisiana). We had at the fort several Mexicans, employed as adobe makers and herders, and upon their hearing his imperfect description, they came unanimously to the conclusion that he had seen an "Escupion"; only they shook their heads at the alleged size of the animal, all stating that they had never seen one exceeding a vara (thirty-three inches) in length.

In the evening I called these men to the office and offered them five dollars for a live specimen. and two dollars and fifty cents for a dead one, not mutilated to any great extent. On the following Sunday two of them started out, and toward evening brought in a Gila Monster, which they had lassoed while it was asleep, or apparently so, on the sunny surface of a large rock, which allowed them to crawl up from behind, unperceived, and throw the noose over its head. They were carrying it between them, hanging on a sahuaropole, the ends of which rested on their shoulders, leaving between the dangling animal and its carriers a distance of at least six feet. Still they appeared to me to be uncomfortable, and as soon as I approached (in my ignorance and eagerness) somewhat close to the reptile, they both burst out with: "Por Dios, señor, cuidado!" (For God's sake, sir, take care!)

There being an empty grain-room about the place, I lodged the saurian in it, attached to a rawhide rope fastened to an iron picket-pin, giving him about four feet play-room. This I did with the help of my two Mexican friends, armed with long blacksmith's tongs, while they continually cautioned me to look out for my fingers and keep out of reach of the animal's spittle. Thus I was introduced to the Heloderma horridum.

After paying the men, I sent for something from the sutler to compose their nerves, in order to ascertain from them the cause of their abject

As their stories mainly coincide with those fear. of the other Mexicans whom I have interrogated upon the subject since, they may be given in bulk, as it were, as hearsay evidence, although I would state that these reports may be accepted as facts.

A wood-cutter who had lain down in complete health to sleep, wrapped up in his blanket, failed to arise in the morning when his co-laborers called Upon uncovering him they found him him. stone-dead, and near his body a Gila Monster which, in the bustle and confusion of the moment, escaped. The body of the man bore no mark of a bite or other wound whatsoever.

A young miner, while prospecting, was bitten just above the shoe. Although previously in the best health, he at once began to lose flesh and spirits, and died after a few months in the manner of those who succumb to what, in Germany, is called the galloping consumption.

If space would allow, I could enumerate many more similar cases, more or less authenticated. but suffice it to say that among the natives the universal belief is that the spittle or saliva, and even the breath, of the animal is deadly poison.

After this digression let us return to my prisoner in the grain-room. The reader may imagine that after the repeated cautions of its captors I gave the animal a wide berth myself, but I tried to induce a pointer, which we kept for hunting quail, to investigate the nature of the new-comer's temper. When the dog perceived the big lizard (it measured twenty-eight inches), he stood stock-still and trembled all over with fear, then turned about and fled. One of the men then brought a very brave and even vicious rat-terrier. who entered boldly enough and walked, sniffing cautiously, toward the Gila Monster, which, in its turn, came forward to the length of the The two animals were now only a few feet apart; the dog began to whine and bark alternately, advancing a few inches and retreating again, showing plainly that he would like to go in and shake his adversary, who by this time had straightened his legs and was spitting furiously, shooting out his forked black tongue, while his little black eyes shone like those of an angry snake. The dog could not be induced to go any nearer, and the fight was abandoned. The lizard was then given the corner of a woolen blanket, into which it bit furiously, holding on with such tenacity that we had to procure a crowbar in order to pry its jaws open. Cats placed in the same room (which had no door) with the saurian would, upon perceiving the animal, bristle up like the "fretful porcupine," and make a very speedy exit. I placed some chopped meat and a bowl of water within the reach of my captive, and left him to himself. On the following any small animal or bird that lived longer than

morning he was gone, having dexterously slipped the noose over his head-at least there was no visible sign of gnawing on any part of the rope.

Since then I have experimented with many specimens; in fact, I buy a few every Summer, either for that purpose or for stuffing. kept for over three months; it appeared to be quite old, and although I placed in its prison—a large dry-goods box-rats, mice, lizards, and birds with clipped wings, it remained altogether inoffensive. The above-named animals, however, when placed in the box, would at once retire into the furthest corner, and remain there with evident signs of abject fear.

Finally I resolved to stuff it, and now became acquainted with a new feature of this animal's nature—a feature so extraordinary, so altogether incredible, that I almost hesitate to relate it, although I can produce to-day several eve-witnesses to the performance. In order to preserve the skin without the least mutilation. I thought that the best way to kill the animal with the least possible suffering was to drown it. I therefore attached a heavy stone to the end of the wire which held the animal fast around the shoulders, and immersed it in a barrel full of water, keeping the lizard completely under its surface, anchored, as it were. But when I found, after twelve hours of immersion, that the saurian was as alive as ever. I bethought me of another manner of execution. I procured a thin copper wire, made a loop in its middle part, and with the help of another man. each pulling on one end of the wire, tried to strangle the animal by the neck; it was evidently suffering severely from this process, as the contortions of its body and limbs sufficiently proved. As we became soon tired of maintaining the strain on the wire, I attached one end to a fixed spike. and to the other end I fastened a heavy stone; but two full hours of this strangulation failed to produce death. In order to end this torture and still save the skin intact. I now heated a poker to a red heat and forced it down the animal's throat to the length of fully ten inches, but it would not die; at least, it was alive after three hours, when my brother-in-law arrived at the house. I related to him my perplexity, and he (a native of Sonora) killed the animal in one second, by giving it with the poker a moderate, short, dry knock at the back part of the skull, where the latter joins the vertebræ-telling me that the Gila Monster had a soft spot there, which, indeed, I found to be the case when I stuffed the animal.

In direct contrast with the last-mentioned peacefully inclined speciman were several which I had at different times. They would pounce upon anything that came in an aggressive manner within their reach, and I do not remember

Digitized by GOOGLE

from ten to thirty minutes after being bitten. with one exception. Small animals, like mice and pullets, would die almost immediately. The exception was in the case of a good-sized threeyear-old barn-yard cock which I put into a box 4 x 4 feet, with an unusually vicious Gila Monster. The cock's wings being clipped, he could not fly out, although such was his intention, when he became aware of the presence of the lizard. At once his comb began to swell and his collar to stand out horizontally, and in spite of his evident fear he prepared for the onset, when the lizard made a dash at the rooster's legs, and bit himself | come in direct contact with a live Gila Monster,

fast in the left leg just above the spur. From this moment on the mo tions could not be distinctly followed; it was a commotion of lizard, legs and feathers, and the unearthly cries of the cock, dragging the saurian about, were appalling. The latter, however, held fast, and when the bird, after about ten minutes' fighting, gave up the battle, completely exhausted, we had to break the lizard's jaws apart by main force. We bathed the valiant cock, and he survived the battle for several years, although remaining lame. The lizard had an eye put out, and was otherwise pretty badly used, so that I killed him in order to make a new experiment. I boiled him for about two hours in a well-cleansed kerosenecan, and then gave a street-cur about one pint of the liquid substance.

He lapped it up eagerly, as if it were beef-tea; appeared to enjoy it greatly, and manifestly looked about for more. Although I kept him locked up for several days in my yard, I failed to discover in him the least inconvenience resulting from the unaccustomed diet. This I repeated at different times, whenever I received a dead specimen whose skin was too much mutilated for stuffing, and always with the same harmless result, so that I came to the conclusion that either the process of boiling or the gastric juice of the dog's stomach neutralized the venom.

But where is this deadly venom located? When I dissected the first *Heloderma*, I found, to my larvæ.

great surprise, that, notwithstanding the evident outer resemblance of its head to that of a rattlesnake, there were no fangs, no venom-bladders, no visible receptacle for venom, and furthermore, that, whereas the jaws of venomous snakes are simply held in position by a number of elastic skins, which allow their throats to stretch to a great extent, and enable them to swallow bodies of a much greater circumference than themselves, the jaws of the Heloderma are well locked or hinged, like those of the quadrupeds.

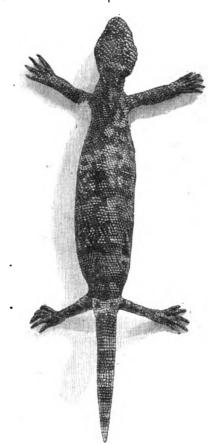
Although I have always been careful not to

I have never taken any particular precautions for or care of my hands while stuffing them, and have handled their flesh freely. They have two rows of very sharp teeth on each side; those of the upper jaw being considerably longer than the lower. Their stomach is very diminutive. The two first teeth of the upper jaw are slightly bent or arched, and it is with these that they take such a fearful hold on their victims. Strange to say, their skin is thinnest on the back, and along the spine is as thin as paper, while it thickens toward the belly and is thickest along the under side of the tail. Their little paws are very finely shaped, and the fore paws resemble, with the exception of the thumb, strikingly a human hand.

I have never yet seen a Gila Monster eat or drink,

although I had several that became tame enough. What little they did cat or drink was made away with either at night or when nobody was present. I generally gave them chopped meat or angle-worms; but am positive that quite frequently, especially after being recently captured, they would go without food or drink for a week or more.

The Heloderma horridum apparently hibernates during about five months of the cool and cold season, for it has never been seen before April, nor after September. Its habitat is in dry riverbeds, sandy and rocky bottom-lands, and its food I suppose to consist of small insects, worms and



A MYSTERIOUS AND DREADED SAURIAN .- THE



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the very day of my arrival in London, in the Fall of 1873.

"I've been pretty near it once or twice, though, I can tell you. Where are you from last!"

"Algeria—and I've had some queer adventures there, though nothing to yours, I suppose. You dine with me, of course?"

"With pleasure—but it's rather early for that yet. Let's have a stroll up the Broad Walk;" and up the Broad Walk we go.

"I don't know how you feel," says my comrade, "but to me it's awfully flat, coming back to civilization after the sort of life I had in the desert, where every day produced some exciting adventure. Here, all the days are exactly alike, and not an adventure to be had for love or money."

"Don't be too sure of that, my boy. What would you say if, at this very moment, some adventure were to fall in our way, of the most sensational kind?"

The words are barely uttered when, happening to look down, I see lying on the path, close to one of the seats, a small Russia-leather pocket-book.

"Is that what you call a sensational adventure?" laughs Romer, as I pick up the "treasure-trove."

"I'll tell you when I've opened it," answer I, undoing the clasp.

The contents are in no way remarkable. Four half-sovereigns, some loose silver, half a dozen postage-stamps, two India rubber rings, but no name or address of any kind.

"Nothing much there to help us," remark I, preparing to close it. "Stay, though — there must be a secret pocket here, by the feel of it."

There was a secret pocket; and its contents were a little tuft of dried grass and wild flowers, wrapped in a sheet of thin paper, on which a few words had been written in pencil. These are nearly effaced; but the following fragment of a sentence stands out legibly enough:

-"and if I spare the wretch when I do find him, may-"

Romer starts as if struck by a shot.

"By Jove, you were right, old fellow; this is an adventure, and a pretty sensational one, too."

"Which is the nearest police-station?" ask I.

"There's one in Walton Street, Brompton, Let's take the thing there at once."

A quarter of an hour later, we enter the neat little whitewashed building, with its projecting iron lamp, and after a brief parley, are admitted into the august presence of the inspector, who is sitting at his desk in the inner room behind a low wooden partition. He is a stout, florid, jovial-looking man of middle age, with a certain military jauntiness in his bearing suggestive of a re-

tired army officer, and altogether as little like the traditional policeman of modern novelists as any man can be.

He hears our story without moving a muscle; but at the sight of the scrap of writing a momentary gleam of professional interest lights up his impassible face.

"Well, gentlemen," says he, at length, "seems to me the case is clear enough. First and foremost, the person who wrote that was a man, and a young man, too. Secondly, that young man's had a sweetheart. Thirdly, that sweetheart's met with some foul play, and either been killed or died of a broken heart. Fourthly, he's hunting for the man that did it, to murder him."

"How on earth do you know all that?" asks Romer, in amazement.

"Simple enough, sir," answers the inspector, with an indulgent smile. "I'm a Wiltshire man myself, and there's lots o' these flowers where I was born, and they grow mostly in church-yards. Now, what grave 'ud a young man natterally pick flowers from? Why, his young 'ooman's, o' course. Well, sir, he's been to that grave, and he's picked these flowers, and he's took out his pencil and written, there and then, that he'll find the feller that did the mischief; and if he spares him when he does find him, may the devil fly away with him—or something to that effect."

Romer and I look at each other in silent admiration.

"Then, you see, he doesn't find the man, and so he works himself into a fever over it, as young men will. He takes a walk in the park to coel off, and he sits down and gits to thinking, and he leans for ard, and this pocket-book (which he carries with him, you know, to remind him of his h'oath) tumbles out of his breast-pocket; and he gits up and goes off without ever noticin' it. Now, it's just that flighty way o'doing things that helps us to nab these young chaps; they can't even commit a murder without gittin' up quite an excitement over it."

At this characteristic remark, Romer laughs in spite of himself.

"Well, gentlemen," resumes our oracle, "I presume you know the rule in these cases. We do our best to trace the owner, and if at the end of three months it is still unclaimed, it becomes the property of the finder. Now, I'm not a betting man, but if I were, I'd lay you long odds on two things: first, that you'll find this pocket-book still here in three months' time; and secondly. that it won't be long after that before you hear some very queer news of the man that owns it."

The inspector's first prediction came true to the letter; but neither I nor any man living could well have foreseen how speedily and startlingly the second was to be accomplished likewise.

ACT II.-WHAT THE INSPECTOR FORETOLD.

In the Spring of 1874, Romer and I, while waiting to see whether our editor-in-chief would send us to Anstralia, Japan, or the West Coast of Africa, utilized the interval by a walking-tour in Devonshire. The second night brought us to a snug little coast town, at whose single inn we slept, as men sleep after a thirty-five-mile tramp over the hills, carrying their own baggage. But about eight the next morning we were awakened by a clamor that might have aroused the dead. Doors were banging, men chouting, women screaming, dogs barking, feet tramping to and fro—in fact, the whole place was in an uproar.

"What's up?" shouted Romer from the window to a noisy group below.

"Moorder!" answered one, with the lower-class Englishman's characteristic enjoyment of anything horrible. "They faund mun's body up to the cleve (on the cliff), and they'm took mun to Warley."

The place in question was seven miles off, and we had not yet breakfasted; but in the presence of this unexpected tragedy all minor considerations vanished. In less time than it takes to tell it we had dressed, pocketed a couple of rolls, and started for Warley as fast as our feet would carry us.

We found the principal inn completely blockaded by an eager crowd, to whom the beatific
vision of the house into which the dead man had
been carried was apparently a full compensation
for standing several hours in the rain and mud,
without either seeing or hearing anything. The
room in which the body lay was strictly guarded
by a posse of consequential constables; but the
announcement of our character as correspondents
of a leading "daily" opened a way for us at once,
and one of the worthy Dogberrys even condescended to raise the sheet beneath which, dimly
outlined, lay the terrible something that we had
come to see.

Death must have been instantaneous, for the features were quite undisturbed. It was a very handsome face, despite a few sinister lines about the mouth which would have put a physiognomist on his guard; and the fine symmetry of the figure well matched it. The weapon that had dealt the blow (a large hunting-knife) still remained in the wound; and around the haft was twisted a scrap of paper, upon which was written in pencil:

" Paid in full.
A. C.
" April 14th, 1874."

At the sight of that slender, arrowy handwriting we both started as if we had seen a spectre.

"I say, Ker, do you remember?"

"Don't I! Why, look here!"

I produced the pencil-scrap from the memorable pocket-book, and compared the two. They tallied to a hair. I made a hurried tracing of the second, and placed it along with the first.

"Shall we tell them what we know?" asked Romer, in a whisper.

"What's the use? The man's had ample time to get clear off. Besides, if we did give them the clew, these muffs could never follow it; they'd more likely lock us up as accomplices."

My verdict was speedily borne out. The local police "displayed their usual activity"—i. e., they arrested a vast number of persons who had never been near the scene of the crime, kept the most undisguised and ostentatious watch upon every stranger who passed, and took various other measures, each more idiotic than the last. But despite these laudable exertions, the mystery remained unsolved; and unsolved it still was when, a month later, Romer and I started for Iceland, to report the proceedings of the "Millennial Celebration."

ACT III .- THE TRUTH AT LAST.

"BEG pardon, sir," said the purser of the Semiramis, on the fourth day of our voyage across the Atlantic, in January, 1875; "would you mind just filling in this form? It's the usual thing, you know."

I stepped into his room, and sat down at the table; but the pen dropped from my fingers before I could write. Just beside me lay another form on which the ink was still wet, bearing the name of "Mr. Alfred Courtenay, Berth No. 67," in the fine, delicate writing which I had such terrible reason to remember.

"' A. C.'— Alfred Courtenay," thought I. "We've run the mystery to earth at last. Who's this Mr. Alfred Courtenay, Mr. Groves? It seems to me that I ought to know him."

"I know nothing of him, poor fellow, except he'll hardly see the end of the voyage," said the purser, compassionately. "They really oughtn't to let men go to sea in such a state—it's sheer murder! He looks just like a ghost, and it was as much as he could do to put his name on that paper."

A few moments later I was tapping at the door of No. 67. A feeble voice bade me enter, and I did so.

The purser's emphatic description was certainly not exaggerated. It would have been hard to imagine a sadder sight than that haggard, wasted face, which, still young, and bearing visible traces of former beauty, had nevertheless the unmistakable seal of death upon every feature. Murderer as I knew him to be, it was with difficulty that I could collect myself sufficiently for what I had to do.

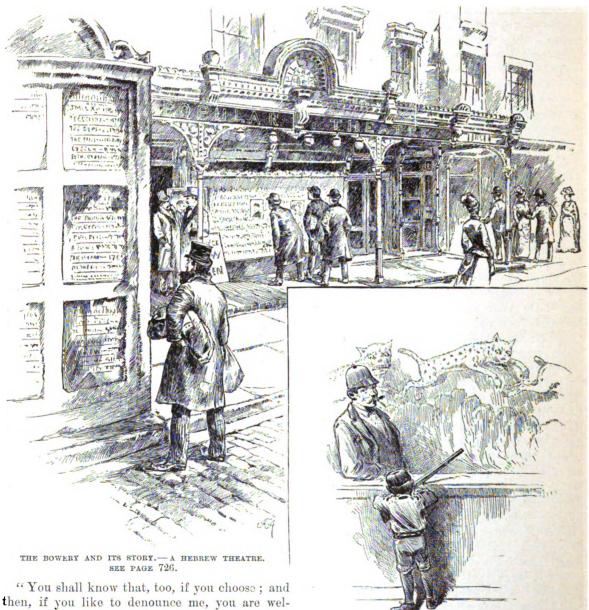
"Excuse my intrusion, Mr. Courtenay," said I, laying the pocket-book and its contents upon the chair beside him; "I have some property of yours here, which I wish to return."

A faint flush tinged his death-like face, but otherwise he showed no emotion whatever.

"You know all, I presume?"

"All except the motive of the crime," answered I, surprised at his composure.

"that I came over from New York, where I had had the charge of my father's branch house, while he carried on the main business in England. He had lately bought a country-place near Manchester, and my mother having been dead several years, the housekeeping was in the hands of my orphan cousin, Clara Harcourt, who had been brought up in our house just like one of the family. It had always been understood that we



TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA HOW TO SHOOT.

"You shall know that, too, if you choose; and then, if you like to denounce me, you are welcome. It matters little *now* how my life ends, and the law must be expeditious if it would reach me."

He sank back exhausted. I placed a pillow under his head, and sat down beside him, more eager for the coming disclosure than I would have cared to admit.

"It was in the Summer of 1872," he began,

were to be married as soon as she was old enough; and all the time of the voyage I had been picturing to myself how I would have it all settled at once, and take my darling with me when I returned. Ah! how I remember her as I used to see her long ago, flitting along those dusky old

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A VANISHED TYPE-THE "BOWERY BOY."

corridors with a stray gleam of light from some side window falling on her fresh little face and long fair hair, till she looked just like a gliding sunbeam hercelf. But I mustn't even think of that now.

"The moment we met, I noticed a change in Clara's manner to me, although I could hardly tell what it was. I had heard some mention in my father's letters

of a young fellow of the neighborhood, Percy Vaughan by name, who had lately become very intimate with them; but it did not disturb me as it might have disturbed other men, for I trusted her. When I met him, a strange feeling of aversion came over me; but

I drove it away, thinking I was only fanciful. known then what I know now, I'd have struck him dead where he stood; but how could I foresee what was to come? "Day by day, I noticed the change in Clara more and more strongly. When I pressed her to fix a day for our marriage, she answered in a fretful, half-angry way that was quite new to me; and once or twice, when I came suddenly upon her as she was sitting alone, I saw (though



THE OLD BOWERY AND THE NEW.



BOWERY ACADEMY, 1810.

she always denied it vehemently) the traces of tears upon her face. It seemed to me at times that she wished to tell me something, but dared not; and more than once I was just on the point of asking her. Great Heaven! if I only had!"

Here he paused, as if shrinking from what was to come. A squall had burst upon us while he was speaking, and the howling storm and lashing waves made a fit accompaniment to the dismal story.

"One day," he resumed, at length, "I had gone out early, for all these things made me restless. When I returned, I found the whole house in confusion. Clara was nowhere to be found, and a letter was lying for me in her handwriting, which no one had dared to open. I read it through quite calmly, and then dropped as a man drops with a bullet through his heart. She had fled with Vaughan; and her letter told me that her best wish for me was that I might forget that such a creature had ever existed. Those were the very words. I was to forget her—forget her!

"At first I was like a man stunned; but, a few days later, I made a discovery that sobered me at once. The villain was married already, and therefore could not do justice to my poor little girl, even if he wished it. When I heard that, a kind of deadly calmness seemed to come over me. I gathered all the money I had, and, without saying a word to any one, set forth to hunt him down and kill him.

"It was a long chase, for the wretch had taken his precautions well; but the trail ended at last, in a little Wiltshire village, and there I found, not him, but her, forsaken and dying. He had abandoned her, and her heart was broken; but, thank God, I arrived in time to tell her I forgave her, and to kiss her before she died.

"Then I went forth to my quest once more, and never swerved nor faltered till I ran him

down. It was no easy work, for he had found out that I was seeking him, and hardly ever stirred out-of-doors; but at last he tried to baffle me by stealing away at night, little dreaming that I was dogging his steps all the while. Just before daybreak, I came up with him on the lonely hill-side, with the sea below and the sky above, and the gray mist closing us in like a shroud.

"'I have you now,' said I. 'Ask mercy from God, for you shall have none from me!"

"One blow did it, and I left him lying there on the edge of the cliff, with his dead face turned upward to the sky. My work was done at last; and that night, for the first time since my darling was lost to me, I slept an unbroken sleep.

"But now that I had accomplished the one purpose for which I lived, life itself seemed to have gone out along with it. Neither food nor sleep did me any good; and I would often lie a whole day in a kind of lethargy, without moving, or even thinking, as if my very mind were blotted out. I felt my life cbbing away, and I would fain have gone home to die; but I could not meet my father with blood on my hands, even though it had been righteously shed. At last I resolved to go away and die among strangers, where no one knew what had befallen me; and, God be thanked, I feel the end very near."

Three days later the sufferer lay at rest fathoms deep in the Atlantic; and the sole memorial of his dismal secret is that which I have here set down.

THE BOWERY AND ITS STORY.

BY FELIX OLDBOY.

THE Bowery is a mile of history. No other street tells so much of the story of the republic and its metropolis. A trail of the warlike Wickquaskeeks when yet the primeval forest overshadowed the Island of Manhattan and an Indian village occupied the future site of Chatham Square; a bridle-path to the homestead of the last and greatest of the Dutch Governors, stout Petrus Stuyvesant, whose Bowery gave its name to the roadway which his English successors widened and improved; a country post-road through which rattled the stages to Boston and Albany, and down which the Quaker merchant Murray lumbered in his "leathern conveniency" from the heights of Inklenberg, now Murray Hill, and the wife of Frederick Phillipse, the Yonkers Patroon, drove her four black ponies at break-neck speed; a broad avenue that echoed proudly to the tread of the American battalions that marched in with Washington on that November day which saw the last British soldier embarking at the Battery; a street bordered with stately poplars and lined with pretty rural homes in the early years of this

century; a street in its transition state famous for its firemen and its fights, for its theatres and its belles, for its patriotism and its pugilism, for its American types of character and its development of foreign methods, the Bowery is now a great historic thoroughfare which all nations of the earth have combined to make the most cosmopolitan of all streets in the New World. From first to last it has had the strange distinction of never having seen a church erected upon its building-line, and yet it has always been typical of city life, and the story of New York would be shorn of much of its glory if no mention were made of the mile of street which stretches between Chatham Square and the Cooper Union.

There is a charm at once quaint and dainty in the name Bowery. The men who laid the foundations of the little City of New Amsterdam were mighty workers, but they also loved the ease that labor earns. Every house in the town had its stoop, on which the proprietor and his family took their rest in the cool of the evening, and to which they welcomed their neighbors. In front was a flower-garden, and behind the house was a stable for the cows and the garden for vegetables. But even under these conditions the citizens began to feel crowded as soon as the population numbered a thousand, and then they cast about for country-seats. Farms were laid out along the East River, and Governor Stuyvesant, as became a fearless soldier, took up his land at the furthest outpost, full two miles from the fort, and there he built him a solid house of brick brought from Holland, and reared a little chapel under which his bones might finally rest. There must have been a vein of poetry in the sturdy Dutch pioneers, despite their reputation for being utterly

phlegmatic and insisting upon building their ships as broad as they were long. Jochiem Kuyter named his plantation "Zegendal," or Vale of Blessing, and Dr. de la Montagne, whose early life had been passed amid scenes of violence, and who had settled down to the quiet of a burgomasters's life in New Amsterdam, called his country home "Vredendal," or Dale of Repose. But Governor Stuyvesant's homestead was simply known as "The Bowery," and as such it gave its name to the road that was the western boundary of his lands.

It was on Candlemas Day, February 2d, 1653, that, by proclamation of the Hon. Lord Director Petrus Stuyvesant, the Town of Manhattan became the City of New Amsterdam, and was invested with municipal privileges. It was in this year that the walls of the Governor's commodious country house rose among the trees of a suburban wilderness, and the rough pathway through the forest that led to the mansion took its place in city annals as the Bowerv Lane. The old house was burned to the ground during the British occupation of New York, but the wall could be seen in a vacant lot between Eleventh and Twelfth Streets as late as 1851, and for many years afterward the famous old Stuyvesant pear-tree, which had blossomed and borne fruit for more than two centuries, stood in crippled stateliness at the corner of Third Avenue and Thirteenth Street. The location of the house was a little to the west of the present St. Mark's Church, but the line of the Governor's estate followed the present Bowery and Fourth Avenue as far as Sixteenth Street, where of old time the Bowery Road merged into the Bloomingdale Road. A hedge of hawthorn marked the boundary, and in the days when the Stuyvesants still held the property as a whole, and for years afterward, the roadway was shaded by a double row of trees. Until a detachment of streets marched destructively across its lawns, the Bowery was an oasis of beauty, and told of itself the reason why the road from "The Werpoes" fell naturally into the name which it still retains.

The Werpoes was an Indian settlement which once occupied the site of Chatham Square. An Indian trail following the course of the present Park Row led to it, and another trail that led to favorite hunting-grounds higher up in the island was broadened by the pioneer Dutch farmers into



BOWERY VILLAGE CHURCH, 1817.

the primitive Bowery Lane. In 1651 Augustine Heermans, a successful merchant and the first man in New Amsterdam who speculated in real estate for profit, became the purchaser of the Werpoes and of other land lying west of the Bowery, and laid the foundations of what was afterward known as the Bayard estate. Opposite was the great De Lancey plantation, extending to the Bowery, and between the estates of the Bayards and De Lanceys and the "Great Bowery" (as it was often called) of the Stuyvesants, lay a number of farms, which, originally owned by the Steenwycks, Van Corlaers, Wolferts, Kiersteds and other pioneers famous in Dutch annals,

changed hands frequently in after-years.

Some of these farms were the scene of Indian barbarities. In 1655 a score of settlers were slain in this vicinity, and many more in other sections of the island. As a means of protection, the Governor and Council then determined to establish outlying hamlets. into which the people might gather for defense in time of danger. At the request of those who lived north of the Fresh



ST. MARK'S CHURCH, OCCUPYING THE SITE OF GOVERNOR STUYVESANT'S

Water—beyond the lovely little lake whose waves dimpled the spot where the Tombs rears its gloomy front—permission was granted to form a hamlet near the Bowery of Governor Stuyvesant. Cooper Union now occupies the site of the little settlement, which consisted at first of a tavern, a blacksmith-shop, a school-house and two or three dwellings of rude make. The Governor built the school-house, and paid the salary of Harmanus van Hoboocken, the teacher, out of his own pocket. He aided the enterprise also by erecting a chapel on his farm, and paying Dominie Selyns, of the Brooklyn church, a hundred dollars a year to preach there every Sunday afternoon. As Brooklyn's entire population was then 123 souls,

the dominie had the time to undertake this additional charge. Thus, in 1660, the Bowery Village became a recognized suburb, and the thoroughfare that led to it began to become of importance. But it appears to have been by no means a pleasant road to travel. A year after the village was established, Farmer Janson asked to be released from tenancy of land near the Bowery, because he had two miles to travel through a dense forest; and ten years later complaint was made that the road was in such bad condition that people traveling over it on horseback were in danger of their lives. Strange to say, too, a street commissioner of approved probity and good family connections

had been at work upon the highway for some time. It is ghost seems to have frequently materialized in office since that time.

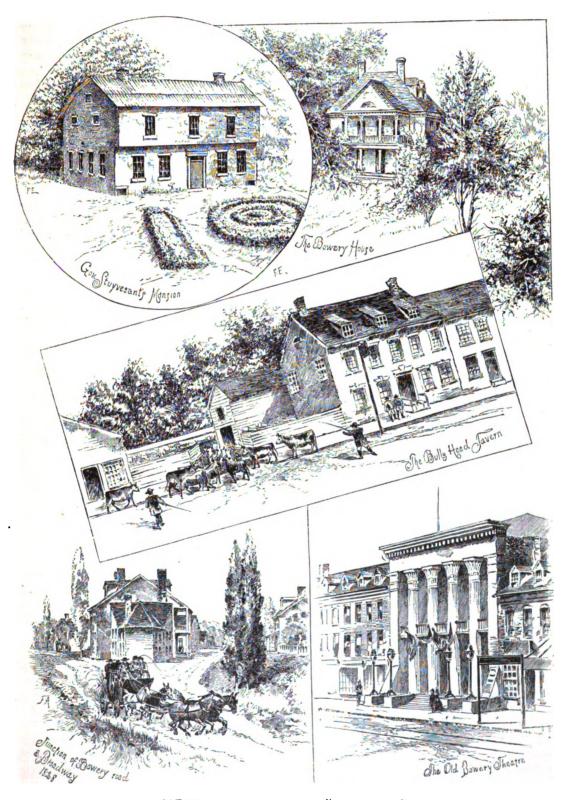
It is a strange fact that, as haz been said, no church - building has ever been erected upon the line of this famous thoroughfare. Yet there are two flourishing congregations that are identified with its name, and whose story is inseparable from its history. When Governor Stuy-

vesant died, he was buried in a vault under the chapel he had built near his dwelling; and when, a few years later, his widow was called to rest, her will devised the edifice to the Reformed Dutch Church, with power to demolish the building and erect a new one with the materials, provided they preserved the family vault. Time passed on; the mansion reared by the Governor was destroyed by fire, and the chapel fell into decay. One of the daughters of the family married an Episcopal clergyman, and another married Colonel Nicholas Fish, who held the same creed. So it came about naturally that in 1793 Peter Stuyvesant, the last of the Patroons of the name, offered a conveyance of land and a contribution in money toward the

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erection of an Episcopal church which should | of incorporation was filed in the County Clerk's replace the dismantled chapel. Trinity Church agreed to raise £5,000 for the building, the lots

office for "St. Mark's Church in the Bowery," a title which it still retained as the corporate name were conveyed in 1795, and in 1799 a certificate of the parish. The church still stands, but little



HISTORIC LANDMARKS OF THE OLD "BOWERY ROAD."

changed from its first form, facing Stuyvesant Street, last of the half-score of parallel avenues of travel that once bore the names of the family. There are white-haired men who remember when it looked out upon fragrant gardens and smiling meadows, and from its portico the river, dotted with white sails, could be seen, and the little silvery brook, once famous for its fish, showed sparkling among the trees. Only the little green patch of church-yard and a few stray elms remain. But there is something from the past here that is yet better worth remembering. Under the church rest the ashes of the great Dutch Governor, and fastened against the eastern wall of the church is the tablet of stone which was originally placed upon his grave, and which bears this inscription: "In this Vault lies buried Petrus Stuyvesant, late Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief of Amsterdam in New-Netherland now called New-York and the Dutch West-India Islands, died in A.D. $167\frac{1}{2}$, aged 80 years."

Governor Stuyvesant was cast in heroic mold. An aristocrat, and intolerant of the opinions of others, he was a man of powerful intellect, and was from first to last the foremost figure in the Colony of New Netherland. His personality was striking, his manner magnetic. As I look back through history, I always see him standing on the ramparts of Fort Amsterdam, facing the English fleet, richly clad, as became his rank, the silver bands of his wooden leg flashing in the sun, an artilleryman with lighted match at his side, and around him a circle of dismayed citizens begging him to spare their homes from the assaults of an overwhelming force. Then I hear the echo of his brave words penned in reply to the summons of the English to surrender the town: "As touching the threats in your conclusion, we have nothing to answer, only that we fear nothing but what God (who is just and merciful) shall lay upon us, all things being in His gracious disposal; and we may as well be preserved by Him with small forces as by a great army." I see the Dutch soldiers marching out of the fort with arms fixed, drums beating, colors flying and matches lighted, passing down Beaver Lane to the place of embarkation, while, with his face whitened by grief and indignation, the sturdy old Governor mounts his horse and rides slowly, under the reddening September leaves of the trees that line the road, to his Bowery, to the home where he is to end his days in the honored peace his life has won. For many a year I have not passed that way by night without fancying that I could hear upon the pavement the echoing ring of his silver-tipped leg, and sometimes it even seemed that I could catch the faint odor of the hawthorn that hedged in his home.

A Methodist congregation that bore the name

of the Bowery Village Church was organized in 1786 by the Rev. William Veloe, a zealous local preacher from the John Street Church. This part of his circuit was known at first as the "Two-miles-stone Appointment," because of its being two miles from the City-hall, at the corner of Wall and Nassau Streets. The earlier meetings were held in the two-story frame residence of Gilbert Contant, on Third Avenue, between Seventh Street and St. Mark's Place. The second place of worship was in the Village Academy, on Nicholas William Street, near by, where Bishop Asbury preached and administered the communion. In 1817 the first church-edifice was erected on the lot adjoining the Academy, and it was at this time that it became known distinctively as the Bowery Village Church. It was a plain wooden structure with brick basement, having two doors opening on a porch that was reached by a flight of steps. Some few years afterward, when a reconstruction of the streets left them in the middle of a block, the edifice was moved to the north side of Seventh Street, near Second Avenue. But their troubles did not end here. They were a zealous folk, and "enjoyed religion" in a hilarious manner. "You could hear them a mile off when they shouted," is the testimony of a venerable survivor of the flock. At last, after a tremendous revival had kept the neighborhood awake all Winter, the rich and conservative people who had colonized St. Mark's Place offered to give the trustees two eligible lots near Third Avenue, and to help them pecuniarily, if they would take up their church again and walk away with it. The offer was accepted, the church was moved, and as the city grew up about it the old name was dropped, and the Bowery Village Church is known to the present generation only as the Seventh Street Church—a decided loss in pict-The venerable John Stephenson, uresqueness. famous the world over as a builder of cars, was one of the members of sixty years ago, and at the centennial of the church told of the green fields he crossed on his way to the services, and of the "triumphant shoutings of the happy saints" which his voice had helped to swell. Such sounds and scenes now belong wholly to the past.

But the village tavern had a renown of its own as well as the village churches. The old Dutch settlers were a comfortable sort of folk, and whenever they undertook to start a village, as at Brooklyn and Harlem, they provided for a tavern to begin with. When the City of New Amsterdam was proclaimed, provision was made that the officials should be paid from an excise tax, and hence the law not only encouraged the multiplication of taverns, but regulated the price of the tankard of ale and the mutchin of rum, and the cost of beds with sheets and without

them. At the village taverns were always held the meetings of magistrates to decide local disputes, and it was usually the custom to run up a score with the host to the amount of the fines imposed, and leave him to collect the debt. As the defendant was always invited to partake of the good cheer, all hard feelings were thus drowned in the cups, and at the same time justice was vindicated. The plan has a very respectable antiquity to recommend it, and magistrates of the present day might find it calculated to promote good feeling and public harmony. The custom was always popular in the Bowery Village.

The tavern in the Bowery became a favorite place of resort for city people, and fate made it historic. When Jacob Leisler was acting Governor of the Colony, the French and Indians raided the Valley of the Mohawk with terrible atrocity, and threatened Albany and the New England settlements. The whole Atlantic border was aroused, and Leisler, who was sagacious beyond his time, saw his opportunity for union, and summoned delegates from the Colonies of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Plymouth and Connecticut to meet his own representatives in New York. The avowed object was to carry the war into Africa by invading Canada, but Leisler, who was already regarded as a rebel by the Crown, would have been glad to accomplish union and independence. Small-pox was prevalent in this city at the time the delegates were to assemble, in 1690, and the Governor fixed upon the tavern in the Bowery Village as the place of meeting, describing it as a good, neat house, about two miles from the city, kept by Captain Arien Cornelis. In this humble tavern met the first American Colonial Congress, predecessor and pattern of all that came after, and showed its successors how the people of the New World might unite for a common object and against a common enemy. New York promised to furnish 400 men for the Colonial Army; Connecticut, 135; Massachusetts, 160; Plymouth, 60; and Maryland, 100. Rhode Island had no soldiers to spare, but agreed to raise her proportion of money. The troops were raised, Boston and New York sent out fleets, the enemy were checked and the colonies saved. Men discovered that in union there is strength, and the seed sown by the Colonial Congress convened in the Bowery tavern took deep root, and in another century had produced the harvest of a free and prosperous republic.

A curious sort of character became proprietor of the tavern a few years later. A mathematician, wit and speculator, he set up. in 1696, the first hackney-coach that had ever been provided for the public accommodation. A year later he published the first almanac that had ever been printed in New York, and he was smart enough to make

abundant use of it as an advertising medium. Thus, under the head of June, he gives notice that "the 24th of this month is celebrated the feast of St. John the Baptist, in commemoration of which, and to keep up a happy union and lasting friendship by the sweet harmony of good society, a feast is held by the Johns of this city at John Clapp's, in the Bowery, where any gentleman whose name is John may find a hearty welcome to join in concert with his namesakes." In a table of distances, he puts his tavern down as being two miles from the City Post-office, adding that his is generally the baiting-place where gentlemen take leave of their friends, and where a parting glass of generous wine,

"If well applied, makes the dull horse feel One spur in the head is worth two in the heel."

Another famous tavern on the Bowery was known as the Bull's Head, and occupied the lots on which the Bowery Theatre was afterward erected. Next to it were the City Cattle-yards. which had been moved to this location some years prior to the Revolution, and remained here for more than half a century. Richard Varian was in charge of "the Bull's Head in the Bowery Lane" when the British took possession of the city, and he gave proof of his patriotism by going into exile and entering the service. His is the oldest name in the profession in this city, for his father and grandfather had been butchers, and his grandson, a butcher in Washington Market, was captain of a battery at the first battle of Bull Run and afterward commanded a brigade of the National On his return to the city with Washington's victorious forces, Richard Varian found his wife in possession of the Bull's Head, and he was at once placed in charge of the public slaughterhouse on the banks of the Collect Pond. The men who had been in charge of the butchering business under the British rule gave him no end of trouble, and in a memorial to the authorities. dated May, 1785, he complained that many of them refused to pay their taxes. Among these he mentions Henry Ashdore, who, as he says, "laments his being obliged to take refuge under a pack of rebel rascals," with many other enormi-This Ashdore, or Ashdoor, as his name was sometimes written, had come to New York as a Hessian soldier under the British flag, and when his term expired had begun business in a small way as a butcher, having learned the trade in his father's shop at Waldorf. His younger brother came here after the War of the Revolution, and the world knew him before long as New York's most adventurous and thriving man of business, founder of Astoria, and patron of Washington Irving—the first John Jacob Astor. In an humbler way Henry Astor, too, achieved success, for in

1796 he was the owner of the Bull's Head, and Richard Varian was his tenant. He had his residence in the Bowery, a short distance north of the tavern, where he lived quietly with his rosycheeked wife, Dolly, whom he loved devotedly to the day of her death, and of whom he was accustomed to say that "my Dolly is de pink of de Powery." They had no children, and at his death his property on the Bowery, then estimated at half a million dollars in value, was bequeathed to his nephew, William B. Astor.

In 1825 the old Bull's Head Tavern was torn down, and the ground prepared for the erection of a new and elegant theatre on its site. The corner-stone was laid by the Mayor of the city

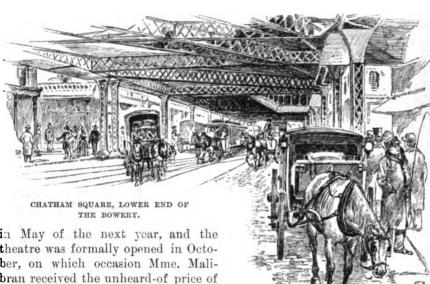
money, and an evening's programme in my boyhood extended sometimes to the length of five hours, and did not weary its audience even then. Thus, for instance, in a newspaper bearing date of May, 1837, we find the Bowery Theatre promising the drama of "The Flying Dutchman," with Mr. Sefton and Mrs. Stickney in the principal parts, together with the drama of "Zamco"; the National Theatre in Chatham Street offering a programme beginning with the tragedy of "Romeo," in which Miss Charlotte Cushman assumes the rôle of Romeo, while Mr. Wallack plays Mercutio; and the Park Theatre presenting Shakespeare's "As You Like It," with Miss Tree as Rosalind, followed by the play of "Old Times

in Virginia," and the drama of "Jonathan Duobikins," in each of which the actor then known as "Yankee Hill" took the leading part. Was ever more of tragedy and comedy offered to a boy in the pit for a meagre quarter of a dollar?

The lots upon the Bowery Road between Chatham Square and Grand Street were ouite compactly built upon before the Revolution, but the tenements were small and the population not all that could be desired, as is evident from the fact that a schedule of liquor dealers made in 1770 shows that thirteen dwelt on its line of travel. One of these ran an ancient

distillery, situated at the present junction of the Bowery with Doyer Street, which dated back to the Dutch dynasty, and had originally been the property of Dominie de Riemir. It had outlived its century when it was pulled down in 1806.

While the American forces occupied the city, in 1776, they constructed a line of fortifications from the Hudson to the East River, crossing the Bowery at Grand Street, and these works were subsequently improved and strengthened by the British commanders. As the Bowery was the principal avenue of approach to the city, it was naturally well guarded, and the continual presence of soldiers in the vicinity tended to deteriorate the buildings and property. It was while Washington had his head-quarters here that a plot was discovered which had for its object his abduction

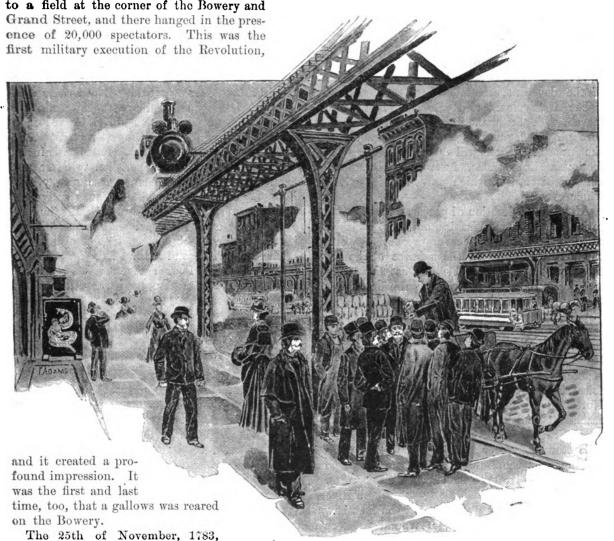


in May of the next year, and the theatre was formally opened in October, on which occasion Mme. Malibran received the unheard-of price of \$10,000 for singing in English opera. The building was spoken of at the time as a great ornament to the city, and was frequented by the leading society people, fashion having not as yet deserted the east side of the city. In one respect the theatre was unfort-

unate. Four times within the first twenty years of its erection the interior of the building was destroyed by fire, twice totally; yet each time it arose on an enlarged and improved scale, though the "old Bowery Theatre" of thirty years ago did not differ greatly in appearance from the structure which charmed New York in the days of Malibran. No theatre in the city has ever been as popular as the Bowery in its prime. For longer than the space of an entire generation its pit was the Mecca of the sturdy American youth who made that quarter of the city famous for its pluck, patriotism and pugilistic capacity, and who caused the name of "the Bowery b'hoy" to shine in current literary and theatrical annals. Because of this class of patronage the management was compelled to give a good deal for the

or assassination. The former royal Mayor and two of Washington's Life-guard were implicated in the conspiracy. One of the latter, an Irishman, named Thomas Hickey, who had deserted from the British Army and enlisted in the patriot forces for the purpose of corrupting his comrades and seducing them from their allegiance, was tried by court-martial, found guilty of mutiny, sedition and treachery, and sentenced to death. On the morning of June 22d, 1776, he was taken

independence a possibility at Bunker Hill and a certainty at Yorktown. Great preparations had been made for the event. At a meeting of citizens, called to receive General Washington and Governor Clinton with proper honors, it was resolved to assemble at nine o'clock "at the Bull's Head Tavern, now kept by Mrs. Varian," and that the "badge of distinction" should be a Union cockade of black and white ribbon worn on the left breast, with a laurel in the hat.



whose anniversary was once a civic holiday dear to all school-boys, was the most glorious day recorded in the annals

the most glorious day recorded in the annals of this famous street. In the rhythmic slang of city urchins of past generations, it was

> -" Evacuation Day, When the British ran away."

On that memorable sunshiny November morning the Bowery was ablaze with martial splendor, and thronged by patriots whose loud huzzas welcomed back the men in buff and blue who had made

THE BOWERY, NEAR SPRING STREET, 1890.

In the morning the American troops marched from Harlem to the Bowery Village. There they rested on their arms until one o'clock, when the British troops withdrew from their posts in the Bowery, and the victorious column took up the line of march and occupied the city. A corps of dragoons led the way, and the infantry and artillery followed. As soon as the troops were in possession of the city, the General and the Governor made their public entry, riding at the head of the

procession with their suites, on horseback, and escorted by a body of Westchester Light-horse, under command of Captain Delavan. General Knox and the officers of the army, eight abreast, followed; and after the veterans came citizens on horseback, with a like front; the Lieutenant-governor and Members of the Council, the Speaker of the Assembly and citizens, on foot. Down the Bowery Lane, down Chatham Street to Pearl, and through that very aristocratic thoroughfare to Broadway at the Bowling Green, amid plaudits, tears and waving of many flags, swept the men who had freed city and country; and a dinner at Fraunces's Tavern, given by Governor Clinton to Washington, closed the exercises of the day. With quaint emphasis the newspapers of the day thus characterize the proceedings: "The arrangement and whole conduct of this march, with the tranquillity which succeeded it through the day and night, was admirable! and the grateful citizens will ever feel the most affectionate impressions, from that elegant and efficient disposition which prevailed through the whole event."

After the declaration of peace and the inauguration of President Washington, the Bowery entered upon a new career of prosperity. Being the principal drive in the suburbs of the city, the current of fashionable life set through it, and pretty little wooden villas and brick cottages occupied its vacant lots. Drive-ways to all places of public resort branched out to it. A table of coach-fares printed in 1794 shows where these resorts were located, and what a great artery of travel the Bowery had become. The fare to Belvedere-Grand Street and the East River-was four shillings; to Brannon's Gardens, on the North River shore, just above Canal Streetreached by a lane which is now Spring Streetfour shillings; to Greenwich Village, by the twomile stone and over the Sandy Hill Road, eight shillings; by the Bowery and Love Lane (now Twenty-first Street) to Chelsea, and back to town by the Greenwich Road, along the North River, sixteen shillings; to Brevoort's, at the East River and Sixteenth Street, £1; "Around Apthorp's Tour," the fourteen-mile drive which Mrs. Washington took several times a week, £1.8s; to Harlem, one day, £1.12s. Roads were bad and carriages were scarce in those days. Now one is whirled through the Bowery to Harlem for five cents at a speed which would have frightened a hackman of the last century into his grave.

A map of New York, made by William Bridges, City Surveyor, in 1807, shows that the quondam lane had then risen to the dignity of the Bowery Road, but was not yet recognized as a street. The streets on the east side, above Stanton, bore names which would be strange to the present generation.

Houston Street was known as North Street, and above followed Romaine, Minthorne, Quick, Verplanck, Winthrop, Cruger, Gerard and other names that were linked with the Stuyvesant family and estate. In a description of the city, written in 1807 and published the following year, the Rev. John Lambert, an English traveler, gives some interesting hints as to the appearance of the Bowery Road at the time of his visit to America. After speaking of New York as "a very elegant and commodious town," he says: "The Broad Way and the Bowery Road are the two finest avcnues in the city, and nearly of the same width as Oxford Street in London. The Bowery Road commences from Chatham Street, which branches off from the Broad Way to the right, by the side of the Park. After proceeding about a mile and a half, it joins the Broad Way, and terminates the plan which is intended to be carried into effect for the enlargement of the city." The latter statement is not correct, as a commissioner was then at work laying out a plan to cover the entire Island of Manhattan, whose survey and allotment of streets has since been rigidly fol-At this time the Bowery Road extended: to the upper end of Union Square before joining "The Broad Way," but since that portion of it which extended beyond Astor Place has been incorporated with Fourth Avenue, its extremo length is but little more than one mile. Of a once famous place of amusement, which then occupied the entire space between the Bowery and Broadway, and Art Street (now Astor Place); and Great Jones Lane, Mr. Lambert says, "New York has its Vauxhall and Ranelagh," and he thinks them "pleasant places of recreation for the inhabitants." Concerning the former, ho adds: "The Vauxhall Garden is situated in the Bowery Road, about two miles from the City-hal!. It is a neat plantation, with gravel-walks adorned with shrubs, trees, busts and statues. In the centre is a large equestrian statue of General Washington. Light musical pieces, interludes, etc., are performed in a small theatre in one corner of the gardens; the audience sit in what are called the pit and the boxes in the open air. The theatrical corps of New York is chiefly engaged at Vauxhall during the Summer." The English traveler gives us one more glimpse of the Bowery on the occasion of his departure from New York. "I had engaged a place, at the office in Courtlandt Street," he writes, "in the mailstage for Boston, and on April 20th I took my departure, about eight in the morning. We proceeded through Chatham Street and along the Bowery Road. This avenue is remarkable for its width, and for the handsome appearance of its buildings. The houses are built in an elegant and tasteful manner, of wood, painted

white, and ornamented with green Venetian shades, neat railings and small gardens. They stand apart from each other, and command an extensive and beautiful view of the surrounding country." The picture thus delineated has been wholly obliterated by time, but it cannot fade from memory.

The Vauxhall Garden came into existence toward the close of the last century, and was originally the property of Jacob Sperry, a florist and horticulturist, who sold it to John Jacob Astor, in 1803, for \$45,000, which was then considered a good price. Mr. Astor leased the place to a Frenchman by the name of Delacroix, who succeeded in making it one of the most popular resorts in the city. Here the youth of the little city ate ice-cream and made love, diverted at times by balloon ascensions and fire-works. In process of time Lafayette Place was extended through the garden, and its limits were thus much shorn, and began to lose their rural aspect. Later, its principal attraction was a theatre, at which Mary Taylor-whom all New York at one time spoke proudly of as "Our Mary"-made her début, and Wm. E. Burton, Frank Chanfrau, the typical Bowery fireman, and Mrs. Florence, then Malvina Pray, won their early laurels. For one dread night of riot and bloodshed the Vauxhall became the scene of a tragedy in real life, when the victims of the Astor Place riot were brought into the garden, the dead and the dying together, their blood staining the boards on which only mimic murders had been wrought, while the graycoated soldiers of the Seventh Regiment stood guard at the doors.

The old buildings were removed in 1855. They had outlived their power to draw the multitude, and the demands of business made the erection of the present structures a necessity. One relic of the old amusement days still lingered for a few years—the Gotham Cottage, at 298 Bowery. It stood back from the street some fifty feet, a modest two-story edifice, built of bricks and painted yellow, half hidden by the trees upon its The "Cottage" was a famous resort for firemen, the sporting characters of the last generation, and Bohemians of the press, and when its doors were finally closed, it had no successor. Much of its high reputation was due to Henry B. Venn, its genial proprietor, who was for many years an active member of the Volunteer Fire Department, and had at one time been Foreman of Engine Company No. 14. There was a powerful spirit of fellowship among the old firemen of New York, which showed itself in the elevation of six of their comrades to the Mayor's chair, and at the epoch when the Gotham Cottage was in its glory the Bowery was regarded as the arena in which

or sought their amusement. The historic "Mose," "Lize" and "Sykesy," whose characterization shook the city to its heart with delight forty years ago, would have seemed but empty creations of the fancy had they been called into being elsewhere than on the pavement and in the homes and resorts of the Bowery.

The Bowery boy was unique. He figured in print as a "b'hoy." The slang of the period said that he was "gallus," and the man whom he told to "take de butt" ran terrible risk if he hesitated. Clad in his war-paint, and in array for battle, he was a terror to the neighborhood; and yet he was noted for his prowess with the fair sex. The story of the flush days of the Bowery would be incomplete without making him its foremost figure. As he sat upon a street-hydrant, clad in black broadcloth coat and trousers, the latter rolled up over his ankles, a voluminous black silk handkerchief tied loosely under the collar of his red-flannel shirt so as to let the ends flutter at will, his head surmounted by a shiny silk hat tipped over his left eye at an angle of forty-five degrees, his hair clipped close behind but allowing "soap locks" to fall over each ear, a cigar between his teeth, his hands plunged in his pockets, he was the cynosure of the maidens of whom a poet of the period sang:

"Bowery girls, won't you come out to-night,
Won't you come out to-night,
And dance by the light of the moon?
I danced with a girl with a hole in her stocking,
And her heel kept a-rocking;
She was the prettiest girl in the room."

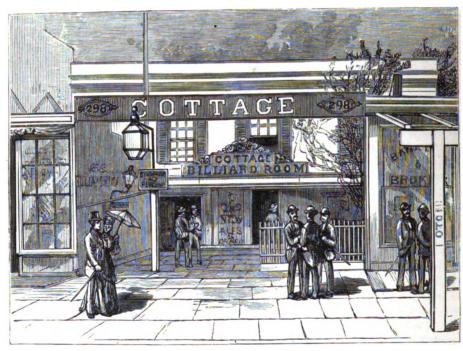
When Thackeray first visited this country, he said it was the height of his ambition to swallow an American oyster and to see a Bowery bov. Both wishes were gratified. He was taken down into a basement on the Bowery, and a plate of enormous bivalves was placed before him. Taking one of the giants on his fork, he shut his eyes, opened his mouth and determinedly swallowed it. "How do you feel now?" inquired his guide. "As if I had swallowed a baby!" was the reply of the great-hearted satirist. Coming up into daylight again, a specimen of the "b'hoy" such as has been described was pointed out to him. big Englishman walked up to the monarch of the street, and remarked, inquiringly: "If you please, I would like to go to Broome Street." Without removing the cigar from between his teeth, the American sovereign retorted, benignly: "Well, say, sonny, why don't you go?" Another Englishman had been vanquished by a Yankee.

of their comrades to the Mayor's chair, and at the epoch when the Gotham Cottage was in its glory the Bowery was regarded as the arena in which the men who manned the ropes won their laurels

As a political arena, the Bowery has been conspicuous on numerous occasions. A little more than fifty years ago the "loco-foco" wing of the Democratic party, which, under the leadership of

William Leggett of the Evening Post antagonized the conservative element of Tammany Hall, made its headquarters at the old Military and Civic Hotel, formerly located on the south-west corner of the Bowery and Broome Street. Some years later the Know-nothing movement gathered its chief strength in this section, and the clubs which made up its membership kept the street in a whirl of excited contention. Later on, the surplus political enthusiasm, taking upon itself a more picturesque shape, found vent in innumerable target companies, which filled the broad avenue with martial music and the gleam of muskets. These organizations were the pride of the locality. Their splendor was amazing. In front marched a score

Recruiting offices were opened at freof war. quent intervals, and there was no lack of subjects for enlistment. The Bowery was as patriotic in 1861 as in 1776, and if in the terrible days of rioting, in 1863, throngs of infuriated men swept through the thoroughfare, no innocent blood stained its pavement, and no destruction of property was wrought there. It was then a street of busy, honest shop-keepers, and had entered fairly upon the change which has since made its population cosmopolitan, if not foreign. Its industries are now large and varied. Factories and banks; great clothing, furniture and carpet houses; shops, hotels, theatres; half a dozen surface railways whose cars run day and night; the



GOTHAM COTTAGE.

of gigantic pioneers, crowned with immense bearskin hats, carrying gleaming axes on their shoulders, and elaborately ensconced behind great aprons of tanned leather. Behind the axmen strode the judges in citizen's attire, bearing in their hands plated cake-baskets and casters, and having silver spoons, brooches and other such trifles dangling from their button-holes by ribbons, all of which were to be distributed as prizes. Officers and privates followed in such military order as could be maintained, a huge bouquet in hand, or showing from the barrel of the musket, and the procession invariably closed with a smiling negro bearing a target.

The dark days of the War for the Union saw more earnest and stirring scenes. Regiment after regiment marched down the Bowery to the arena

roar and rattle of the elevated railroads, which sprang into existence in 1878 and are already taxed to their utmost capacity to accommodate the volume of travel, form a striking contrast to the rural appellation of the great artery of city life, and to the rustic quiet that pervaded it in the year when the century opened.

The story of the Bowery would be incomplete without mention of the Cooper Union. Upon the site of the old Bowery Village the philanthropy of one whose life of rectitude and industry was an honor to the city has reared an edifice and endowed an institution in whose benefits every citizen has a share. Peter Cooper gave royally. Nearly \$1,000,000, the fruit of honorable toil, have been expended here for the diffusion of scientific knowledge, the dissemination of litera-



COOPER UNION—(REPRINTED FROM "FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY," VOL. VI., NO. 1).

ture, and for instruction in the trades and in art. It is the only monument which graces the Bowery, and no other is needed. The unpretentious pile of brownstone, fragrant with the memory of a good man who loved his kind, fitly crowns the bustle and roar of the tumultuous life that surges around its base. It rests like a benediction on the head of this great highway of the people.

EDMUND RUSSELL ON THE ART OF DRESS.

THERE is a principle in art Delsarte called parallelism. Things moving in the same direction, related in the same way, expressing the same thing or obedient to the same law, emphasize the general while subordinating the particular and bury their own individuality in their support of a larger whole. Most people merely emphasize the general principle of respectability in society by doing always just what others do, always à la mode, always "considered to be." They are like the servant-girl, who thought it her duty to be always of the same religion as the family she was with.

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particular. Its origin is sometimes to conceal the deformity of its originator, or often simply an unmeaning charge gotten up by tradesmen to make people buy new goods. The artistic dress is one especially designed to suit the characteristic points of the individual, adapted to the uses of his particular daily life, of his personality at his best —beauty, health and comfort subordinated to expression.

The greatest need of modern life is a true and practical knowledge of the principles of art in relation to our being, living and seeming.

Dress is the only decorative thing that moves. It is almost a language by itself. It is a human and not an artificial study. It is one of the highest and most difficult of all arts.

At one time the natural beauty of the human form was not merely a tradition, as now, and the Greeks not only remembered that they were all naked under their clothes, but even demanded occasional public investigation of the facts, to see if their youth were growing up according to nature's laws or not. And if not, to apply some remedy of physical culture or gymnastics to lift the chest, straighten the limbs, make flexible the The fashionable dress is made for no one in | tightened joints or strengthen the flaccid muscles,

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always with an eye to both strength and beauty. They regarded the perfect physical sanity of their young men and women as the noblest sacrifice to the gods.

Now, it is the dress that makes the man, and not the bearing of the man that gives expression to dress. It is of no importance whether we are even human beings under our clothes provided that they are good clothes. There is an idea that any change in the dress of men must mean a return to the frivolity of laces and ruffles, pink satin and powder—the incroyoble, the cavalier; but there are a few simple rules that the simplest dress could and should obey: Health, Comfort, Beauty, Expression, Room enough to breathe the deepest abdominal breath. Width at the chest that it may be held erect and firm, the leading point in our poise (the head in advance is mental and preoccupied in its expression, while the stomach leading is vulgar).

The collar should never come higher than the point where the neck and body join, as, if the neck cannot move with perfect freedom, the connection between the motion to the head and that of the body is broken. There should be no confinement at the wrist, or tight glove on the hand. The shoe should be flexible in the sole and not reach above the ankle, as a high shoe greatly injures the freedom of the walk. Gaiters can be worn in Winter.

These points obeyed, the color, texture, ornament, etc., may mark the taste, position, age, of the wearer, and—no starch.

THE DIPPER AT HOME. By J. W.

There is, and always has been, something fascinating about running water. The pedestrian of the road sees only the outside of the land—sees only its commonplace sights; but the haunter of the water-side is brought face to face with nature's secrets—the flowers and birds and insect life of the rich river-banks. Here man never interferes, here everything is wild wood and water—where everything flourishes, and the drought never comes. Then, again, the rivers and streams are the chief arteries of the land, and yield to a host of field and woodland creatures the life-giving elements. And is it not true that whatever is found on the land is found in still greater abundance by the water-ways?

The stream - banks have their insects, their plants, their birds; and are not these among their chief claims? The birds essentially of the water-side are the dipper and the kingfisher, with a host of others that are less characteristic.

The dipper! Now, as to just what part this pretty white-breasted thrush plays in the econ-

omy of nature, naturalists are by no means agreed. The water-ousel is essentially a bird of the running brook and its water-falls, and wherever these abound there the dipper will be found. His most frequent stand is upon some mossy stone in the river-reach, and here his crescented form may oftenest be seen. He haunts the brightly running streams in Winter as in Summer, and as roaring torrents he seems to love them best.

Let us watch him awhile. He dashes through the spray and into the white foam, performing his morning ablutions. Then he emerges to perch on his stone, always jerking his body about, and dipping, dipping, ever dipping. Presently he melts into the water like a bubble, but immediately emerges to regain his seat. Then he trills out a loud wren-like song, but, breaking off short, again disappears. We are standing on an old stone bridge, and are enabled to observe him closely. By a rapid vibratory motion of his wings he drives himself down through the water, and by the aid of his wide-spreading though unwebbed feet he clings to and walks among the pebbles. These he rapidly turns over with his bill, searching for the larvæ of water-flies and gauzy-winged ephemeræ. He searches the brook carefully downward, sometimes clean immersed, at other times with his back out, and then with the water barely covering his feet. He does not always work with the stream, for we have frequently seen him struggling against it, but even then retaining his position upon the bottom. Even at the present day there are naturalists who, from the examination of cabinet specimens, aver that it is not in the power of the bird to walk at the bottom of a brook; but then they know nothing of him along his native streams. There are few things of the water-ways that are not enemies of trout during some period of their life history. But total exemption from blame is now generally granted to the ousel.

The other day we had occasion to walk by miles and miles of trout-streams. In all of these fish of every size were upon the gravel beds, which constitute the spawning "redds." Almost at every turn the white chemisette of the brookbird glinted from some gray stone, and went piping before us up-stream. As many of these were actually rummaging among the pebbles of the "redds," some few were shot for examination. Although the post-mortems of these were carefully conducted by competent naturalists, no trace in any single case of the presence of the ova of either trout or salmon could be found, but only larvæ in every stage of water-haunting insectsroughly representing the four great families of If a number of dippers could be trout-flies. started from the head of the water-shed of any given area, tracing the brooks and streams from source to mouth, they would register a perfect chart of the water-ways of the whole district. For it is a characteristic that, however sinuously the stream may wind and double on itself, these windings the dipper closely follows, never skirting the land to make short flights. Even if a person be fishing or boating in the stream itself, the bird only rises higher, but allows no obstacle to bar its course.

The dipper is perhaps the most essentially a water-bird we have—even more so than the socalled "water-fowl." It seems so completely a part and parcel of the stream it inhabits that one might almost suggest its origin from the streams themselves-from the foam, or the bubbles, or the spray. More frequently than not the nest is placed immediately beneath a water-fall, and the young birds get their first peep of the world without through a spray shower of water-crystals. Their green mossy home conforms marvelously to the dripping rock against which it is placed—so much so that only a trained eye can detect it. The dipper is an early breeder, in some years commencing its nest in January, and having its five foam-white eggs by the end of the following month.

There has been an ousel's nest by the "White Water" rocks time out of mind. Every Spring, when the first willow-wren's call comes up from the woods, we make a pilgrimage to visit it. So soon as we are near enough to hear the rush of the water over the falls, so soon do we catch the wondrously joyous strains of the brook-birds. It seems that the more white water is falling the louder they sing; and often, when from the bird's bill we have seen that it was singing, the song has been completely drowned by the rush of the water. And the nest! It has been against that dripping lichened rock since first we could reach .up to it. It is one of the marvels of bird architecture—so fresh, so crisp, so cunningly woven, and yet so much in keeping with the spirit of the bird. It is quite a foot in diameter round, and bossy in outline, with a neat hole in the side, and wholly composed of the freshest green moss. Standing by, one is soon drenched through and through by the falling spray, which makes a miniature rainbow against the sun. It is here that the young dippers first begin life - and a fairy spot it is! They soon learn to love the white foam and the torrent, and a few days after they leave the nest may be seen wading among the shallows, or occasionally disappearing into the deeps. From these they emerge, the golden water trickling from their backs, but seldom without some soft-bodied thing from among the peb-

The young of both dippers and kingfishers are wouldn't touch him while it was there, so he had driven from the paternal haunts as soon as they to wander about and had no place of rest either

are able to fare for themselves. Never more than a pair are found along a river-reach, and soon they get to have well-defined beats which they seldom fly beyond except under stress of circumstance. Pairing probably begins in Autumn, as it is then, when all the other birds are silent, that the peculiarly sweet wren-like song is heard-invariably in the vicinity of running water. The birds will not long stay where the water is slow or "logged"; they must have the white foam, the torrent, the pebbly reaches and the shallows. In fact, they could not obtain their food under conditions other than these. The mountain-burns abound with various aquatic insects and their larvæ, and in the limestone districts in innumerable fresh-water mollusks. As we have shown, not only is the ousel innocent of destroying the eggs and fry of trout and salmon, but it is indirectly a friend to a fishery. It is well known that among the chief enemies of spawn are the larvæ known as caddis-worms, that of the dragonfly, May-fly, and stone-fly, and also of various water-beetles. Now, all these have been found in the stomach of the dipper, and therefore it must confer a decided benefit on the trout-streams and salmon-rivers which it haunts.

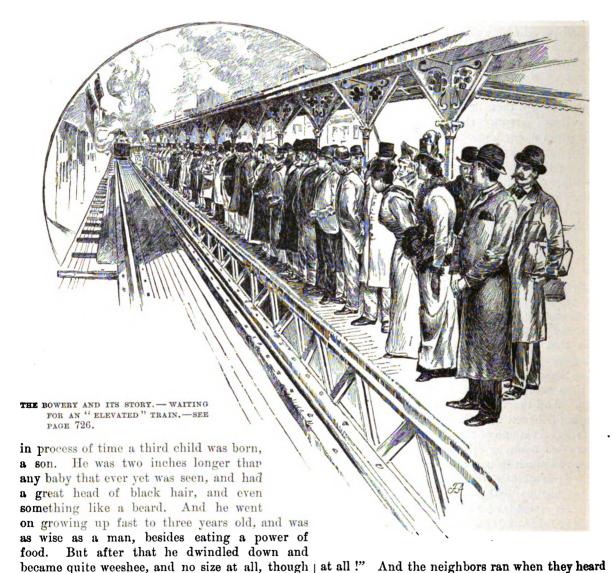
LADY WILDE'S IRISH GHOST-STORIES. THE GHOST'S TROUBLE.

A VERY respectable aged man having died near Dunmore Castle some few years ago, his brother buried him with all honor in the grave-yard near by; but the corpse would not rest quiet. At night, and in lonely places, the ghost would appear and fix his dead eyes on the brother, but say no word, and look so mournful that the poor man had no joy in life and knew not what to do. Then he consulted the priest at last, and his reverence gave him some holy water blessed and consecrated by himself with special prayers, and told him to take the flask with him at night to the place where he usually met the ghost, and question him as to the cause of his disquiet. So the man went as desired, and drew a circle round himself as he stood, and poured the holy water all over the place. And at twelve o'clock exactly the ghost appeared; and when he got within the circle the man felt brave enough to speak, for he knew he was protected by the holy water. So he asked the ghost: "Why have you left the grave to trouble me?" Then the ghost told him that only one thing prevented him getting to heaven, and he would never have rest unless this sin were removed from him, for the thread that sewed his grave - clothes was stolen thread, and the angels wouldn't touch him while it was there, so he had on earth or in heaven, and he bade the brother go to the grave and rip the clothes and take away all the thread and burn it, and get a mass said for the repose of his soul, after which he would have rest. And all this the brother did, even as he was desired, and the ghost was seen no more.

THE WITCH CHILD.

A man and his wife on the island had two children, lovely as angels, and were very happy. But

That must be Tom the Piper, she said, as she went in; but lo and behold! there was the little imp stuck up in his grandmother's arm-chair, and he playing away with all his might the sweetest music on a set of paper pipes, and with his wizened face looking fifty years old, at least. "Oh, the Lord between us and harm!" exclaimed the girl, rushing out of the house, and screaming at the top of her voice: "Help! help! sure it's the devil himself is sitting there, and not the child



dwarf.

Well, one Sunday the parents went to mass, leaving a young girl to take care of the children. And while she was out in the garden picking flowers, suddenly she heard the merriest, jolliest dance-tune from the bagpipes, played by some one in the house.

he ate as much as ever. And he was queer in his ways, and with his wizened little face looked

just like the sprite of an old, old man or ugly

at all!" And the neighbors ran when they heard the screams, and went back with her into the house, but not a sign of the little imp was to be seen, though after much searching he was discovered behind the meal-tub, a mere little sheeoge, not the size of a sod of turf, and burned black as any coal, and quite dead, stiff and stark, with the withered face of an old, old man.

So they all knew he was a witch-child. When the parents came home they had him put outside on the shovel, and before night he was gone.



Like all boys inheriting a comfortable competency, Jack was inclined to be a trifle wild. Mother was by nature far too gentle and easygoing to have much of a restraint upon such a fiery and ungovernable colt. I remember when he was only ten years old the little rascal actually stood up and defied her to her face. Mother, poor thing, burst into tears, and right then and there gave up all hope of ever succeeding in governing him. After that he had things very nearly his own way. As his elder brother, I occasionally remonstrated with him, and exhorted him to follow in the sober path I had chosen; but it did very little good, I fear.

Mother and myself often had serious talks about We looked forward to the time when he would be old enough to marry. That was about the only event we thought could have a settling influence upon him, and give him some definite aim in life. It never occurred to us that when he did decide to marry he would choose other than an amiable and conventional type of girl. My brother had a keen eye for feminine beauty, and I knew very well that the woman whom he finally asked to share his fortune would be as perfect in form and feature as ever a dream of Italian sculptor. But beyond this it had never occurred to me to wonder what characteristics Jack's bride would be likely to possess. In fact, the whole subject of matrimony was a thing which we never connected with Jack except as a desirable possibility of the remote future.

Therefore when, one evening, just before dinner was served, he surprised mother and myself alone in the drawing-room and solemnly informed us that he had something very particular to say to us both, I concluded that it must be some new scrape that he had been getting into. Rather serious, too, I reasoned, for it was not his custom to confide in us on matters short of paramount importance. He turned and drew the heavy portières together with an impatient jerk. Then he stood for a moment with his back to us, facing the wall, apparently studying a little sketch in oils which hung there. When he came toward us again and dropped into an easy-chair opposite the fire-place, I could see that his face was very pale, and that he was nervously biting his lip.

At first no one spoke. Then mother inquired, gently:

"I hope nothing is the matter, Jack?"

Then I interposed, with a trifle of impatience: "I thought you had something to say to us?"

"So I have, if you'll only give me time to do it in," he snapped.

Really, I had never seen Jack in this mood before. I made no reply, and silence reigned for the space of five full minutes. Then mother

arose, with an anxious look in her eyes, and crossed over to Jack's chair. She began smoothing his hair in the way that he had resented ever since he entered upon his teens. However, he did not seem to mind it now.

"I am thinking of getting married!" he burst out, abruptly.

It was a thunder-bolt. Mother and myself were too astonished at first to say anything. Then it was she who spoke.

"Why, Jacky boy!" she began, in a bewildered way, unconsciously using the old babyish appellation; and the next thing either of us knew, she had bent over and imprinted half a dozen kisses in quick succession squarely under that delicate mustache of his which had required such persistent attentions to develop.

Jack looked foolish. He hated anything that savored of sentiment. His feelings may have run deep, for aught I know; they certainly never showed themselves on the surface. It was for that reason that I could scarcely conceive of his being in love.

"But, Jack, you are only twenty years old!" said mother. "Surely you can't be intending to marry now!"

"You forget that in two months I reach my majority. At twenty-one, you know, I am to come into possession of the money father left me. If I should decide to marry then, why——"

The unfinished sentence was more expressive than words. Mother gave a little gasp, and sat down. Then I took up the attack.

"Who's the girl?"

A decided frown came over his face. His answer was curt:

- "Alison Parrish."
- "Alice who?" asked mother.
- "Alison Parrish."
- "I don't exactly—er—think I am acquainted with er Miss Parrish," I stammered. The name seemed unpromising. It had a "made-up" sound. Suppose Jack's inamorata should turn out to be a variety actress! And then I realized how like him it would be to form an attachment of that kind. Why had I not foreseen the possibility, and guarded against it? My blood ran cold at the thought.
- "It is not 'Miss Parrish'— Mrs. Parrish," said Jack, coldly. "She is a widow."
- "A widow!" and mother's eyes dilated to the size of saucers. "For—pity's—sake, Jack, how old is she?"
- "About thirty-two, I should judge," he answered, frankly, with the air of one who had still greater revelations to make.
- "Why, she is almost old enough to be your grandmother."
 - "Hardly," said Jack, relaxing his scowl.



"Is she nice?" asked mother, probably because she couldn't think of anything else to say.

"Well, rather!" and Jack's old-time gayety returned for the first time during the interview. His hearty laugh was reassuring.

"Who is she, any way? You never told us anything about her before. Is she very, very pretty? Does she live in the city, and has she always lived here? Oh, Jack, don't make me ask you so many questions. Just tell us all about it; please."

"Well, after all, there isn't much to say. I met her about six months ago, at an afternoon reception. Since then everything has been in easy stages. Yes, she is handsome, and what is more, she is very clever. I believe I haven't told you that she is a literary woman. In fact, she is the authoress of 'A Master Passion'-that anonymous novel, you know, accused of being immoral, and all that sort of thing." Jack looked up from under his eyebrows to note the effect of his words. "However, this last is confidential, for the fact isn't generally known."

Mother looked anxious. I don't know how I looked. I certainly felt worried. We regarded a "literary woman" as a person to be avoided; a sort of loud-mouthed Bohemian, uncomely, and invariably dressed in décolleté costume; in short, a creature not welcomed in the best society. Perhaps our notions were old-fashioned. At any rate, one could not give them up at a moment's notice. The situation was becoming strained, and it was a relief to us all to have the butler announce that dinner was served. Jack was glad enough of an excuse to escape, and started to go into the hall. Mother stopped him with:

"But, Jack, you haven't told us in so many words that you were engaged."

Jack hesitated, and tugged at his mustache desperately.

"We have an understanding," he said, at length, and passed through the door-way.

II.

STRANGELY enough, no one during dinner either cared or dared to bring up the subject that was uppermost in all our minds. Each hoped that the other would broach the topic, and each was silent. At last, just before we arose from the table, Jack remarked carelessly that he was to spend the evening with Mrs. Parrish—I noticed he did not call her by her Christian name—and, if I liked, he would present me. I accepted the invitation gladly, and in the course of an hour we set out from the house.

The air was cool and bracing, and at his own suggestion we dispensed with the luxury of a cab.

block or two in silence, "I wish you would not mention our engagement. You know it is not out yet. I shouldn't like to have her think I was spreading the report before she had given me permission to do so. You understand?"

"Oh, yes, perfectly."

In my heart I felt there was something underneath all this, and I vowed to penetrate the mystery.

"Suppose for just this evening you play that you are a friend of mine, rather than a brother? You know she might feel that I was placing her on exhibition—sort of bringing the family around to inspect her, don't you know? Besides, I had obtained permission to bring a Mr. Fish this evening. Suppose you let me introduce you as Mr. Fish?"

This I felt to be an amazing proposition, but I was outwardly acquiescent.

"Very well," I replied. "But wouldn't she be apt to resent the imposition after you are married—that is, when she finds out who I really am ?"

"Oh, no; she isn't at all 'touchy' that way. And promise me one thing more "-I was ready to promise almost anything just now to gain a glimpse of this remarkable woman -- "promise me that you will positively refuse to play the piano for her if she asks you, and if the subject comes, up you will profess a profound ignorance of music."

"I promise."

My talent for music was my one accomplishment. It seemed hard to deny me the exercise of this, the one field in which I was qualified to shine. However, I accepted the condition with resignation.

"Now I think I can trust you," said Jack, laughing.

"Why, any one would think you were afraid of my winning the affections of your lady-love," I responded, in similar spirit. In an instant the scowl settled upon his brow heavier than ever. The old barrier, mysterious of texture, had once more sprung up between us, and nothing was said for some distance.

At last I asked: "How far are we from our destination now?"

"About six blocks."

The evening was delightful, and the walk had refreshed me greatly. There was a glorious full moon in the sky, and the stars were all out. This, coupled with the street-lights, made it possible to see with distinctness for some distance. There were few carriages or vehicles of any kind passing. An indistinct murmur, growing momentarily louder, reached my ear. It came from up the street, and I turned about to look in that "By the way," he said, after we had walked a direction. At first I could see nothing. As the noise became more and more distinct, I was able to detect the rumble of some heavy and clumsily built vehicle drawn at a rapid pace over the rough pavements. A moment later, and I could distinguish the sound of horses' hoofs. The horses were apparently upon a gallop. Then came the sound of a harsh, unmusical gong. At last the vehicle—a fire-engine it proved to be—was in sight; in a twinkling of an eye it was abreast of us, and then, in a whir of noise and light, it had passed down the street.

"Evidently a big fire somewhere," I ventured, a truism which Jack did not seem to think re-

quired a response.

Before the noise had had time to die out it came to a sudden and unexpected stop, evidently caused by the engine having reached its destination. Now came the sound through the night-air of firemen shouting their orders and men running to and fro. Other fire-engines, hose-carts and patrol-wagons were making for the rendezvous at utmost speed. A corpulent policeman trotted past us in the direction of the fire. Men and boys were running down from the side-streets, eager for the spectacle. Now, for the first time, I noticed a column of smoke in the sky. A tongue of flame suddenly shot out and marked its base.

"Hullo!" exclaimed Jack, shortly; "that must be near Mrs. Parrish's house."

And then, without a word of warning, he leaped forward and bounded down the street like a madman. "My God!" was all I heard him say. His hat flew off, unheeded in his wild flight. I picked it up, and followed as fast as I could. By making every effort I could barely keep him in sight. If it had not been for the brilliancy of the moon I must surely have lost sight of him.

We were not long in reaching the scene of the fire. It was a handsome brownstone house, in one of the most fashionable localities. The interior seemed all ablaze. Already a ladder had been placed to one of the upper windows, and a fireman carrying the hose was half-way up, battling with the smoke and flames. There had been no time as yet to form the fire-lines, and Jack darted across the street and up the steps of the burning house. I tried to restrain him; I shouted at the top of my lungs to come back; but he was deaf. There was no doubt about it, this was the house of Alison Parrish.

I realized that I must think quickly. Jack had rushed into that fiery furnace, and I knew him well enough to know that he would not come out until he had found the object of his quest. A fireman was standing near me, ax in hand. I shouted in his ear, melodramatically: "A madman has just run in that house; bring him out, and your fortune is made!"

He shook his head irresolutely.

"It's too far gone," he said.

I put my hand in my pocket and pulled out the roll of bills that was there. He glanced at the money, then at the house, and then at my face.

"I'll try it," he said; "but put up your money. I don't want it."

A moment later, and he had disappeared into the smoke, I at his heels. We met two men coming out. They were carrying a woman. I glanced at the men, but neither of them was Jack.

One of them shouted: "Here, some of you lend a hand with this lady!"

I could see they were both nearly overpowered, and helped them carry her down the steps. It was the work of a moment. The glimpse I had of her face, deathly white, told me she was surpassingly beautiful.

"Who is she?" I demanded of one of the men, who was apparently a servant in the family's em-

ploy.

"That is Mrs. Parrish."

"Here," said I, taking a card from my wallet and writing a few lines to mother on the reverse, "take the lady to this address—that is, if you have no other place to take her. Quick, call a cab before she revives."

And then I dashed back into the smoke.

III.

"MOTHER, don't you think it very strange that she has never once called for Jack?"

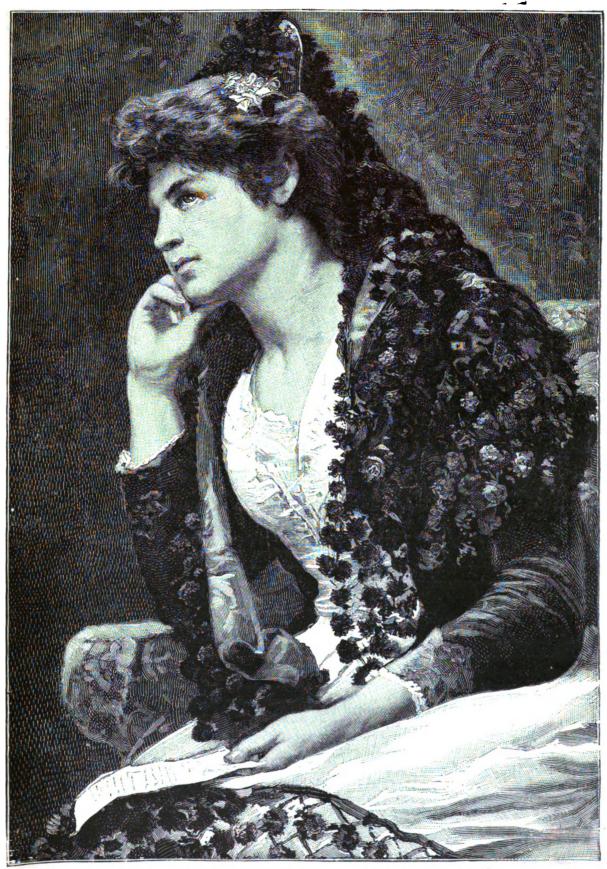
It was a question that had been troubling me for some time, but one that I disliked to ask.

"Yes, it does seem rather strange that she never once should have mentioned him in her delirium. But then, you know, she has asked few questions of any sort. I don't suppose the has the faintest idea who we are."

Poor mother, how she had changed! There were great furrows in her forehead, and her eyes were dimmed with the traces of many tears. It was only three weeks since Jack had been borne out of that fiery furnace, burned to death. Yet it seemed an age. How sad it was that he, of us all, on the very threshold of that which men hold dearest in life, should be cut off! Our merry, light-hearted Jack, with all the ambitions and fire of youth pulsing in his veins, gone! I could not realize it. I knew that I could not, and that I would not for weeks to come.

Of a sudden the portières trembled, and a head was thrust between. I started and uttered an involuntary exclamation. After all, it was only the doctor.

"Mrs. Parrish seems very much better this morning," he said, addressing me. "She wants to know what has happened and where she is;



THE FIRST DISAPPOINTMENT. -- AFTER THE PAINTING BY FRANCISCO DIAZ CARBERO

she's asking all manner of questions. I don't think it will do any harm now to tell her everything. I believe you said she was very much attached to your brother Jack?"

"Yes; they were engaged to be married;" and at the remembrance of that last evening when he had broken the news, little dreaming what the next few hours had in store for him, mother's tears started afresh.

"Oh, I could never stand it; you must go and tell her, Will," she said to me.

"Very well;" and I went up the stairs slowly, dreading the duty that was before me.

The sick-room was darkened, but I could plainly distinguish the trained nurse as she sat at the bedside, looking very sweet and pretty in her dress of pure white. I whispered a word in her ear, and she quietly withdrew to a corner of the room where she could be readily summoned, if needed. Yet, stealthy as were her movements, the slight rustling of her dress caught the acute ear of the patient. Wearily she turned her head until she shed on me the full light of her great, fawn-like eyes.

"Oh," she said, slowly and with effort, "another stranger?"

"Not a stranger, but a friend who will do everything in his power for you."

"Then you will tell me why I am here, and what has happened? They all continue evading

"Yes, I will tell you all you want to know; but you have been very, very sick, and if you become excited I shall have to stop talking to you. Now, in the first place, you are in Jack's home, and Jack's mother and brother are doing everything in their power to make you well."

"Jack? Jack who?" she asked, wonderingly.
I was puzzled. Had she lost all remembrance of the past?

"Why, Jack Colvin, of course," I answered, soothingly.

"I know Will Colvin, but I never heard of Jack. Will told me he had no brothers."

"But Will is my name. Jack was my brother."
There was some mystery here, for she was plainly in her right mind now.

"Then Will—I mean Jack—must have been deceiving me." She half closed her eyes. "Oh, I see it all now. He was introduced to me as Mr. Colvin, and I took for granted that he was Mr. Will Colvin, the composer—that's you, isn't it? You know I had heard several of his pieces, and, somehow, they seemed to touch a responsive chord in me." I am afraid I must have blushed here, for my compositions had not made me famous, nor had they been considered by most hearers as very remarkable. "I am, oh, so fond of music! and as Jack fell in love with me at first sight. I

suppose he was unwilling to give up the advantage of appearing in my eyes as a fine musician."

"Why, Jack couldn't play a note!" I burst in, astonished at this revelation. "He had no ear for music."

"Yes, I used to beg him to play for me—play some of his own compositions, you know—and he used to make the funniest excuses."

Then I remembered Jack's eagerness to have me profess an ignorance of music when I should meet Mrs. Parrish. Also the agreement we made that I was to appear under the name of Mr. Fish. And all the while he was passing himself off as his brother! All is fair in love and war, they say.

"And so Jack brought me here?" resumed the patient, dreamily. "Jack always said he was my best friend, although I would not believe it then." She had not yet learned of his death.

"Best friend'!" I echoed. "Why, you know you were to marry him!" reprovingly.

"Marry? Marry Jack Colvin?" and to her face there came a mocking smile.

"Yes. Was it not so?"

"It was only a flirtation of mine. I never meant to marry him. Why, he is only a boy, and I—why, I was merely studying him for my next novel."

How heartless this seemed, with poor Jack in his grave! And this was the woman whom we had taken in and nursed so carefully, and cared for so tenderly!

"But he told me you were engaged."

"Possibly. I remember his saying something about my marrying him, but I really forget whether I promised to or not. Engagements are so readily broken, nowadays, you know. He will recover in time."

My heart turned in loathing from this woman. A serpent she seemed. Masked beneath the charms of an Oriental beauty was the treachery of an adder. Yet I could readily understand how Jack could have fallen in love with her, and adored her with his whole being for her charms as well as her faults.

"But Jack is dead now," I said, coldly. "He died in an attempt to save you from being burned to death. Would that he could have seen you as I see you!"

She lifted that exquisitely shaped hand to her face, and I could see the tears were in her eyes. At last she spoke: "Poor boy! How glad I am I pretended to love him, instead of letting him know the truth at the first! That would have meant — with his nature — a fate worse than death."

"But you deceived him!"

very remarkable. "I am, oh, so fond of music! "What would you have had me do? I could and as Jack fell in love with me at first sight, I never have forgiven myself if I had made his last

hours on earth miserable. At least I have this to think of—that I made him happy."

A shadow passes over my paper as I write, and I look up. It is Alison, and on her face plays the old mocking smile. I hold up my finger threateningly, and say, playfully:

"Naughty one, you have been reading over my shoulder."

Her only reply is a smile.

"Do you know, I half believe you married me just to make a study of me!"

"THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS." By J. L. Ford.

High up among the wooded hills which lie between Norwich and New London we stopped the carriage, and looked down at the beautiful valley which lay at our feet.

It was a superb, cloudless day in the early Fall, and we could see the smooth waters of the Thames River gleaming like molten silver in a great bed of vivid green. A few trees whose leaves had already changed to a vivid scarlet lent touches of color to the scene. There were birds singing in the trees, and squirrels running along the stone walls. There were a few houses in sight, and through the trees by the road-side I caught a glimpse of a substantial-looking wooden church standing in a clearing near by.

"What settlement is this?" I inquired of the guide, philosopher and friend who bore me company.

"We are now," he replied, "in the old Mohegan reservation set apart for the Indians early in the seventeenth century, and finally conveyed to them by a deed bearing the date of 1710. deed is still in existence, and by its terms the land is settled forever on the tribe, 'so long as there shall be any Mohegans found or known of alive in the world.' Certain rights which were agreed upon at that time are still enjoyed by the remnants of the great tribe. For instance, they still have the privilege of cutting basket-wood on any land between the road and the river, and although they have long since abandoned basket-making, and the land has been cut up into farms and sold to Connecticut farmers, they could still claim the old prerogative if they cared to exercise it."

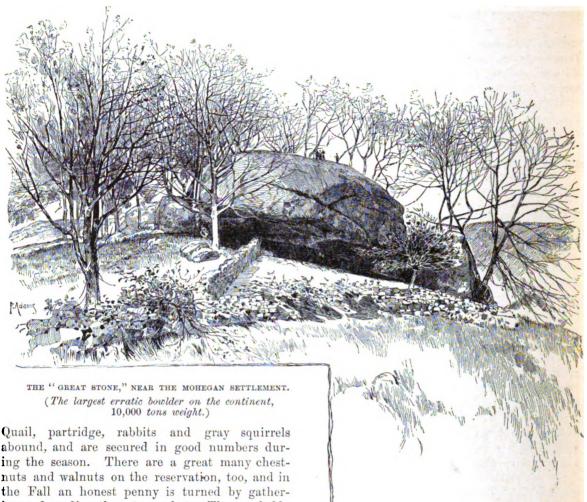
As my friend spoke, I realized that I was now in the country made famous by the Pequot wars, and that it was through these very hills that the great Uncas roamed with his dusky warriors, and fought and parleyed with his pale-faced foes until he finally took refuge here, and ended his days amid such quiet scenes as these. Two or three children, with straight black hair and beady eyes,

paused as they passed us, playing with a little cart. They did not want to have their pictures taken, but I took a snap-shot at the little group, for I realized that they were literally "the last of the Mohicans." They were not of pure Indian blood, and, indeed, among the fifty or sixty members of the little colony there is not a single pureblooded Mohegan to be found. They have intermarried with both whites and negroes, and the results of these unions are apparent in the faces of many of those whom we met that afternoon. I saw several, however, who had the same coppercolored skin, high cheek-bones and straight, wiry hair that distinguished the savages whom Columbus encountered when he landed on the Cat Islands four centuries ago.

"Uncas died not far from here about two centuries ago," continued my friend. "He lived to a very great age, and as late as the year 1684 was seen sitting in front of his wigwam, asleep. He had long before that made peace with the colonists, and by his sagacity and cunning secured for his tribe the rights which they enjoy up to the present day. The remains of the great chief lie in a little road-side grave-yard in Norwich, and above them has been raised a plain, massive shaft bearing the single word 'Uncas.' He needs no epitaph beyond this. The story of his prowess in battle, his wisdom at the council-fire, and his peaceful death, surrounded by the remnants of his great tribe, will never be forgotten. Not far from the monument you can see another memento of the great chieftain. It is a deep chasm between two high precipices, and known the whole country through as Uncas's Leap. tion says that once, when hotly pursued by his enemies, Uncas leaped across this chasm and escaped through the forest; and it is in memory of this feat that the place has been preserved as nearly as possible in its primitive state."

My friend is an enthusiastic student of early Indian and colonial history, and when he once mounts his hobby there is no stopping him. He let down some bars in the fence, and drove up to the wooden church where the Indians still gather every Sunday morning, and in front of which their fair is held in the Fall of each year. Some of the poles used for the fair were still standing in front of the church, and he told me that the Mohegan fair was attended by pale-faces for miles around, who bought baskets and other specimens of aboriginal industry, and ate succotash and corncake in the belief that those dishes were prepared in a superior fashion by the half-breed squaws. During the year the members of the colony engage in farming, and occasionally go off for a day's fishing or hunting. There is plenty of small game left in the neighborhood, though of course the deer have long since disappeared.

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ing and sending them to market. They probably find their way to New York and into the roaster of some Italian fruit-vender. The office-boy who stops, with his dime novel under his arm, to fill his pocket with the hot roasted nuts so dear to his soul, little dreams that they were gathered in the Connecticut hills by the descendants of Uncas's great band of warriors.

"Do they still hold the land in common?" I inquired.

"I believe," was the reply, "that a few years ago it was divided up among the different families, and is now held by the individuals just like any other land; but within my own memory the people have held to many of their old customs, such as discussing their affairs together about the council-fire. There's a house just below here where Sarah Huntingdon used to live, and teach them, in the old times. We'll go down there, if you like."

Leaving our horse hitched to one of the trees, we strolled across the fields to a queer little old house made of wood, and with one of its sides covered with sheets of felt and rusty iron.

pronounced Indian characteristics, stood in the door-way. He was accustomed to sight-seers, evidently, and readily told us where to find the little burying-ground, and also the huge rock which was formerly used as a fortress and a watch-tower. There were no more members of the Uncas family living, he said, but he could well remember when a few who claimed to be descendants of the renowned warrior still dwelt in the neighborhood.

We found the old burying-ground in a field close to the road-side. It is a peaceful, neglected spot, and there are blackberry-vines climbing over the graves where sachem, chief and sagamore sleep the eternal sleep. Some of the graves are very old, and the inscriptions on the crumbling stones are almost illegible. Here and there we read the name of Uncas, and beneath it the words, "One of the Royal Family."

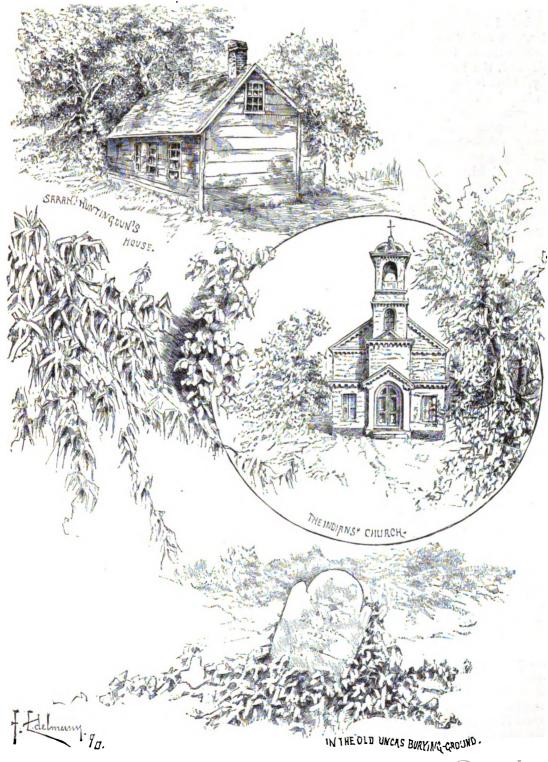
From the burying-ground we drove to the old fortress and watch-tower, distant about two miles To reach it, we left the highway and followed a narrow lane through the woods, which large and powerfully built man, with a face of brought us, finally, to a clearing among the hills,

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in which stood an old-fashioned farm-house, and, a few rods away, the "great stone."

"I'll tell you," said my friend, "how it was that this little spot became a human residence. Years ago there was a white man who was a friend of Uncas, and the Indian desired, for various reasons, to have him for a neighbor. So he per-

suaded him to build a house here, and promised that in case of attack he would come with all his followers to protect him. Accordingly, the white man built for himself a house—probably on the site occupied by this farm-house—and when it was finished he prepared a great feast, and then fired the gun which had been agreed upon as the



signal. In half an hour the crests of the hills about him were peopled with bands of grim warriors. They came down the wooded slopes, with Uncas at their head, and partook of the banquet which the white man spread for him. The Indians, although they probably said very little, were immensely pleased with both the trick and the feast, and for years after the white settler lived among them in peace and friendship."

We climbed to the top of the rock by means of a ladder, and seated ourselves in a sort of rude chair which crowns its summit. It is, according to my friend, the largest erratic bowlder in this country, if not in the world, being about seventy feet in length and fifty in height. Its weight is ten thousand tons, and it must have been carried there, during the glacial period, by some iceberg on its way to the equator. The frosts and storms of centuries have chipped from it many large pieces, one of which, lying beside it, is sixty feet long and nearly twenty feet thick, and is estimated to weigh twelve hundred tons. Several bowlders, similar to this one, but much smaller in size, are found strewn along the New England coast, and also on Long Island, and it is believed that many of them lie at the bottom of the Sound. About two years ago they were the subject of special study on the part of Professor Beals, a Fellow of the Royal Society of London, who made a thorough examination of this section of the

The sun was setting as we drove home through the lonely Mohegan settlement. As we reached its boundaries, I saw an old man standing by the road-side and gazing at the fertile valley before him with all the apparent indifference of his race. He was probably calculating the profits on his crop of hay, but there were a good many things he might have thought of had he been gifted with a vivid imagination.

HOW MME. DE STAEL WAS TAKEN DOWN.

Learned, spiritual women have their small and great weaknesses like ordinary mortals. So the Frau von Staël had the fault in society of not giving any one else a chance to speak a word, although she talked incessantly herself without regard to the comfort of her listeners. Several gentlemen, who had the greatest respect for the lady's writings, yet were frequently unpleasantly touched by her inexhaustible flow of conversation, concluded to teach her a lesson.

They introduced a stranger to her, and praised him as an extremely learned man. The authoress received the guest with great politeness, but at once sought to let her light shine, and, according to her habit, talked very much and asked

innumerable questions, although in her zeal she did not notice that the addressed never answered one of them.

After the stranger had disappeared, the other gentlemen asked how she was pleased with him.

"He is a highly amiable man, full of learning and wit," she replied; but was not a little astonished and horrified when the successful trick was told her that she had entertained a deaf and dumb man.

SCHOOL-BOY WIT.

Some more of Mr. Henry J. Barker's curious specimens of Board school-boys' mistakes appear in an English magazine. It is surprising to read that, according to one youthful essayist, Mr. Smith, the leader of the House of Commons. "was a poor boy, at first he was a paper-boy. One day, while he was selling papers, he caught sight of a little girl trying to get across the road, but could not, for the number of carriages. He at once went to her assistance, and carried her safely across the road. A little while after this Mr. Smith had a paper-stall on nearly every railway station in England." Mr. Barker found on inquiry that this was a generally received tradition among the children in one district of Lon-Another boy, asked what was the difference between a sheep's heart and the human organ. replied, "A sheep's heart is the softest, for you can bite a sheep's heart, but a woman's heart you break." This boy's mother had died of a broken heart. A sharp lad is quoted, who, asked as to the gender of the noun egg, replied: "Sir, you canna tell till it's hatched." In an essay on the donkey occurred the statement: "The donkey rather likes to feel a whip, as it only tickles him. and makes him feel joyful and hungry."

It seems rather strange that, while skins and eggs of the Great Ank are so highly valued, the public rarely hear of Pallas's Cormorant, the extinction of which in the North Pacific corresponds to that of the Great Auk in the North Atlantic. Only four specimens of Pallas's Cormorant are known to exist in museums; no one possesses its eggs; and no bones were found or preserved until Mr. Leonhard Stejneger, of the Smithsonian Institution, was so fortunate some years ago as to rescue a few of them. Yet this bird was the largest and handsomest of its tribe. So says Mr. Stejneger in an interesting paper—issued by the Smithsonian Institution — in which he records how the bones referred to were found by him in 1882 near the north-western extremity of Behring Island. In an appendix to this paper Mr. Stejneger's "find" is fully and exactly described by Mr. Frederick A. Lucas.

TOGETHER.

By ERIC LULWORTH.

Once, long ago, in youth's sweet prime, When first we met,

I dreamed a dream of summer-time That haunts me yet.

Together! together!

Ever to see thee, ever to hear thee,

Ever to know that thou art near me;

Ever to turn to thee for peace,

Ever to know that pain shall cease,

With the light of thine eyes to cheer me!

Together! together!

In the days that my hope can see; Together! Forever! my darling, my love, with thee!

Once, happy hour! in days gone by,

The words were spoken.

The vows were vowed beneath the sky

That fote has broken

That fate has broken. Together! together!

Ever to see me, ever to hear me, Ever to know that I am near thee;

Ever to turn to me for peace,

Ever to hope that pain may cease,

If the love of my heart can cheer thee.

Together! together!

In the days that we soon shall see Together! Forever! my darling, my love, with thee!

But somewhere yet, when all of life is done That I must do,

The clouds shall vanish from the sun, The dream come true.

Together! together! Ever to see thee, ever to hear thee,

Ever to see thee, ever to hear thee, Ever to know that thou art near me;

Ever to turn to thee for peace,

Ever to know that pain shall cease,

With the light of thine eyes to cheer me.

Together! together!

In the worlds that we cannot see Together! Forever! my darling and I shall be!

> There, where no earthly fires can flame Sad hearts to passion's heat—

Our love transformed, but yet the same— There shall we meet.

Together! together!

Ever to see thee, ever to hear thee,

Ever to know that thou art near me;

Ever to turn to thee for peace,

Ever to know that pain shall cease,

With the light of thine eyes! with the light of thine eyes

And the love of thy heart to cheer me.

Together! together!
In the worlds that we soon shall see
Together! Forever! my darling and I shall be!

JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

By J. W. Watson.

PEOPLE, generally, do not think so, but I hold that rich men have their rights, as well as poor men, although it seems a general belief that the moment a man becomes very rich, no matter how, whether by his industry, luck or inheritance, that his bounden duty is to share it with every-

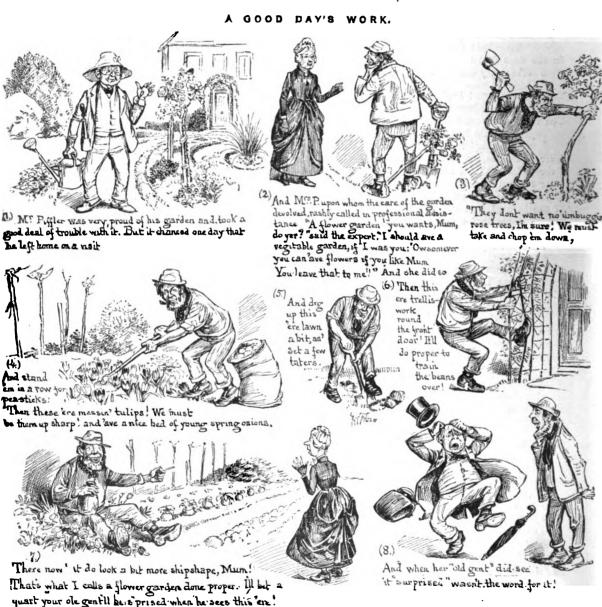
body who has not had the same industry, luck or inheritance. If this theory be right, and was generally embraced, there would be no more rich men, and no more ambition, for there would be no more incentive to obtain wealth, and consequently small, or no, enterprise. Another mistake is to suppose that rich men are only rich men, and nothing more; that they see no enjoyments in life beyond money-getting. In some cases this may be so, but in the case of the man whose name heads this paper, it was not. John Jacob Astor, the original of the name, in this city, was notably a great man. He was great in something besides money-making and money-saving; he was a man of thought and ideas, and his money came to him as a sequence. He was more than this. In his earlier days, he was a social. generous, good-natured man, who did not let his great wealth chill his blood, and a far-seeing one. who could not fail to become rich if he followed out those far-seeing instincts. He foresaw the coming greatness of the city of his adoption, and acted on it by investing in real estate, much of which the family still holds, a hundred times enhanced in value. I remember, when a boy, having had many opportunities of hearing and seeing him, his injunction to my father and to others, "Buy dirt-it won't run away." On this principle, which he instilled into his children, he bought real estate, but never sold. I heard him once say: "I will never give a lease, for, if it is a good one, they will sell it; if bad, they will run away and leave it." I think he hardly knew how rich he was, or, if he did, had a full appreciation of it. I once heard him to say to Philip Hone. who was Mayor of the City of New York, and supposably a very rich man: "Philip, how much are you worth?" The answer was: "Oh, about three-quarters of a million, Astor." The then thirty millionaire responded: "I don't know but that's as good as if you were a rich man."

Astor was very fond of the society of literary men, and sought them as much as he could. He was a life-long friend of Irving, Paulding and Halleck, the latter being for many years his secretary, and who often related to me that he told his employer that he did not want to be rich, but that if he had a steady income of \$200 a year he would be satisfied. The old man, as a grim joke, left the poet exactly that sum per annum in his will, which it is pretty well known that his son William B. increased to a comfortable sum as long as Fitz-Greene lived. Astor had a great liking for old Billy Reynolds's chop-house, in Thames Street, back of Trinity Church, and would go there almost daily to enjoy his chop, or steak, and his pewter of ale, in company with Fitz-Greene Halleck, Irving, or some literary man, sometimes Poc-though he did not like Poe, and denounced

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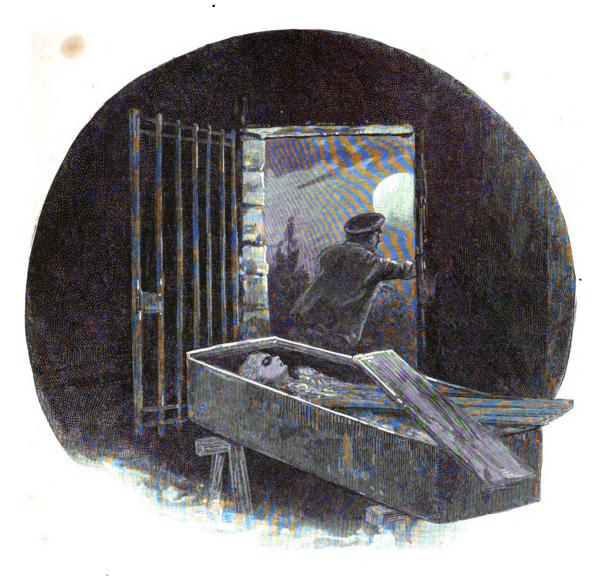
him as quarrelsome, which he was. Reynolds was a snarling, but good-natured, Englishman, who, when he became rich, bought a place at Fort Lee, on the Hudson, next door to my father's, and I saw much of him. He was very fond of Halleck, and boasted of his acquaintance. Halleck dined with him every Sunday on which the boat ran, and had a good dinner, I'll be bound. The poet

Donald Clarke, commonly called the mad poet, a sort of madness that it would be well if more people possessed. Clarke was shrewd, but eccentric, and did not have the faculty of making a living, but could make up for all shortcomings in drinking. He would lay for Astor in the mornings, when he would come down to his office—which was that of the American Fur Company, in Ann



always carried a green cotton umbrella, rain or shine, Broadway or anywhere else, and, wherever he might be, never trusted it out of his sight. He was always full of humor and dry jokes, but never lost his dignity; and beyond all he had a profound respect for Mr. Astor, treating him at all times with studied politeness, and pronouncing him a great man, to whom history would do justice. Another of Mr. Astor's favorites was Mc-

Street, near William, the entrance bounded on the east side by the very house in which Irving was born—and always get a lecture from the old man about drinking, ending off with the gift of a dollar, which Clarke would not have ten minutes before he would be found at Stoneall's, a noted drinking-place a few doors above, toward Nassau Street, from which he never emerged while a cent remained.



WITH A SHRIEK OF MORTAL FRIGHT HE TURNS TO FLY."

THE STORY OF LIESEL.

BY VIRGINIA DUNCAN.

THEY have been listening to her for an hour. They are the wealthy land-owner Hartmann, his wife Hedwig, and nephew Carl, last of the family, dearly loved by all who know him, a lieutenant in the Emperor's body-guard—and dying.

She is Liesel-blue-eyed, fair-haired, with the face of an angel—the companion of Frau Hartmann, and the betrothed of Carl. She is singing, and the words are like these:

> "I'd give bread and cheese for kisses, If the kisses were from you."

She looks at Carl, but the pretty eyes grow sad and dim. She softly closes the piano, and asks permission of Frau Hartmann to retire. the boy Lieschen, child, I thought you were Vol. XXIX., No. 6-48.

Carl lights a cigar, and steps through the window on to the lawn.

"Oh, Heaven!" says his aunt; "our Carl will never be owner here. Day by day he grows more feeble. Since his betrothal with Liesel the fading has been more rapid. She, poor girl, is heartbroken. How she nurses him! It is a wonder she does not break down."

"God help us if she does!" returns the landowner. "Her loving ways and bright songs cheer us all-do they not, my heart?"

"Yes; and her rosy lips, and bright eyes, poor child, they will be dim with weeping soon."

"Oh, God! Hedwig, I would give my life for

in bed. There, sweetheart, don't cry; when you are his wife you will take such care of him-

But Lieschen has gone once more, and what she save is this: "He could give his life for Carl; can I not return him mine?"

But she does not betake herself to the prefty white bedroom, where the worked counterpane, bureau-cover, and table-cloth, with its little diamond-folded napkin in the centre, all tell that Frau Hartmann makes a daughter of her young companion. Avoiding Carl, whose lighted cigar betrays him, she hastily but shrinkingly approaches a grave-yard near the outskirts of the estate. Once inside the gates, a change comes over the girl. She is no longer the gentle Liese who sings love-songs to her Carl, and makes the land-owner and his wife young again with her merry laughter. She is a pale and shivering girl, who flings herself on the cold ground before a crumbling vault, and sobs:

"Oh, Carl! Oh, God, is there no other way? Must he die? must he lie there with them, and molder—and crumble—and become a mass of— Ah!" She shrieks, and writhes on the ground. "But I cannot—no, not even for him. is so cold, and narrow, and hard; it is dark, and smells so damp, the blood won't run and feel warm -my blood, Carl's blood. Every time my heart beats I feel it newly; I can sing, and dance, and -love! How can I give it up? Oh, Carl, if you knew all, you would not ask me to!"

Now she opens the door of the vault, and enters, shudderingly. It is cold, dark and damp. The moon is just up, and by her light Liesel can see three rows of square tablets, one above the other, in ghastly likeness of a doll-house, with the names of forgotten dead, for furniture and inmates.

Along the front runs a narrow ledge, where sometime mourners had been wont to lay flowers; at first constantly, then at long and longer intervals, till all the fresh flowers were needed for rejoicings, and the withered ones blew away and were lost.

Below the narrow ledge is a wider one, evidently built at a more recent date; on it is a coffin cased in lead. There was no place in the vault to inclose this last one, and the survivors had evidently been mercifully consoled, and their minds led to brighter things, before making arrangements for more secure interment. Liesel flings herself on this neglected coffin and fairly screams:

"Must I, Carl ?-must I, Carl ?-must my dear, warm blood be cold as ice?—must I be like those others?"

Then, checking her sobs, she is once more the loving Liesel.

"My best beloved, if not I-you!"

which she has been resting. There is no resistance. First, the lead cover—then the wooden. She forces herself to look in. Does she see a heap of moldering bones and cere-cloths? Oh, God, no! the coffin is empty!

There is no quiet breakfast at the land-owner's next morning. Carl is surely dying; his uncle had found him in the garden, the night before, gasping, unable to regain his room. His aunt has spent the night at his side, refusing her husband's aid, or to have Liese called.

"Poor child, she will know it soon enough!" And now the great Berlin doctor, for whom the land-owner telegraphed last night, comes, hears the story of Carl's strange, causeless illness. looks wise, knows nothing, utters hopeful words with no heart in them, drinks a glass of Johannisberger, and goes.

The good aunt must rest; Liese shall take her place. But the little maid who was sent after Liese returns alone.

"Fraülein Liesbet must be walking. She is not in her room."

"Impossible that she should be walking, this morning of all others. She must be waiting down-stairs. Is she deaf, dumb and blind, that she does not come to us—and Carl?"

But the day passes, and another; Carl lingers, more dead than alive, and Lieschen does not come.

The third day it can be kept from him no longer; there comes a little life into his face, a little strength to his voice, and his first word is "Lieschen!

What to say-how to tell him! The country has been scoured for miles round to no purpose; there is no trace of the missing one. Alarms have been sent out, but not even the liberal reward offered by the land-owner has elicited any infor-Lieschen is lost indeed. Carl is inconsolable.

"Oh, for strength to search myself! Liesel, bride. I could find thee, if every one else failedthou wouldst hear me call. Oh, for one kiss—only one!"

But there is no strength; the mysterious disease that defied the gravest and most learned doctors has almost finished its work; and though the last few days have been without perceptible failure, it is evident that unless some change comes, and soon, there can be no hope.

Are prayers answered? Sometimes, for the look of life grows on the poor loved face, and Aunt Hedwig has room in her heart to mourn Liesel-lost Liesel, for whom Carl constantly calls: "Come, my love, if only for one kiss!"

It is midnight. The land-owner, worn with Then she resolutely rises, and grasps the lid on | watching, has dropped into a troubled sleep, only



a few minutes, doubtless, but he is wakened by a weak cry from Carl, "Liesel, love!" sees a figure slip from the room, and rushes to the bedside of his nephew. Carl is lying very still. As his uncle falls on his knees he whispers, faintly, "Liesel—kissed—me—here," and the end has come. "Here" is his poor wasted throat, and on it is a small red mark, like the prick of a pin.

Carl must be placed in the old vault till other preparations can be made. The land-owner cannot leave his wife, who is prostrated by the double bereavement. The village undertaker will arrange all. The small coffin in sont of the ledge must be moved. The young land-owner shall lie there; he is small and light; the stonework, though crumbling, will hold a little longer.

"Here, Max, help me lift off this. Is it too heavy? Then we will take it out of the lead. Be careful now. What? the lid is loose! Bring me some nails. We will soon make all right."

The undertaker is a practical man, and has no foolish scruples. In a moment a nail is driven in. The coffin sways a little.

"Hold it steady, Max."

In goes another. The rocking becomes more violent, as if some one inside were struggling to get out.

"Max, hold the thing still. It is falling—can't you see?"

Max is trembling.

"You may beat me, but I won't put my hand on it. Something is wrong."

"Idiot, what can be wrong but that the trestles are old? There, one more nail."

As he drives it home with a careless hand, Max utters a scream, for a spurt of blood—red, warm blood—comes through a crack in the moldering coffin, and the stolid undertaker yells with mad horror as his rough flannel blouse is drenched with the terrible stream. With a shriek of mortal fright he turns to fly, dashing down at the same time his heavy hammer. It strikes the half-overturned, crumbling coffin; the side falls out, and there, newly dead, weltering in the blood flowing from a nail-hole in her breast, lies Liesel.

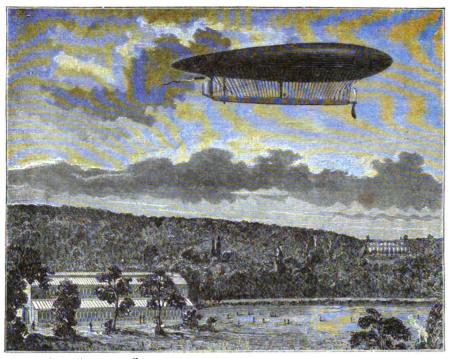
"Oh, Heaven! yes, a fine estate, but who will live there, when it is as well known as gospel that the last of the race died—God help us—all through his aunt's companion, who was—a vampire!"

TRAVELING BY AIR. BY ANDREW WILSON.

In one of Jules Verne's famous romances, if I mistake net, there is graphically depicted a journey from the earth to the moon. The chief proceedings involved in this extended tour consisted,

I believe, in the voyagers being shot out of a monster cannon. They were inclosed in a kind of gigantic shell or cannon-ball, and then projected into space toward the "queen of night," their exact speed, and the date of arrival on the inner surface, being, of course, accurately calculated according to astronomical data. Truth to tell, there is something which is always interesting about the romance of science; and the perusal of Jules Verne's volume compels one to the regret that lunar trips, which might, however, be rather chilly and cheerless, or excursions to Mars, which might be much more interesting, are not yet (or likely soon to be) numbered among the possibilities of Messrs. Cook's programme. Yet mankind has always had a hankering after flying as a means of progression. Ballooning may be within reach of practical solution as a method of easy and certain traveling; but it is the more interesting faculty of flight, and of the actual and deliberate guidance of our bodies through the air in any direction and at any reasonable speed we choose, which has for centuries fascinated the minds of inventors. Flying-machines differ from balloons in their assumption of this directive and controlling power, albeit that "dirigible" balloons are facts of aerial navigation. The notion of independent flight must have charmed man of old as he gazed at the bird, free as air, and skimming on extended pinions through the blue ether. In the pages of many an old writer we meet with references to the idea that man might be able to fly by aid of wings. One Elmerus, a monk of the Confessor's period, has been credited with having been able to fly for a furlong's distance; although, in truth, the feat dwindles into relative insignificance by reason of the short distance covered.

It may be maintained, of course, that man wants the essential structures of the flying animals. He has his fore limbs or arms, fashioned in the same type as those of birds, bats, and the extinct pterodactyls, or "flying dragons"; but he certainly wants the special modifications which adapt the general type of limb to a special end. For example, he has no great fold of skin or elongated fingers to support it, as have the bats. He wants the feathers of the bird, and equally does he lack the huge breast-muscles of the flyer, attached as they are to a big keel in the centre of the breast-bone—the muscular mass, in short, which forms the tidbit in carving a fowl. Like the ostrich, man's breast-bone is flattened and his breast-muscles are of fairly powerful kind, but not by any means adapted to support him in the Then, again, man wants the aerial bones of the bird and bat. As a rule, birds which fly have no marrow inside their bones. The bone-cavities are filled with air instead. Then also, in birds, we find that the air taken into the lungs in

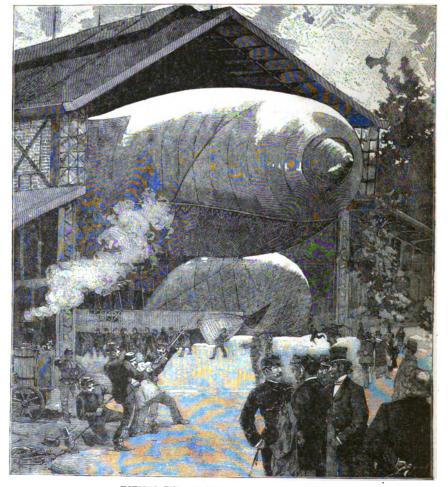


THE "DIRIGIBLE" AIR-SHIP OF MESSRS. RENARD AND KREBS, AT CHALAIS.

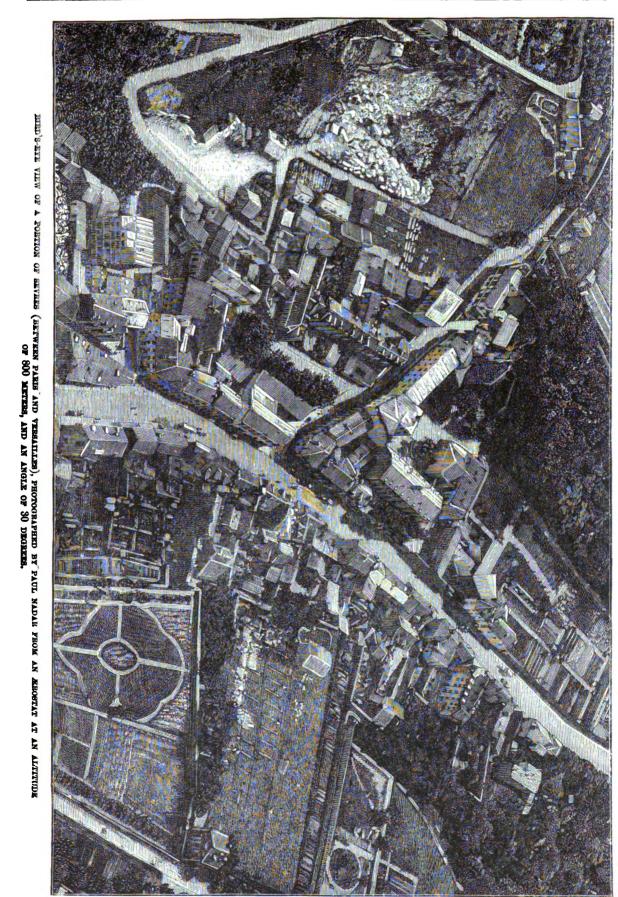
case, say, twenty-five years ago, are not yet sufficiently far advanced to enable us to look on an aerial tour as a near possibility of the future. Yet much has been accomplished within the past quarter of a century in the way, at least, of rendering airmachines amenable to command, and in the sense of elevating them above being the sports of the winds. The old balloon was driven hither and thither at the mercy of the air-currents. Only by lightening the car and by allowing the gas to escape could the aeronaut

breathing escapes therefrom into sacs or compartments placed in various situations in the body, and thus renders the body relatively light for flying. So is it with the insect also, in which the airtubes or breathing crgans are distributed all through its bodyan evident provision for lightness in flight. Clearly, I think, if humanity is ever to go careering through the air, it must be in balloons or in flyingmachines, and not as single units like the birds or bats-unless, indeed, the man of the future becomes the possessor of muscles and bony structures better adapted for flight than are those of the men of the present

The prospects of airtraveling, while more hopeful than was the



HOUSING THE AIR-SHIP, AFTER A VOYAGE.



affect his course, so as to strike a favorable part of the ground in his descent, or to avoid obstacles. Compared with the old crude style of ballooning, what are we to think of Gaston Tissandier's "dirigible" balloons, the first of which was a model of 11 feet in length and 4 feet in diameter, filled with hydrogen gas, and driven by electricity at a rate of about seven miles an hour? Then came a second Tissandier effort in the shape of a balloon 90 feet long and 30 feet in diameter, in which was contained a dynamo machine driving a screw-propeller, the accumulator weighing about 400 pounds. In this real flying-machine the brothers Tissandier journeyed at a rate of seven to nine miles an hour for an hour or two contin-In 1884 also we find Messrs. Renard and Krebs constructing, also at Paris, a balloon (like the others, spindle-shaped somewhat, as becomes a structure destined for swift transit), of some 160 feet long and 27½ feet in diameter. Here, too, we find the engine and the screw, giving to the balloon the essentials of a ship of the air, with means for steering. Renard's balloon went at the rate of from twelve to fifteen miles an hour on its trips; and many visitors to the last Paris Exhibition may have noticed this balloon.

Success in traveling by air would, therefore, seem to be gradually approaching us, through the experiments of enthusiasts in ballooning. balloon is no longer left to chance in the matter of its guidance, and we have learned how to steer and how to propel it. What will be the next improvement in the "dirigible" balloon is a query scarcely capable of being definitely answered, perhaps, as things are. First of all, experts would appear to be agreed that even big birds do not exert nearly so much power or energy as was once supposed. Professor Thurston, in a recent article, remarks that an eagle in full flight only exerts a fraction of one horse-power. A pigeon flying 2,200 feet per minute (nearly twenty-five miles an hour) exerts 1-200th of a horse-power per pound, equal to 91 horse-power for a flying-machine weighing one ton at twenty-five miles an hour, or 50-horse-power per ton weight at fifty miles per There is, perhaps, nothing discouraging to aeronauts in these figures. That mechanical science will be equal to adjusting them to the requirements of air-traveling seems only a reasonable deduction from facts as they stand; and the day, in truth, may not be very far off when aerial machines may be placed at the disposal of those who do not fear to launch themselves on the airocean, and brave the cyclones and storms which occasionally disturb that great dominion. For one thing, it is not necessary apparently that our air-voyaging should be undertaken at a great height. If we cleared the chimney-tops and the trees we could progress easily and safely enough,

although a possible tumble even from this relatively limited distance would be fraught with greater risks, I fancy, than, say, an ordinary railway collision. If ever personal flight comes to be a possibility (I can imagine a flying match, as a game of the future, rivaling lawn-tennis or football), it may interest us to know even now that a flying man would require a spread of wing of about 20 feet. But, as we have seen, if we did make our wings, science would still have to remind us of a little difficulty in the shape of the question, "Where are the muscles?"

LITERARY MEMORANDA.

QUAINT and delightful, and making a direct claim upon the sympathies of all lovers of birds, beasts and insects, is James W. Steele's book, felicitously entitled, "Fur, Feathers and Fuzz" (Belford Company). The author calls his half-dozen chapters "Studies in Animal Character," and that is precisely what they are, in contradistinction to scientific analyses. "I do not care much about supraorbital bones," he says, " or the number of teeth or toes, or minute particulars of anatomical conformation, but am disposed, after a blundering and non-technical fashion, to mostly regard looks and actions." The chapter headed "The Survival of the Fittest" presents a pathetic drama of the plains, in which a majestic old buffalo, deposed monarch of the herd, is challenged to a fight and worsted by an upstart young bull, then set upon and insulted by the cows and calves, and finally abandoned, to limp slowly off, stopping sometimes and looking slowly back over his shoulder, awaiting his inevitable doom of being nagged to death by the coyotes. There is a deliciously humorous account of "The American Eagle under Difficulties," which ought not to be read by any one who desires to cherish a respectful admiration for our so-called national bird. The English sparrow, that objectionable foreigner, is shown up for the little feathered "tough" that he is. "Some Dog3 I have Known" is, like many other passages in the book, full of what the author in his dedication describes as "the half-expressed whimsical idea that animals are persons, and may have souls." The humorous pen-drawings by Frank Ver Beck, which brighten the pages of Mr. Steele's book, deserve cordial commendation.

THE self-told story of the earnest and active life of a good woman, Frances E. Willard, is given in "Glimpses of Fifty Years, 1839-1889," with an introduction by Hannah Whitall Smith. It makes a large and handsome volume, and is generously illustrated with portraits, views. fac-similes, etc., of first-class artistic quality. But it is undoubtedly the intrinsic worth of Miss Willard's own elaborate yet vivacious chronicle, and the cordial interest felt in her work and personality by thoughtful men and women of all shades of opinion, that have assured her book the warm welcome it is now enjoying. Her extreme views on the subject of "temperance" have not prevented the accomplishment of a vast deal of public work in the service of humanity, nor the appreciation of her gracious personal example by reformers of a very different type. "As president for ten years of the great organization called the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union. numbering more than two hundred thousand women. scattered all over the United States, Frances E. Willard has won a love and loyalty that no other woman, I think, has ever before possessed." So says her English fellowworker, in the introduction. Miss Willard has, as she

tells us, set down with absolute fidelity her recollections of her seven selves (on the principle of one's undergoing a complete change every seven years): "the welcome child, the romping girl, the happy student, the roving teacher, the tireless traveler, the temperance organizer, and, lastly, the politician and advocate of woman's rights!" It is a cheerful and inspiring autobiography. Scores of bright passages tempt the scissors. Here is one about a helpful book: "No single book has helped me more in these last years than the little French treatise translated by Hannah Whitall Smith, entitled, 'Practice of the Presence of God.' Brother Lawrence, a Franciscan friar, who did the cooking for his monastery, is the hero of the narrative, and I do not believe it possible for any well-intentioned person to read the contents of this little volume once a month throughout a single year without being lifted above the mists and vapors of his every-day environment into the sweet, clear air of that spiritual world which is always with us if we only knew it, and in which we may perpetually dwell if we only try, or, rather, if without trying we just accept its presence and its hallowed communion." The gentle authoress has not escaped those errors, of a typographical nature, which are bound to occur in the best-regulated literary families. Here are a few which Miss Willard humorously complains of having suffered: "I said of Joseph Cook that, of certain evils named, he was the 'uncompromising foe'; the types rechristened him 'uncompromising Joe'; of a lovely white-ribbon friend, who had gone to the Better Country, I wrote, ' Some of us are like comets, but she was a steady shining star'; the types said, 'Some of us are like camels'; in a mild quotation I wrote, 'Tis only strength makes gentleness sublime'; the types said, ''Tis only strength makes gentlemen divine'; again, this was written, 'The souls of some sit on the ends of their nerves'; typo declared that the 'souls of some sit on the ends of their fingers'; a friendly journalist in Boston declared of me that I was 'a believer in immortality'; but typo echoed, 'immorality'; and so on and on, and the end is not yet. Be it understood that, solid as they are, the types refract the light of truth, and often make out of an unoffending human creature a Spectre of the Brocken."

THE average American novel of the period is a delicate, ephemeral affair, based upon an episode rather than a plot, a pretty trifle that was written in a week to be read at a sitting. This is the idea that presents itself as one picks up the dainty paper-covered volume on a bookstand; and in vacation times such an estimate perhaps expresses approval rather than disparagement. Here are three new works of American fiction belonging to the Belford Company's series, which the above generalization may fit more or less loosely. "A Vagabond's Honor," by Ernest De Lancey Pierson, is a somewhat vivacious tale of a young man of roving and gambling propensities, who, being saved from a hotel fire in New York, is mistaken by a widow and her niece living in affluence for a cousin of the girl returned from a long sojourn in Australia, and is by them taken to their home and cared for. The redeeming influence of the young girl upon the vagabond, with whom she is in love, is depicted, together with the mental struggles and the temptations through which he is made to pass. The happy dénouement is quite ingeniously worked out, though the "honor" of the vagabond, as judged from a summing-up of his conduct throughout the story, is decidedly questionable. "A Mountain - White Heroine," by James R. Gilmore, is a vivid and dramatic picture, by one who evidently knows his characters and localities well, of the mountain regions of Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee and the Carolinas during the late civil war. It is a stirring narrative, evidently founded upon

actual occurrences. Charles Howard Montague's "Countess Muta" is the posthumous work of a bright young Boston journalist, who fulfilled his own prediction by wearing himself out at the beginning of his career, and dying at the age of thirty. The story is founded upon the tricks and phenomena of "mind-reading" as performed by the late Washington Irving Bishop, whose methods the young newspaper-man somewhat sensationally "exposed" in Boston a few years ago. While the extravagant estimate of the author's genius embodied in the publisher's preface is not confirmed in this novel, it is nevertheless a clever performance, with melodramatic movement and color.

Dr. Wharton's "Famous Women of the New Testament" (E. B. Treat, New York), is a companion volume to "The Famous Women of the Old Testament" by the same author. In some respects it is an advance upon that work. Dr. Wharton has thoroughly studied each personage, the environments of each, all that conduced to the formation of each character, the native and acquired characteristics of each, and the lessons taught by each to the women of all succeeding ages.

ONE of the latest "monographs on education" (D. C. Heath & Co.) is by William N. Rice, and urges the necessity and practicability of the introduction of the study of natural science into the lower schools. Mr. Rice argues that the natural order of development of the mental faculties demands that early instruction should engage itself entirely with familiar objects of sense; the reflective powers and power of abstraction, which are later in their development, may be overcultivated by a vicious system of youthful instruction, and work a complete atrophy of the powers of observation. This writer is aware of the lack of good teachers of elementary science, but finds in the increasing abundance of good books a compensation which simplifies difficulties in the practice. No such books are better than the little "Guides for Science Teaching" (now published by Heath, Boston), which were originally the lectures to teachers given by Professor Alpheus Hyatt and other experts in the Boston Society of Natural History. They cover nearly all the field, and proceed upon the idea of making the pupil do his own observing, under the teacher's suggestions and guidance, rather than instruction. The first one was botanical; the latest (No. XV.) is "Thirty-six Observation Lessons on Minerals."

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

GLIMPSES OF FIFTY YEARS. The Autobiography of an American Woman. By Frances E. Willard. 704 pp. Illustrated. Woman's Temperance Publication Association.

THIBTEEN YEARS OF TRAVEL AND EXPLORATION IN ALASKA. By W. H. Pierce. 224 pp. Illustrated. Journal Publishing Company, Lawrence, Kan.
LE PARAGUAY. PAR LE DOCTEUR E. DE BOURGADE LA DAR-

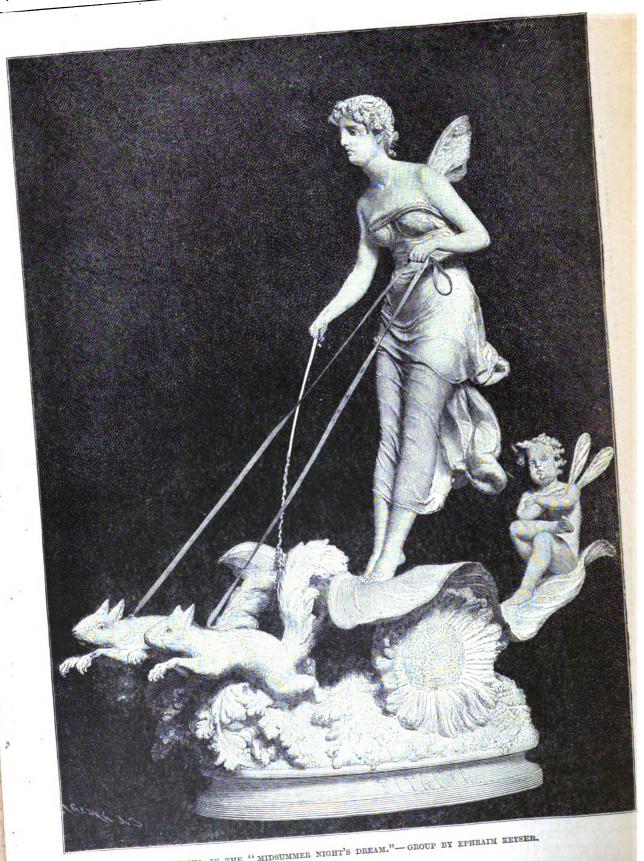
DYE. 460 pp. 26 Gravures, et une grande carte du Paraguay. Librairie Plon, Paris. (Received from the Delegation of Paraguay to the Pan-American Congress.)

DINNERS: CEREMONIOUS AND UNCREMONIOUS. By the author of "Cards," "Social Etiquette of New York," etc. (Good Form Series.) 80 pp. Cloth, 75c. Frederick A. Stokes & Brother, New York.

EASTER GLEAMS. By Lucy Larsom. 45 pp. Vellum paper, 75c. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York.

THE SUDARIUM OF ST. VERONICA. Reproduction of the engraving by Claude Mellan. 25c. J. Schaefer, New York.

REPORT TO THE HOLLAND SOCIETY OF NEW YORK. By Alexander T. Van Nest, Chairman of the Special Committee on "Tablets" to be Placed on Sites of Historic Interest in the City of New York.



TITANIA, IN THE "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM." - GROUP BY EPHRAIM KEYSER.

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